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PHOTOPLAY

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

JULY
25 CENTS

N.S.E.



$22,000.00 In Cash Prizes

In this Issue



THE BIG PARADE OF STARS

AGAIN the lion leads
THE most dazzling constellation
OF talent in all screendom

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

Who Said That Brown Eyes Are Sharpest?

These PRIZES will decide it!

COME on, you blue and hazel and gray eyes — and brown ones too. Which *are* the keenest? Which eyes really *see* motion pictures — and which merely look at them? Which catch the vivid details of plot and acting that increase so much your enjoyment of an M-G-M classic and help you remember it?

We would like to know. These prizes and the six questions below will tell! For the answers that reveal the sharpest feminine eyes, George K. Arthur will give his favorite cigarette case and a cash prize of $50.

And to the lucky possessor of the keenest male optics, Karl Dane will award his personal wrist watch and a cash prize of $50.

To the next 50 best, our favorite portraits specially autographed will be sent.

Let's go! And may yours prove the prize eyes!

George K Arthur

Karl Dane

Our Six Questions!

1 What M-G-M picture has a scene laid on a Patagonian island and where is Patagonia?

2 How many laughs did you get out of "Rookies"? Name the author and director.

3 What do you think of the newly formed co-starring team of Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody? (not over 50 words).

4 In what M-G-M picture does the star soak the old apple for a circuit clout? Name the star.

5 Name two individual stars M-G-M developed this year.

6 How many M-G-M pictures did your local theatre show in the first six months of 1927? Give titles and names of theatre.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by July 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the William Haines Contest of April

MISS MARTHA MANSKI
547 Main Street Webster, Mass.

WILLIAM E. JARY
1505 Grand Ave. Ft. Worth, Texas

Autographed pictures of William Haines have been sent to the next fifty prize winners.



"This dietetic crime of pap feeding and food bolting* . ."

It is an ever-present menace, the dentists declare, to the health of our teeth and our gums

IN THEIR fight against the present rise of gum disorders, the leaders of the dental profession have not failed to make clear the source of these stubborn ailments. They lay the blame upon our soft foods and our habits of hasty eating which, they say, rob our gums of the stimulation that keeps them in soundness and health.

But as the three brief quotations on this page will further testify, they have found a way to combat these ill effects—they describe a simple means whereby we may repair the ravages of a diet deficient in roughage, and restore the gums to their normal firmness and health.

How modern habits of eating injure teeth and gums

To make delicious things to eat, we soften, we refine and denature our food. We peel and crush our fruits and vegetables. We husk our grains and grind them to a powder. As a result, our diet yields far too easily to our teeth and gums.

Small wonder that gums grow soft and weak—that the circulation of the blood within their walls grows stagnant—that often "pink tooth brush" appears, to warn of more serious troubles on the way.

Massage of the gums, with the brush or with the fingers, is the simple counter-measure the dentists propose. And if you will perform your massage with Ipana Tooth Paste, your gums will benefit even more quickly, because of Ipana's content of ziratol. Thousands of dentists, knowing the hemostatic and antiseptic virtues of ziratol, ask their patients to adopt Ipana both for the massage and for the regular twice-daily cleaning with the brush.

In fact, the dentists of America, through their recommendations first gave Ipana its start toward the nation-wide success it has made.

Glance over these statements—they reflect modern professional opinion on the care of teeth and gums

From a standard text:

"The dietary of civilized nations is unnatural. Refined and processed foods are .... soft and pappy, so as to require little or no mastication. The teeth and jaws do not have proper function because the coarseness and fibre of the food have been removed."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:

"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent to you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth."

From a gum specialist's instructions to dental hygienists:

"If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated three or four times a day, a change takes place in texture which .... seems to act as a protective armor for the underlying tissues."

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon in the corner entitles you to a ten-day tube, gladly sent. But after all, isn't it better to give Ipana the full thirty days' trial that the full-size tube from your druggist will provide?

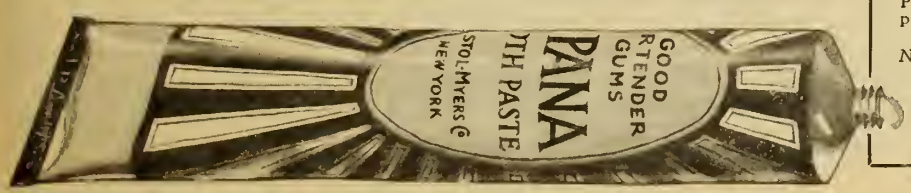
Used faithfully for a full hundred brushings, Ipana will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums and whiter, brighter teeth. And very likely it will surprise you to learn how delicious a really beneficial tooth paste can be!



*Two famous dentists, in a text-book on gum troubles, use these words to describe soft food and hasty eating.

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-77
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

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Coming in August

Paramount News

"the eyes of the world"

Paramount—the Whole Show! Soon, at the best theatres in the country, you will see *two whole hours* of Paramount. Paramount News "The Eyes of the World", a Paramount Feature Picture, and then, to round out a glorious evening—a Paramount *Short* Feature! News Reel, comedies and cartoons of the same high standard, the same unvarying quality as the Paramount Pictures you know so well! Now, *"if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town,"* in news reel, and short features, too! Tell your theatre manager you want to see the 100% Paramount Program—you want Paramount in the WHOLE SHOW!

and Paramount Short Features











PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., N. Y. C.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII — Contents, July, 1927 — No. 2

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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As we go to PRESS



Last Minute News from East and West

ARE the Mixes going to get a divorce? Mrs. Mix sailed for Paris with Thomasina, denying that she was looking forward to a divorce. In the first reports from the coast, Tom Mix was credited with saying that a divorce was in the offing. Later reports from Hollywood carried Tom's denials. And there you are.

THE Famous-Players production of "Abie's Irish Rose" starts as soon as the millionaire author, Anne Nichols, returns from Europe. Julien Josephson has been at work on the continuity for months. Victor Fleming is scheduled to direct.

ANNA Q. NILSSON leaves First National, the result of a quarrel over rôles. For one thing, Miss Nilsson didn't want to play opposite "Babe" Ruth in "Babe Comes Home." Now she is playing the lead in a Universal film, "Honor and the Woman."

WARNER BAXTER declines to do any more Westerns and leaves Famous Players.

NORMA TALMADGE and her husband, Joseph Schenck, going to Paris, following completion of "The Dove." Upon her return, Miss Talmadge will start work in "The Daughter of the Gods."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH leaves Famous Players and, according to reports, is going to hang up his silk topper in the Metro-Goldwyn studios.

FAMOUS PLAYERS re-signs Chester Conklin.

D. W. GRIFFITH still looking for a story to serve as his first production for United Artists. "The White Slave" is shelved, apparently. Mr. Griffith announces that Carol Dempster will continue to play the leading rôle in his productions.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, former star with Paramount and Selig, announces that she is returning to the screen. She has been absent a year and a half, vacationing in Europe and Africa.

W. C. FIELDS leaves Famous Players to join Film Booking Offices. He is signed to make three comedies for F. B. O.

MALCOLM MACGREGOR selected by Universal to play opposite Lya de Putti in "Buck Privates."

J. FARRELL MACDONALD comes to New York for his first visit in eleven years. He is playing with George O'Brien and Virginia Valli in "East Side, West Side," being made at the New York Fox studios by Allan Dwan.

THE first partial making of "Anna Karenina" at the Metro-Goldwyn studios has been scrapped at a cost of $200,000. This production experienced a lot of tribulations. The argument between the producers and Greta Garbo, the star, held up the production. Then, when work actually started, Miss Garbo became ill. Now the film has been thrown away and a fresh start made. Norman Kerry has succeeded Ricardo Cortez in the cast and Marc McDermott has taken the place of Lionel Barrymore. And Edmund Goulding has followed Dimitri Buchowetzski at the megaphone.



Acme

Mrs. Mix says she is just going to Paris on a shopping trip. Tom announces that she is shopping for a made-in-France divorce. Anyway, there seems to be a disagreement in the Mix family. Little Thomasina sailed with her mother

LOIS MORAN makes flying trip abroad with her mother. Guess why? To attend a prom dance at Oxford.

SOME time ago Sam Goldwyn offered a prize of $2,500 for the suggestion of a film story. He has just awarded the money to Mrs. Winifred Osborne, of Milwaukee, for suggesting the Baroness Orzey's novel, "Leatherface," a story of William of Orange.

DOLORES COSTELLO suffers a slight breakdown, which is holding up production work for a few weeks.

MARY ASTOR and Gilbert Roland have the leads in George Fitzmaurice's production, "The Rose of Monterey."

DOUGLAS GIRRARD painfully injured during the making of a shipwreck scene on the Warner Bros. lot. He is in a Los Angeles hospital with two broken ribs.

ELMER CLIFTON, maker of "Down to the Sea in Ships," is directing a sea story, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," for Cecil B. De Mille.

CECIL B. DE MILLE purchases the screen rights to "Chicago," the New York stage hit.

EDDIE CANTOR apparently is leaving the screen, after making three comedies for Famous. He has just signed a five year contract with Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., the stage producer who glorifies the American girl. This means that Cantor will devote his entire time to the footlights.

KARL BROWN, maker of "Stark Love," completes the direction of "His Dog" at the Cecil B. De Mille studios in Culver City, Calif. He is next to make "Skyscraper."

"SPRING FEVER," a golf comedy, will be William Haines' first starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn.

RENEE ADOREE still very ill at the Hollywood Hospital, suffering from a relapse following a severe attack of flu.

KING VIDOR in New York shooting the Manhattan exteriors of his new picture, temporarily called "The Mob." His wife, Eleanor Boardman, is playing the leading rôle opposite his find, James Murray.



Unafraid — *when Nature hurls her challenge*

A WOMAN SMILES. Instantly an indelible impression is registered.

Natural loveliness, daintiness, personal care? Or, neglect and unattractiveness?

Daily, Nature hurls this challenge. How few of us can face it unafraid—confident that our smile will reveal the loveliness of gleaming teeth!

Stripped of our little artifices, how poignantly then we realize this truth: *clean, gleaming teeth are the only attribute of beauty no artifice can adorn or conceal.*

Yet how simple it is to have lovely, unstained teeth! You need give but four minutes a day—two in the morning, two at night, with your Dr. West's Tooth Brush. Thorough brushing—*away* from the gums.

For Dr. West's makes proper brushing easy! Small enough for the daintiest mouth, its sloping, tuftless end slips into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect.

A fashionable beach. A breaking surf. A fair bather overwhelmed by a wave. Down. Down. Then up, gasping, drenched. All beauty's artifices washed away. Then—suddenly—a smile, spontaneous, unafraid!

Thus the loveliness of gleaming teeth triumphs over beauty's greatest challenge—THE SMILE TEST. *Could* YOU *pass it* NOW?

With its convex shape and widely spaced bristle rows, it fits the often neglected inside surfaces and gets deep into the crevices between the teeth. Thus, Dr. West's really cleans *all* the teeth—and its specially selected bristles *polish as they clean!*

And here's a secret: If you would benefit from this special *polishing* quality, never try to "wear out" a Dr. West's brush. So long-lived is Dr. West's that it may be serviceable months after its polishing ability has faded.

The cost is small, the benefit great, of changing frequently enough to have new, firm, lively bristles always. Many dentists change brushes once a month. Make sure yours is effective by getting a new one today!

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage Brush, 75c. *Sealed*, for your protection, in a glassine container, inside the usual carton.



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N. B. TO MOTHERS: *Be sure your husband and children have no less effective a brush than the one you personally prefer.*



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (*May.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (*May.*)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (*May.*)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (*March.*)

BELLS, THE—Chadwick.—An old favorite with some real Barrymore acting by brother Lionel. If you like heavy drama, here is your meat. (*January.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE — United Artists. — John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (*March.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (*May.*)

***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (*March.*)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Wherein Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (*February.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (*February.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (*February.*)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (*February.*)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (*May.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"Slide, Kelly, Slide"
"The Big Parade"
"Old Ironsides"
"What Price Glory"
"The Rough Riders"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (*February.*)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (*February.*)

COLLEGE DAYS—Tiffany.—Once again the day is saved for dear old Alma Mater on the football field. But isn't it about time to desert football for chess? (*January.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (*February.*)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (*May.*)

DENVER DUDE, THE — Universal. — Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (*April.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (*February.*)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (*April.*)

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

***EVERYBODY'S ACTING**—Paramount.—A great cast, an entertaining story and some of Mickey Neilan's happiest direction. A refreshing and amusing tale of stage life. (*January.*)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (*March.*)

EXIT SMILING—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A comedy story that fails to "jell." Plus Beatrice Lillie, a stage cut-up, who fails to register. Sorry. (*Jan.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

***FAUST**—UFA-M.-G.-M.—An extraordinary adaptation of Goethe's poem, with Emil Jannings as *Mephisto* and Camilla Horn as *Marguerite*. Miss Horn runs away with the picture. It's a fine achievement. (*January.*)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (*March.*)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (*March.*)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (*February.*)

***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A burn 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (*February.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

The Favorite Newsreel of all Movie Fans

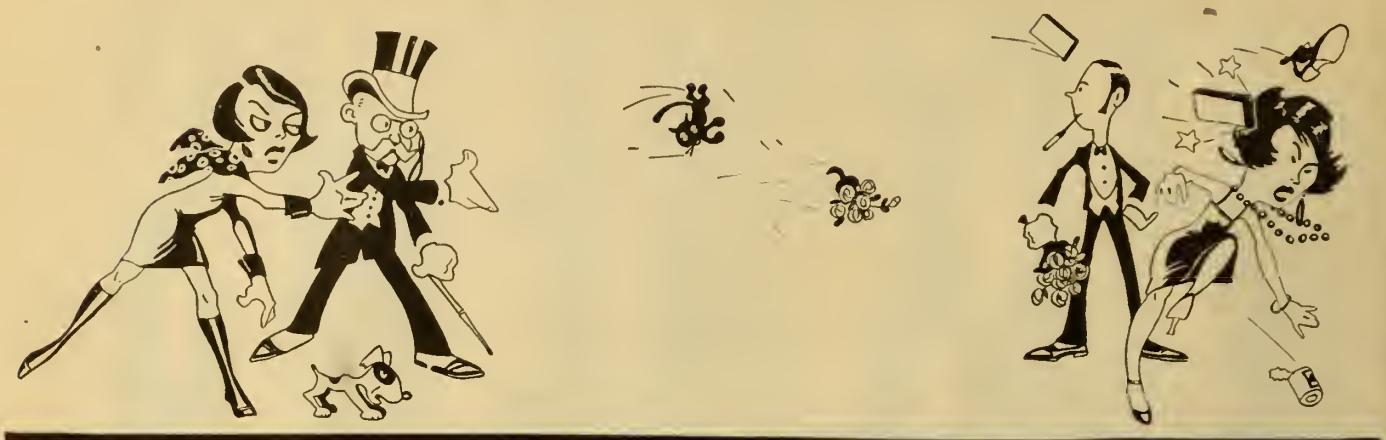
FOX NEWS



BECAUSE of its long record of integrity, impartiality and intelligence in its presentation of the pictorial news of the universe, FOX NEWS is today the pre-eminent newsreel in the public's esteem.

MIGHTIEST OF ALL

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats *and* Bouquets

LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters—$25, $10 and $5

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

The Monthly Barometer

ELINOR GLYN'S selection of players who have "IT" started the liveliest discussion of the month. The opinions pro and con are equally divided—and equally violent.

Following this interest in "IT," Clara Bow is the star who is riding on the crest of the wave. Greta Garbo is the most violent storm center; both brickbats and bouquets are aimed at her Scandinavian head. Most of Clara's letters are bunches of roses. Lois Wilson's "revolt" has brought forth many brickbats and a sprinkling of bouquets.

"Beau Geste," "What Price Glory," "The Fire Brigade," and "The Big Parade" still remain the most popular pictures. In point of lasting popularity, "The Merry Widow" is the leader.

John Gilbert, Ronald Colman and Richard Dix are still the most popular masculine stars, with Harry Langdon giving the comics a run for their money.

"The Lady in Ermine" and "Altars of Desire" gathered the most brickbats. Because of the many letters received asking for their return, *Casts of Current Photoplays* will be printed in this and future issues of PHOTOPLAY.

Now what have you to say? When you write your Brickbats and Bouquets, make them brief and make them snappy.

$25.00 Letter

Ludlow, Ky.

Think of all the national and universal heroes and heroines about whom the public hears and reads—the Amundsens, the Prince of Wales, the Mussolinis, the Mayos, the Mary Gardens, the Harold Bell Wrights, the Mary Roberts Rineharts, the Dempseys and Tunneys. What is it about these illustrious beings that most interests their admirers?

Why, what they DO.

Consider the screen idols. Of course the public is concerned about their profession, and how they do it, but it is what the movie people ARE that gives the fans the biggest thrill.

We actually see these favorites of ours on the screen, in such a fashion that we become acquainted with their faces, their forms, their mannerisms, their affectations, their very personalities. Through the movie magazines we hunt frantically for news and more news of this and that player. How does she wear her hair, and why? Is this his fifth wife, and why? Was she born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, of Italian descent, at three o'clock on a Thursday morning in September, and why? Is it true that he drinks four cups of coffee every morning for breakfast, and why?

We award these people the common attributes of men and women, yet, strange to say, we make no allowances for the human weaknesses and vices.

Odd, eh?

All these newspaper celebrities we idolize through the press, with scarcely a true knowledge of even their features, for heavens knows the pictures in the dailies and Sunday supplements are anything but fortunate—we do not care what they are, just so long as they continue to do. We allow them the privilege of living their private and active lives apart.

Now, I ask you, is that nice? In this day and age when we actually boast about our broad-mindedness, when we call the prude and the bigot by all sorts of uncomplimentary names, why must we deny the citizens of Hollywood the same rights of living that are so generously allotted other kinds of artists in various other kinds of professions?

MRS. BERNICE JACKSON.

$10.00 Letter

Dallas, Texas.

Sometimes a magazine can do more than amuse—and although we all enjoy PHOTOPLAY at our house, we feel that its function is more than that of mere news and entertainment.

My grandmother was very ill, although she was not suffering, and we were told that her strength could only last for a few weeks. She took an interest in nothing and the doctor told us that this was largely responsible for her condition.

One day, I happened to read aloud to her a few paragraphs from PHOTOPLAY. I noticed that she seemed really interested for the first time in months, and I read almost every word of the issue to her. The cheery, colorful spirit of PHOTOPLAY seemed to buoy her up and that day marked the beginning of her improvement. We can hardly say that PHOTOPLAY cured Grandmother, but without a doubt it was the instigator of her new lease on life.

I am afraid that many will sneer at this letter, but I know that it is true and for that reason PHOTOPLAY means more to me than any ordinary magazine.

R. P. MILLER.

$5.00 Letter

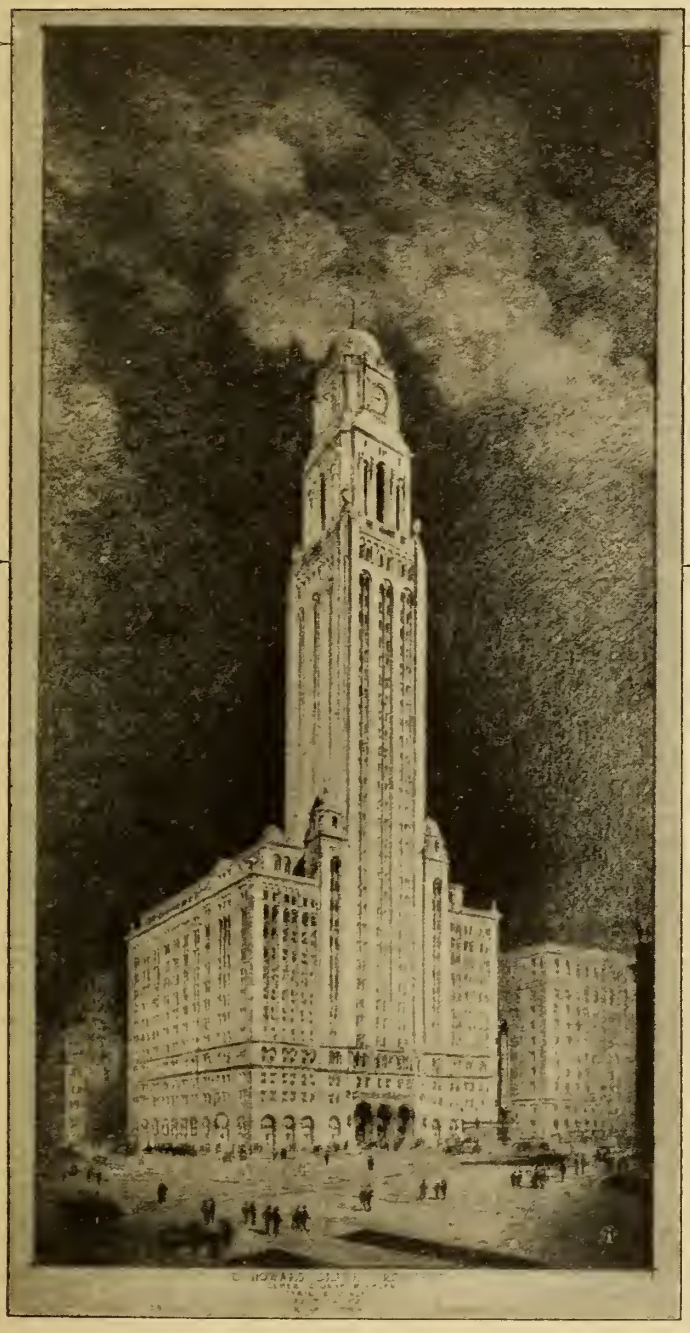
Milford, Iowa.

A friend, seeing me reading the last PHOTOPLAY, asked me why I wasted my time reading about scandals and trash. Asking her if she ever read the magazine, she replied: "No, I see enough about the scandals of these people in the newspapers."

"And," I replied, "jump at conclusions and cheat yourself out of a great deal of entertainment, inspiration and knowledge." And then to answer her question, I added:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

The National Answer to Your Entertainment Problem



This magnificent structure houses the new Keith-Albee Theatre, Columbus, Ohio, a glorious link in the great chain of Keith-Albee-Orpheum Theatres, showing DeMille-Metropolitan Pictures as the feature of its entertainment program.



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35 West 45th Street, New York

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (*February.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—. Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (*May.*)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (*March.*)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (*April.*)

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS—Paramount.—A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall. (*February.*)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (*February.*)

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking *Daisy Buchanan*. (*February.*)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (*June.*)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (*May.*)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (*May.*)

HIS NEW YORK WIFE—Bachman.—Well, it seems there was a little country girl who came to New York to fight for success—ta, ta! There's more plot than entertainment in this one. (*January.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

***HOTEL IMPERIAL**—Paramount.—At last Pola Negri has an unqualified success. Credit her new director, Mauritz Stiller, with an assist. It's the story of an incident between the Austrian and Russian lines during the war. Highly recommended. (*January.*)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (*May.*)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (*March.*)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (*March.*)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (*April.*)

JOSSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (*February.*)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (*February.*)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (*March.*)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (*May.*)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (*February.*)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (*March.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (*April.*)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (*May.*)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with *their* version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (*March.*)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (*March.*)

LONDON—Paramount.—Rags to riches in the London slums, played by Dorothy Gish. Filmed in England. Come on home, Dorothy. (*January.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

***LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (*February.*)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (*February.*)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (*May.*)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (*May.*)

LOVERS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

LOVE'S BLINDNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Written, supervised and dominated by Elinor Glyn. The old stuff with a change of names and Pauline Starke as the owner of IT. (*January.*)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (*April.*)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (*April.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN—Fox.—Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (*June.*)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (*April.*)

MAGICIAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram messes around with some more weird characters and with some weirder emotions. Except for Alice Terry, a foreign cast. (*January.*)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (*April.*)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (*April.*)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (*June.*)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National.—A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (*April.*)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (*June.*)

***METROPOLIS**—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (*May.*)

MIDNIGHT LOVERS—First National.—Proving that Lewis Stone can be as funny as any of the comics. In spite of the cheap title, there are a lot of clever moments in this picture. (*January.*)

MILLIONAIRES—Warner Bros.—More Ghetto stuff and more tenth-rate hokum. Stick to the Vitaphone, boys! (*January.*)

***MONKEY TALKS, THE**—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (*April.*)

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (*May.*)

***MUSIC MASTER, THE**—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (*March.*)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (*March.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

***NIGHT OF LOVE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (*February.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (*March.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (*February.*)

***OLD IRONSIDES**—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (*February.*)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (*March.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAW EXPRESS, THE—Pathe.—Of all things! A Western story about bad men, sheriffs and sheriff's daughters in the great open spaces! (*Jan.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

OVERLAND STAGE — First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (*March.*)

PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull Western? (*February.*)

***PARADISE FOR TWO**—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gayety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (*April.*)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (*March.*)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (*April.*)

PLEASURE GARDEN, THE—Aywon.—A foreign picture. And "can they make wiener schnitzels? Yes, they can make wiener schnitzels." Two American girls—Virginia Valli and Carmelita Geraghty—got in this one by mistake. (*January.*)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (*March.*)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (*March.*)

PRIVATE IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—Abie's Irish Rose joins the Big Parade of War Pictures, and the result is nohody's business. George Jessel's film debut is just so-so. (*January.*)



LAURA LA PLANTE
In a Great Mystery Play

Paul Leni's production of the super-fine mystery play, ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** is a masterpiece of ingenious directing—so full of illusion and bewildering action that it may be described as one continuous thrill.

The scenes in the old castle on the hill at midnight, where the hopeful heirs gathered to hear the will read, will arouse the creeps in the most phlegmatic soul. Director Leni was very happy in the selection of his cast. They are all stars.

LAURA LA PLANTE leads in the role of Annabelle and is splendidly assisted by ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, FORREST STANLEY, CREIGHTON HALE, TULLY MARSHALL, FLORA FINCH, GERTRUDE ASTOR, GEORGE SEIGMANN, MARTHA MATTOX, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD and JOE MURPHY.

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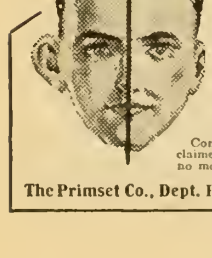


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PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (*February.*)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (*March.*)

RED HOT HOOFS—F. B. O.—A Western with a real story and a sense of humor. Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro are featured. (*January.*)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (*February.*)

***RED MILL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (*April.*)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (*February.*)

***RESURRECTION** — United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores Del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (*May.*)

***RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE**—Fox.—An effective translation of a charming stage success, with young Janet Gaynor contributing some fine acting. (*January.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading rôles. (*February.*)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (*March.*)

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (*May.*)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (*May.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SHAMEFUL BEHAVIOR—Bachman.—Shameful behavior to any audience that is coaxed into seeing this one! (*January.*)

***SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too *macabre* for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (*April.*)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (*February.*)

SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (*February.*)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (*February.*)

***SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (*May.*)

SO'S YOUR OLD MAN—Paramount.—An amusing tale of a disreputable small towner who becomes the pal of a haughty visiting princess. W. C. Fields and Alice Joyce make it worth your while. (*Jan.*)

SPANGLES—Universal.—Romance under the Big Top. Also a murder thrown in, just to make it exciting. (*January.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own child later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (*March.*)

***STARK LOVE**—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (*May.*)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (*February.*)

STRANDED IN PARIS — Paramount. — Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (*February.*)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (*March.*)

SWEET ROSE O'GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (*February.*)

SYNCOPATING SUE—First National.—Corinne Griffith breaks away from the society stuff and appears in a story of Tin Pan Alley. It's good entertainment. (*January.*)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O. —The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (*May.*)

TAXI DANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (*April.*)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (*April.*)

***TELEPHONE GIRL, THE** — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

***TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (*March.*)

THAT MODEL FROM PARIS—Tiffany.—Showing how the office Plain Jane wins the boss's son—but not without interference from the villain. Not so bad. (*January.*)

THERE YOU ARE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—What happens when daughter mixes in papa's business. A fair comedy. (*January.*)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (*March.*)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (*May.*)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (*February.*)

TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (*February.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

***TWINKLETOES**—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (*February.*)

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (*April.*)

***UPSTAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—There is genuine originality and authentic and keenly observed comedy in this story of vaudeville life. Norma Shearer and Oscar Shaw are excellent in the leading rôles. (*January.*)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (*April.*)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (*February.*)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National. —Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (*May.*)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (*April.*)

*WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW—Paramount.—Another genuinely amusing comedy of the life of the underdogs in the Great War, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton offering two amusing character sketches. (*January.*)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (*May.*)

*WHAT PRICE GLORY—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (*February.*)

*WHEN A MAN LOVES—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (*April.*)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (*February.*)

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (*February.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (*May.*)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (*February.*)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (*March.*)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (*March.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"I read PHOTOPLAY because I am interested in the people it writes about. Stories of hardship—bravery—patience—sacrifice—success—great sorrows and great joys. Suppose the spotlight of the World were turned on our little town, and each individual's private life held up for the whole world to see. Would it show the beauty, talent and achievement that these people show? Scandals they have—but what town doesn't? But our scandals are local affairs, while theirs are scattered to the four winds. Instead of reading all about the Chaplin scandal I have been reading about the wonderful marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. An inspiration to any one who reads the article. Can you name a couple of your acquaintance who is perfectly happy?"

"I give up," laughed my friend. "May I take this number home to read?"

And after reading it, she admitted that the movies held a different meaning for her.

LYNNE E. HANSON.

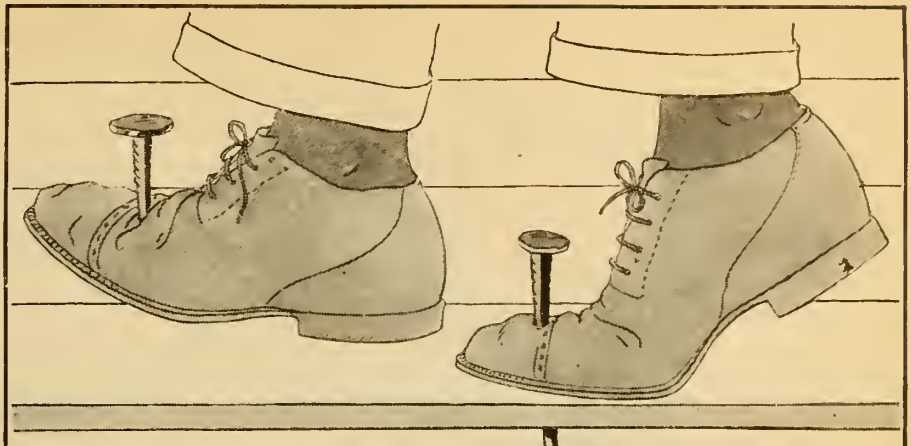
The Man Who Made Buster Laugh

Allentown, Pa.

Once I heard a story concerning Langdon and Keaton. Buster was making a picture and Harry walked on the set with his simple facial expression. Buster laughed and that part had to be re-shot—when Langdon wasn't around.

LEHMAN H. KLEPPINGER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



ARE YOU SPIKED TO YOUR JOB ?

Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is a real reason why some people of seemingly less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put over your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there so mysterious about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it.

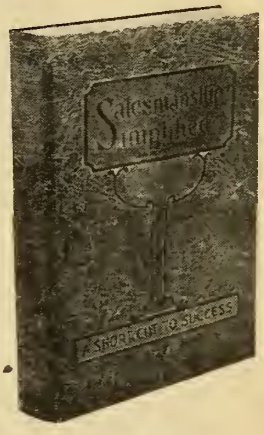
You are cheating yourself of your greatest success if you don't know and practice Salesmanship. Our new book,

SALESMANSHIP SIMPLIFIED

THE SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS

Contains 300 pages of proven methods that will

Double Your Income



It's the greatest book ever published on Salesmanship, containing page after page of **snappy, to-the-point** paragraphs in plain, understandable English, which you will be quick to absorb, showing you just how to handle each individual situation.

This information is supplemented by over 100 specially posed photographs, carefully selected to bring out the finer points in Salesmanship. These photographs in themselves are virtually a course in selling.

This 300-page volume is printed on high quality paper, in clear-cut, legible type, handsomely bound in beautiful dark blue embossed fabricord. It is a book you will be proud to own.

Think what this great book will mean to you. It will train you to earn bigger money than you have ever earned before. It will equip you to meet competition; break down barriers that have heretofore seemed impassable; show you how to go out and accomplish the things you have always wanted to accomplish. Others are doing it! You can, and owe it to yourself to take advantage of the unusual opportunity this great book offers.

This remarkable book will be sent you **Absolutely Free** with a one year's subscription to OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE, *the leading and most interesting salesman's magazine published.* Every issue chock-full of interesting articles on selling and hundreds of new ideas for Making Money. In its columns you will also find attractive offers from large, responsible business houses, who are looking for men and women who know how to produce.

Don't Send Any Money Just fill out and mail the coupon. Pay the postman $2.00 when this book arrives and your subscription will start at once. If not more than satisfied, return the book within five days and get your money back. Address:

OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE P.M.
Desk 142-D 750 N. Michigan Avenue CHICAGO

Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for *Opportunity Magazine* for one year (12 issues); also send me my copy of your 300-page book entitled "Salesmanship Simplified," in accordance with your special offer. I agree to pay postman $2.00 on receipt of the book and my subscription is to start at once. If I am not more than satisfied with my bargain, I will return the book in five days and you will refund my $2.00.

Name.....

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City..... *State*.....



The WORLD'S GREATEST "SUMMER RESORT"

opens with 20 Amazing NEW Attractions

THE most popular "Summer Resort" in the world is just up the street!

Nothing like it for convenience.—No trunks to pack . . . No brain-twisting time-tables . . . You don't even have to dress up.

Just "Let's Go!" and you're off . . . to the Movies!

And what Movies!—Never, *in any season,* has there been such a Film Feast as FIRST NATIONAL offers you this summer!

Just look at that list!—Studded with the greatest names in Stardom . . . Hits that have delighted Broadway . . . Successes so sensational they have amazed even the most blasé "insiders"!

Keep the list to make sure you see them all . . . If you miss a single one, you'll be missing a lot!

from

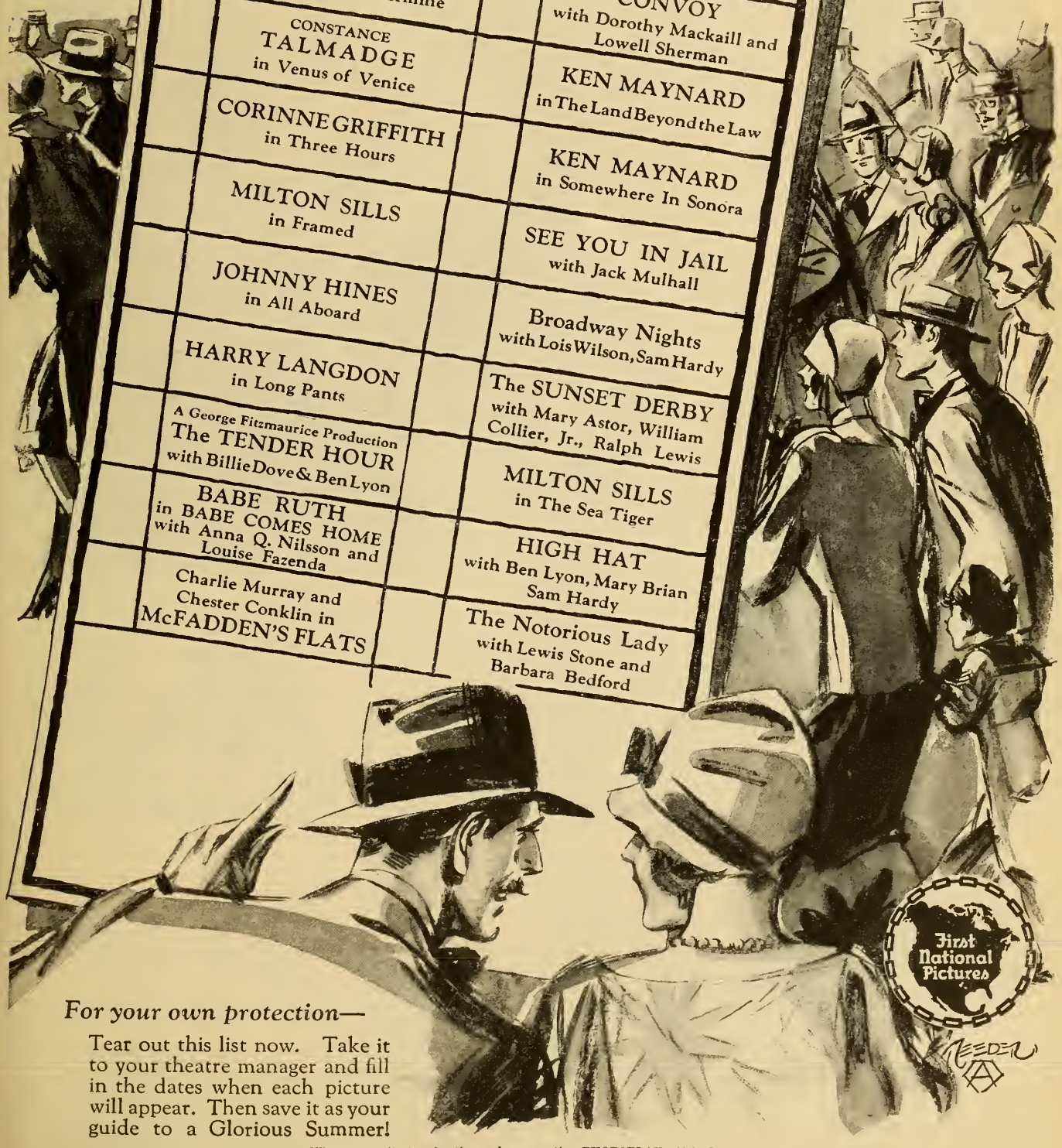
First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Finest Program of SUMMER STAR-HITS Ever Offered You!

DATE		DATE	
	COLLEEN MOORE in Naughty but Nice		George Sidney and Charlie Murray in LOST at the FRONT
	COLLEEN MOORE in Orchids and Ermine		CONVOY with Dorothy Mackaill and Lowell Sherman
	CONSTANCE TALMADGE in Venus of Venice		KEN MAYNARD in The Land Beyond the Law
	CORINNE GRIFFITH in Three Hours		KEN MAYNARD in Somewhere In Sonora
	MILTON SILLS in Framed		SEE YOU IN JAIL with Jack Mulhall
	JOHNNY HINES in All Aboard		Broadway Nights with Lois Wilson, Sam Hardy
	HARRY LANGDON in Long Pants		The SUNSET DERBY with Mary Astor, William Collier, Jr., Ralph Lewis
	A George Fitzmaurice Production The TENDER HOUR with Billie Dove & Ben Lyon		MILTON SILLS in The Sea Tiger
	BABE RUTH in BABE COMES HOME with Anna Q. Nilsson and Louise Fazenda		HIGH HAT with Ben Lyon, Mary Brian Sam Hardy
	Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin in McFADDEN'S FLATS		The Notorious Lady with Lewis Stone and Barbara Bedford



For your own protection—

Tear out this list now. Take it to your theatre manager and fill in the dates when each picture will appear. Then save it as your guide to a Glorious Summer!

At the LAKE·PLACID·CLUB

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

133 women guests tell how this soap has helped to improve their skin

SHE is tireless as Diana—the wonderful woman of 1927.

Tramping through the green gloom of Adirondack forests—driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—

And at night—fresh, unruffled, with a skin of rose and pearl, dancing to the last beat of the orchestra.

One sees her in her perfection at the Lake Placid Club, this loveliest of American types: vital, exquisite, with the arrow-like simplicity which is the finest flower of wealth and cultivation.

How do these women who spend half their fortunate lives in the out-of-doors, care for that soft, smooth skin of theirs—keep it delicately flawless in spite of wind and weather?

We asked 208 women guests at the Lake Placid Club what toilet soap they found best for the care of their skin.

Nearly two-thirds answered that they use Woodbury's Facial Soap because of its wonderful effect in keeping their skin in good condition in spite of the outdoor exposure.



Copyright, 1927, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



"... through the green gloom of Adirondack forest —driving a canoe over silver lakes—riding, golfing—out all day in the air, sun, rain, wind—"

"It seems to protect my skin from the effects of outdoors, keeping it very smooth."

"It keeps my skin so soft."

"The only satisfactory soap for the face I've ever used."

"I never could use soap on my face until I used Woodbury's. Other soaps always left my skin smarting and uncomfortable."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2213 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2213 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



Ruth Harriet Louise

New Pictures

THE Noonan sisters were re-christened with the lilting names of Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. Sally, at left, you already know. Molly, her sister, will flash to fame in "The Patent Leather Kid," First National's big Fall special.



Richee

NANCY PHILLIPS knew some of the college students who played atmosphere in "The Quarterback." Through them, she met Richard Dix, who gave her a role in "Paradise for Two." Now Miss Phillips is signed up as a Paramount Junior Star.



Bull

ALSO new to the screen—but not new to the patrons of Mr. Ziegfeld's Museum of Fine Arts. Avonne Taylor has achieved the great ambition of all chorus girls; she has signed a movie contract. Metro-Goldwyn captured the gal.



Spurr

CAUSING considerable commotion in "Camille"—Gilbert Roland. He's a Spaniard and the son of Don Francisco Alonzo, once a famous matador. Mr. Roland aspired to the bull-ring but found Hollywood just as congenial to his sense of adventure.



Hommel

UNLESS PHOTOPLAY prints a new photograph of Richard Dix every few months, the editor is swamped with menacing letters signed "Indignant Subscriber." And so this picture is presented as a peace offering to those who cannot see enough of Richard.



Spurr

THE beautiful and dumb enjoy a brief furore and then pass on to the realm of Discarded Ingenues. Louise Fazenda's caricatures of the Kind of Girls that Men Forget have made her the Kind of Girl that Audiences Never Forget.

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



PRESENTING

THE GOSSARDETTE

Uplift Bandeau — Garter Belt Panties

A TWO-PIECE foundation for Summer by Gossard. The soft, silk yoke of the panties forms a foundation support, the hose supporters beneath it in front and back holding it firmly to the figure. The dainty uplift bandeau completes the set. They are trimmed with bindings of contrasting color, or edged with lace, and come in soft shades of flesh, orchid, green, peach, and white.

Developed in Crepe de Chine or Georgette Crepe, $10
In Fancy Tricot, $4, $5, $6.50 *and* $7.50

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. - *Chicago - New York - San Francisco - Atlanta - Dallas - London - Toronto - Sydney - Buenos Aires*



The value of relaxation, robed in a gown of some exquisite color to match her mood, is one of the secrets of life which Miss Shearer has learned very early. Does it perhaps account for her marvelous poise and graciousness?

"Now it is easy to keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters looking like NEW"

says NORMA SHEARER

"MY clothes must be in perfect condition all the time!" and Norma Shearer smiled as she talked of her problems as a star.

"You can't imagine what that means with clothes worn in the studio or on location. The life of the screen is really hard on clothes! No matter how grimy a dress may become today, it must be fresh again tomorrow! In fact, everything in my wardrobe must be ready for instant use.

"When I first started in screen work that was awfully hard for me. Often there is no time to send things to the cleaners' yet makeshift cleaning would not do at all. I found that out when I tried to sponge off the spots my Jerry's paws left on a printed silk frock with soap and a damp cloth. My treatment only made the situation worse!

"Then mother stepped in and bore the frock off. Next day it looked as good as new! She had had my maid wash it in Lux. Now, between them, they keep my loveliest frocks and sweaters, my most adorable negligees and underthings, as well as all my sport togs, exquisitely fresh all the time.

"But they could never do it without Lux. Mother says old-fashioned washing methods—rubbing or using harsh soaps—would ruin things in no time," says Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



ONCE the lovely clothes which fill her wardrobe were a trial as well as a delight to Norma Shearer. But now she can enjoy them all the time – thanks to Lux!

"If it's safe in water . . it's just as safe in Lux"



Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

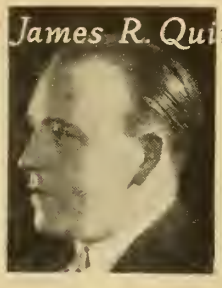
The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

July, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WHAT this country needs more than good five cent cigars is good twenty-five cent movies.

IF I want acrobats, Swiss bell-ringers, contortionists, clog dancers or mammy sobbers I can go to a vaudeville theater. If I want second-rate Italian baritones or German sopranos I can go to grand opera and be bored. If I want symphonies I don't want to hear them murdered.

If I want Vitaphone, or other forms of squawking pictures, I can wait until they get the right combinations.

I LIKE my pictures straight, and I am but echoing the voice of millions of cinema enthusiasts when I cry out for a theater where I can get a fairly good movie and three reels of news pictures for fifty cents.

BIG exhibitors have gone daffy on fantastic architecture, symphony orchestras, prologues, toe dancers, and other forms of cinematographic sauces. A chap wants a nice square meal of steak and fried potatoes with a large cup of coffee, and he has to wade through a banquet beginning with *hors d'ouvres* and ending with *fromage avec crème fouettée* and *demi tasse*, or goes hungry.

I LOVE to go to the movies, but I am tired of hearing the "1812 Overture."

When the drums begin to bombard Moscow and the Kremlin starts to blaze I burn up.

SOMETIMES I sigh for the good old days when I could slip into a seat to see "Tillie's Nightmare," and see Tillie's instead of the theater manager's.

THE best of the picture palaces are worthy enterprises, marvels of diversified entertainment. You can take your vaudeville or leave it, and you can telephone and learn the exact hour at which the feature is shown, enjoy it, and leave the toe dancers and operettas for the folks who don't dare to go home because Pa is trying out a new loud speaker on the radio.

But the Lord preserve us from those second rate movie palaces which imitate high class presentations like the little Japanese imitate American-made locomotives. They imitate everything including the defects, and the result is a combination of twenty German street bands in plush dinner coats and vaudeville acts that never got beyond Little Rock, Ark.

OUT in Los Angeles, the home of the movie and Jeanie Macpherson; the heaven of the retired Iowa farmer, and the happy hunting ground of the realtor, Sid Grauman, the canny showman of the Pacific, is showing us real swank. His Chinese Theater surpasses the dreams of an oriental potentate. To attend the opening of "The King of Kings" the customers had to have eleven dollars in cash and a dress suit.

Jesus wouldn't have been allowed in the gallery. He never had eleven dollars and his garments would have been *de trop*.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Why do Great Lovers

Romance and domesticity fail to mix



John Gilbert—impulsive and with some of the impulses divinely directed. But, plainly, as a husband he wouldn't do



Child-like, picturesque Valentino—the greatest matinee idol who ever lived. He adored his wife but failed as a husband

PERSONALLY, I wish I'd never started this thing.

I like to have a definite answer to my questions. There isn't usually much doubt in my mind as to what I think about anything —right or wrong, for I'm what my friends call a positive person.

But this question about why great lovers fail as husbands is a very difficult and delicate one. Especially as they are all alive. This writing about people who are alive has its disadvantages. Some day I'm going to give it up and go in for Henry the Eighth and Cellini.

The question came popping up in what, as Ring Lardner says, I like to call my mind, one day when I had been talking to a young debutante, a la John Held, Jr. We talked about Jack Gilbert.

"I should die happy," said she, "if I could even just eat a meal with Jack Gilbert."

"Not eat a meal," I said; "eating is so unromantic."

"Not with him it wouldn't be," said she.

And I thought, "Well, I suppose you're one of five million women who feel just that way about it. Yet Leatrice Joy didn't find eating with him very

Fail as Husbands?

Adored by many, they are often deserted by one

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns



Even self-contained, mysterious Ronald Colman —a gentleman and a charming person—has a background of hectic domestic troubles

satisfactory and neither did his first wife—I can't remember her name."

And then it began to dawn on me that all these great matinee idols, many of these great screen lovers who inspire a glowing flame in feminine bosoms all over the world, don't seem to go so well at home.

Funny, isn't it? But true.

There was Rudy, for example. Dear, child-like, picturesque Rudy. The greatest matinee idol who ever lived. And with it all a kindly and gentle and generous soul.

First he married little Jean Acker. She left him not very long after the honeymoon. I never knew Jean Acker very well, just a nodding acquaintance, but she always seemed to be a pretty and rather commonplace girl, a "good fellow," no different from hundreds of other girls in Hollywood.



Gilbert and Greta Garbo paused on the very brink of matrimony—and drew back. Why attempt the impossible?

She was followed by Natacha Rambova, born Winifred O'Shaunnessy. Exotic, bizarre, wrapt in mysticism and strange silver turbans, dominating, artistic, fascinating was Natacha. They separated after a stormy matrimonial voyage that is generally conceded to have greatly injured Rudy's career and was surrounded by tales of continual strife in its last years.

Yet Rudy, I will swear, adored Natacha. Perhaps he got over it. Assuredly she did. But he did adore her in the beginning. He allowed her to run his life, his business, his career, his finances.

And she left him, in the end.

Let us take Jack Gilbert, in passing. Quite mad, of course, but adorable. Utterly impulsive, but with some of the impulses divinely directed.

To save me, I cannot remember the name of Jack's first wife. I don't suppose it matters. Of course Jack wasn't listed among the great lovers in those days. (He will bitterly deny that he is now, and probably stop speaking to me, but he'll have to forgive me. His fan mail is the final proof.)

"The Women Who Could Hold the Great Lovers Won't Put Up With Them"

He was, at the time of his first marriage, a poor young actor trying to get along and selling automobile tires between times. But the potentialities were all there. He was actually the same man who has since swept the country.

But the first marriage wasn't a go.

Then of course he married Leatrice Joy. Never were two people more in love than Jack and Leatrice when they married. They were so much in love that Michael Arlen might have written about them. It's none of my business and I make just as many mistakes as anybody else, but I think they are still in love.

Nevertheless, Leatrice cast him forth. They were both very sporting about the whole thing, but plainly, as husband he wouldn't do.

Even Ronald Colman, the mysterious and reserved Ronald, who keeps himself and his affairs and his ideas so much to himself that you sometimes wonder if he has any, even Ronald had a wife and couldn't keep her. Be that as it may, the dark and unbelievably self-contained Ronald has a background of hectic domestic troubles. Which is really amazing, for kidding aside, as we say, Ronald is a gentleman and a most charming person, and quite as attractive on as off, which you can't say for everybody in pictures. His wife was Thelma Wray, an English musical comedy actress.



Lew Cody, when he was the original "male vamp," tried marriage with Dorothy Dalton. He was hardly a success as Dorothy's husband. She left him flat



John Barrymore and his wife live happily several thousand miles apart. When a man is told continually that he is a remarkable and wonderful and amazing person, the wife's position becomes practically untenable

John Barrymore is another failure as a husband. His first wife—I think she was his first wife, I don't remember any previous—was the prettiest blonde I ever saw. A New York society belle,—Jack runs to aristocracy matrimonially—named Katherine Harris, who looked like a French marquise and had the disposition of an angel. Jack told me that.

But she left him, after several years of married life. Now she is married to a New York millionaire and very happy. His present domestic partner was the famous Mrs. Leonard Thomas, and though they are still married they haven't seen each other for a couple of years, so I think we may count that among the failures.

Lew Cody, the original "male vamp,"—though he has lived that down and we shouldn't hold it against him—had matrimonial disasters, before he married Mabel Normand. He was once the husband of Dorothy Dalton, whose performance in "The Flame of the Yukon," though it is ancient history now, still stands out in my memory. Whatever [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



Drawing by Kliz

SPECIAL DISPATCH: CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA. The jungle is in an uproar at the news that Mae Murray, accompanied by an arsenal of guns and Mdivani of Georgia, has landed on a big game hunting expedition. Lions are tearing their manes, cubs are crying their eyes out and four monkeys are learning to speak English. The South African Premier has protested to the Foreign Secretary in London to prevent this wholesale destruction of innocent leopards and defenseless tigers, by the reckless use of Kleig lights.

The New York

A Veteran Dramatic of Pictures for Enter-

By Frank Vreeland



Genevive Tobin and Holbrook Blinn in "The Play's the Thing," a racy bit of comedy gossamer. "Sexiness in good taste," says Mr. Vreeland

Five Ways in Which the Screen Beats the Stage:

1. **Interesting Diversity**
2. **More Vivid and Realistic**
3. **Greater in Mass Punch and Thrill**
4. **Swifter in Action**
5. **Greater Spectacular Spaciousness**

What can the silent drama give you which the spoken drama can't; and vice versa?

In considering this, you would be determining incidentally whether the films have stolen some thunder irretrievably from the oral plays, and whether the oral plays can ever do anything about it. So in order to gain a basis for determining this critical question which might conceivably agitate the bosom of out-of-towners, let us nose around among the attractions of four hits from each list. Afterward we can go into the respective merits of each type of drama, and settle this point for posterity.

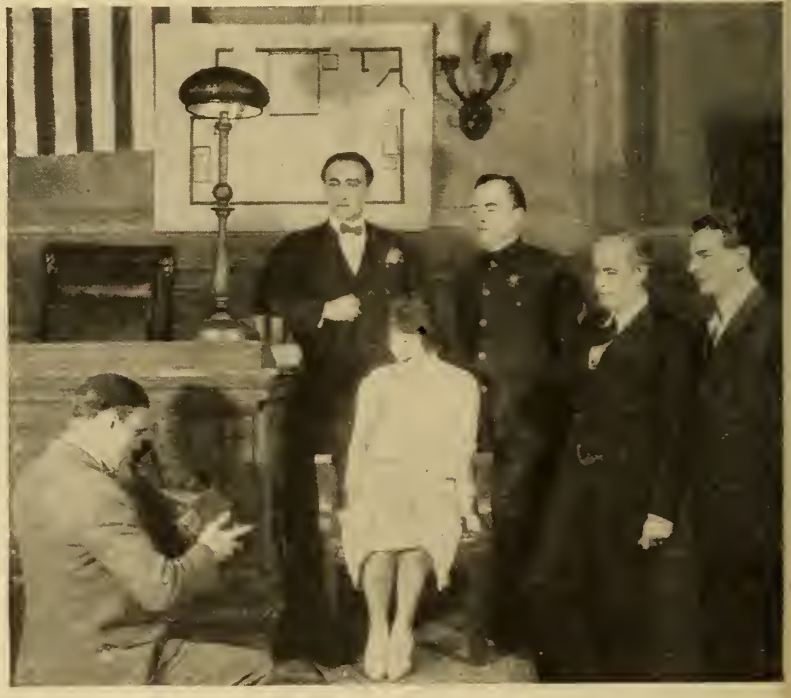
First, let us see what there is in the outstanding pictures to cheer about.

Frank Vreeland, the author of this article, is a prominent New York dramatic critic. He became dramatic editor of the old Morning Sun *in 1917. After war service, he rejoined the dramatic department of* The Morning Sun *and was successively on the dramatic staffs of* The Evening Sun, The Herald, The Herald-Tribune *and* The Evening Telegram. *Mr. Vreeland has been critic of* The Evening Telegram *for the past two years. He was selected to write this article because he has always been interested in motion pictures and regularly reviews the big pictures as part of his duties as critic.*

The Editor

SUPPOSE you're an out-of-towner, hell bent for Broadway. Suppose during your short stay in New York you had time for only four shows, besides the usual trip to the Statue of Liberty with side stops at the orange drink stands. Which would you choose—photoplays or spoken plays (omitting Coney Island)?

In other words, which would you figure as offering you the most entertainment per dollar per hour—movies or speakies?



The court-room scene of "Chicago," with Francine Larrimore as the acquitted girl murderess. This is a satire on the way the newspapers of 1927 handle crime

Stage *and* Screen

Critic decides in favor tainment Values

"Chang," the new screen earthquake, has a great variety of scenes, and all the exciting adventures possible to a Siamese Frank Merriwell. Plunging you deep into strange foreign climes, it loses no time in shifting you from jungle to river, from plantation to village, and from monkey to tiger. The veracity of its views are unquestioned and indelibly memorable, with clear photography which brings out every intimate detail in the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Kru of the Siamese Krus. And it has an epic sense of all mankind holding back lawless nature—that nature which is constantly crowding the mourners.

Its collection of varied animals is enough to make an old circus man water at the mouth. The climacteric sequence of the elephant stampede through the forest hamlet is something that outranks in sensationalism the Siamese twins of vaudeville. Bear in mind that matter of variety and sensationalism, boys and girls. The class will take that up later.

WIDE diversity of locale is also plastered all over "Beau Geste." From the African desert, to England, to Marseilles, to the fort in the desert again it snaps you about, while a full-blown mystery plot envelops the three Geste brothers with the irresistible, penetrating power of a sandstorm. It can plant atmosphere and action commingled with one swoop, and the glimpses of the seething, vicious life of the Foreign Legion are done with an exactness and genuineness to make the hair curl.



"Broadway," the inside story of bootleggers, gunmen and Manhattan night life, with Sylvia Field as the cabaret girl. It is nippy melodrama



"The Spider" is Broadway's newest thriller, involving a stage magician, a dope ring and a murder done right in the audience. Germaine Giroux is the magician's assistant

The whirling charges of the Arab marauders, freckling the desert dunes, are features that the best trained supers in Buffalo Bill's show couldn't duplicate. Fasten to the old bean these points of atmosphere, mystery and swift charges.

"The Big Parade" has a multiplicity of fresh and vivid detail which brings the late war right home to your doorstep. It has at times a poignant reality to it which impels war veterans to listen uneasily for the bugle call again. Here, too, is an epic quality, a throbbing touch of the headlong ruthlessness of the war, and a sure, honest understanding of human nature that makes the doughboy no better—and no worse—than he ought to be.

Where can you find a scene of such universal, compelling pathos as the French girl's frantic search for her departing soldier sweetheart, while camions, caissons, cavalry and cannons thunder past, bound for the front and oblivious to such insect matters as love affairs? And there is robust humor too—as a few million others have said. File that realism and that epic quality away in the card index system of your memory. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Just Two Good Boys



Victor Varconi
From Hungary

SOME like 'em hot.

There is Victor Varconi, the lad who plays *Pontius Pilate* in "The King of Kings" with such intelligence that, for a few minutes, the whole picture almost seems a drama of *Pilate's* personal tragedy.

Victor Varconi comes from the fiery, independent land of Hungary. In 1924, he made his first assault on Hollywood.

Perhaps you remember him as the villain in "Triumph."

Anyway, De Mille liked his dirty work so well that he wanted to sign him up on contract as a Big Ogle and Leer Man.

But Mr. Varconi broke all records by saying:

"No, Mr. DeMille," and going back to Hungary. But he wasn't the sort of person that De Mille could forget.

A little over a year after his return, De Mille cabled him to come back and play the *Prince* in "The Volga Boatman."

WHEN Varconi got back to Hollywood, Mr. De Mille told him that he wanted a von Stroheim sort of characterization.

Again Mr. Varconi went to the mat for his own ideas.

"Mr. von Stroheim," he said, "is a very fine actor, but I cannot play parts as he does. I do not believe in the characters he makes almost convincing.

"I was in the War, fighting on the Russian front. I saw much there. I have seen my own country struggling back through the poverty war left upon it.

"But I never have seen the people whom von Stroheim plays. I have seen all classes, but I always have found in them a spark of something tender, good, humorous."

De Mille gave him his own way. After all, Varconi was leading man at the National Theater in Budapest and he is no mere upstart.

Varconi is married—happily so. His wife was formerly a star in Viennese operettas.

"My wife and I love this beautiful land," says Varconi. "We want to stay and be one of you."

Young Victor was aptly named.

He knows his goulash.

From the Other Side

Lars Hanson
From Sweden

SOME like 'em cold.

Consider Lars Hanson, who gave Lillian Gish such a race for honors in "The Scarlet Letter," that he was given the unqualified lead in John Robertson's production, "Captain Salvation," listed among the six best pictures of the month while his performance is among the best of the month.

Mr. Hanson comes from the chilly, the aloof land of Sweden where nights are long and art is earnest.

One of those strong, silent Nordics with blonde hair and eyes like blue ice.

A thoughtful, studious young fellow who sees in the movies, not personal exploitation, but something fine, something noble, something big and new for the artist.

LIKE Varconi in one respect, Hanson belongs to the cream of the foreign element in Hollywood. He is no bogus prince, no busted nobleman, but an actor of reputation in his own country—a member of the Royal Theater of Stockholm.

Hanson is a hard worker, with years of struggle and experience to his credit.

A discreet, a proud and a shy man who will lapse into a glacier-like silence rather than talk of his success, his personal affairs.

He came to America for his Big Chance and he isn't going to talk himself out of it.

The hot sun of Hollywood has shone on him for over a year, the fires of temperament have swept around him; but Lars Hanson hasn't thawed out yet.

His wife is Karin Nolander, a distinguished and beautiful Swedish actress. She will not go on the screen —no.

One in the family is enough.

But they study together, work together and the gayer world of Hollywood knows them not.

But they like America, yes. And the reason is simple.

"Your movies," says Hanson, "will be the great one. Your people have the poise, the confidence to make great pictures. So your movies will triumph."

And Mr. Hanson wants to be in on that triumph.

He knows his herring.



Put Your Heads To-

Some tips on the fascinating new game fat checks. There's

THE great $15,000 Idea Contest has two more months to run—until midnight, August 15th—but already PHOTOPLAY has sent out for more locked steel files, where the manuscripts are kept, awaiting the decision of the judges.

Thousands of ideas have been received, from every state in the union and from nearly all the countries in Europe. But that doesn't mean that there isn't ample time and opportunity for those who have not yet put their ideas on paper.

The question most frequently asked of those who are in charge of the contest is whether it is permissible for more than one person to work on an idea.

The answer is "Yes." This contest is distinctly a family affair. Brother may have a bright way of pepping up Father's idea for a political picture. Sister may put a touch of romance into Mother's suggestion for an historical story.

In signing the coupon, which you will find at the bottom of the page whereon the rules are printed, the head of the family may sign for all the members. Or each member of the family may submit his or her own suggestions and sign the coupon. In the case of two or more persons working on the same idea, in collaboration, one collaborator should sign the coupon, or typewritten copy thereof.

Most families have the pleasant habit of discussing and criticizing the pictures they have seen together. Very often the family comes home from the movie theater and tell each other how, in their opinion, the picture they have just seen could have been improved.

THAT is the sort of constructive spirit PHOTOPLAY wants to bring out in this contest. Only instead of criticizing a picture you have seen, try to map out a film story of your own that would entertain the whole family.

After all, that is what the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which is offering the prizes in this contest, is striving to do—produce pictures that will please all the members of your family.

Don't be afraid of putting your idea before the Home Critics before you send it to the judges in this contest. Father might be helpful in telling you where your idea is too immature. Your wife surely would be able to judge whether your idea would appeal to feminine fans. Grandfather would be able to give you pointers on historical accuracy.

If you think that the Home Critics might be inclined to be harsh, just imagine how much harsher is the public judgment of a picture idea!

The members of your family will be glad to work with you. It is a fascinating game and the $5,000 first prize would bring a lot of happiness to your home. $5,000 means a fine new car, a first payment on a house, a trip to Europe, a college education, or a start in your own business. Your best efforts and the best efforts of your family should be concentrated on winning a prize that would bring you so much happiness and independence.

While it wouldn't be fair to say much about the suggestions already received, the ideas that have come into this office show great thoughtfulness and imagination. Many of them give evidence of wide reading and serious research.

Numerous suggestions have come from college professors—in this country and in Europe—and from teachers and librarians. Lawyers, surgeons, merchants and officers in the Army and Navy are among those who have contributed ideas.



gether *and* Win $5,000

of turning your picture ideas into nice, plenty of time yet

$15,000 in Prizes

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	$2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes	$1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	$500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	$250 each
Forty Prizes	$100 each



Students, working in groups and singly, have submitted manuscripts. The range of subjects covered in the ideas would give a representative cross-section of the topics that most concern the minds of Americans today.

HOWEVER, there is nothing to discourage you in this vast competition. You may have some original twist of your own to put in your idea that will make you one of the lucky winners. An unhackneyed treatment of an original theme will count for more than fine writing. As we have stressed before, this is in no sense a literary contest. It is an earnest endeavor, on the part of PHOTOPLAY and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to search the field of public opinion for a brand-new idea to present on the screen.

The audience, indirectly, moulds the trend of pictures. But in this contest, you—as a member of the audience—have an opportunity to present your own idea directly to the millions who look to the screen for entertainment, instruction and inspiration.

In order to avoid obvious ideas, keep clear of generalizations and give your idea real value as a production possibility by suggesting a definite, original manner of treatment.

In arranging a definite treatment, you will find that many heads are better than one. Before a story is filmed in a studio, the script is subject to many revisions, changes and suggestions from a story committee. The story you see on the screen is seldom the work of one person.

So don't be afraid to call a conference on your idea. Remember it is the professional way of working.

A word about the problem of condensing your idea to 200 words: it is easier than it sounds, off hand. A few little hints may help you. Eliminate all unnecessary descriptions. Adjectives, flowery phrases, detailed comments all use up a lot of words and instead of embellishing your idea, they tend to weaken it. Don't try to express yourself in the ornamented style of romantic literature.

Moving pictures are told in terms of action; that is to say, in verbs. In outlining a course of action, you will find that adjectives are unnecessary cargo.

IF you will count the words in the reviews of PHOTOPLAY'S "Shadow Stage" you will find that all the pictures, except the two long reviews, are summarized in approximately 135 words, for the longer criticisms, and 70 words for the shorter ones. And yet, in this brief space, every month PHOTOPLAY gives you a clear and concise idea of the films, with comments on the acting and production.

Furthermore, these reviews mention players and directors, a problem that does not confront you in presenting your idea. So you see, with a little care and patience it can be done.

Now call a family conference, put a new ribbon on your typewriter and go to it. There is still plenty of time to get into this fascinating contest. Again, let us advise you to read the rules carefully. They will answer all your questions. You will find them on Page 76.



"I BELIEVE that my pictures have had an obvious effect upon American life," says Cecil B. De Mille. "I have brought a certain sense of beauty and of luxury into everyday existence, all jokes about ornate bathrooms and de luxe boudoirs aside. I have done my bit towards lifting the level of daily life."

How Christ Came to Pictures

By Frederick James Smith

"The King of Kings" had its genesis in a little Episcopal Church in Pompton, N. J.

HOW did Cecil B. De Mille come to make "The King of Kings"?

How did the director who has been accused of all the faults of the film calendar come to create such a sincere and compelling study of the life of Jesus of Nazareth?

How did a director, supposedly barricaded by a small army of yes men from contacts with the world at large, come to conceive such a straightforward and dramatic argument for Christianity?

It is possible to say that "The King of Kings" was made by a master showman with a cagy eye on the box offices of the world. It is possible to say that, because "The King of Kings" is so clear and incisive that it could not have been directed by a man with deep religious feelings. According to this argument, fervor would have clouded the telling and sent De Mille up blind alleys of religious argument.

Only one man can tell you just what lies behind the making of "The King of Kings." That man is Cecil B. De Mille himself.

I took the question to De Mille. "The King of Kings" had just surprised Broadway. De Mille sat in an improvised office in his suite of rooms at the Hotel Ambassador. He had just returned from a long walk. On his desk was a framed picture of Christ, a pile of newspaper comments on his production, letters and documents, and a tray of some two dozen pipes. The picture of Christ, by the way, has stood on De Mille's desk, wherever he has been, for years.

De Mille considered my question.

"The making of 'The King of Kings' really goes back to my boyhood.

"My father, Henry C. De Mille, was born in Washington, N. C. He had planned always to become a minister, but he had shifted somehow to other channels. Eventually he became a professor at Columbia, then a playwright and finally a stage collaborator with David Belasco.

"My father was a young man when he met my mother, who had just come over from England to teach at Lockwood's Academy in Brooklyn. They fell in love and were married. It was my mother who persuaded my father to write for the stage.

"Down in his heart, my father still held his dreams of preaching. When we lived at Pompton, N. J., there was a little Episcopal church there. It could not afford a minister and my father volunteered to preside as lay reader.

"I CAN remember going Sunday after Sunday to church with my father and listening to him preach. 'The King of Kings' had its genesis on those hard pews of that little Pompton church years ago. I was confirmed an Episcopalian. I was raised to its teachings."

I asked De Mille to define his personal religion.

"I think it is best defined in the words of Rama Krishna:

" 'God is the same flame, but men see it in different colors.'

"I believe in all religions. We all are worshipping the same God.



Cecil B. De Mille believes that "The King of Kings" comes at the right moment. "A singular spiritual note is running under the current of life at this moment," he says

"I cannot understand why 'The King of Kings' has surprised critics. I always have made pictures with a message and a moral. True, I have dressed up these morals in elaborate trappings, principally because I wanted people to see my pictures. Messages without an audience aren't worth much.

"Think back. My first so-called sex pictures, 'Old Wives for New' and 'Don't Change Your Husband,' were really preaching against the menace of divorce. 'The Whispering Chorus' pointed out that you couldn't do wrong and get away from your conscience.

[CONTD. ON PAGE 118]



LATEST War Bulletin from the Firing Line: Greta Garbo starts peacefully to work on "Anna Karenina." Someone changes the name to "Love." Greta goes home, pleading illness. She says she's not temperamental. Study those eyes and bring in your own verdict.



JOHN GILBERT temporarily abandons Red Hot Romance to try his hand at comedy melodrama in "Twelve Miles Out." It is a story of rum-runners and their wild ways. Mr. Gilbert feels that he has to do something drastic to live down his title of the Screen's Greatest Lover.

Gossip of All *the*



The brass band bride, Pola Negri, and her husband, Serge Mdivani, spend their honeymoon in France. Serge is one of the famous Mdivanis of Georgia, Hollywood and the front pages

ALAN HALE, far too good an actor to be allowed to hide behind a megaphone, encountered the old lady from Dubuque on the train. It was her first trip into the great world and Hollywood was just another name for earthly perdition.

Calling the conductor she said, disapprovingly, "There is a girl smoking a cigarette on the observation platform. I am sure she must be in pictures. Isn't there some way to stop it?"

Alan, passing, overheard, and stopped a few feet away. "By the way, conductor," he said after a moment, giving him a generous wink, "can you get me another compartment? I'm from Hollywood—motion pictures, you know. The compartment we have now will be all right for the drinking, but we'll want another for the dope taking."

By that time the little old lady from Dubuque had slid to the floor.

CONGRATULATIONS this month to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills. It's a boy.



His mother is Frances Marion, highest paid writer in pictures. His dad is former world's champion athlete, inventor of a new type of gasoline engine and screen idol. Four-months-old Fred Thomson, Jr., looks out on the world with unblinking eyes

COMMISERATIONS this month to Tom Mix who announces that his wife, the former Victoria Ford, has departed for Paris to get a divorce. Mrs. Mix denied the rumor, expressing great surprise, but went to Paris, nevertheless.

Since her marriage to Tom, the erstwhile cowgirl has climbed high up the social ladder—and would climb higher. She has also amassed a fortune in diamonds and another fortune in cash—all made possible by Tom's huge salary.

Tom, for all his eccentricities, is a good egg and has been a generous provider for his wife and daughter. Not exactly a drawing room sheik, but a pretty regular fellow.

Yes, it is quite a sad story and you can find its parallel in the get-rich-sudden sets of New York, Chicago or Ashtabula.

AND speaking of Tom Mix, reminds me of the way he gets rid of panhandlers who hang around outside the studio and ask him for the price of a meal when he comes out. Tom now has an arrangement whereby he simply hands the gent a card and it entitles him to a dollar's worth of food at a nearby restaurant. But even this is not proving so successful, for the last hungry man who got a card from Tom went for fifteen cents worth of beans and eighty-five cents worth of asparagus tips.

"O-O-O!" shrilled Fannie Ward as she ran out on the Orpheum stage in Los Angeles, "I'm so fri-i-ghtened. Daddy Browning is out there in the wings and he wants to adopt me."

EARLE WILLIAMS is gone, a death that saddened the entire motion picture colony, for he was one of its most loved members. Friends who played with him in the old Vitagraph days, intimates who were close to the little family circle of his wife, Florine Williams, and their three-year-old daughter, Joan Constance, and countless unknown admirers attended the services at the Forest Lawn Cemetery. His death was caused by bronchial pneumonia.

IT'S little Ann Rork, Sam's daughter, who is wearing the most gleaming white stone you ever saw. And the man, if you must know, is Bobbie Agnew whom I had definitely assigned to May McAvoy. But May is seen often with Maurice

Studios *By* Cal York



Dolores Del Rio goes 100 per cent Hollywood by creating a new bathing suit. It looks like a Spanish shawl, but it is made of Turkish toweling and the colors will not run if, by any chance, Dolores should wear it in the salt sea waves

Cleary, the young New Yorker, and I hereby refrain from any further matrimonial speculations.

Ann and Bobbie, who met while playing in one of Daddy Rork's pictures, are to waltz to the altar in July.

CLARA BOW was giving an account of the filming of a thrilling scene. "Was it dangerous?" she exclaimed. "I'll say it was. Why, it was so dangerous that the doubles had doubles!"

I HAVE learned definitely that the Vilma Banky-Ronald Colman combination is to be broken up. It almost made me weep, for soon that trio—Banky, Colman and Fitzmaurice—who have given us all many happy evenings' entertainment with their pictures, will be scattered to the four winds, for Fitz is now making pictures for First National. If I am to believe what I hear around Sam Goldwyn's studio, the reason for separating Colman and Banky is that they have played together for so long, they are both becoming tired of it. Sounds like a couple who have been married so long they feel the romance slipping and are looking for new fields to conquer.

Colman is to be starred and it will probably not be long until the fair Vilma will also be given a chance to carry her own productions.

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry, like so many other folks, had their money on Carlaris at the last Coffroth Handicap.

And, like so many other folks, they stood alongside the track at Tia Juana after the race and looked at each other ruefully.

"We're broke," said Cody.

"Oh, well, what of it?" replied Kerry. "We're well known here."

"Yes, unfortunately," said Cody.

MRS. VICTOR VARCONI, the pretty Nusi of the gay little Viennese clique in the foreign colony of Hollywood, is serving as interpreter for the brave domestic actors who venture into the imported set. Rod La Rocque, for example, telephoned her hastily the other night.



Mae Murray and her husband, David Mdivani, did *not* attend Pola's wedding. They ignored the feast of publicity and went to Africa, leaving sister-in-law to face the cruel limelight alone

"I've invited the Conrad Veidts and Vilma to a private showing of 'Resurrection' Tuesday night. I'm not sure they understood me. Will you call them?"

Mrs. Varconi did, and discovered from Mrs. Veidt that she thought they had been invited to a beach party on Saturday. But Vilma was different.

"I oonderstan' efery vord Rod spiks to me."

And a week later their engagement was announced.

WHEN Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky recently announced their engagement I was a bit skeptical, but everyone has a right to change his mind and I have certainly changed mine. If they are not married within the next sixty days, I am completely fooled, for they are two of the most lovelorn young people I have ever seen.

GIVE a hand to Adolphe Menjou for keeping his brother out of mischief and supplying new faces for the screen. Betimes when "Hank" is not managing Adolphe's business affairs



It may be just a photograph, but it's a Rembrandt to King Vidor. Five dollars bought it from a drug-store where it had been displayed since Eleanor Boardman Vidor was the Eastman Kodak Girl. Do you remember her?

he enacts tiny parts in his brother's pictures. Rather more plump than Adolphe, he still has the celebrated Menjou manner although in a less stellar degree.

YES, revolution is rife in the studios.

There are people like Greta Garbo, Rod La Rocque and Ricardo Cortez rebelling against the studio czars. There is also Jim Hudson, for years studio chef at Sennett's *atelier*. Jim owns a gas station and from now on, he told Sennett, he is going to free lance.

Incidentally, Jim told me his memory of Gloria Swanson was her fondness for strawberry shortcake. "That's all the girl ever ate. Just shortcake with a double portion of whipped cream." But that wouldn't do in these days of slim figures and the necessary diet.

LIKE a lot of other good stories, this one is sponsored by Walter Winchell, brilliant New York columnist. Louis B. Mayer was showing Laurence Stallings around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, telling the playwright how lucky he was to work in such a swell place.

"We make the best pictures in the world here!" exclaimed Mayer. "We have the biggest sets, the biggest stars, the biggest directors, the biggest cameramen—"

Then he interrupted himself and absentmindedly fingered Stallings' coat lapel.

"Hmmmmm," Mr. Mayer hmmmmmd, "what a rotten buttonhole!"

WALLY BEERY is a big Swedish fireman in "Fireman, Save My Child," and so dumb, as he described it, that he thinks Lady Godiva was a channel swimmer.

And, by the by, the white birdie of peace is roosting over the starring team of Wally and Ray Hatton. The storm which severed the cinema partnership is settled and cameras are grinding merrily.

"NOT everyone who goes to Paris gets a divorce," declared Mrs. Peg Talmadge, the coast's favorite motion picture mother. So the half of Hollywood who thought Capt. Allastair Mackintosh's trip to Paris was for the purpose of eventually presenting Connie with a French divorce decree was all wrong, apparently.



Nothing but water in the cooler! Just dank, cold, nasty, insipid water, fit only for fishes! And Emil Jannings thousands of miles from a schooner of Pilsener. So gehts in dieser welt

WAITER, will you carefully wrap one young and highly explosive bomb and address it to Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer? They've changed the title of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" to "Love" and a bomb is the only fitting reward. Even Greta Garbo in the cast doesn't vindicate that.

I'm praying that dear faithful old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" does not come out as "Icy Passions."

CHECK this one up to Chester Conklin. Chester says he observed one of life's greatest tragedies the other night. It seems an Irishman and a Scotchman stood in one of those small, crowded rooms where the Volstead act has never been heard of. They stood there with their feet on the brass rail—and the Irishman didn't have any money.

THE boys and girls around New York can swap some rare "I knew him when" stories about David Mdivani, husband of Mae Murray. When David first landed in these parts, he earned his coffee and cake playing "extra" parts in the Eastern studios.

Meeting up with an attractive actress, of established position in the film world, he outlined to her a neat little "business" proposition. He told her that she might announce her



Priscilla Moran, child actress, has the leading rôle in a lawsuit. An aunt would take her from the kindly care of Mr. and Mrs. John Ragland, her foster parents



Herbert Brenon holds a reunion with his first leading man, William E. Shay. Over eighteen years ago, Brenon directed Shay in a film for the Imp Company and used him many times in some of his biggest successes

"engagement" to him, thereby winning a lot of front page space on being the betrothed bride of a "prince."

The actress refused this "business" proposition with a "no" that shattered windows over in New Jersey.

FOLLOWING an epidemic of gun play among the smaller fry of Hollywood, some of the film companies are stipulating that cowboys in their employ may not carry guns.

WILLIAM FARNUM'S only child, Sarah, has gone into the great world as bride of William Gerard Tuttle. It was a pretty wedding, the Farnum home a mass of flowers. and was attended by Mr. and Mrs. George Fawcett, Lois Wilson, Hedda Hopper, Lois Weber, John Roche, Frank Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson, among many others.

LITTLE Priscilla Moran, the child actress, who, awhile back, was being touted as about to step into the size 1½ shoes of Baby Peggy, is announced to appear in the courts of Los Angeles in a rôle something like that played by the baby the wise King Solomon was going to bisect in an effort to discover which of the two women who claimed it was its real mother.

In Priscilla's case, the claimants are her aunt and John C. Ragland, who quit being business advisor of Harold Lloyd to become business advisor of Raymond Hatton. Priscilla's father, shortly before his death, gave the child—she's now eight—into Ragland's custody, Ragland and his wife having been good to him and her and she being attached to them.

Everything went along all right until the Raglands moved to California, whereupon Priscilla's aunt, who lives in Long Beach, went into court to demand that the child be given to her.

WILL ROGERS was deploring the flood of publicity on the Snyder case one day at the Lambs Club.

"England handles these things better," commented Will. "One day you read that the murderer has been indicted. And the next you hear of the case in the newspaper is when the criminal eats a hearty breakfast and walks manfully to the scaffold."

GEORGE FITZMAURICE has moved into his beautiful new Beverly Hills home and it is rapidly becoming the favorite gathering place of real tennis enthusiasts for Fitz has the best tennis court in the entire film colony on his estate. Incidentally, Colleen Moore is trying hard to buy it, but Fitz insists on living in it and enjoying it a while himself so Colleen may be forced to build for herself.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has selected Eve Southern for an important rôle in "The Gaucho." Miss Southern has been playing extra rôles and small bits for five years or so. Several times, she has been on the verge of breaking out of the seven-fifty a day class. Rupert Hughes once considered her for a leading rôle. Finally Edwin Carewe put her under contract and got her the job with Fairbanks.

IT was just another of the Southern California days.

"Nice weather," said the visitor to Richard Dix's set.

"Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of," replied Richard.

RATHER a touching tale, this, on Eddie Cantor whose ascent from the very first rung on the theatrical ladder of success has been nothing short of inspiring. It seems that all his life his great desire was to celebrate the Passover by not appearing on the stage, but it was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]

Little Journeys *to*

The Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye
Author of "A Million and One Nights"



George Eastman built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion from a hobby—photography

The third of Mr. Ramsaye's pen portraits of the big men of the screen world

DISCRETION personified — that is George Eastman, a crystallized, hard, dry, seasoned success, entirely surrounded by millions and discipline.

If the whole of this man's life were to be run through a white filter paper there probably would not be a tint or trace of abandon or recklessness. Likely he has never in his life let himself do anything that he thought he should not do. If he did, it has been covered with precaution so deep that it does not count.

Most of America's conspicuously rich men can be classified readily. Eastman can not. He is the only one of his kind. Yet in nothing is he peculiar. Every trait is normal. But the sum total of those traits is extraordinary.

George Eastman is 73 years of age, grey, crisp and wiry. He might be any age beyond the middle fifties, if measured by appearances. He has never been married. Very possibly he has never been in love. Work has been his passion, success his mistress. He has built an industry worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars out of a hobby—photography. He is still a photographer, and a somewhat amateurish photographer, too. "I am in the most interesting business in the world," he says, and his career has proved that he means it. He is a matter of fact, ingenious inventive Yankee, a whittler with a jackknife always in his pocket.

Also this Eastman is an exceedingly American citizen, born of the stock that came over in the days of the famous Mayflower Line. Persistence and prudence and will power



The most interesting place in the big Eastman residence is its owner's workshop. Here George Eastman still experiments

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George Eastman's estate is on East Avenue, Rochester. It features a concealed pipe organ, for Eastman loves music, although he calls himself a "musical moron"

George Eastman has never married. He is the greatest anonymous philanthropist in America. He is a direct descendant of Roger Eastman, one of the founders of Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1638—an ingenious, inventive Yankee, a multi-millionaire with a jackknife always in his pocket

radiate from him. He makes no flourish of virtue, no public professions of religion. He is a conspicuously successful specialist at tending to his own business. His private fortune has been guessed at a probable hundred and fifty millions, of which he has given away not less than sixty millions and no one knows how much more, anonymously.

The evidence indicates that George Eastman has always known precisely what he wanted most and that he has proceeded to go at getting it, in a straight, sharp line, meanwhile letting no one, including himself, get in the way of the getting.

System, efficiency and precision rule all of Eastman's life. His code of the absolute covers, apparently, his every thought and act. Some seasons past, when he was preparing for a long Alaskan hunting trip, he attended in person to the packing of all of his extensive equipment. He parcelled out each item, from tea to ammunition, into matched packages, equalized to the last fraction of an ounce; this to permit accurate balancing of the packhorse loads. Bad loading makes saddle galls and sore horses make trouble. Eastman refuses to have trouble.

EASTMAN lives with the grandeur of a rajah, but a very careful Puritan rajah, on a wide ten acre estate in the heart of the city of Rochester, New York. It is a setting as improbable as a ranch in Central Park. It is a sort of platinum mounted farm. Eastman is good to Rochester and if he wants agriculture deluxe in town it is all right with Rochester.

When Michel de Montaigne, the French philosopher of the sixteenth century, was a boy he was awakened each morning by soft music. It was his father's notion that the day should be begun in poetic happiness. George Eastman's alarm clock is a pipe organ. At 7:30 o'clock in the morning in the great mansion at 900 East Avenue the organ recital begins, and continues through breakfast.

The day of this little journey began at breakfast, with a Mendelssohn-Bartholdy accompaniment, in the great conservatory, bowered with palms and banked with blossoms, pink and mauve and white in the pale light of a misty morning. In the center of the room stood an antique table, gleaming with the mellow tones of time-ambered wood, enriched by contrast with Italian linen and the frosty highlights of an old silver service. Beside the table stood George Eastman, in an attitude of welcome, cautiously cordial.

"On time—let us sit down."

At a glance one saw that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



NOT long ago, Rod La Rocque built a beautiful, new house. But Rod realized that it was only a house. When he met Vilma Banky he decided she was just the girl to turn it into a home.

AND just recently Vilma announced that she was going to marry a big, strong man who would make Mr. Goldwyn allow her to bob her hair. One look at Rod and she knew he was just the right man.

The Port of Missing Girls

No. 5
Judy: the human sacrifice on the altar of a mother's ambitions





By *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

Author of "The Sky Rocket" and "Free Souls"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

Judy Keene was a mixture of all the girls who come to Hollywood. A slightly tragic figure, despite her prettiness

HOLLYWOOD is the port of missing girls. Girls who don't write home any more, girls who have lost their identity under impressive but unsuccessful screen aliases, girls who came out to be stars and remained to be secretaries and script clerks and waitresses and wives and other things not so agreeable to mention, girls shattering themselves against the most heart-breaking game in the world where the odds are ten-thousand-to-one against them—these are the girls who make up the ever-changing, fantastic population of this strange port.

So many come and there is room for so few at the top.

Some of them are funny, and some of them are oddly noble in failure, and some are very tragic.

Little Judy Keene, for instance, was a mixture of all three.

Judy was funny without knowing it and certainly without meaning to be. There was something about the beautiful but dumb way she did everything that just was funny. The way she called everybody "*dear*" and that wide, blue gaze. And yet she was a decent enough kid at heart. And she was a slightly tragic figure because she never quite knew what it was all about.

But her mother did. Oh, yes, indeed.

Now Hollywood boasts the strangest collection of mothers in all the wide, wide world. That is natural, because they, too, are drawn by the honeypot of fame and wealth and romance and adventure.

Mrs. Keene was THE typical, ambitious Hollywood mother. You could have cast her for that rôle in any production and been perfectly safe.

Of course, if a girl happens to be one of the few successes, whose stories all have such a sameness, glory gilds everything about her and she may exhibit to the world something very sweet and very beautiful in mother-and-daughter photographs. Great success justifies most things nowadays.

But these are stories of failures, the warnings that might be nailed across the entrance to movieland to turn back the hordes of unwelcome, unwanted, movie-mad young things—and their mothers—who come bearing their prettiness to Hollywood as coals are borne to Newcastle.

There is seldom anything sweet or beautiful about failure. It may be darn funny, or it may be dramatic, it may even be ennobling, but it is not sweet nor beautiful.

V—JUDY KEENE

JUDY squirmed like an eel in the effort to get herself and her breakfast tray comfortably settled in bed. This is an art known only to women and to very few women at that. Judy was, frankly, not born to breakfast in bed and she made hard going of it. When she had succeeded in arranging herself in anything like proper order she said, "Mama, *dear*."

Judy was always saying that.

A Genius, a Dumb Dora—and "Mama, Dear"

The Tragedy of a Blackmailing Mother who

Mrs. Keene cast a swift glance over the contents of the tray—sugar and cream, salt and pepper, napkin, knife, fork and spoons, grapefruit, toast and marmalade, coffee in the small pot—yes, that was as it should be. An eminently proper breakfast tray for a screen star. If this estimate was a trifle premature, Mrs. Keene would have explained that by saying it was well to be prepared. She sat down on the foot of the bed, small, dark, intense, a Napoleon of a woman.

"What is it?"

"Mama, *dear*, can't I have an egg?"

"NO, you can't have an egg," said Mrs. Keene firmly, "eggs are bad for your complexion and they're fattening besides. Don't put all that sugar in your coffee. Anybody'd think you were getting ready to be the fat woman in the circus."

Judy giggled at that. She laughed easily. Liked to laugh. Her eyes were very big and very blue and her mouth was round, like the magazine cover of babies.

"All right," she said good-naturedly. "Only I would like an egg. Breakfast never seems like breakfast to me without an egg. And I've forgotten what a pancake looks like. Won't you ever make me any more pancakes, *Mama* dear?"

"Pancakes are fattening," said Mrs. Keene, "and there's another thing. Eggs are expensive."

"I suppose they are," said Judy cheerfully, spreading marmalade as thickly as possible on her toast.

"When you get to be a great star," said Mrs. Keene, "you can have eggs and lots of other things. You can have everything, Judy. You can have limousines and diamonds and maids to wait on you. But right now we got to be careful. There isn't so much of your father's life insurance left. I always told him he ought to carry more."

"You never know what's going to happen to you in this world, do you?" said Judy. "It don't seem possible how quick things change. One minute papa was here and the next he wasn't."

"Yes," said Mrs. Keene grimly. "Your father was a peculiar man. He didn't have any gumption. You'd better get up now and do your exercises and let me fit that new dress while I got a chance. You might get a call from the Stanart today. They're going to make another Parisian art student ball and they always want your legs."

Obediently, Judy got out of bed and with a little sigh began to go through the series of exercises recommended by a screen beauty, printed in a Sunday supplement and tacked relentlessly on the wall by Mrs. Keene.

Later, as she stood in the little back bedroom of their small flat being fitted by her mother's expert hands, it was plain that in so far as Judy's legs were concerned her mother was not blinded by maternal pride.

Judy's little round face was pretty and her slim girl-figure was nice, but her legs were divine. They were more graceful than a high-priced artist's drawings of silk stocking ads. They were so artistically perfect as to be impersonal and therefore quite decent, from the tiny, arched feet to the lovely and dimpled knees—and



Basil Middleton, the director, sat silently while Judy, without self-consciousness, had taken off most of her clothes. She did it as impersonally as an artist's model, finally standing before him in long sheer black stockings. "You have beautiful legs," said Middleton

Tried to Drive her Daughter to Fortune and Fame

even farther. Judy's legs were really exceptional.

Mrs. Keene smoothed the black velvet, which last winter had served as an evening coat, over the round young shoulders in the process of transforming it into an afternoon frock. A silent woman, Mrs. Keene. Upon her face a set expression, as of one who tramps toward an unseen goal.



"What *are* you talking about, Mama, dear?" asked Judy, curiously.

But her mother did not answer just then, partly no doubt because her mouth was full of pins, but partly because she always thought out very carefully everything she had to say to Judy. You had to be careful with Judy. You never knew what she would say or do later on, like a child who has overheard a conversation and suddenly asks in a lull of the minister's afternoon call, "Mama, why didn't you want Papa to kiss the cook?" Judy was like that. Her father had been like that, simple and direct and without guile. But Mrs. Keene was of different stuff.

There was nothing simple or direct about her. Her designs were deep, they were dangerous because of their unswerving intentness. Her methods were ruthless and unscrupulous. Her ambition was a prairie fire.

FEW people in Little Rock had suspected the inner workings of Mrs. Keene's mind, or her secret determinations. She wasn't popular. It was her husband, who ran a corner drug store, who was beloved by the townfolk. Nobody quite understood Mrs. Keene. Her tongue was too sharp to make her sought after and she obviously regarded very lightly things that most folks regarded as pretty nice. Her comments on Little Rock and its joys were caustic enough at times. But no one recked them as anything but the expression of middle-aged feminine discontent.

So the town suffered a flurry of surprise when, upon her husband's death, she wasted no time—in fact, she hardly allowed a decent interval to elapse—in leaving for Hollywood. The plan must have been maturing in her thought for years, so carefully was every detail worked out. As for hesitation, she didn't know the meaning of the word.

"My, you got more gumption than I'd have, setting off like that for a strange place, you two women folks," her next door neighbor, Mrs. Hennaberry remarked, as she stood watching Mrs. Keene pack trunks for the momentous journey to the land of the new gold rush.

"Nobody ever said I lacked gumption," Mrs. Keene said, folding a dewy chiffon evening dress she had copied from a fashion magazine. "I intend for Judy to have her chance. Judy's a beauty and you know it. If she stays here, what'll happen to her? Just what happened to me and you. She'll get married. I'd just as soon see her in her coffin as married to anybody in this town. I was a homely girl myself. I never had any chance to do anything but get married and I guess plenty of folks thought I was lucky to get a chance to do that. But it wasn't my idea. I wanted to be somebody in this world and be paid some attention to. I wanted to live in places a lot different from Little Rock. You bet I did. And Judy, with her looks, she can do all the things I never had a chance to do. Women with looks are getting most everything they want nowadays."

"Judy's pretty," her neighbor agreed. "What's she think about all this, Mrs. Keene?"

"Judy," said Judy's mother, "Judy thinks what I tell her to."

Which was true. Judy wasn't particularly anxious to move to Hollywood. She liked the pictures, but it had never occurred to her to try to become part of their creation. There was a boy who worked in her father's store and, when Papa died, he wanted to try running it for them. A nice boy. He had hinted

She Had the Most Beautiful Legs in Hollywood



"Listen to me, my child," said Sue Middleton. "You're doing a dastardly, cowardly, terrible wrong. You're trying to ruin an innocent man, bring disgrace upon his home, break his wife's heart. You can't just shove it off on your mother altogether"

that maybe if he succeeded—well, anyway, she liked him. Not passionately, she was too young for passion, but in a sweet way. And she rather expected to get married, as young women did in Little Rock, and set up housekeeping and have children. Judy liked children.

The diamonds and limousines and the dazzling success of Hollywood did not especially intrigue her.

But she went to Hollywood without a murmur. After two years, she liked it well enough. She had liked Little Rock just as well. Hollywood was all right.

ONLY this set expression that was growing on her mother's face disturbed her a little. It boded happenings. There was always something troublesome or exciting not far ahead when her mother's jaw hardened and her eyes narrowed. Judy liked peace.

That was why she asked, apprehensively, "what are you thinking about, Mama, *dear?*"

When she had pinned in the sleeve, Mrs. Keene said, "I'm thinking about you, Judy. Something's got to be done. You ain't getting any younger. I want you to have five or six good years ahead of you when you get to be a star. I'm going to think up something, somehow. We're here, we got everything. I'm not going to let anything stop me making you a success."

The telephone bell interrupted her and Judy moved to answer it.

"Maybe that's Stanart calling for you," said Mrs. Keene.

But it was only Judy's most intimate friend, Agnes.

Mrs. Keene went on cutting out the skirt of the black velvet while Judy talked, but her mind was far away. Only occasional flashes of Judy's endless conversation reached her.

"Oh, Agnes, he never did that. You're making it up."

There must be ways and means to crash through to this thing she wanted so terrifically for Judy.

"Well, *dear*, I didn't go to that party, because you know how rough they always get there and I don't like rough parties. I did hear—"

Most of the important men in Hollywood were married. Still, need that make any real difference? The world has changed so. Standards were different. If the right man came along it would make things easier.

"Oh, how exciting. Tell me all about it, *dear*."

Judy came back and stood again in her place. She looked like a Parisian poster, the tight little black velvet bodice clasping her shoulders and breast, the feather edge of chiffon and lace below, and the long, bare, creamy legs, feet tucked into black satin mules.

"Mama, *dear*, listen to what Agnes told me," she said. "Stanart is going to make a picture—I don't know just what or what it's about, but anyway a picture—and they've put out a story that they have to have the most beautiful legs in the world for it. Something is written in the story that makes it necessary. They're going to search to find them. Agnes says it was all in the paper. She thinks I ought to try for it."

She looked into the mirror, turning a little to see the best view of herself.

"I'll go right over," said her mother. "Who's the director?"

"Basil Middleton," said Judy.

"You stay here till I get back," said Mrs. Keene.

"All right, Mama," said Judy.

II

NOBODY could have entirely exonerated Basil Middleton.

Not one who knew him would have been surprised. The whole thing was exactly what one expected of Basil. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

A Big Lens *and* Light Man

What a Real Actor Really says About His Trade—*Sans* Bunk

By Agnes Smith





Here's an actor PHOTOPLAY thinks is a great comedy bet. In the words of Gene Buck, "give the kid a chance"

WHAT is an actor? An actor is a handsome devil who gets paid big money for doing nothing. He is a gaudy boy who wears noisy clothes and has to fight through the crowds of women who are stuck on him. He is a witless egg, too dumb to be a street car conductor. An actor is also a conceited monkey who ought to be locked up, but who is only allowed to live because we are a soft-hearted nation.

On the other hand: what *is* an actor? An actor is a conscientious workman entirely dependent on the whims of public and managers. He is a poor fellow who must be well dressed and dashing at any cost. An actor is an honest man constantly humbled by a public opinion that places him only one degree higher in the social order than a vagabond.

Of course you know how actors talk. When they are in the presence of cocktails or interviewers, they talk about "my art, my public and my next picture." When they are sober and themselves, they are just like you and me—they talk business.

But there is this difference. Our shop talk is pretty generally dull. But an actor's shop talk is the world's most amusing light conversation.

This brings us to Sam Hardy. Mr. Hardy at a table by a window in the Hotel Algonquin where he had a fine view of Forty-Fourth Street and the passers-by headed for the Lambs Club. And Mr. Hardy talked shop and something of this perilous business of being an actor.

You know Mr. Hardy. He is the fellow who played the hero in "Orchids and Ermine" and was Lois Wilson's leading man in "Broadway Nights." He used to be a villain but he has decided to go straight, because it pays better and you get more parts.

In Broadway parlance, Mr. Hardy works steady—stage and screen. Considered by theatrical standards, a swell and successful existence. But by business standards, a precarious and whimsical sort of career.

A Wop villain one month, a dashing millionaire in the next. A part in a show that may run forever or die the death of a dog on the opening night.

"Movies," said Mr. Hardy, admiring the beautiful view of the stage entrance of the Hippodrome, "are a funny business. Look at Ed Wynn. On the stage for years and never in danger of losing his life. But in his first picture, what do they do but get him to make a lot of scenes on the brink of Niagara Falls! Dangerous? Sure, but good for a laugh. When Ed finished those scenes and was dragged out of the raging torrent, the first person who rushed up to congratulate him was his double.

"In one of my first pictures, I had to play a scene on a raft with a leopard. You heard me—a leopard. The raft was out in the rough waters beyond Sandy Hook. Everybody was worrying for fear something would happen to the leopard.

"Well, I got on the raft and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Sam Hardy *Says*

"WHEN I was in the Follies several years ago, I played the part of ***Henry VIII*** in a sketch and sang a little song. There was a cute little chorus girl on the end of the row who had just one line to speak. She was supposed to be ***Anne Boleyn*** and when I finished my song, she piped up and said, 'He sure was a hell of a king!' Not a very bright line, but it got a laugh. There was something engaging about that sweet kid. Her name was Marion Davies—and it took several years in the movies to bring out that sense of comedy she put into that one line in the Follies. She is a born comedienne."

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



CAPTAIN SALVATION—M.-G.-M.

A WELL knit drama is this story of how the first gospel ship came into being. *Bess Morgan*, ordered out of the water front of Boston, is tossed ashore in a shipwreck on the Massachusetts coast. *Anson Campbell*, a divinity student, alone comes to her aid. The fishing folks ostracize him and, in the end, he ships on a sailing vessel on which the girl takes passage. The vessel turns out to be a slaver, the captain a scoundrel. How the girl dies, regenerate, and how *Anson* brings the slaver home to be a gospel ship is the story. Director John Robertson has created a profoundly moving story. Lars Hanson, as *Anson*, gives a big performance. Pauline Starke is excellent as the water front derelict and Ernest Torrence is superb as the wicked violin-playing captain of the slaver.



BABE COMES HOME—First National

WE always have considered that Babe Ruth has a mighty personality. Babe is a tremendous figure whether he hits a home run magnificently or strikes out magnificently. He is the voice at the baseball box-office.

This same good humored, never-quite-grown-up personality radiates out of "Babe Comes Home." The lad is a screen bet, and no mistake. And he can act. Don't let anyone tell you different. Without effort, he is humorous and he is touching. "Babe Comes Home" isn't much of a comedy and it is dreadfully padded. But Babe makes it a six-best. The story? Babe swears off chewing tobacco to please his best girl and immediately loses his batting eye. On such little things do the fate of empires hang. The best girl relents, Babe gets his plug-cut and—a home run!



SEVENTH HEAVEN—Fox

ONE John Golden play plus one talented director plus two brilliant young people equals one fine picture. That is "Seventh Heaven." It is permeated with the spirit of youth, of young love, of whimsy. A splendid picturization of the play that ran for two years on Broadway.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are *Diane* and *Chico*, waifs of the Paris slums, thrown together by merest chance to eventually climb to the seventh heaven of ecstasy through the simple medium of faith, hope and courage. *Chico* is a sewer cleaner, a young braggart, who saves *Diane* from her absinthe-crazed sister, only to be forced to give the girl shelter. Adoring him, her gratitude turning to love, she mothers him until 1914 thunders into French history and then the Fox company could not resist becoming epic. There are battles and the usual shell-hole scene, but, when the story again returns to *Chico* and *Diane*, you can forgive everything in the beauty of their performances.

They are twin joys, those kids, their work entirely unmarred by studied technic. And this picture should plant them firmly near the top of the picture world. *Chico's* departure to the front is superlatively done, but his return to the garret heaven, blinded, is one of those unforgettable scenes. Dave Butler is clever as *Gobin* and so is Albert Gran as *Papa Boul*. And don't forget to watch Gladys Brockwell as the sister.

See this, by all means. It's tender and tragic and wholly appealing, splashed now and then with that grandly human comedy for which Director Frank Borzage is known.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CAT AND THE CANARY
SEVENTH HEAVEN — CAPTAIN SALVATION
ANNIE LAURIE — BABE COMES HOME
KNOCKOUT REILLY — SENORITA

The Best Performances of the Month

Norman Kerry in "Annie Laurie"
Lars Hanson in "Captain Salvation"
Charles Farrell in "Seventh Heaven"
Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven"
Pauline Starke in "Captain Salvation"
Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie"
Babe Ruth in "Babe Comes Home"
Ernest Torrence in "Captain Salvation"
Bebe Daniels in "Senorita"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 135



THE CAT AND THE CANARY—Universal

HERE is a corking melodrama. Mysterious fingers reach out of mouldy draperies to steal jewels and trick bookcases swallow up unsuspecting victims.

It all happens in an old, shabby mansion once occupied by the eccentric recluse, *Cyrus West*. It is exactly twenty years from the date of his death to the second and his will is being read to his anxious relatives while a storm beats upon the broken windows.

It develops that *Annabelle West*, his pretty niece, is the heiress, *provided* she sleeps that night in his dusty, cobwebby bedroom and is able to prove her sanity next morning. *Annabelle's* sanity gets a stiff test, we'll tell the world, between disappearances and murders. To help things along an asylum keeper happens in, searching for a runaway maniac.

Of course, there is a guilty person who hopes to inherit the estate. This person is the instigator of the dire doings.

"The Cat and the Canary" is adroitly directed by Paul Leni, the German who made "The Three Wax Works." He uses trick angles galore, but they all help the atmosphere of mystery and murder. Leni is a director to be reckoned with.

"The Cat and the Canary," which, by the way, is based on John Willard's Broadway mystery shocker, has an excellent cast. Laura La Plante is the blonde heroine, *Annabelle*. Creighton Hale overdoes the nervous comedy hero, *Paul Jones*. Indeed, the comedy is the one weak element in "The Cat and the Canary." Well done bits are contributed by Lucien Littlefield and Martha Mattox.



ANNIE LAURIE—M.-G.-M.

A NEW and picturesque locale for a story—the Scottish Lowlands. *Annie's* home is neutral ground in the fight between the clans of Campbell and MacDonald. And how they fight! The story has swirl and dash, sometimes spoiled by over-cutting. Moreover, the studio carried the Scotch idea too far by using painted scenery instead of the real thing.

Norman Kerry as the mountain clansman who "has a wae wi' him" steals the picture from Miss Gish. He is a magnificent figure. John Robertson's direction is excellent—both spirited and charming. And Lillian Gish displays a vivacity heretofore unsuspected. But Kerry's performance is the thing that set the girls to humming "Annie Laurie" with a far off look in their eyes.



KNOCKOUT REILLY—Paramount

THERE is something fascinating about stories of the roped-arena. Especially when they have a background of adventure and romance.

Mal St. Clair, who has brought to the screen a goodly number of sophisticated comedy drama, has never presented a more entertaining piece. From sophistication to fisticuffs is a broad jump. St. Clair made the leap successfully.

Now Richard Dix is a hard-boiled ironworker who protects a pretty little dancer from the advances of the heavyweight champion, *Killer Agerra*. Richard has such a powerful punch, it isn't long before he is in the ring matched against *Agerra*. And boy, what a battle is fought! Richard sends the champ to the canvas for the numeral "ten"—copping the title and the girl. The picture is no "*paluka.*"

Photoplay's Review Department Must

SENORITA—
Paramount



THE best Bebe Daniels' feature in years. Bebe masquerades as a boy in order to protect the ranch of her grandfather, *Don Hernandez*, who really thinks she is a boy. Bebe does a Fairbanks-Gilbert-Barrymore act by jumping through windows, winning numerous duels, swinging from chandeliers and what-not. A rip-roaring, peppy piece—one of the finest of the month.



ROOKIES—
M.-G.-M.

THIS just missed being one of the six best pictures of the month due to the number of special productions released. You will find this one of the most amusing comedies of the season. Here is pure, unadulterated comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Karl Dane is the sergeant and George K. Arthur the rookie entrusted to his care. And you can imagine what happens to poor Arthur. You must see it!

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE —Paramount



"IT" is in again—that charming Clara Bow lady who just runs away with this whole picture in spite of her hideous haircombs. Taken from the Owen Johnson novel, this starts out to be a preachment against divorce and ends in convincing audiences that circumstances alter cases and divorce isn't such a terrible thing after all. Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper and Einar Hansen are in the cast.



SPECIAL DELIVERY— Paramount

A FAIR little story, lots of gags and Eddie Cantor—presto—a real hilarious evening is in store for you. Eddie's family have been in the postal service since the Scarlet Letter was mailed and Eddie sticks to the family traditions and becomes a mailman. But, besides delivering his mail, he learns the whereabouts of a notorious crook. In the final reel Eddie does the rescuing and capturing act.

BROADWAY NIGHTS— First National



ALL the different views of Broadway are presented for your entertainment. This time from the angle of the hoofers who strive to succeed on Broadway. The husband feels he is the main cheese in the act, but after a separation the wife rises to stardom while he sinks to playing in a honky tonky cafe. Eventually they are reunited and become a success together. Not so hot, but Lois Wilson is especially good as the hoofer.



THE HEART THIEF— Producers Dist. Corp.

A FAIR vehicle if you don't take your movies too seriously. It's about a handsome young hero who is engaged to break the engagement of a wealthy count and a peasant girl. He is supposed to make love to the girl and disgrace her, but when the hero sees the girl he—well that's for you to find out. Lya de Putti and Joseph Schildkraut have the top places in the cast.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART— M.-G.-M.



WITH all these highlights: story by Peter B. Kyne; the players—Joan Crawford, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Rockcliffe Fellowes and Carmel Myers; directed by Jack Conway; and still this is one of the dullest pictures. There is but one punch in the picture and until that is reached it is just agony for the players and audience. A forest fire is the only thing in the picture worth seeing. Very poor.

THE MISSING LINK— Warner Bros.



WE'RE back in Africa again, folks. Syd Chaplin, a bashful Englishman and dreadfully afraid of animals, is a member of a hunting party bound for the jungles to trap the "Missing Link." Syd does the job perfectly with the aid of a chimpanzee, whose funny antics shame those of Chaplin's. This chimpanzee just gathers the whole picture under his arm and walks away with the celluloid. He's a perfect riot. See it!

THE CLAW— Universal



EVIDENTLY this was produced just to make the contract players earn their salaries. We still have the wealthy papas endeavoring to make great big he-men out of their sons. To Africa they are sent for the rejuvenation. And between cannibals and jungle animals the hero wins out. Sure, there's a gal in the case! Norman Kerry, Claire Windsor and Arthur Edmund Carewe are in the cast.

TRACKED BY THE POLICE— Warner Bros.



RIN-TIN-TIN better do some loud barking about the future selection of his stories. It is a crime to wish such moron stuff on such an intelligent animal. Rinty is the whole show and if you do see this you'll stay to the very end just to see Rinty do his stuff. The title has nothing to do with the picture and neither have the human actors—if their performances are any criterion. See Rinty in spite of everything.

THE CLIMBERS— Warner Bros.



MARK an X against this, for it isn't worth your time and money. It's all about the Duchess of Aragon who is exiled to Porto Rico when an escaped criminal is found hiding in her bedroom. Here she rules her ranch with an iron hand and resents the attentions of a guitar-playing, romantic hero, who is none other than the guy who caused her banishment. Everything ends sloppily and happily.

THE LOVE THRILL— Universal



HOW to sell insurance—according to Laura La Plante. Laura poses as the wife of a supposedly-deceased explorer. His best friend endeavors to help her and Laura manages to sell him a big insurance policy to help make ends meet. During the course of things the explorer returns and is very much amused with all the happenings. Needless to say the would-be married couple fall in love. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

There's Gold in Them Thar Scissors!

Photoplay's Fourth Annual Summer Prize Contest



Rules and Conditions of the Cut Puzzle and Name Contest

Read Carefully and Start Out to Win a Big Prize

Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61

Star Names on Page 86

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of $50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of $25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. $5,000 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York Office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clews to the identity of each fragment. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

7. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

9. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.



THE present leader of the Latin invasion—Dolores Del Rio. Her sudden success has been equalled only by the Scandinavian Greta Garbo and the American Clara Bow. Translated from the Spanish, SenoraDel Rio's name means "Sorrow of the River."

Photoplay's New Contest



Be Sure to Read

Upper

Who has black hair?
Why, A has it, we'll say!
B came from Spain,
Via New England way.
Who played with stars
On the stage? That was E.
Who changed his name?
F did, quite recently.

Lower

Who is twice married?
C—and he's a dear.
Who came from Philly?
D did, so we hear.
Who's from Ohio?
G came from that state.
Who was with Selznick?
H—and he was great!

Upper

Who is a brunette?
I—dark hair and eyes.
J was an extra,
Who caused a surprise!
Who has a son?
M. (The son's very new.)
Who's one of three?
N's the brother of two.

Lower

Who went to college?
K did—liked it fine!
Who's an old timer?
L—screen since '09.
Who knows the meaning of Hope?
Mister O!
P is unmarried
And happily so.



Offers $5,000 in Prizes

Rules on Page 58



Upper

Who's of the desert?
Q left arid lands.
R was in stock,
So he knows where he stands.
U has grey eyes,
And he's six feet in height;
V is as dark
As a tropical night!

Lower

Who knew a Hollywood marriage?
Just S!
Who has two brothers?
T answers a yes.
Who had four stage years?
Guess W's name.
X has been liked
Since his Vitagraph fame.



Upper

Y read a meter
Before he could act.
Who loved earth's sweetheart?
Z—this is a fact!
Who played with Chaney?
I, not so long past.
O, in a decade,
Has gone ahead fast

Lower

Who wed a widow?
A did—she is sweet.
E, for a while,
Knew a fisherman's fleet.
Who was a super?
U did very well.
A weighs one-fifty—
His name we won't tell.



INTRODUCING "The Gaucho," who rides down from the top of the Andes to upset a villainous dictator and establish peace and free tamales in an imaginary South American republic. Yes, it's Douglas Fairbanks dressed up for his new picture.

When the Doctors Disagree

Proving that those moulders of public opinion—the New York critics—often fall out among themselves

"WHITE GOLD"

"'White Gold' is a commendable venture into the forbidden realms of serious drama on the screen—but I can't feel that it is worthy of any great applause." ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, *Life.*

"'White Gold' undoubtedly will find itself on the list of the ten best pictures for 1927, so don't miss seeing it." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"Clyde Cook was for no apparent reason thrown in as comedy relief. He's neither comedy nor relief." ROSE PELSWICK, *N. Y. Journal.*

"Clyde Cook contributes a sterling characterization, mingling comedy with pathos and wistfulness." DOROTHY HERZOG, *Daily Mirror.*

"ROOKIES"

"There are a number of episodes that are about as vulgar as you can imagine the local censors passing by unheedingly." *Herald-Tribune.*

"There is also a very amusing touch that cannot be told in print. You must see the picture if you want to see this very humorous bit." LANGDON W. POST, *Evening World.*

"The script exhibited at times the subtlety commonly found in the temples of third-rate burlesque." *Evening Telegram.*

"'Rookies' never descends to burlesque." *Variety.*

"CAMILLE"

"To us it is not a satisfactory Camille, for there is none of the gayety, none of the spirit that went to make the most famous courtesan of French fiction." LANGDON W. POST, *Evening World.*

"It was powerfully dramatic, never descending to the obvious, and by some miracle did not attempt to be bright and cheery in the Hollywood manner." DONALD THOMPSON, *Evening Telegram.*

"All of the story is told slowly and without a moment that is really convincing." RICHARD WATTS, JR., *Herald-Tribune*

"The first 'Camille' never could have been more convincing than this flower of the screen." BETTY COLFAX, *The Graphic.*

"VENUS OF VENICE"

"Nonsensical, dumb and dull." *Variety.*

"A cheerful, beautifully photographed piece of filmery." *Daily News.*

"MOTHER"

"'Mother' is the sort of picture that should be suppressed." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *Herald-Tribune.*

"It is easily the best thing Belle Bennett has done since 'Stella Dallas'." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *Morning Telegraph.*

"William Blakewell is decidedly amateurish." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"William Blakewell gives probably the best performance of a movie youth the screen has witnessed in many a day." *Evening Sun.*

"HIS FIRST FLAME"

"The Pathe organization has done Harry Langdon no good by digging an old picture of his out of the vaults." *Evening Post.*

"'His First Flame' proves . . . that some years ago, Harry was doing the same round of tricks, doing them with more spontaneous gayety than he is now." *Evening Sun.*

"THE HEART THIEF"

"Joseph Schildkraut looks and acts like a suspender salesman somewhere along Third Avenue." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"Schildkraut has no mean amount of histrionic ability. . . . He manages to make an improbable character charmingly convincing." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *Morning Telegraph.*

"'The Heart Thief' at the Hippodrome is as good a picture as has been seen in this theater in some time." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *Daily Mirror.*

"'The Heart Thief' is as incongruous, incredible, unconvincing a cinema drama as it is possible to put forth on any screen." IRENE THIRER, *Daily News.*

"New York minister, out to reform the stage and screen, suggests that no producer ought to ask a feminine member of his company to wear her skirts shorter than he would permit his own wife."—*News Item*



"I understand she's married to that Mr. Schmitz, but I don't believe it. I'm sure no decent man would ask his wife to raise her skirts that way. Do you?"

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

VACATION time is near.

The amateur movie camera is always a valuable thing—but in vacation days it is almost a necessity.

How are you going to preserve the memories of your July and August play days without your movie camera?

You can easily imagine the fun you can have this Summer with your outfit. If you are going on a fishing expedition, you can catch the actual catch. No longer will you have to face skeptical friends with that story of a twelve-pound speckled trout. Your film will prove your piscatorial powers.



Twenty years from now a motion picture like this will be your most valued possession. The baby is Peter Bennett Niblo, son of Fred Niblo, who is an amateur movie devotee

Suppose you are going camping. You can picture all the joys and tribulations of your outdoor trip. You can catch Bill frying that fish, Jack paring potatoes and you can get a shot of the cook tent being blown down in that hard July thunderstorm.

How about a hunting trip—with your movie camera instead of a rifle? You will have a lot more fun trapping birds in celluloid.

A motor trip? You can photograph as you go—with animated pictures. All the interesting locales, the picturesque spots and the unusual events of your trip can be preserved in celluloid. On winter nights next December you can make the trip all over again, via your projector, an easy chair and a log fire.

You have seen the advertisements of the young chap who bought a saxophone and immediately became the life of the party. Up to that point he had been a wall flower. Guess then, what a center of interest you will become at your favorite summer resort with a movie camera. Your camera will be sure fire—and much easier on your home neighbors.

Aside from the camera being an open sesame socially, you can catch interesting shots of your friends swimming, riding, playing tennis and indulging in all the Summer sports. You can even slow motion them if you wish.

If you are going abroad, your movie camera is indispensable. You will want to preserve your recollections of Paris, London and the cities of the Continent.

Before you start on your vacation, plan your film. Map out the things you want to get, jot them down on pocket cards and, when you shoot later, follow your schedule.

This will add a lot to your vacation anticipation, as well as to your actual vacation enjoyment. Add ideas as they develop, of course. Put in titles—and you have an actual living record of your fun. You can have copies of this film made at a minimum of cost for your friends.



The amateur movie film is a great help in studying your sport faults. Here is Walter Hagen, the golf star, filming a friend with a Cine-Kodak

You can earn your amateur movie equipment, by securing subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY if you wish. Write the Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Here's an idea, too. You may be able to develop a film to enter in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment by taking subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

For Vacation Days

Here are some tips for contestants in $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

PHOTOPLAY'S Amateur Movie Contest is arousing tremendous interest, not only in this country but in other lands.

Every day the Amateur Movie Department receives letters from motion picture amateurs telling about their plans for contest films. Every state in the Union, Alaska, Cuba, the Philippines, South America, Great Britain, China and other distant lands will be represented in the contest.

The contest is now open and the films are coming in. Many of these have extraordinary interest and a number of them are highly promising prospects for the four contest prizes.

There are important things for the contestants to note. Be sure that you have followed every rule carefully.

For consideration, all films must be within the prescribed length. Some contestants have failed to observe this rule.

YOUR contest contribution need not be in one reel. You can submit it in two or more reels, provided its total length comes within the required footage. Number your reels clearly, however.

If you do a film drama, it must be original. It can not be adapted or taken from a published book of amateur scenarios or from any professional photoplay.

Another suggestion: Your name and address can be incorporated on the film itself, if you wish. It should also be securely attached to the film container.

It is probable that the full list of judges will be announced in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

No films will be returned until after the conclusion of the contest.

Do not write unfair questions to the department. The editor can not advise you as to the best subjects or methods of handling. It is up to you. [CONT'D ON PAGE 105]



How to make up in six lessons. Cecil Holland, the actor, photographed without a make-up. Note how facial blemishes show



Grease paint is first applied in spots and then smoothed over the entire face. Powder is then shaded over the grease paint



Face fully made up. Hair is applied for mustache. Spirit gum is used to stick the hair to the desired place on the face



After gum has dried, the hair is combed to remove surplus. Tweezers are used to pluck the mustache and give it shape



Shadows and lines are applied to give age or youth. Mr. Holland demonstrates with both sides of his face as contrasts



Want a scar? By use of flexible collodium, the skin is drawn to give effect of deep, authentic looking gash across the cheek

Full Rules for Amateur Movie Contest on Page 106



Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

The Love Hunch

By William Slavens McNutt

BOB CRAIG stirred, groaned, sat up in bed and surveyed the room. A pair of dress trousers hung from an arm of the chandelier. A second kindred garment was draped over the top of a picture frame high on the wall, and other articles of masculine evening wear were scattered about the floor and on the furniture. The place was Paris, the season was spring and the hour was about two in the afternoon.

Bob shook his head gently, experimentally, and turned to look, grinning, at the form of his friend, George Mason, sleeping noisily on his back in the other of the twin beds. The sounds of his slumber were as the voice of a mill saw biting angrily on knotted wood.

The door swung open and Craig's Chinese boy entered, bringing a just-arrived New York Sunday paper and a sweating silver cocktail shaker.

"Oooh!" said Bob, voluptuously, as the pleasing clink of ice on metal spoke a promise in his ears. "News from home and nectar from the gods, all in the hands of one small Chink. Gimme!"

The Chinese boy filled a thin, long stemmed glass and handed it to Craig who drank off the magic amber fluid at a gulp, grunted with a shock of relief and signalled for a dividend.

"What time did we get back to the hotel last night, Sam?" he asked as the boy refilled the glass.



The whole affair seemed like a dream to Bob Craig. Elaine Gardner and the people she worked and played with were creatures of a dream — in a dream world — a fantastic world of strange light and much music, of Alice-in-wonderland creatures, fairy-tale palaces and hovels, princes and paupers, beggars and kings

He was a war ace and he thought he was in love with a Hollywood darling

"Velly late," Sam answered gravely. "Th'ee, fo', mebbe-so five o'clock."

As Craig began sipping his second drink George Mason groaned, shifted his position and immediately began a nasal imitation of a pig pen at feeding time. Craig reached over and banged him on the face with a pillow. George sat up suddenly, glared wildly about and then grabbed his head in both hands and eased himself prone once more, groaning earnestly.

"Oil him, Sam," Craig ordered.

Again the silver shaker yielded its magic need.

"What happened?" Mason asked weakly, as he finished his drink and lay back on the pillow.

"Why ask me?" Craig retorted. "I was there too. The last I remember is arguing with that English major in Kiley's about who won the war. That was somewhere around midnight. Sam says we got in between three and five."

"So this is still Paris!" Mason moaned. "Oooh! My head."

"Shut up!" said Craig unfeelingly. "If you will drink—"

He picked the rotogravure section from the bulk of New York Sunday paper that the boy had placed on the bed and scanned the pictures idly. One caught and held his attention. As he studied it an intent,

When Romance Collides with a Press Agent



"I had to come to your room to make sure of seeing you," Louise Hubbard said, in a low voice. "You're going to elope with Elaine Gardner. You stupid, stubborn fool! I've come to tell you that you're running into a trap"

hypnotic expression grew on his face. He brushed his hand across his eyes and shook his head as though attempting to clear his vision. Then he stared at the picture again, long and earnestly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said at last, softly, wonderingly.

"What'd you say?" Mason mumbled.

Craig did not answer. He got out of bed and went into the bath room. There followed splashings and exclamations. After a little he emerged, his lean, hard-muscled body pink from a cold shower and vigorous toweling, and briskly began to dress.

"What's the big idea?" Mason asked sleepily. "Got a date?"

"I'll say I have," Craig said emphatically. "A sailing date."

Mason sat up. "A what?" he exclaimed. "Say! Are you goofy?"

"I'm not sure," Craig replied, thrusting his long legs into his trousers. "I think I'm in love."

"Yeh?" said Mason grinning. "Some one we met last night?"

"Some one I never met," Craig answered solemnly.

"Go on back to bed and sleep it off," Mason advised scornfully. "You're still cockeyed."

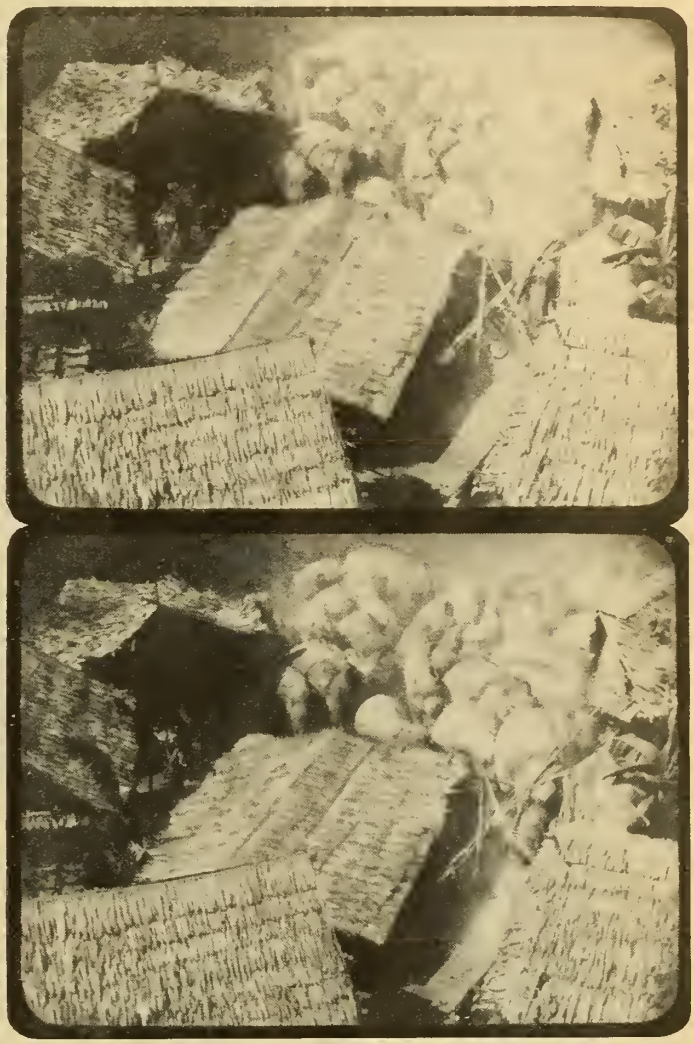
Craig, standing before the mirror, fastened his belt, knotted his tie, picked up the rotogravure section of the paper and handed it to Mason.

"There she is," he explained, indicating the picture of a girl posed, smiling, before the doorway of a vine-masked bungalow. The caption read: [CONT. ON PAGE 127]

A Close-up *of the* Jungle

Meriam Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack use wild tigers and elephants as screen actors in "Chang"





A sabre-tooth tiger climbed up Schoedsack's tree and shoved his nose into the movie camera. Naturally, this is a film enlargement. It wasn't the moment to take a good still photograph. However, Schoedsack kept on grinding and Major Cooper disposed of the tiger with his rifle



Another film enlargement, showing the huge herd of wild elephants wiping out the native village in "Chang." Schoedsack filmed some of this from a pit while Cooper took these scenes from a high tree. When the pachyderms left, not a hut remained in the village

A tiger in pursuit of a monkey—and another film enlargement. You can't see the gibbon. He is fifty feet ahead, breaking all known jungle records and screeching—in monkey language—"Gangway!"

Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

SHOPPING becomes a science when you get the best results with the least money. So don't be easily satisfied.

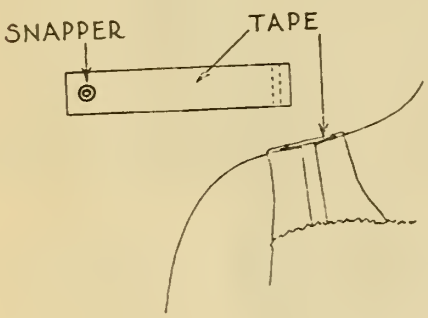
SHOPPING should begin at home with pencil and pad. Careful preparation of your shopping list saves hours of aimless wandering.

IF you have time, take a whole day just to look, and if you are a business girl, then take your lunch hour for three or four days in which to gaze. Find out the new colors, the length of skirts, the materials which are new, the size of hats to be worn, etc., before purchasing anything.

A FRIEND of mine, who has the reputation of being extremely smart on a very limited income, takes one entire week each season just to "window shop." Her entire wardrobe is planned before a single article is bought, hence her shoes, hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, matching flowers, and other accessories all have the appearance of having been especially designed for her.

ANOTHER friend who shops at random, buying when the spirit moves her, spends twice as much and never achieves that well groomed look.

IT is surprising how few women know about those little lingerie straps that, attached to the shoulder seam of your frock, prevent the underwear ribbons from running wild over your neck, giving a sloppy effect. They are so easy to make.



Take a narrow piece of tape or ribbon, about a quarter of an inch wide and an inch and a quarter long. One end is sewn and the other end attached with a snapper which leaves the strap loose to pass under the ribbons and confine them to the shoulder of the frock.

MOST people shop too haphazardly. When a new season rolls around, it is so easy to lose one's perspective in the dazzling array of alluring things that tempt you from every shop window.

HOW many times have I been led astray by a gorgeous spring hat, so attractively displayed in a shop window, only to find that it did not harmonize with my coat at all when I got it home. None of the shops are gracious about exchanging millinery.

Shop Through



In the city or country, the printed linen dress will serve you on all daytime occasions. Blue, red or black figures on a white background with hand made lace of Irish pattern trimmings as a touch of elegance. Priced at $10.75. Can you believe it? Sizes 34 to 44

The sheer voile frock comes in all the most becoming shades—green, rose, copenhagen, maize, orchid and white. So reasonably priced at $5.00 that you can afford the luxury of several. It's hand made, too. Sizes 16 to 44

A gay little dress for verandah or garden—or any informal wear. It is of the crispest dimity with bright colored dots. Its cost is merely $5.00—very little for such a becoming frock. Sizes 36 to 44



For those week-ends in the country, a knitted sport coat of wool and rayon, with a most flattering white collar of clipped wool. In buff, shell pink, powder blue, maize, green or white. Sizes 36 to 44. And only $15.95

To take the curse off the inevitable rainy day—a short handled snub-nosed umbrella. All silk with sixteen ribs. Incidentally a good sun shade. In red, purple, blue or green. Its price $4.95

And, to complete the week-end outfit, a bag for your Saturday and Sunday clothes. It has slim graceful lines with a wide roomy base, of cobra grain leather and leather lined. In black only. $4.95

What One Woman Says

"I cannot be too extravagant in my praise of PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service. Your selections are always in the best of taste and it saves me many hours and many, many dollars. Keep up the good work."

MRS. GEORGE B. FOLSOM
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Photoplay

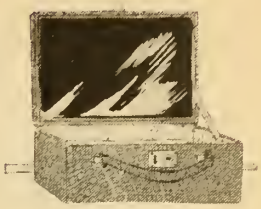
Thousands of Readers Delighted with this Service



The new short bobs demand ear-rings. And long pendants add grace to the contour of the face. These crystal ear-rings come in white to set off your skin; rose to blend with your cheeks; or blue to match your eyes. A charming accessory for $0.95



Pauline Starke adopts Billy the Lucky Dog to guard her pocket money. Billy is no mere toy; he's a commodious zipper purse made of washable mohair. You may see him all up and down Fifth Ave. He comes in all white, brown and white, fawn and white, grey and white. Just pick your pup. You may buy this little friend for $4.95



Not a luxury — a summer necessity. A square vanity case with a large, useful mirror. It is lined with rubber so it may also be used as a bathing suit case. Rose, blue, gray, tan or black cover. Eight by eleven inches. $2.85



A delicate crystal pendant to wear with the sheer summer dress that forbids a heavy ornament. The chain is short and forms an attractive neckline, particularly becoming to young girls. The colors—white, rose or blue—match the ear-rings. And the price is the same—$0.95

A close up of the fancy weave of the sport coat, described on the opposite page, and worn by Pauline Starke



The summer fashion says it with flowers. No wardrobe is complete without one ever-useful, ever-becoming flowered chiffon. This dress is in assorted patterns of all the fashionable shades. With a silk slip, too. Sizes 34 to 44 and the price—$16.50

The graceful slenderizing lines of the all silk crepe frock will appeal to the woman who would look tall and slim. The skirt has the fashionable pleats. In two tones of French blue, all navy or all black. $16.50 Sizes 34 to 44

Another variation of the popular flowered frock, this time in linen with contrasting blue or green linen trimming. The long, straight lines give it a particularly trig appearance. Sizes from 34 to 44 and low priced at $10.75

How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

She *Outgrew* Stardom

By
Ivan St. Johns



Gertrude Astor—beautiful and clever, but just three inches too tall to be a star

HOW would you like to have two or three inches of superfluous height stand between you and stardom?

That, in a manner of speaking, is exactly what happened to Gertrude Astor.

Gertrude Astor has beauty, acting ability and experience. Time and again, since she went into motion pictures back in 1913, she has been considered for great rôles to which she seemed eminently suited. She has made tests for all sorts of pictures. And in Hollywood they consider her one of the best troupers who ever put on a make-up. She has a big following among the fans.

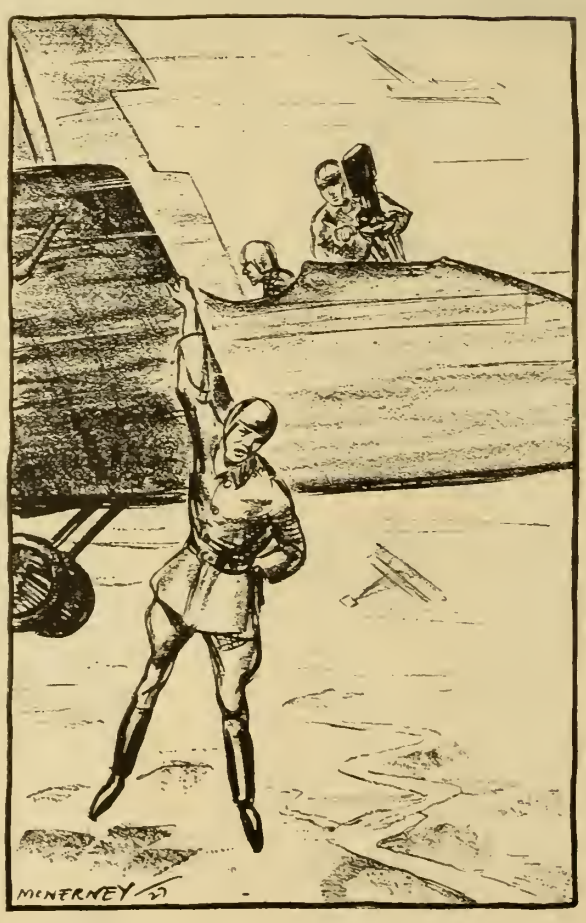
So you see in many ways she has been qualified for a chance at stardom. During the six years she was with Universal, she was featured in serials and in comedies and she played a few leads. But that was all.

Of course I didn't understand about all this. I had always admired her work and her statuesque blonde beauty. Once in a while when I'd see her at an opening or a party, I'd sort of say to myself, "I wonder why she never got to be a star."

Then a few nights ago, me and the girl friend happened in to see a picture called "The Taxi Dancer." Joan Crawford was the star, dainty and alluring, but the great performance of the piece was that given by Gertrude Astor. She was cast as a contrast for Joan, with an ugly make-up and a hard-boiled characterization, and yet for all that her work stood out as vivid and clean-cut as a pine tree against a mountain top.

And the old question revived in my mind.

So when I bumped into her a few days later in the Hollywood Plaza, which is the equivalent for the famous Algonquin in New York, I decided I'd ask her about it. We got off in a corner of the lobby all by ourselves—like the Algonquin, the Hollywood Plaza will eventually show you at least half the interesting people in town—and I asked her.



What they say while the camera grinds: "My God, my flask!"

"Why haven't you ever had a chance to star?" I said. "Or at least why haven't you had a real chance at some big parts?"

She got right up off the davenport and stood erect, very haughty and dignified, and gave me a glance that seemed half indignant and half reproachful.

I thought she was going to walk out on me without any further explanation. But she didn't, she just stood, looking at me.

I didn't know exactly what to say, so I got up, too, and then she laughed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



In a Chanel sports costume, vert amande, Mrs. Doubleday's blonde beauty has the perfect setting. She is one of the season's favorite hostesses at Palm Beach



Steichen

MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY *was Miss Elizabeth Heymann of Vienna before her marriage to the son of the president of the well-known publishing house, Doubleday, Page & Co. Chanel has displayed finesse in this exquisite gown*



The restrained simplicity of a navy blue capeline and crepe de chine frock by Chanel enhances Mrs. Doubleday's charm

Mrs. FELIX DOUBLEDAY

discovers two secrets of beauty

THE smart international set has recently been adorned by a lovely new member—Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday. Her interest in the best way to care for her skin led her to the discovery made by many women of the social world.

"Although accustomed in Vienna," she says, "to seeing beautiful women, I was amazed when I came to America, at the fine complexions so many women have here. I found that your Two Creams are used by the women whose skin I found so beautiful.

"I am now using them daily. I like them so *very* much—they keep my skin in such perfect condition—that I thought you would like to know what a Viennese woman thinks about them."

For cleansing and keeping the skin supple, before retiring and whenever your skin feels dusty and tired, pat Pond's Cold Cream over your face, throat, hands. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores, removing every trace of dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, pat fresh cream on at night and leave until morning.

For a lovely even finish, a velvety powder base and protection against the weather, smooth just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, and before you powder. Now go out into wind, sun and dust-laden air. Your cheeks stay soft and fresh. And how smooth and white your hands! And your powder lies smoothly for hours, like the nap of velvet.



These are the TWO CREAMS *women of social prominence have chosen*

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. U
114 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has been launched in Hollywood. Two hundred and seventy celebrities were invited to a swell dinner. They went in—producers, writers, actors and directors—and they came out artists and scientists. And one hundred dollars.

Well, that's a good start. What's money to genius?

The problems of the motion picture are settled once more, and the Academy will make all Hollywood one happy family. But Harry Langdon and Charlie Chaplin were not there, and there is still hope.

I trust, however, that these academicians do not take their arts and sciences too seriously, because if they do, Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin may get down to real acting and howl for admission, and, if the Academy starts to discriminate, folks are going to say it's run by a *clique*.

ISN'T it about time someone called Pola Negri's attention to the possibility of living her emotional life in private instead of in a show window?

Less than a year ago she gave a public exhibition of weeping and swooning over the bier of Valentino, to whom, after his death, she announced her engagement.

"The world does not know my grief," she moaned to the reporters in September.

"Red roses for passion," she cries gaily to them in the springtime, and her wedding is a *fete* for the French journalists.

WE make no charge of insincerity, nor have we any right to criticize Pola's personal temperament, but it is no wonder that the public, judging all screen stars by the emotional outbursts of a few, are quite ready to believe they are all temperamental freaks.

THE Mdivani boys are nice lads. Serge, Pola's husband, came to these shores a few years ago. His brother, Mae Murray's husband, followed. Misguided friends urged them to use the titles of "prince," pointing out our natural weakness for royalty. Their country, Georgia, has been a province of Russia for more than a hundred years, and their family is a good one.

These boys needed a good job more than a fine title, and it was bad judgment on the part of their friends to steer them onto the royalty route.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asked a noted Slavonic genealogist to investigate the claims of the brothers to their titles of nobility.

Here is his report:

> "The name is Mdivani, Mdivanov being the Russified form. It does not figure in the list of princely families of Georgian (Caucasian) derivation, which was sanctioned by the Government in 1850, and which is given in Dolgorukov's Russian Genealogy.
>
> "A lady who is half-Georgian and a native of Tiflis says that she knew the Mdivani family at Tiflis, that they are of the common gentry and do not belong to the titled nobility. Mr. N., another Russian, never has heard of any *Prince* Mdivani.
>
> "Mdivani, senior, commanded the Erivan Regiment and got a high promotion during the war. If he had been a prince, that fact would have been noted in the official list of the Russian General Staff.
>
> "It appears that an American became interested in the Mdivani boys at the time of the Menshevik revolution in Georgia and brought them to this country. The mother is a Russian and the family includes two sons and three daughters."

WRITING in the two-pound *Ladies' Home Journal*, Lionel Barrymore says that the movies aren't getting anywhere.

Neither is Lionel Barrymore.

A consensus of opinion, but on slightly different subjects.

NEXT month—kind words for all.

"I had really lost all interest in living"



MRS. ARTHUR E. SUMMERVILLE *of Los Angeles, and her daughter Evelyn on the beach at Santa Monica, California.*

"THREE MONTHS AGO I was utterly depressed and miserable. I really didn't care what happened to me. For years a sufferer from chronic constipation, I finally began to feel nauseated most of the time. I was getting worse and worse. I couldn't sleep; could scarcely eat. Medicines?—I took all kinds of them—but still could find no relief.

"One day my mother came over to see me and my little girl. She told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and the good it was doing others. To please her I got a dozen cakes—thinking, however, that a little cake like that never could help me.

"I began by taking it in a glass of hot water morning, noon and at bedtime. In less than six weeks I was feeling much better. My elimination was much more regular and I was again enjoying my food.

"Now three months have passed and I feel fine. My constipation has disappeared and I really look *like a new person."*

MRS. A. E. SUMMERVILLE, Los Angeles, Calif.

THIS is the way yeast works—gently but surely overcoming constipation and its attendant ills. Almost before you know it you really feel like a new person.

Mysterious?—not at all. Yeast is simply a corrective food. Each cake consists of millions of living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. Unlike drugs, which merely stimulate the body into temporary, abnormal activity, yeast keeps the whole system *clean*—and *active*. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tract, checking the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood. It gradually strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles.

One person in every third family in the United States and Canada is a user of this amazing food! Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. See how your constipation gradually disappears. You can again enjoy a normal digestion, a fresh healthy skin.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



One person in every third American family keeps well this new easy way—

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.





HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, *noted American painter.*

"I AM PROMPTED to write you this letter of appreciation for the benefit which I have received from using your fresh Yeast. In painting portraits all day long a great expenditure of vitality is required. I find the use of your Yeast is a great benefit in restoring my energy, and in keeping me fresh for the work, and a-plenty left over for enjoyment of The Social Life."

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, New York City

"I FEARED I was going to lose my job, as my ill health was preventing me from performing my duties. Two years' use of drugs of various kinds had made it a necessity for me to take medicines continually in order to whip my digestive organs into action. Then, my face became covered with pimples . . . Just when I was most discouraged a friend induced me to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I have become a new man. I've not only regained my health and strength but my face is clear and free from all blemishes."

CHARLES J. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio

$15,000 *in* Prizes *for* Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest—Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in typewriting, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:
Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	$250 each
Forty Prizes	100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason whatsoever by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to make any use of such suggestions in whole or in part. If they contain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas will be received at any time up to close of Contest.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]

Address:

.....



When you take off your hat....

what does the mirror show?

IS your hair so soft, so fluffy, so friendly a frame for your face that your eyes look brighter —your features more piquant?

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to *make* your hair lovelier; to make it satiny to see, soft to touch—exquisite.

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians and others specializing in the care of the hair. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's can help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER *Shampoos*

Quick to lather . . . Quick to rinse

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-G
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Olive Oil ☐ Pine Tar

(If you wish samples of both types, send 20c)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

What was *the* Best Picture *of* 1926?



Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

Seventh Annual Gold Medal Award

FOR the seventh time the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, recognized as the highest reward in the world of motion pictures, is to be awarded. Voting in this award is now open.

As heretofore, the conferring of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal rests entirely with the two million readers of this magazine. Ever since 1920 PHOTOPLAY has awarded a gold medal to the screen production selected by its readers as the best motion picture of the year. A glance over the six awards indicates why PHOTOPLAY has such complete faith in the sanity and accuracy of judgment of its readers. The six selections present the complete half dozen best productions of six years. PHOTOPLAY'S readers have been unerring in choosing the really fine production of each twelve months.

Once again PHOTOPLAY wishes to point out that the gold medal is awarded as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. Each year the medal has gone to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY'S readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

Once more attention is called to the fact that voting for the medal of honor begins six months after the close of each year. This is done so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see all of the films released during the year. Should there be a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Mail in your vote at once. Send it to PHOTOPLAY'S editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach these offices not later than October 1st, 1927.

Be sure to participate in this award of merit. On this page, in order to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty noteworthy photoplays of the year. Your selection, of course, is not limited to this list. You may vote for any picture released between January 1, 1926, and December 21, 1926.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

American Venus
Aloma of the South Seas
Bardelys the Magnificent
Beau Geste
Behind the Front
Ben-Hur
Better 'Ole
Beverly of Graustark
Black Pirate
Brown of Harvard
Dancing Mothers
Don Juan
Faust
For Heaven's Sake
Grand Duchess and the Waiter
Irene
Kid Boots
Kiki
La Boheme
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Mantrap
Marriage Clause
Men of Steel
Moana
Nervous Wreck
Old Ironsides
One Minute to Go
Padlocked
Quarterback
Return of Peter Grimm
Road to Mandalay
Scarlet Letter
Sea Beast
Silence
Son of the Sheik
Sorrows of Satan
Sparrows
Stella Maris
Strong Man
Temptress
That Royle Girl
Three Faces East
Tin Gods
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Upstage
Variety
Waltz Dream
We're in the Navy Now
What Price Glory
Winning of Barbara Worth

H A V E A C A M E L



No half-way verdict — Camel is supreme

THE American people have had many favorites. But there's never been a choice like Camel.

Camel is the most popular cigarette this nation ever had. Millions unite to place it first, and there's no comparison. Camel is supreme.

There must be reasons back of such a preference. There must be mountain-high quality in this famous cigarette to make millions join in saying, "I will have only Camel."

That is true. Camel quality is just as supreme as its leadership. In Camel, no substitute has ever been made for quality. No compromise has ever been made with expense. For Camels, the world's largest tobacco organization buys the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. There simply are no better tobaccos or blending.

If you don't yet know that supreme tobacco enjoyment, try Camels. All the taste and fragrance, all the mild and mellow pleasure you ever hoped to find! We invite you to compare them with any cigarette made, regardless of price.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927



The Beauty Men Admire

Is natural beauty—which to thousands means "that schoolgirl complexion"—kept and guarded in this simple way

GOOD complexions are too priceless for experiment.

Remember that before Palmolive came women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only; to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.



NATURAL skin loveliness is the clever woman's goal. For she knows that thus alone true attractiveness is gained.

For that reason, present-day beauty culture is based on natural rules in skin care—soap and water, a clean skin, pores kept free of beauty destroying matter.

The only secret is in knowing which soap to use; to be sure that only a proved complexion soap touches the face. A good complexion is too precious to risk to any other sort.

Thus, millions, advised by beauty authorities, use Palmolive *and no other* on their faces; a soap made of rare cosmetic oils, a soap made to be used freely, lavishly, on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

10c *Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped*

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



ANOTHER case of mixed nationalities. Ramon Novarro of Mexico woos Norma Shearer of Canada under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch of Germany. The result is this Chinese kiss. There are as many representatives of different nations involved in the making of "Old Heidelberg" as there are in a Swiss hotel. You will see the picture sometime in the early Fall.



She came down the gang-way a picture of health

THERE she was, radiant and refreshed, a "new" woman after a month at a European Spa, drinking its saline waters.

To the great saline springs of the Continent—Vichy and Carlsbad, Aix or Weisbaden—doctors from all over the world send their wealthy patients. Here a variety of ailments are treated, and good results are obtained in all for a very simple reason—



There is nothing like a saline solution to wash away the poisons of waste which too civilized people accumulate within themselves—the self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) which causes not only headaches and bad complexions, stomach derangements and acid conditions, but also rheumatism, nervous disorders, and a host of other ills.

Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, effects the same benefits as the "cure" at the famous saline springs. Like these health-giving waters, Sal Hepatica effectively clears away the stoppage that is so often the real cause of bad complexion, headaches, lethargy and similar ills.

Promptly and safely, Sal Hepatica flushes away waste products, neutralizes acidity and corrects self-poisoning.

At the first sign that waste products are not being thoroughly and regularly eliminated, take Sal Hepatica. Its use is the approved way to relieve the many ills traceable to intestinal stoppage.

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a palatable, refreshing drink. It may be taken on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

Send for our booklet which explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-77, 71 West St.
New York City



Sal Hepatica

© 1927

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

They Don't Envy Broadway

Montclare, Pa.

If things were turned about for a year—if we country people had a new theatrical success each week at the village theater, at motion picture prices, and movies played only at the city theaters—in a month we'd be yammering for the old order of things.

UNDERWOOD HUNTER.

True Stuff

Hibbing, Minn.

"The Great Train Robbery," the first picture to have a plot, probably is, artistically speaking, as fine a movie as any being shown today, because it does what it has to do clearly and with a minimum of effort. It goes about the business of relating its story, and does not swerve from one path.

Too much frosting spoils the cake and too many frills and furbelows spoil the picture. I think I am not alone in hoping some day to see a movie whose chief bid for attention is in the tale it has to tell, and not in a microscopic examination of the heroine's nostrils, and a Cook's tour of the studio art department.

DOUGLAS D. MCEACHIN.

Who Can Name a Few?

Green Bay, Wis.

Our children are the future citizens of this country and, as such, are the potential critics of moving pictures. What foundation are we giving them on which to base these future opinions? I haven't seen a movie in a year that I'd care to have a child remember.

L. M. B.

An Alibi for Parents

Pensacola, Fla.

The critics who say that moving pictures have an immoral effect on the younger generation make me *sick*. The young people of today are not any worse than the young people of yesterday, and besides, a child's life and character is molded by its parents. They must feel guilty or they wouldn't be putting the blame on the theaters.

HILMA A. HALL.

Tom Mix Plays Nurse Maid

Denver, Colo.

I want to say a few words in commendation of the much-maligned Westerns. It is certainly a relief to a mother to know that her boy is attending a Tom Mix play. She knows that he's out of mischief for a couple of hours, having a good time, and seeing nothing that will harm him.

E. L. WATSON.

The Ideal Love-Woman

San Francisco, Calif.

What Valentino meant to women—Greta Garbo means to men. The embodiment of Romance—the ideal love-woman.

Before, it was men who couldn't understand. Now it is girls who sit in sullen silence, or deprecate, when men eulogize Greta. She brings romance into the romance-starved lives of men, and gives them dreams they have never had.

Greta isn't the most beautiful actress on the screen, nor the greatest. But then, neither was Rudy the handsomest nor the greatest actor. Yet, we had only one Rudy, and we have only one Greta Garbo.

GINO RINALDI.

As a Woman Sees Her

Chicago, Ill.

Why all the excitement over Greta Garbo? Went to see her for the first time in "The Temptress." I really expected to be lifted right out of my seat by her, but instead I was greeted by a soapy-eyed creature swaying and tottering across the screen, like some feeble old woman too weak to stand up.

MRS. H. JOHNSON.

The Contest Is Now Open

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Just a word about Harry Langdon. Some individual said any half-wit can do what Langdon does. The movies are open to all the half-wits in the world to come in and beat Langdon.

JACK OESTERLE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



Not just playing house—really married. This is the first photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arlen taken in their new home. Naturally, you recognize Mrs. Arlen as young Jobyna Ralston

"My dear, he's terrible"



Now dandruff is inexcusable

Today dandruff is an unpardonable sin. It is unpardonable because it is disgusting and because, being so easy to check, its presence can only be considered a wilful offense.

Many things are good for dandruff, but no treatment is so pleasant and so effective as Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Thousands of letters testify to that.

You simply douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Almost immediately you note improvement. Keep it up several days systematically. We'll wager final results will delight you.

Even stubborn cases usually yield to this pleasant method.

And every time you apply it, Listerine leaves your head with that cool, clean feeling which is so refreshing. Furthermore, your hair seems soft and so easy to part and dress.

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff (epithelial debris) go after it with Listerine at once before a chronic condition develops. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE So goes the good news about Listerine Tooth Paste—the dentifrice that gets teeth whiter in quicker time than ever before. The price 25c for the large tube.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

Friendly Advice from

Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems



Social Success

Is This Month's Problem

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,
How can I achieve social success? I seem to score neither with boys or girls. I have no accomplishments though my friends call me pretty. When my college class gives dances, I am always lonely and out of it all. I can't talk very well, but I do want friends. What shall I do to become popular?

BEATRICE.

Month after month I get letters like this of Beatrice's. It worries more of you girls who write to me than any other single thing. There are girls overweight and with bad skins. There are broken hearts and deadened ambitions, but no letters contain more pathos than those I receive from girls who never get a chance at a good time.

Yet every girl can have friends if she wants to. I am sure of that.

THE saddest girl is the would-be flapper who never gets within roadster distance of a date. I am sorry for her and all girls like her. Desperate, worried, to pet or not to pet presents no problem to her. She can only pitifully wish it did. The life of such a girl today is a tragedy. Yet the more I see of socially unhappy girls, the more convinced I am that their loneliness is their own fault always.

There are lucky girls, of course, born with an intuitive understanding of the social graces, as there are girls born to rich and established families, and to beauty and power. For such girls the way is easy. But they are so few against the rest of us, no girl striving to win her social way should take them too seriously or be discouraged by their assets.

But popularity can be earned, social success manufactured, and friends made. It takes work, much the same sort of work that success in any line demands.

The first thing to do is to catalogue yourself. Stop and figure whether, if you were giving a wonderful party, you would have yourself as a guest at it. It's worth thinking about. People are invited to dinners and dances because they will contribute something to the occasion, prestige, beauty, wit, charm, entertainment or the capacity for listening. Girls are asked to house parties and frat dances for the same reasons. So think what you contribute. Do you look after the lonely people in a crowd? Or keep the conversation going? Or stop it? Or do parlor stunts? Or merely sit? See yourself as hostesses see you. It will probably startle you and change you for the better.

THE trouble with most of us women, and particularly with those of us who are less popular, is that we think things should come to us. It may be training, or it may be shyness. But it's literally nonsense. Watch men. They consciously earn their social success with women and with their own sex. They always have something to give, and give it, if it is only a cigarette or an abstract thing like encouragement. Girls can well copy them in this. Remember an ingrowing personality does not attract. This is the age of publicity. The violet stays in the wood, but the orchids get out in society.

For the girl who has no friends and doesn't know how to get them I say, do something. Do almost anything but stay inconspicuous. Join a church and its societies. Go in for charity organizations. Get a hobby—anything that makes you meet people. When you do, talk. Talk nonsense or be highbrow, as you will, but don't stay silent. To listen in a sympathetic way is a very fine thing, but to listen just because you can't think of anything to say yourself, is stupid.

Be sensitive, not so that you get hurt, but so that the other person doesn't get hurt. Sense moods. In friendship there is actually very little difference between the demands of men and women. Make enough women friends and you'll learn to make men friends. Or the other way round.

FRIENDSHIP demands not sex appeal but common humanity. That's what you need for popularity. All of us are lonely and pretty shy. All of us feel somewhat unappreciated. The thing to learn is that these emotions are as true of the other person as of yourself. As much as you want sympathy, so does the other person. As much as you desire warm-heartedness, so does some one else. Learn to give. Don't sit around and wait for someone to bring you friendship on a plate. Give literally and figuratively — gifts, pleasure, happiness, sympathy, whatever you have. There is about everyone something distinctive and pleasant. It won't hurt you to tell them so and it will do them a lot of good. Try to be a friend before you try to make a friend.

Social success demands time, energy, thought and unselfishness where you have not beauty and wealth, and often where you have.

Give of yourself then and develop yourself. There are outside things you should master, of course. There is Emily Post's very fine "Book of Etiquette" that every girl should study.

It is simply dumb not to know what to wear and when to wear it, how to eat and serve food at your home.

It is just plain lazy not to keep your appearance up to its best point.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

SOCIAL success is any girl's for the making. The requirements are simple and the price is small. Yet I have had so many recent requests for advice on gaining popularity that though I have written on it before I here give you my views on it again. Two of the most essential things, of course, are keeping your skin fair and your weight down. Pamphlets on care of the skin are yours for sending a stamped self-addressed envelope. Reducing booklets are ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



It makes you feel so exquisite, so deliciously, gaily invincible



Instantly, enthusiastically welcomed

Yesterday··50¢ for a French toilet soap Today··the same luxury for just 10¢

Made by the method France developed—for the gift of a SMOOTH SKIN

YOU adored the way French soaps made you feel—satin-smooth, charming, luxurious. But oh! how costly they were!

"We just can't pay so much all the time," you told us. "Do, do make a soap as delicious as French soap but not nearly so costly." And we did! We made Lux Toilet Soap. White, delicious!

Made it just as you asked—"as exquisite as French soap." Made it by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps. For wise France knew that her matchless powders and perfumes lose half their magic unless the skin itself is *smooth*, exquisite.



Instant lather, even in hard water

Your delighted fingers recognize this satin-smooth, firm, fine-textured cake as true *savon de toilette*. How good it is to feel again that caressing, gentle lather, magic, delicious, you so adored in French soaps. Ah, it tends your skin the true French way. And, somehow you do feel lovelier, more gracious, afterwards.

France with her passion for perfection, America with her genius for achievement—for Lux Toilet Soap is just 10c wherever soap is sold. Parisian luxury without extravagance! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX TOILET SOAP··10¢



Dancing Ruins a Face Powder Complexion

Face powder appearances streak and spot and must be constantly "touched up." The "24 hour complexion" ends this messy annoyance at once. It renders an enchanting touch of pearly beauty that remains fresh and unaltered throughout the day. Just try

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

and see how vastly superior it is to Face Powders. The unsurpassable appearance rendered is not affected by moisture, perspiration, dancing, outdoor sports or other activities. Its use makes you fully confident that your appearance is always at its best. Gouraud's Oriental Cream does far more than any face powder. Its astringent and antiseptic properties are very helpful in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness and rough, muddy skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts. For a better appearance, start its use today.

M 30-7

Send 10c for Trial Size



CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree
Robert Agnew
Mary Alden
Ben Alexander
May Allison
Don Alvarado
Robert Ames
Richard Arlen
George K. Arthur
Gertrude Astor
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
George Bancroft
Monty Banks
Vilma Banky
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Barbara Bedford
Noah Beery
Wallace Beery
Madge Bellamy
Belle Bennett
Alma Bennett
Constance Bennett
Enid Bennett
Andre Beranger
Holbrook Blinn
Monte Blue
Betty Blythe
Eleanor Boardman
Olive Borden
Hobart Bosworth
Clara Bow
John Bowers
William Boyd
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Gladys Brockwell
Betty Bronson
Clive Brook
Louise Brooks
Edmund Burns
Neal Burns
Mae Busch
Francis X. Bushman
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
David Butler
Eddie Cantor
Harry Carey
Mary Carr
Cyril Chadwick
Helene Chadwick
Lon Chaney
Charles Chaplin
Sydney Chaplin
Ethel Clayton
Ruth Clifford
Lew Cody
Buster Collier
Ronald Colman
Betty Compson
Chester Conklin
Lige Conley
Edward Connelly
Jackie Coogan
Clyde Cook
Al Cooke
Hal Cooley
Gary Cooper
Virginia Lee Corbin
Anne Cornwall
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Costello
Helene Costello
Ward Crane
Joan Crawford
Dorothy Cumming
Frank Currier
Bob Custer
Viola Dana
Karl Dane
Bebe Daniels
Mickey Daniels
Roy D'Arcy
Frankie Darro
Marion Davies
Marjorie Daw
Alice Day
Marceline Day
Priscilla Dean
Marguerite de la Motte
Dolores Del Rio
Carol Dempster
Reginald Denny
Lya de Putti
William Desmond
Dorothy Devore
Elliott Dexter
Richard Dix

Jack Daugherty
Billie Dove
Louise Dresser
Dorothy Dwan
Helen Jerome Eddy
Robert Edeson
Snitz Edwards
Leon Errol
Elinor Fair
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Virginia Browne Faire
Farina
Charles Farrell
George Fawcett
Julia Faye
Louise Fazenda
Rockcliffe Fellowes
Leslie Fenton
Casson Ferguson
Helen Ferguson
W. C. Fields
Lefty Flynn
Ralph Forbes
Harrison Ford
Allan Forrest
Johnny Fox
Earle Foxe
Alec B. Francis
Betty Francisco
Robert Frazer
Pauline Frederick
Dale Fuller
Greta Garbo
Pauline Garon
Janet Gaynor
Hoot Gibson
John Gilbert
Claude Gillingwater
Douglas Gilmore
Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish
Gaston Glass
Huntly Gordon
Jetta Goudal
Gibson Gowland
Red Grange
Ralph Graves
Gilda Gray
Lawrence Gray
Corinne Griffith
Raymond Griffith
Kit Guard
William Haines
Creighton Hale
Georgia Hale
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
Einar Hanson
Lars Hanson
Kenneth Harlan
Mildred Harris
Johnny Harron
William S. Hart
Raymond Hatton
Phyllis Haver
Holmes Herbert
Jean Hersholt
Walter Hiers
Johnny Hines
Jack Holt
Hedda Hopper
Reed Howes
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Gardner James
Emil Jannings
Julanne Johnston
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy
Alice Joyce
Raymond Keane
Buster Keaton
Donald Keith
Ian Keith
Doris Kenyon
Norman Kerry
Kathleen Key
Natalie Kingston
Cullen Landis
Harry Langdon
Laura La Plante
Rod La Rocque
George Lewis
Margaret Livingsto
Harold Lloyd
Jacqueline Logan
Bessie Love
Montagu Love
Edmund Lowe

Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell
Marc MacDermott
Dorothy Mackaill
Douglas MacLean
Arlette Marchal
Percy Marmont
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason
Ken Maynard
May McAvoy
Tim McCoy
Malcolm McGregor
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
Tom Mix
Colleen Moore
Matt Moore
Owen Moore
Tom Moore
Lois Moran
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Edna Murphy
Mae Murray
Carmel Myers
Conrad Nagel
Pola Negri
Anna Q. Nilsson
Greta Nissen
Marion Nixon
Mabel Normand
Ramon Novarro
George O'Brien
George O'Hara
Gertrude Olmstead
Pat O'Malley
Sally O'Neill
Mary Philbin
Jack Pickford
Mary Pickford
ZaSu Pitts
William Powell
Marie Prevost
Aileen Pringle
Esther Ralston
Jobyna Ralston
Charles Ray
Vera Reynolds
Irene Rich
Lillian Rich
Jason Robards
John Roche
Charles Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Ruth Roland
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Tom Santschi
Joseph Schildkraut
Rudolph Schildkraut
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lowell Sherman
Milton Sills
Pauline Starke
Myrtle Stedman
Vera Steadman
Ford Sterling
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge
Richard Talmadge
Lilyan Tashman
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry
Fred Thomson
Ernest Torrence
Ben Turpin
Tom Tyler
Virginia Valli
Victor Varconi
Alberta Vaughn
Florence Vidor
Johnny Walker
George Walsh
Henry B. Walthall
H. B. Warner
Bryant Washburn
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor
Jane Winton
Grant Withers
Fay Wray

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy





Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways—Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this *new* way.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."



"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

But then, why shouldn't she?

"Lunch instantly!" Thus Joyce, as she danced from the telephone. "Bob's just up from Princeton with a fistful of matinee tickets."

"Edouard, at two?" reminded Sally, wickedly.

"Sunk!" wailed Joyce, flopping into a chair. "Edouard simply rages if I break a shampoo appointment."

"Joyce, you're a dear goose. Your ingenuity is a burst bubble the instant Bob appears on the horizon. Go and concoct a few sandwiches, while I tell Edouard you've been called for jury-duty."

"But my hair—"

"Silence, child. Obey your elder. I'll shampoo your hair with Ivory while you're eating, and I guarantee to outdo the famous Edouard himself."

And she did!



When expensive *"experts"* disagree — What *is* the truth about *complexion care*?

A fashion magazine recently printed the "secrets" of four of the most widely known (and expensive) beauty "experts" in New York. No two agreed. Indeed, they flatly contradicted one another. For example—

A—forbids massage
B—bases her whole treatment on massage
C—washes the face with "soap substitutes"
D—insists that no water—*warm or cool—touch the face.*

How is one to find the truth? Well, almost anyone with nerve and a little capital can set up as a beauty-expert—and then we get another crop of triple creams and magic methods, all "marvelously different."

But there is no difference of opinion among scientists. They say, in perfect agreement, "*Wash your face daily with pure soap and water.*"

"Do not be afraid of soap and water," says the Life Extension Institute, in its bulletin *Care of the Skin and Scalp*, "but be very much afraid of 'skin-foods' and 'marvelous' internal and external cures for skin troubles. As an ordinary hygienic measure the face should be washed once a day with water and a good quality of soap."

A "good quality of soap" is scientific conservatism for "As fine a soap as you can buy." And Ivory happens to be *as fine a soap as you can buy*. No strong perfume, no artificial coloring matter, nothing but pure soap in its natural creamy white state, made from the very best ingredients obtainable.

Daily washing with warm water and Ivory Soap is considered by millions of lovely women to be the best and safest beauty treatment they have ever used.

If you have not yet used Ivory to preserve the beauty of your complexion, until August first we shall be very glad to send you—free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family—Guest Ivory. Simply mail your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. 450-G, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

... kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure ~ It Floats



Guest IVORY—*the dainty new form of* IVORY—5 *cents made especially for face and hands*

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. M. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., isn't married. He was born Dec. 10, 1910, so you see he's pretty young to be thinking seriously about the girls. Marilyn Miller is married to Jack Pickford, but they are separated. Hence the confusion.

L. A. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.—I can't say whether, at this moment, John Barrymore is on a yachting trip or not. But as to that little argument with your friend, "no!" Barrymore's wife writes under the name of Michael Strange. Her real name is Blanche Oelrichs. His daughter, Jean, is six years old.

L. V. A., CHICAGO, ILL.—Victor Varconi was born in Hungary. He is married and lives in Hollywood. Six feet tall and born March 31, 1896. If you like him now, wait until you see him in "The King of Kings."

R. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Wallace Reid, not Lou Tellegen, played opposite Geraldine Farrar in the screen version of "Carmen."

M. J. R., MOBILE, ALA.—Willy Fritsch is the name of the young man in "The Waltz Dream." Pretty nice, eh?

E. G. T.—Yes, Kenneth Thompson is somewhat of a newcomer. His first picture was "Risky Business." He is about twenty-eight years old and is five feet, eleven inches tall.

NOVARRO ADMIRER, FRESNO, CALIF.—Ramon is neither married nor engaged. He was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. His name was originally Samaniegos, but he legally changed it to Novarro. "Old Heidelberg" is his latest film.

H. T. H., MELBOURNE, FLA.—Evelyn Brent was the girl who loved and lost Tom Meighan, in "Blind Alleys."

A. M., HAWERA, NEW ZEALAND.—You represent a lesson in faithfulness to all other women. Think of keeping Francis X. Bushman as your favorite movie star for ten long years! Well, in these ten years, Mr. Bushman has been having his troubles. He was divorced from Beverly Bayne and for a long time he didn't appear in pictures but played in vaudeville. Then he came back to the screen in "Ben-Hur" and has been appearing steadily almost ever since. Quite a come-back. Mr. Bushman is forty-two years old.

CLARA OF BROOKLYN.—You are right. "The Scarlet Letter" was produced in 1917 by William Fox. Mary Martin and Stuart Holmes played the leading rôles.

JOSEPHINE, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Gary Cooper is twenty-six years old and is six feet, two inches tall. He has dark blue eyes and black hair. Address him at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ELLEN W., CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Dix never has told me what sort of girls he likes. He is not married—nor engaged. Richard is six feet tall and has dark brown eyes and hair to match. He was born July 18, 1895. Victor McLaglen, Rod La Rocque and Monte Blue are all over six feet tall, but the average for the men is an inch or so under six feet. As for the girls, Betty Blythe, Alma Rubens and Anna Q. Nilssen are five feet, seven inches. Most of the girls are about five feet, three inches.

NATA SPIRINA, HARBIN, CHINA.—I am glad I don't have to answer your letter in Russian. Your English is remarkably good. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Vienna, Austria, Oct. 9, 1896. He was educated in Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg, and played on the stage in Europe before coming to this country. He is married to Elise Bartlett, an American stage actress.

R. T. P., NOTTS, ENGLAND.—"Old Heidelberg" was produced in 1915 by the Fine Arts-Triangle Company. Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid were *Kathe* and the *Prince*. The title of "Love Me and the World Is Mine" has been changed to "Viennese Lovers." Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897.

HONEY LOU, MIAMI, FLA.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1901. She has blue eyes and light brown hair. Five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

M. K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.— That's Neil Hamilton's real name. Address him at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, Photoplay advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

J. E. D., DODGE CITY, KANS.—Do you know that your town furnished the background for many of the old Bill Hart pictures? Bill collected his stories from the adventures of the pioneers of Dodge City. Live and learn. I am not going to say whether Clara Bow is really engaged or not. It is too uncertain. But at the time this is written, she is not married. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans, and Louise Brooks to Edward Sutherland. Madge Bellamy is not married; she is twenty-four years old. Malcolm McGregor played with Colleen Moore in "It Must Be Love." He's married. And John Roche's hair is naturally curly.

M. P. S., CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.—I am one lone person and not a whole row of typewriters. And, honestly, I read your letter—every word of it. William Collier, Jr., is his real name. He has black hair and brown eyes. Not married. His next pictures are "Convoy" and "The Sunset Derby." Write to him in care of First National Pictures, Burbank, Calif. He's an American and his father was a famous stage comedian. Betty Bronson is twenty. Barry Norton is not married. Nor is Raymond Keane. Keane has brown eyes and black hair. Fred Thomson has brown hair. And that is Bebe Daniels' real name. Margaret Morris was the feminine interest in "The Magic Garden." Whew!

M. B. F., ROTTERDAM, N. Y.—Blanche Sweet's family name is Alexander. She was known in England as Daphne Wayne when she first appeared in movies. Now she is Mrs. Marshall Neilan. Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo. Rin-tin-tin and Strongheart are both very much alive.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Ruth Roland is in the real-estate business and only makes pictures every now and then—for the fun of it. She is the Hetty Green of the film colony. Pearl White is living abroad. Yes, Ralph Forbes *does* look like the Prince of Wales. Married to Ruth Chatterton, the stage actress. Mary Pickford is thirty-four years old and Douglas Fairbanks is ten years older. Do your own adding. Address them at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Here we are again! William Boyd is about twenty-six years old and married to Elinor Fair. Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Z. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—The man who played the preacher in "The Sensation Seekers" was Raymond Bloomer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Resinol Soap – the choice of the younger set

Its soothing Resinol properties protect the softness and youth of the skin

"I have a skin that is easily irritated, but Resinol Soap soothes it."

"--delighted to see how soft and smooth it made my skin."

"Resinol Soap is wonderful if one has to use hard water. Does not draw the skin as some soaps do."

"I have so many compliments on my complexion and owe them all to Resinol Soap —the most wonderful soap on the market."

The above extracts from a few of the letters written to us by enthusiastic girls show that even the youngest of the "younger set" has found that her skin must be watched carefully or it will grow tired looking in this modern age of cosmetics, jazz and excitement. She has accepted the fact that thorough cleansing once a day is a positive necessity, and she turns to a cleansing agent that will soothe the skin at the same time.

In Resinol Soap the required elements are found because of the special Resinol ingredients. Begin today to use Resinol Soap and you will be giving your skin the protection of daily Resinol treatments. In countless homes the name Resinol is synonymous with skin health and beauty.

If blackheads, blotches, etc., are already present, apply Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating skin troubles slight or serious. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, prickly heat, etc.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE TRIAL

DEPT. 11-F, RESINOL, BALTIMORE, MD.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

HEART OF SALOME—Fox

THIS is a very poor piece of work coming from the hands of Victor Schertzinger. But we must admit he was handicapped with a most improbable story. Alma Rubens is an accomplice of a clever thief, Holmes Herbert, who is almost unrecognizable in "bangs." Walter Pidgeon, the boy friend, learns of this and denounces Alma. She imagines herself as another Salome and asks the master-mind for the life of her former lover. And very movieish, at the last moment she weakens and saves him.

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.

AND quite bitter entertainment—in fact this needs a lot of sweetening for most audiences. A really absurd affair about a gal who marries for revenge and then learns she really loves the hero. Now you tell one. Monte Blue is a big brave hero—y' know the kind that beats up a whole hard-boiled crew of pirates. Did you know pirates were sailing the seas these days? But, perhaps to fool the censors, pirates is a camouflaged name for rum-runners. Anyhow, don't bother.

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe

THIS is Harry Langdon's first feature length comedy and for reasons best known to Harry's former money-making employers, it has just been released. It was made about two years ago and the improvements in pictures in two years are remarkable. Langdon is, was and always will be funny but it is just a plain low trick to show this to audiences. The lighting is bad, the girl's clothes are a scream—in fact the picture looks like a number of two-reelers pasted together—but Harry is always worth the price of admission.

DON DESPERADO—Pathe

A REAL good Western featuring Leo Maloney. Now let's see—there's a "Black Bandit" to be caught and with Leo as the deputy-sheriff you know things will happen fast and furious. There's a villainous lawyer at the bottom of the whole mess but he couldn't fool our hero. You'll like this even though it is rather shy on the romantic angle.

THE BRUTE—Warner Bros.

JUST another Western, in which Monte Blue is wasted. This time a few oil wells are added for novelty. However, it's the same old theme: the honest cowboy falls in love with the dance hall cutie. If you want to waste your evening, it's up to you.

THE FIGHTING THREE—Universal

THE usual Western pep is missing here because the hero becomes enamoured with a prima donna of a traveling show. He takes the place of the mind-reader of the show and startles the audience by telling who committed the recent murder. Then matters liven up a bit and we have a little fighting and hard riding but not the kind that would cause any great comment afterwards.

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox

ANOTHER version of the poor little saleslady's problem. As soon as she is fired it is inevitable she will turn to the stage. The backer of the show becomes interested in her but she still remains true to the poor boy-friend because poor people are supposed to be honest. But the poor boy-friend turns out to be a dirty cur and the wealthy hero pulls the rescue act. It's just as bad as it sounds.

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe

THE children will find this enjoyable and thrilling but grown-ups will find it very inconsistent. The secret service are baffled by the numerous robberies of the mail planes. Charles Hutchinson is put on the case and solves the mystery after a lot of silly running around.

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe

THIS resembles the movies made ten years ago. The story and players are too dramatic for words. The heroine's husband is murdered. Their life's savings stolen. Alone in the world with a baby to bring up. So mama disguises as a beggar at the "Eyes of Totem" and watches everyone pass—she is intent on finding the murderer. And how she does before the final reel is nobody's business. Go and see for yourself.

IS ZAT SO?—Fox

THE screen version of this hilarious stage success loses some of its spontaneous quality in the picturization, but for all that remains a worth-while entertainment. George O'Hara plays the prizefighter as a wise-cracker rather than a dumb pug, but that isn't altogether fatal, and the lad, stripped for the ring, is a great physical specimen. Edmund Lowe, as his manager, credits himself with another fine part after "What Price Glory!" You will probably enjoy it.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

The Fight Is On!

Tulsa, Okla.

I have just finished reading Elinor Glyn's list of people who have "IT," and those who haven't.

And have come to the conclusion that "IT" isn't so darned important after all is considered.

Aren't those "Itless" stars as great, and as well loved by the public, as those who, according to Madame Glyn, are blessed with that elusive quality?

And, well, to clinch my argument, don't people usually prefer the unfortunate doggies, who haven't a particle of "IT," to any member of the personality possessing cat family?

And as for Ramon Novarro, he couldn't possibly be any more wonderful than he is, so "IT" must be a rather negligible quality, since it seems he hasn't got it.

MARION WALLACE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



The Allure of Young-Looking Skin

Accent your natural coloring with these youthful shades of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

By MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

AS suave and supple as the touch of a rose petal . . . as clear and fresh as the skin of youth . . . Your complexion can gain this appearance of youthful beauty—almost instantly. The deft application of Pompeian Beauty Powder with Pompeian Bloom brings just this effect.

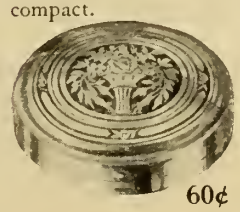
Discriminating women select Pompeian Beauty Powder for its purity, its velvety texture, and for the perfection of its shades. There is the correct shade for each type of skin, from the pale golden blonde to the vibrant, vivid brunette.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has the ever-desirable virtue of adhering well, maintaining its subtle finish of loveliness for hours at a time.

Its faint odor has a mystery that intrigues you—an enchanting elusiveness that becomes an individual possession with each wearer.

Pompeian Bloom adds the colorful note that typifies youth. Medium, Oriental, Orange, Light and Dark Rose tones are to be found in Pompeian Bloom—with the more subtle differences in the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—Flesh, Peach, Rachel and White.

You can prove the flattering effects you can obtain with Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom by purchasing them this very day at your favorite toilet goods counter. Or, if you prefer to make some beauty experiments first, fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive free samples of the Powder and Bloom, each in its individual box, powder in loose form, rouge in a diminutive, dainty compact.



60¢

New SMART PURSE-SIZE BLOOM COMPACT

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Model 74303, Helbros 14 K. Solid White gold — $37.50



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NEW YORK

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89]

STELLA M. S., AUCKLAND, N. Z.—Hoot Gibson's real name is Edward Gibson. Dignified, eh what? He is married, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Hoot is a real Westerner; born at Tekemah, Nebraska. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Eleanor Boardman's newest picture is "The Crowd." She is twenty-eight years old.

C. M., SHARON, MASS. — Malcolm McGregor was christened Malcolm McGregor. Born in Newark, N. J., Oct. 13, 1896. He has black hair and brown eyes. And married. Shirley Mason has brown hair and light gray eyes and was born June 6, 1900. John Barrymore was born Feb. 15, 1882. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Is that all?

C. W., NEWAYGO, MICH.—"The sweetest, most charming actress on the screen" is twenty-six years old and unmarried. Also May McAvoy is four feet, eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-four pounds. She has blue eyes. When you write address her at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

A. J., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The "Q" in Anna Q. Nilsson's name stands for Querentia.

A. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Barbara La Marr's last pictures were "The Heart of a Siren," "The White Monkey," and "The Girl from Montmartre." "The Prisoner of Zenda" was made in 1922.



She was so big he couldn't hold her. Karl Otto Lewin married Josephine Williams, the largest extra girl in pictures, hoping that a fat girl would prove good natured. But little Josephine loved her art better than a home and walked out on her better one-eighth. She weighs 550 pounds and Lewin is 400 pounds lighter. It proved to be a one-sided marriage

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writes:

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Lenore Ulric

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



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the cause of fading charms

YOUR beauty and youth are constantly at the mercy of *skin-fatigue*—in summer especially, when heat and sun overtax the skin.

"Excessive fatigue of the skin", says Helena Rubinstein, the world's foremost beauty-scientist, "is the most prevalent cause of fading charms."

Rubinstein creams and lotions are the only beauty preparations specifically formulated to counteract skin-fatigue. They stimulate—animate—refresh, keep the complexion winsomely clear.

Daily beauty aids—for summer

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—cools, soothes—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Sunproof Cream—Applied before exposure, prevents tan, freckles, sunburn. (1.00)

Valaze Sunproof Liquid Powder—imparts a delightful sunproof finish. (1.50)

Valaze Liquidine—instantly absorbs oiliness—corrects shine on nose. (1.50)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

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Kindly send me without charge full Individual Instructions for daily care of my skin.

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( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

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New York Stage and Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Another massive war film, more broadly treated, which an out-of-towner would want to see is "What Price Glory," from the stage play which brought glory—at a good price—to Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. The original drama has been considerably elaborated, but always justifiably, while the comedy has been broadened until it will penetrate even the smallest brains.

Some of the original irony is lacking, but there is enough rollicking humor so that only the most finicky would miss the earlier satire. Fine points in characterization have been added, while blasting barrages and careering attacks, as in "The Big Parade," have been organized with a sharp eye to the business of war.

NOW, would four equally salient theatrical shows have similar qualities, or would they have attractive characteristics sufficient unto themselves? Let's have a look.

One of the first shows that the visitor to New York clamors to see is "Broadway," that "inside story" of bootleggers and gunmen at work and at play in a typical night club. One of its chief characteristics is its speed, and if any company of actors could maintain the initial pace at the end of a year's run or more, then they have the stamina of Mexican Indian runners, plus the vivacity of French tennis players.

Another feature is the endless series of wise cracks, which scream with Tenderloin sophistication. The deft, breezy characterization, added to the nipping melodrama, keeps the audience in happy palpitations.

Equally fast and exuberant, and even more rough and ready, is "Chicago," the inside story of lady murderers at work and at play. Its story of the conscienceless little wife who kills her secret lover and then is acquitted amid front page fireworks, stresses sex and satire, along with a hearty clout for the tabloids, the new testaments of to-day.

It is quite broad, having time only for the garish high lights as it hustles to keep up with the current of sewage. Its pungent satire, amounting to burlesque, provides the impish appeal of this mischievous rampage through modern publicity.

Quite at the opposite end of the footlight scale is "The Play's the Thing"—that polished comedy in which Holbrook Blinn has been spinning Molnar's gossamer strands of fancy into something as smooth as silk. Nothing zippy about this play—nothing to turn the abdomen into quivering jelly. A suave, temperate time is had by all.

It is all very dexterous and dapper, with everything as discreet and well-bred as the etiquette page of a woman's magazine. This despite the fact that it deals with a petting party, overheard through a door, which leaves little to the anatomical imagination. (Wonder how they'd reproduce that comprehensive caress on the screen?) But its sexness is kept in good taste, for "Lots of aplomb!" has been the slogan of this production.

Finally we take up the case of "The Spider," that mystery play which is quite the most ingenious thriller that has pounced on an audience since the drama recently began crying "Boo!" It is a whizzing melodramatic yarn of a play within a play, centering about a stage magician, a dope ring and their connection with a murder right out under the noses of the audience.

Getting the whole house embroiled in the mystery is the set purpose of this play. Actors and cops are yanked out of the orchestra, till you begin to doubt whether the man alongside you is really the harmless suburbanite he looks, or a sleek murderer at bottom. It is very expeditiously managed, baffling without being confusing, and it becomes quite creepy what time some pale-green clots of ectoplasm hop into the plot to solve it.

Now let us compare the two mediums with cold-blooded impartiality, putting aside all the likes and dislikes of childhood.

It must be obvious at the start that the leading screen entertainments put the stage offerings into the flivver class when it comes to variety. They are capable of far greater expansion of territory covered, and "What Price Glory" on the screen attests how the stage original can be elaborated until it seems to have turned into a growing family of rabbits.

Now and then a play like "Chicago" comes along with as many as five scenes, but they look paltry and meagre compared to the splatter of settings poured out by the film cornucopia. On the whole the stage, which used to have litters of 8 and 10 scenes to every melodrama, now sticks sadly and wanly to one or two settings. Moreover, the scenes of movies like "Chang" can be shifted in the twinkling of an eye, in sharp contrast to the tedious waits while the stage hands lumber about with the scenery for the next act on the stage. Score one for the screen on interesting diversity!

LIKEWISE the films can be much more vivid and realistic than the stage, which usually turns into papier mache when it tries extensive settings. On the screen a castle, through focussing, can be made to look like a castle, even though homemade. On the stage, due to lighting and nearness, it always looks like somebody's barn, painted over and fixed up with curlicues. Nothing could be more genuine than the forest in "Chang," but on the stage the same trees would look as if they were made out of wrapped army puttees.

In the more thrilling side of entertainment, in charges, battles, fights, the screen is easily superior, both in mass production and piece work in the exchanging of wallops. "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" handle their throngs consummately, but on the stage such hordes would be too cumbersome, and would be obviously afraid of falling all over one

another in the small space, or landing in the drummer's lap. Even the limited "mob" in "Broadway" appear strained and self-conscious beside the free-swinging gang in "Beau Geste."

That same veracity of the movies permits the introduction of all sorts of captivating animals with positive abandon. Where the drama reinforces the stage flooring and tremulously uses one elephant, with great precautions, the screen in "Chang" introduces a whole brigade of them and gleefully lets them smash everything in sight. Once a play called "Tarzan of the Apes" daringly presented a real lion (in a hidden cage). But he was so aged and decrepit that he refused to roar, and the stage manager in the wings had to bellow for him. The tigers in "Chang" do their own stuff.

That same spaciousness in graphic spectacular productions enables the screen to assume an epic quality that the stage never attains, even with carloads of supers. "Broadway" is typical of night life, but it is not, like "The Big Parade," typical of man in all his groping frailty. Score two for the screen for diverting realism!

The screen can be infinitely more swift in its action than the most daring moments in "Broadway," and still never lose breath. It is almost too obvious to say that the principals at the end of a screen run will never be as jaded as those on the stage. Moreover, the screen can lay the groundwork of explanatory preparation in terms of action and movement, whereas on the stage the exposition is often spread like a heavy verbal jam. Witness the way in which the screen "What Price Glory" can set the atmosphere with the early Chinese hostility of the two soldiers, without missing step in the narrative. Score three for the screen for action!

HOPELESS of competing with the screen in action, the stage has been forced back into a more intellectual aspect, into glorifying smart dialogue. No picture can equal the lines of "The Play's The Thing"—yet the average man would prefer an episode to an epigram. The drama is superior on aplomb and subtlety, but few amusement seekers are growing fat on fine shadings. The Blinn play reveals, as I have indicated, how the stage can handle delicate situations more discreetly. And yet, oddly enough, profanity goes over less offensively on the silver sheet than behind the footlights, because only those acquainted with the cuss words can recognize their rendition in lip-reading. Whereas in the theater grandma, no matter how deaf, always hears anything stronger than "darn."

In satire the screen more than holds its own, as shown by "Hollywood," for "Chicago" was one of the rare plays of this type to go over, primarily because it was roughed up into unmistakable burlesque. Mystery plays like "The Spider" are usually more successful on the stage than on the screen, yet "Beau Geste" has shown how this style can be achieved simply, when the screen doesn't bulge with distracting detail.

On the whole I think the average out-of-towner would select the four movies. Perhaps he would be right.



PHOTOGRAPH OF A SANE MAN PHONING TO HIS DENTIST

"Just want you to look them over, Doctor. Nothing wrong, I think. I've kept them...

CLEAN"

HE is not scared. His sound sense tells him to see his dentist twice a year—and in the meantime, he keeps his teeth *clean*.

The same good sense tells him to buy a dentifrice for the purpose of keeping teeth, gums, and mouth *clean*—not to cure some frightful or imaginary disease of teeth or gums.

Since boyhood he has known that the surest way to healthy teeth and strong teeth is *clean* teeth. When he chooses his dentifrice he selects one made to clean—one made with the sole purpose of cleaning, and cleaning better.

Most people use the same dentifrice he uses. Most dentists recommend that same dentifrice. It is Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—designed by Colgate & Company for the express purpose of doing the one thing that leading dental authorities agree a dentifrice must do.

Ribbon Dental Cream is made to clean teeth, and it cleans them better by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces. Next, this foam, in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums, washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure—rely on Colgate's to clean.

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Ruth Harriet Louise

NO wonder Pauline Starke is so interested in what John Robertson has to say. Mr. Robertson guided to stardom such artists as May McAvoy, Jetta Goudal and Nita Naldi and directed the unforgettable "Enchanted Cottage" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And now Norman Kerry has Mr. Robertson to thank for a big hit in "Annie Laurie."



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"MAYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadowy pools of enchanting loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectly harmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid —Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

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Send the coupon today and our representative will call.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

only a few years ago in Chicago, at the head of his own company, that he could hang the "Closed" sign out, bearing the loss himself, of course.

"But," said Eddie, spoiling the spiritual aspect of my story, "now that I'm in pictures, I get my vacation and pay besides."

"WHY," said Bebe Daniels to Eddie Cantor who had just returned, tonsil-less, from New York, "didn't you have them removed in California?"

"They were New York tonsils. Why should I bring them back here?"

HENRY KING of "Stella Dallas" fame and his family are living in Beverly Hills temporarily while an addition is being built to their beach home. The reason—Mr. and Mrs. King have a brand new son who is to occupy the addition.

MR. KING is a most versatile person. He can twirl a rope or ride a horse or strum a banjo. Veteran cowboys were his students in lariat-throwing in "Barbara Worth." His general competence has become the source of gentle raillery among the Goldwyn organization. There is, seemingly, nothing he cannot do.

They had reached the circus sequence of "The Magic Flame," and Ronald Colman, who starred in "Barbara Worth," knowing King's penchant, said:

"Wish you'd come over and show the sword-swallower how to do his stuff. And the parachute jumper, too. He needs some instruction."

THE opening of the month in New York was John Robertson's production, "Annie Laurie," at the Embassy Theater. Lillian Gish is the star of the film but oh, what a hit for Norman Kerry! "Annie Laurie" will do for Norman Kerry what "The Merry Widow" did for John Gilbert. With his first close-up, Mr. Kerry had the picture all his own way. Under Mr. Robertson's direction, he topped his performance in "Merry Go 'Round" and put himself into the ranks of "Doggone Dangerous Men."

A HANDSOME prize of a last year's rain check goes this month to the censors who changed the title of "Children of Divorce" to "Children of Today."

The word "divorce" is considered naughty in some states—when flashed on the screen.

But it is not naughty when it appears in the newspapers.

That, in our notion, is the height of hypocrisy.

STIRRING proof that art does not submerge keen business instinct in the minds of Hollywood extras. One of the day-to-day players in Clarence Brown's "Trail of '98" company, upon hearing of the gold rush at Weepah, hustled north with a supply of blankets and came back with two thousand dollars jingling in his jeans.

He knew his movies well enough to know that the gold easiest mined is in pants pockets.

THEY were making a balloon sequence, so Lew Cody tells me, and a producer, known for his bombastic speech, walked onto the set.

"We can shoot now. The hot air has arrived," whispered a second cameraman.

And that night he drew his last pay check.

Which shortens a perfectly good short story.

TOM J. GERAGHTY, big Verb and Noun man, has invented a new game of questions and answers, which goes big at the more refined movie gatherings. Here is the way it goes:

"What has four legs and flies?"

"A dead horse."

"What is it that flies, swims like a duck and has 2,000 legs?"

"A centipede."



With the complete approval of Will Hays, Barbara Ann Blue staged a wild birthday party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue. Bottles were found, the next day, all over the front lawn. In this picture you see (from left to right) Ann and Geraldine Beaumont, Maria Eugenia Reachi (daughter of the former Agnes Ayres), Thomasina Mix (Tom's little girl), Barbara Ann Blue and Sally Ann Carewe. Barbara Ann is just a year old

FREE— *The Kissproof Girl—send coupon for 12-color art print*



Kissproof *Lipstick* is waterproof— *it stays on!*

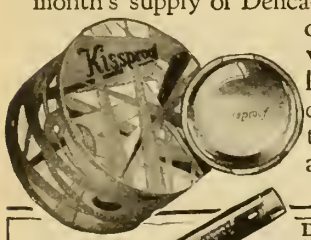
Once applied, your lips are beautiful, full colored, gorgeous things—and not for an hour or two hours, but for the entire day. *Kissproof* is so different you will wonder how you were ever satisfied with the ordinary kind.

Flatters every complexion

Kissproof is such a rare blend of red and orange it will instantly make your lips vivid, brilliant, and gorgeous—yet so delicate, so subtly natural one would never know you used a lipstick at all.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

It contains a dainty, miniature *Kissproof Lipstick*, a beautifully decorated box of the wonderful new windproof *Kissproof Face Powder*, a generous supply of *Kissproof Rouge*, the last word in vivid, daring, yet natural color, and a whole month's supply of Delica-Brow, the original waterproof liquid dressing for the lashes and brows.



Send me the *Kissproof* Beauty Box. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Also include 12 color Art Print of Kissproof Girl, free. Check shade of powder.

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"What is it that has eight legs and sings?"

"A quartette."

Now make up your own.

WHILE the waters of the Mississippi swept around New Orleans, a woman lay ill at the Tour Hospital, regretting that she could not help in the desperate work of holding back the flood near her home in Paterson, La. The woman was Marguerite Clark, once one of the most popular stars. In these days of domestic scrambles it is pleasant to record the fact that Miss Clark and her husband, Harry Williams, are proving that an old-fashioned marriage is not beyond the realm of possibility.

AMAZING perception of James Hall's young caddy after a morning trailing Jimmie about the course. In justice to that handsome young blade let it be said that being leading man to Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri and Betty Bronson has swallowed much of his time.

"You won't need to pay any green fees today, Mr. Hall," piped the kid at the ninth hole.

"Why not?"

"'Cause you ain't been on the greens all day."

DOFF hats and tread softly, a whiskered gag is passing by.

"The past two days have meant a trying ordeal for Max Davidson," mimeographed the press agent. "Max has been spending most of that time eating soup. A certain sequence of the Hal Roach comedy revolves about his method of disposing of a bowl of tomato soup which has been tampered with. In order to get the desired effect, it has been necessary to retake the scenes frequently. The result is that Davidson and David Butler, who plays the scene with him, are rather fed up on tomato soup.

"To cap the climax, Max went forth into society for a quiet dinner with some friends, and they are wondering yet why he excused himself from the table so hurriedly when the tomato soup was served."

And then there is that one about the star losing her diamonds.

THINKING guy, this Warner Richmond, who plays villains now and then. He stood by the vegetable wagon, gnawing a turnip before the street brawl scene in "Irish Hearts" was taken.

"What makes Warner so hungry?" asked May McAvoy. You're right. She's one of the Hearts.

"He's not hungry. He's wise," answered Jason Robards, the other Heart. "The more he eats now, the fewer he'll get in the back of the neck later."

"BUCK" JONES has a horse. Not an ordinary one, dearie, even if he did pay only $100 for it in Chatsworth from an eighteen year old kid. It doesn't dance, nor does it sing. All it does is drink when "Buck" tells it to, and if you know horses like I know horses, you will know how rare that is.

"Eagle," that's the tippler's name, has snared $3,800 to the Jones' coffers from the pockets of trusting folk who believe that old adage, "you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"WE killed Rod La Rocque last Sunday. This Sunday let's kill John Barrymore and save Adolphe Menjou for the next week-end."

It was Emil Jannings talking to Mrs. Jannings over the shaded lights of a table at Madame Helenes, and not two arch-conspirators plotting death. Then Jannings, in that blonde, broad-grinned German way, turned to me and said:

"Chickens. I name each one after a favorite actor. But, alas," his shoulders shrugged and two expressive hands flew out, "we grow hungry and they must die."

His great delight is that he knows them by name.

ETHEL SHANNON, titian-haired and lovely, now has her very own scenario writer. It came about at the Wilshire Congregational Church with Helen Ferguson as matron-of-honor, when Ethel married Joseph Ashurst Jackson, one of Hollywood's very clever young playwrights. They are popular in the colony, so of course I saw William Russell, Tom Mix, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill and many others there.

THINGS, I would say, have come to a pretty pass with personal appearances permeating even the sanctity of the church. There are Hollywood houses of piety that bear the banner, "Filmdom's place of worship," where you may blend voices with a motion picture star. Imagine sharing the hymnal with the heroine of last night's epic.

Aimee's going to have strong competition.

JACK DEMPSEY is in training high in the Santa Barbara mountains and every week-end Estelle Taylor, like the good little housewife she is, totes tempting viands to her fighting husband. No one, not even the devoted Chinese cook, can compete with Estelle in the gentle knack of frying chicken and browning cornbread, as far as Jack is concerned. And steak smothered in onions! That calls for a hymn in a different key.

WHO is your choice for *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"? Ours is Lillian Gish. But, failing to get Lillian, we suggest that Paramount borrow the services of Harry Langdon.

PIGS is pigs, but to the Goldwyn company, including Ronald and Vilma, "Sweenie" is a future feast. All through "The Magic Flame" her rounded curves have been eyed hungrily, each member of the cast gloating over the promised delicacy. "Sweenie" is an actress, inclined to porkliness, but when this picture is finished, she is going to star on a platter with an apple in her mouth.

Pigs is pigs and for that reason, if you revere yours, don't let 'em go hog-wild for pictures.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

ONE of the saddest things that's happened in Hollywood for some time happened recently to a certain fresh young actor who is a charter member of the Ancient Order of Know-it-Alls. But, sad as it was, it contained some valuable information that will be useful to anybody who is thinking of training a troupe of pigs for the movies.

That was the bright idea that occurred to the know-it-all actor, and for weeks, three or four weeks, at least, he spent his odd moments in trying to drill a routine into the heads of his all star cast of three real hams.

When he was satisfied that the porkers were letter-perfect he got an agent to come to see him have them do their stuff. In honor of the occasion he had arrayed himself in the clown clothes with which he intended to make his debut in two-reelers at the head of his bacon brigade.

Said brigade, which never before had seen him in clown clothes, did not recognize him and none of them would do ary a trick.

WHILE I was sitting in Norma Talmadge's portable dressing room as Norma waited to play "The Dove," Eugene O'Brien bounded in to call on her. Gene was so full of social patter that neither Norma nor myself got a chance to get in a word. He was, it seemed, going on to the Soandsos for tea and then to the Suchandsuches for dinner. Yesterday he had been here and there and tomorrow he was doing this and that. He had engagements, engagements, for every hour of the day and evening.

Norma listened, quietly smiling, and then nodded after Gene as he rushed away.

"Just a wild cup of tea," she said.

OUT of a sound slumber, Roy del Ruth, the director, was awakened at four the other morning by Douglas Gerrard, who indulges in just such pranks.

"I say," said Gerrard, "did I have a nine o'clock call this morning?"

The answer is quite unrepeatable.

Time elapsed as time does and early one morning the Gerrard telephone jingled.

"This is the inspection department of the telephone company. You're having trouble with your telephone, aren't you?" the muffled voice asked.

"Uh-huh. I guess so," answered Gerrard, groggy with sleep.

"Will you please unscrew the mouthpiece? Now take the little screws around the edge out. You've broken your penknife? We'll take care of that for you. Now remove the three screws at the bottom. That's right. Does it still work? It does? Well, there's nothing wrong with it then. It must be with you."

Loudly, and in clarion clear tones, the voice of Del Ruth came through the transmitter: "And don't forget that nine o'clock call."

ANOTHER lifelong ambition has been realized by Eddie Cantor. And Hollywood, dear children, brought it, Aladdin-like.



"It's *a Great Train*"

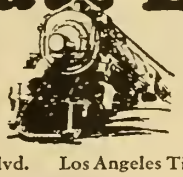
Golden State Limited has won this note of appreciation from Norman Kerry. Now this star of the screen joins the thousands who choose this finer and faster transcontinental flyer.

Busy, successful people "go Golden State". Its 63-hour schedule between Chicago and Los Angeles saves a business day over any previous passenger schedules across the continent. And its luxurious appointments are comparable to a metropolitan hotel.

You, too, may enjoy this delightful travel experience. Any Southern Pacific or Rock Island agent will secure your tickets and reservations on

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Have Lustrous, *Clean* Hair with

Lemon Rinse

THE mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water, assuring you of that absolute *cleanliness* that means truly beautiful hair. That's why thousands of women today are using this natural aid to complete hair beauty. They know it means that shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

Try this shampoo accessory next time. See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note its silky lustre, its soft, fluffy texture, the "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

To get the best results first wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It is the one best way to insure the full beauty of your hair—to make all its loveliness apparent—whether you wear it bobbed or long.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1107, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

"All my life," said Eddie, looking soulful, if eyes like his can, "I have wanted a whistle. A dear little whistle. And now as a mailman in 'Special Delivery' my dream has been realized."

And that may explain why Henry perfected the Ford. Perhaps he had always longed for a squeak.

HE was a young leading man who had played opposite a most prominent star for three consecutive pictures and he spoke in this wise:

"If I should ever get a boil on the back of my neck," he sighed, "my career would be ruined."

Study that one.

A LAMENTATION to the effect that the little fellow always gets it in the neck. Ray Hatton, for instance. Wally Beery got the only remaining dressing room at Lasky's, by dint of earlier arrival. Came afternoon, a custom peculiar to Hollywood, and another dressing room was vacated.

"That's mine," said Ray.

"Sure, you can have it," assented the dispenser.

"Sure, you can have the dressing room," echoed Wally, standing nearby, his tongue in his cheek.

When Ray got there, he met the furniture being carried out.

"Say, what's the big idea? Didn't they say I could have this dressing room?" he asked Wally, again conveniently near.

"Sure, you can have the *dressing room*, but not the furniture." And that all went to Wally's lair, leaving Ray's room as lonely as Crusoe's sandpile.

PITY the poor iceman when the gals read Lupe's advice. Lupe is the reason why the entire male personnel of the Roach studio is anxious to get to work on time. And her last name is Velez, from Mexico City, of course.

It seems that Lupe, who now plays in comedies, is in favor of ice rubs for reducing. And it took eyes, hands and shrugging shoulders for her to tell me this—

"Eet ees no use a-tall to diet to keel the heart. Better be fat and leave than theen and go die. In Mexico we dance, we seeng, we play—then we rub nice leetle ice all over body every morning. Eet makes hard body, no fat, all pretty. See?"

After all, perhaps the iceman should not be pitied.

MARY PICKFORD, golden curls neatly coiled beneath a smart dark hat, is becoming something of a civic figure in Los Angeles. Not that she has abandoned pictures—she is busily preparing "Paradise Alley"—but the attacks of the tree choppers on her beloved Hollywood and Los Angeles have made Mary active in the reforestation movement of the community. So active, that she evolved a plan which she revealed to members of the Chamber of Commerce at a recent luncheon.

Mary's plan is to appoint a city forester in every large city in the country. His duties would be to see that the trees are not mutilated or destroyed. Twenty-five miles of double-row trees are to be planted annually under his supervision. He will, of course, work in conjunction with the reforestation association.

AT last Raymond Griffith is an actor among actors. These ten long years Ray has struggled along without a screen kiss. Never has he clinched the leading lady to his lips and smacked her. He's tried mistletoe and "post office," but to



Back together again—Raymond Hatton and Wallace Beery. They are all dressed up as big hook and ladder men for "Fireman, Save My Child." Yes, it glorifies the red suspender brigade. Eddie Sutherland is directing it

no avail. Even Rin-Tin-Tin has been kissed by sympathetic leading women. But not so with Ray.

He was a man apart. He noticed it when he went into his club. His actor friends would whisper over their lotto games, "Poor chap! Think what he has missed. He hasn't *lived*. He has never had a screen kiss."

But it's all changed now and Ray can walk into the club with head high and shoulders flung back. In "Time to Love" he had to kiss his leading lady, Vera Voronina, before the peeping lens.

AND then there is that enterprising young director of slam-bang Westerns and animal pictures, who asked Herbert Brenon if he might collaborate with him on "Sorrell and Son," "because I understand horses."

MARIETTA MILLNER has come to town from Vienna and Vera Voronina from Russia and Lena Malena from Berlin, to join Greta and Lya and Natli Barr and Maria Corda and Lil Dagovar and Nathalie Kovanko and Lupe Velez and Lil Dagovar. It looks like a long parched summer for the all-American gals.

CHEERY little item on the happy influence the Wampus boys have worked in the community. The Thirteen Baby Stars of 1927, selected at the time of the annual tussle, have not let the seeds of envy and rancor separate them, but have banded themselves into a little club with a golden "W" and the figures "13" and "27" worked in, as insignia. And they have parties and dances and everything.

Sally Rand of the De Mille playground is president, with Gladys McConnell as vice-president, and Adamae Vaughan as secretary. And it's all because of those dear Wampus boys.

"I CHECKED myself up the other day and found that I have been smoking fifteen or sixteen cigars a day," Al Green, the director, told a group of his friends at lunch.

"A fellow has to ring a lot of canes to get that many cigars every day," Carl Harbaugh remarked.

RAY McKEE, that funny Sennett boy, whose favorite avocation is pulling bunnies from tall top hats and cards from sleeves, has probably the smallest theater in the world. Challengers will now step up!

It's in the basement of his home, twelve little wooden seats facing a gold-curtained stage, upon which Ray makes impressive appearances in mandarin coat and magician's paraphernalia, pausing now and then to leap into the tiny orchestra pit to give a one-man symphony. There is a projection machine, too, and he and Mrs. McKee, who used to be Marguerite Courtot, have their own small and select premieres.

JACK McDERMOTT, the flaming-haired young scenarist whose scenario of "Senorita" for Bebe Daniels won several back pats from Poppa Paramount, now has a dog named Nick. And it isn't named after Saint Nick or Lady Nicotine. But I'm getting ahead of my story.



. . . dozens of times you've noticed it. The climax of a long evening . . . a cabaret, crowded, warm . . . a merry party sitting close . . . bodies twist, necks crane to watch the entertainers. Something unpleasant creeps in. Under the arms, dampness . . . stains . . . inevitably, odor. Nature's sure reaction! But Nature never catches you off guard. Twice a week you, like millions of men and women the world over, use your Odorono for checking excessive perspiration and odor. That's what gives you your assurance—which soap and water can never give—of constant after-the-bath freshness, of *continuous* daintiness.

The
HOME
MOVIE
SCENARIO
BOOK

By
MORRIE RYSKIND
C. F. STEVENS
JAMES ENGLANDER



20 NEW PLOTS
for the
AMATEUR PRODUCER

What To Do with Chaperones
The Golf Widow
Budget, Budget, Who's Got the Budget?
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Be Your Age
And Then They Played Bridge

and fourteen other brief, amiable and workable scenarios—embracing every variety of plot, involving simple home settings, and including roles for every member of the family.

The Home Movie Scenario Book is also an intelligent, helpful and comprehensive handbook on every phase of amateur photoplay production.

The Home Movie Scenario Book
$2.50

Send check or money order with coupon

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750 N. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50, for which please send me a copy of The Home Movie Scenario Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Jack visited the dog pound and was won by the shaggy appeal of a big English sheep dog. But he had to wait twenty-four hours for a possible owner to call for him before he could claim him. Twenty-three and a half hours later Jack was at the pound.

"We've just sent the dog to the gas-house to be killed," Jack was told by an official with an errant watch. Jack jumped in his car and did an Oldfield to the mansion of death, just as the sheep dog was entering his third and last minute of life in the gas-filled room.

And that is why Jack calls him Nick . . . because he reached him in the nick-of-time.

BELIEVE it or not, a Los Angeles newspaper gives space in its Local Laugh section to the bright blurb from the infant who was asked by his mother what he had learned in Sunday School that Sabbath morn:

"Oh, we heard all about Bebe Daniels in the lions' den," replied the young picture addict.

THE latest in pillows, hemmed and shirred and tucked by Estelle Taylor's own fair hands. It's the "nightie pillow," and it has no feather filling, for after you remove your night garment you fold it neatly and insert it in the pink or blue or orchid satin case. Thereby forming what Estelle calls the "nightie pillow."

It is not only decorative, but useful, for it adds another cushion to the sea of lacy frilled things that billows over every well behaved bed.

BLAME it on Sam Messenheimer if you don't like the wry expression on Jack Gilbert's face in "Twelve Miles Out," or the soul-seared light in Renee Adoree's eyes. Sam, who throttles a set melodeon, is a composer of popular melody and every time he creates a new one he tries it on the actors first. If they like it, Sam beams. If they don't, it goes back for repairs. Appropriately, "Idolizin'" is his latest.

RARE intuition on the part of "Scooter" Lowry, smallest and most acrobatic member of "Our Gang." He was twirling and twisting on a rail near Hal Roach's office. At the door stood Roach, talking with a business conferee. "Scooter," with small boy impetuosity, attempted to enter the conversation.

"Go on with your gymnastics, Scooter, and let us talk business," Roach admonished.

But "Scooter" kept on with his turns and talk.

"Keep still, 'Scooter'! I can't even think with all that noise."

"Scooter" arose with dignity—

"How did I know you were trying to think?"

Roach and his friend retired to his private office.

A GORGEOUS first night, that of the Los Angeles opening of "Resurrection." It seemed to me that not a person missed it. The Criterion Theater lobby was a gleaming mass of ermine and orchids and diamonds and beauty. Gloria Swanson, of course, with the Marquis. Her chanel red frock clung close to her figure, flaring like a lily about the knees, and her hair rippled to a low knot on her neck. Mary Pickford and Doug, Dolores del Rio and her husband, with the Edwin Carewes and Count and Countess Tolstoy; Vilma Banky with Rod LaRocque, Elinor Glyn in claret-colored satin, Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, the Duncan sisters—Rosetta in batik shawl, Vivian all poudre blue and dimples; Dorothy Mackaill and her husband, Lothar Mendez; Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue. And John T. Murray was master of ceremonies.

GERALD BEAUMONT, who is dead but whose stories go marching on, is the author of "Betty Is a Lady" in which Charlie Ray will play a prize-fighter and James Gleason, who wrote the stage play, "Is Zat So?" will play his manager.

Twice each week, after he's finished a hard day's work as a prize-fighter, Ray goes to his vocal teacher and sounds his A. He's having his voice trained so that he'll be able to lift it with some credit in a musical comedy he has in mind and in which he's long wanted to appear.

LYA DE PUTTI journeyed down to a cold-storage warehouse in Hollywood to store her fur coats for the summer. Lya, it must be admitted, felt rather proud, for among her coats were three of ermine, one of chinchilla, one of broadtail, two of caracul and three other furs just for casual morning wear.

"Have you room for ten coats all from one actress?" asked Lya.

The storage man gazed at Lya down his nose. "Ten?" he said. "Say, come look at Constance Talmadge's lot. She's got forty-seven coats stored here with us."

EVIDENTLY having exhausted the possibilities of the boundless deep, John Bowers, once one of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen in the Hollywood colony, has put the old schooner on the shelf and has bought a ranch. There, between pictures, he and his wife, Marguerite de la Motte, raise oranges.

Another actor lately to become a rancher is Noah Beery. But he never did like the water—the scowling Noah being one of the few heavies in pictures who has never learned to swim. Well, the original Noah made quite a name for himself in his day without having to swim, either.

THE Hollywood Business Men's Association put up a big tent recently on the lot at Vine street and Sunset boulevard, where the Famous Players-Lasky Studio formerly stood, and in the tent they held a week-long exposition, one feature of which was a voting contest to elect the Queen of Hollywood, whatever that means.

Which is where Belle Bennett comes in.

She wasn't a candidate for the job of royalty, but she was brought on the stage the night of the election and asked to

make a speech about anything she wanted to make a speech about it. What she did was to deliver an impassioned address in favor of a friend of hers, an extra girl who was running for Queen.

The speech made a great hit with this friend, but none of the other fifty or sixty candidates rushed up to kiss Belle Bennett when she finished it. And the loyal Miss Bennett's friend is still running.

ALONG with your summer vacation plans, here is something else to meditate upon. Who was the first motion picture pioneer? Friends of Scott Sidney, the director, maintain he was, for back in '96 he ran a motion picture show at an exposition in Nashville, Tenn.

I nominate Terry Ramsaye, the industry's historian, as referee, for there's bound to be a battle.

SAD news of little Mary Kornman who formerly reigned as Queen of "Our Gang." She and Mickey Daniels—and I just learned today that Mickey is one of seventeen energetic offspring, all delightfully freckled—have been Orpheum-ing the country. The rigors of it were a bit strenuous and Mary has returned to Hollywood to get long hours of sleep and many glasses of hot milk.

Mickey, in the meantime, has taken himself another partner in the dimpled Peggy Eames, an eight year old acrobatic dancer, and is touring the provinces.

Tips for Amateur Movie Contestants

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Better read Rule No. 2 on this point. It covers every problem of the contestant.

Do not rush your contest films. You have until midnight of December 31st to submit your film. Take your time with it. Get it in the best shape possible. Reshoot scenes when they fail to measure up to your expectations. Don't be satisfied until the result meets all your tests.

Be sure to study the rules carefully.

Amateur Movies for Vacation Days

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

PHOTOPLAY'S Amateur Movie Contest. An interesting entry could be made of a fishing or hunting trip, a motor tour or a vacation abroad. You might even win one of the prizes, thus cutting down or eliminating your 1927 vacation costs.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 106, 107 and 108



A New Thrill millions may now enjoy

Today Home Movies with Ciné-Kodak are as easy to make as the simplest snapshots

YOU'VE ridden 60 miles an hour in an automobile. You've listened to radio concerts 1,000 miles away. You've read about wireless photographs and television. Now, here's a thrill that's different from any you've ever known before.

Movies—real movies—of people you know, children you love, places you go—are now easy to make and show right on your own silver screen.

Home Movie Making—Simplified

Eastman scientists have made Home Movies as easy to take as the simplest snap-shots.

You sight your camera either from waist height or eye level. As you press a button, a shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on your film.

Then, no troublesome developing. No mistakes. "You press the button—we do the rest." We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you. And you are ready to make romance, adventure, sports and humor live again on your screen. Crisp and clear the scene flashes itself in swift light and shade upon your silver screen. The amateur actors re-act their parts. "Your own movies!" It is all as easy as that.



Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, comedy, drama, cartoons, travel, are now available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel, which becomes a permanent feature of your film library.

Full length films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured at a modest rental from the nearest Kodascope Library.

Complete Outfit Now Costs Only $140

Today a complete Ciné-Kodak outfit, for movie taking and projection, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the famous yellow box.

Thousands of Kodak dealers are now prepared to show and explain the Ciné-Kodak to you. See your dealer or write us for the new Ciné-Kodak booklet.

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The Simplest of all Home Movie Cameras

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Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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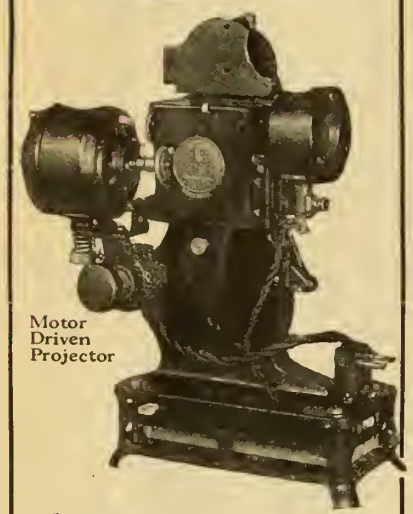
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The CAMERA
equipped with F3.5 lens—is simple and automatic—just a few seconds to load—aim and press the button—that's all!

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motor driven, enables you to show your own and Pathex Library films. Operates from ordinary lighting current.

500 ASSORTED REELS
in the Pathex Library offering a vast range of subjects, all up-to-date entertainment for young and old.

YOUR FILMS
are developed and returned free.

NON-INFLAMMABLE FILMS only are sold for use with Pathex.

Demonstration at your dealer's or write to us for illustrated booklet.

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Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

SUPPOSE, when you first became interested in the radio, you were able to see the foremost radio experts at work and to observe their finished efforts. Suppose, being a tennis or golf devotee, you were able to be present every day when the stars of these sports practiced and played in competition. Imagine what you could have gained from watching them.

Think, then, how easy it is for the movie amateur to obtain practical instruction from the foremost motion picture experts. A motion picture experiment, running in cost from $200,000 to $3,000,000 is being shown in your neighborhood screen theater or the big downtown film house in your community every night.

Here is your opportunity to get first-hand instruction from all the film leaders of Hollywood.

At your next photoplay, watch the acting, the length of the scenes, the use of camera angles and the other items now of tremendous interest to movie amateurs. See an important film two or three times. Study the editing and titling. Watch how the titles are cut in, how they are used to clarify and strengthen the plot and to cover gaps.

Observe the technique and style of the various directors.

OPINIONS have been expressed that the growth of the movie amateur will deplete audiences in the professional screen theaters.

Every new invention and every new adventure in mechanics has been met by similar cries from pessimists.

Rutgers Neilson, of Pathex, Inc., meets these arguments tersely:

"Amateur movies are a helpful stimulant for the older amusement that brings countless joy to millions.

"Let us compare parallel conditions in other fields of amusement.

"Do amateur theatricals deplete the Broadway theaters of audiences? They do not.

"Amateurs go to professional shows and study. They profit by the experience of those in the know.

"Observe the audiences that sit spellbound during the dance recitals of Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. You will find many student dancers present to observe the technique of the masters.

"You will notice vocal students at every song recital.

"Like the dancer, the singer and other students of an art, the embryo movie maker must observe the work of professionals.

"The average movie fan goes to see one picture once. It is only in the case of some outstanding epics, like 'The King of Kings' or 'The Big Parade' that he will attempt to see it again and again. With a deeper understanding of screen art and a strong desire to figure out its meaning, he will go two or three times to see one picture.

"Yes, undoubtedly amateur movie making is a boon to the parent art—the big time cinema."

Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Eugenia Gilbert, star in Pathe comedies, uses a Pathex

Here is an interesting adventure with an amateur movie camera, recounted by E. W. Howe, in *The Miami Herald:*

"It is a wonderful world (as has been remarked before). I lately visited at a home in Miami, and saw a display of amateur moving pictures made with one of the machines one sees so generally advertised. During the hurricane on the 18th of September, the house was not very hard hit, and someone trained the machine on the street.

"In no moving picture theater have I ever seen anything so wonderful; it was like watching the storm from a safe and dry place.

"The house happened to be located at a good place for recording the storm, and I saw the water pouring over the sea wall; the streets flooded; waves running in the streets as at sea; a boat cast up out of the bay and floating along the street; great trees snapped off.

"And it was all done with a machine anyone can operate."

Doubtless a lot of sensational films were made by amateurs during the recent Mississippi river floods.

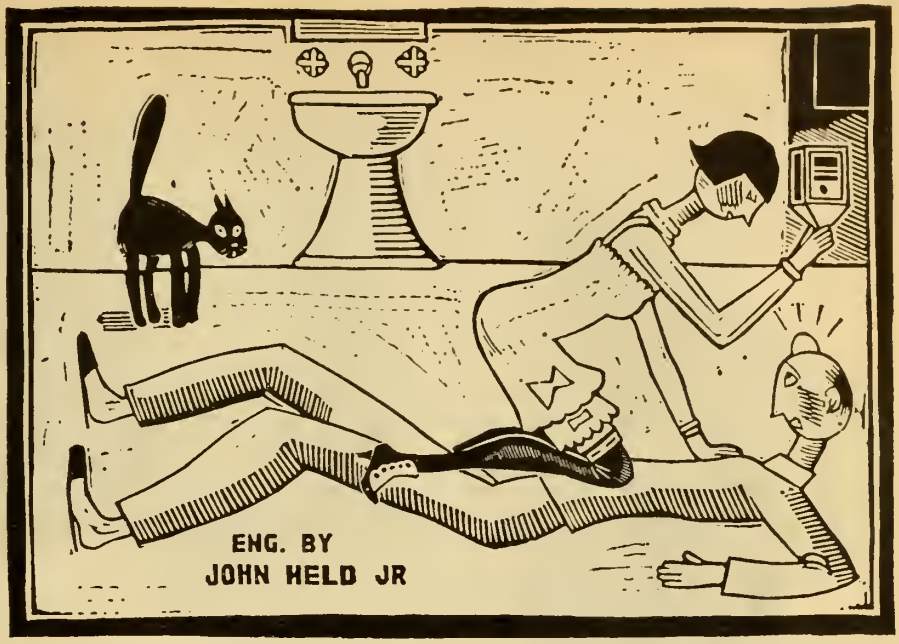
HAVE you tried your movie camera on baseball?

With the aid of a telephoto lens fitting to your camera, you can get sensational shots of the big league stars, if you take reasonable care.

The editor of this department got some good shots of Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins and others when the American League Baseball season opened in New York with New York and Philadelphia in combat. A 4-inch lens was used.

Although a tripod is best for use with a telephoto lens, satisfactory scenes can be caught if the operator's arms are rested against the seat arms.

IF you own one of those neat Bell and Howell subtitle outfits, this is the time to catch some striking studies of flower petals opening as the blossoms burst into bloom.



Caught in the act again! The *second* time Reginald has swiped—yea, *stolen* Veronica's pet bottle of Hinds Cream. Soothed his face just wonderful after shaving, said Reginald. Veronica, flushed with her victory, suddenly got big-hearted and soothed his wounds with her own fragrant Hinds. But, did he buy a bottle of his own? He did!

Use my Hinds again, will you!

After all, you can't blame even the fondest of wives. The sad scene above is but an organized counter-attack by thousands of otherwise ladies against the growing national menace to their personal bottles of Hinds Cream.

But then, why blame the *men* for discovering right on their own bathroom shelves a real *before* and *after-shave* that will bring the tenderest skin to terms?

Men! If you want the thrill of a smooth, relaxed cheek and jowl, swipe the wife's bottle of Hinds. Rub it into your beard *before* you lather; add a little more *after* shaving. It's *worth* a battle! Or play safe and send for a sample bottle and a clever non-theft device that will *keep* your Hinds beside your soap and razor.

Made by A. S. HINDS CO., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company
In Canada: A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited

A word to the wives:

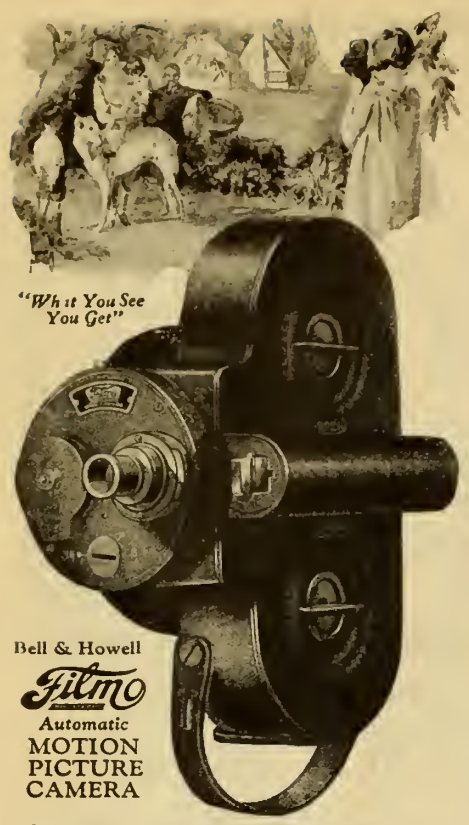
Keep peace in the family. Buy your husband a bottle of Hinds Cream for his own. And show him the little trick of rubbing in Hinds Cream until his fingers begin to cling.

HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Before and After Shaving



LEHN & FINK, Inc., *(Sole Distributors)*
Dept. 497, Bloomfield, N. J.
I want to keep peace in the family! Send me that non-theft device and the sample bottle of Hinds Cream to try.
Name.....
Address.....

©L. & F. P. CO., 1927



for Real Summer Thrills
take MOTION PICTURES
with this camera

WHEN you go boating, fishing, riding, swimming, golfing—you're missing the biggest thrill of all if you fail to take your own Filmo motion pictures.

It's so easy! Simply look through Filmo's spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. Two simple operations. That's all. And you are taking movies as sharp and clear as those shown in best theatres everywhere. No focusing, cranking, tripod or other inconvenience.

In Filmo you find exclusive features developed by Bell & Howell's 20 years experience in making cameras and equipment used by leading motion picture producers all over the world. The Filmo booklet, sent on request, describes these features in simple language.

Eastman Safety Film [16 mm.]—in the yellow box—used in Filmo camera is obtained at practically all stores handling cameras and supplies. First cost covers developing and return postage to your door.

Write for descriptive Filmo booklet "What You See You Get" telling the whole interesting story.

BELL & HOWELL CO.
1826 Larchmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
NewYork · Hollywood · London · *Established 1907*



Showing movies at home with Filmo Automatic Projector



J. Farrell Macdonald, the Fox character comedian, uses an Eyemo. Here he is getting a close-up of Mrs. Macdonald

Set your camera as for a subtitle. Fold back the title rack and place your flower, cut to get in range and set in water. Shoot a few inches of film every hour or so, much as you would do making an animated subtitle. Be careful not to move your outfit or to disturb the position of the flower. Continue until your bud is open. The resultant film will show you a flower opening in continuous motion, just as professional films reveal it.

A new volume of interest to film amateurs has just appeared. It is "The Home Movie Scenario Book," by Morris Ryskind, C. F. Stevens and James Englander. This carries a large number of plots for amateur production, as well as a vast amount of advice and information on the various phases of amateur photoplay production.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

An Up-to-date Pastor

Tarboro, N. C.

I feel that you should know what pictures have meant to our church. Our rector, Rev. B. Brown, has seen fit to recognize this as an age of speed. The question that confronts us is: how are we going to lift the morality of the country to higher principles of living? Rev. Brown struck the keynote of interest when he introduced good, humorous, spiritual pictures in the Parish House Sunday nights. Not always strictly religious pictures, but good moral ones, such as Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American," Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself," Harold Lloyd in "For Heaven's Sake," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Call of the Wild."

As pictures are one of our largest industries sometimes used by man and Devil for worthless purposes, why should they not occupy their place for good in our churches?

MRS. WALTER C. HARGROVE.

Blame the Theater Owner

Lincoln, Neb.

From my observation, I have come to the conclusion that the average movie patron is of ordinary intelligence and fair education, at least enough to know that the Great Stone Face does not refer to President Coolidge. But there is certainly some vital quality lacking when a theater owner is forced to send out the warning: "Don't book it, brother, unless you want to make a handsome contribution to Art," about such a wonderful, inspiring and enduring creation as "Beau Geste."

Being unequal to the task of assigning a reason for this, I leave it up to the psychologists. What is the matter with the American public?

OPAL L. PAAP.

She Is Out of the Picture

Hollywood, Calif.

Well, I see by the pages of your magazine that five more Germans have arrived to star in American films—but the most laughable example of this extremity is an account in a Los Angeles paper which tells of United Artists pains in importing and signing a young lady from Germany—only to find upon her arrival here that she was a former American chorus girl with a particularly notorious past—"Bubbles" Wilson. It would seem that an excellent way for American boys and girls to gain an opportunity in American films would be to go to Germany and get "imported," the only difficulty being that the Germans do not employ many players other than their own nationality.

ALICA MOORE.

Casey Strikes Out!

Tampa, Fla.

I'm betting three doughnuts to a pie that if a prize was to be awarded for the most absurd and ridiculous picture of the century, "Casey at the Bat" would get it. Anyone who has seen this slam at our intelligence and contended it a "supreme performance for Wallace Beery"—or "the best thing he ever did"—should slide back into their cocoon and wait a couple more seasons.

F. J. G.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the host had already been seated, for a sector of his grapefruit had been eaten, the coffee poured and a scone buttered.

The guest glanced at his watch. "No—it is 8:03—three minutes late—sorry, but I caught a taxi driver who never heard of George Eastman or where he lived."

This drew a thin smile. Possibly Eastman would admit that he is fairly well known in Rochester, although he is so guarded he might not. Anyway he rose casually to the sally. "There is a taxi strike and there are some new drivers in town." He turned his attention to the coffee and another touch of the very yellow cream.

The tones of the concealed organ rose from a far faintness to a subdued crescendo and lulled again. Eastman paused, contemplatively, listening. His eyes swept up to the banked drift of flowers before him. The coffee was excellent, even to the third cup. A humidor laden with cigarettes appeared, and Eastman produced a slender onyx holder, with a trick ejector tip, gold and delicately ornamented. He fitted the cigarette to the tip with deft care and leaned back to enjoyment.

There were long pauses in the idling time at the table, but filled with the flood of music. George Eastman is not fond of talking. He is most likely the world's best listener.

ALL of that great mansion on Rochester's East Avenue seemed redolent with extreme comfort glamoured with magnificence, yet a restrained magnificence, a subdued splendor here and there almost gay but never conscious—the whole reflecting most accurately the man who has made this home. It seemed very like him, with his dark business suit of grey, his slightly sprightly vest and really merry scarf set off with a great plum of an iridescent black pearl.

This morning late in March is typical of the beginning of each day in the life of George Eastman, the great unknown figure and personality who has these thirty odd years been the Atlas, the personified foundation, of the world of the motion picture. He, in Eastman film, is the weaver of the magic carpet of the screen, the bearer of dreams to a wishful world. The name of Eastman, on films and kodaks and cameras, has for nearly four decades been one of the most widely known on earth. His wealth, his tremendous munificences and charities have marked him for fame, but it has been a strangely impersonal fame. The public which knows the name Eastman so well knows the man Eastman not at all. This is as he would have it. He lives alone, with and within himself, and happily.

The little that the world knows of Eastman is of a stern, exacting materialist, rigid in his demands upon himself,



If you *really* knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your *accustomed* powders likely have a base of *starch*. This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is perfume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other face powder*.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat *is* delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are medium weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.



Get This Week End Set— SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and FIVE other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1257, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is a splendid powder base cream. It vanishes instantly, cools and refreshes the skin and keeps the pores of normal size. You can try this cream on the same plan as Powder. It must delight you, or your money will be returned.



On the beach and at Casinos — on Fifth Avenue and in their homes—connoisseurs of cigarettes agree.

That is why the delightful Marlboro blend . . . so mild and yet so rich . . . wins instant favor with discriminating smokers everywhere.

Marlboro Bridge Score sent free upon request.

MARLBORO CIGARETTES

Mild as May

Always fresh—
Wrapped in *heavy* foil.
Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co., Ltd Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. K, New York

upon his organization, his products and even his customers, too. In no other such institution as the Eastman Kodak Company will one find such discipline of discretion, such guarded correspondence, such cautious statements, such limited promises, such conservative advertising and such formal literature.

It is all as neat, concise, elegant. The company reiterates the man, whose self mastery dominates and rules an industry with twenty thousand workers, circling the globe with factories enough to make a large city.

But in truth that is not the inner Eastman at all. The Eastman of industry is the outward shell of the man, the social and commercial armor of a sensitive romanticist and sentimentalist, a shy, proud bit of a poet-adventurer stung into wariness and success by a bitter world. Eastman is the culmination of Yankee heritages, a true descendant of that Roger Eastman, of the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony of 1638.

BUT this sublimated son of a Puritan has a Benvenuto Cellini in his heart, betrayed only rarely to inquiring eyes by the exotic indulgences of his inner life. It is revealed in hints as one finds vine leaves carved into the severity of a Salem mantel.

Quite possible George Eastman may be the last great Yankee American. He pertains to that America which began to dim and fade and pass in the middle eighties when industrialism opened the gates to the invading immigrants who have Europeanized and Orientalized these United States into a caricature of the nation of the founders. It is paradoxical that this supremely American American should now as the maker of motion picture films have provided the very medium which has perhaps been the most potent single force in the Orientalization of the United States. The motion picture in its content and taste and spirit and thought—if any—is everything that Eastman and the social forces which evolved him are not.

Yet without Eastman the coming of the screen might have been long delayed. He has had all the luck in the world, by never trusting to it. He started with nothing and never took a chance, and on that system has earned for himself wealth which has been guessed at a hundred and fifty million dollars, besides fortunes for investors and associates. There is something in that for plungers and gamblers to meditate about.

For the thirty years of the history of the motion picture Eastman film has been the only non-speculative fact of the art, the only element that could never under any condition be permitted to fail. Civilization, in its material aspects at least, is but a system of eliminating chance. Eastman's film, in its amazing intricacy of colloidal complexities and chemical perfections, is a material epitome of science-culture.

Looking back into Eastman's life and his formative years one discovers there the influence which shaped his pattern of performance, his bents and traits that have decided everything for him. He was born in the town of Waterville, New York, July 12, 1854, the son of George Washington Eastman and Maria Kilbourn Eastman. His father was a modest success. Six years later Eastman's parents removed to Rochester and there his father established a tree nursery and a business college.

After a year in Rochester George Washington Eastman died, and when the estate was settled, there was next to nothing left.

"It is not the improvident paupers who are poor," observes George Eastman. "The really poor are those who have had and lost—those with tastes and appreciations and ideals that they can not even hope ever to satisfy."

There were hard years now for Maria Kilbourn Eastman, the widow and her boy of seven. She met the problem of a living and a home for the boy by operating a boarding house in Rochester. She kept the lad in school until he was fourteen. He started to work then in an insurance office at $3 a week, studying accounting at nights. Six years later he was a junior clerk in a saving bank at $800 a year and when he left the bank seven years later he had saved $3,000. If you want to know what a dollar is worth ask the man who has saved one.

And if you wonder about the stern absoluteness of George Eastman's codes and conduct, reflect upon the moulding pressures of banking house exactions in the '70s and the formative influences of mother love intensified by adversity. It was decided for George Eastman then what manner of man he should be. And it was decided then, someway, in the mutual devotions of those years, that there should be only one woman of importance in George Eastman's life, his mother.

IN the living room, where we sat facing a glowing friendship fire of hard maple logs, the mantel bears seven photographic portraits of Maria Kilbourn Eastman, and another, a daguerreotype, of her with George Washington Eastman.

"I am sorry now that I did not take her name, too." Eastman was pensive for the moment. "I should have called myself George Kilbourn Eastman."

No doubt the new psychology, which takes us all apart, can explain the Eastman worship of the letter "K," enshrined in "Kodak" and its derivatives, as the expression of a mother complex. But it is explainable too in the simpler terms of a less analytical day as filial devotion, as the appreciation of a grateful son.

Anyway "K" is a symbol of strength and beauty and perfection to Eastman, and the while a tribute to the memory of Maria Kilbourn.

In this room with its many pictures of her were numerous vases of carnations, white and pink, suggesting that perhaps they were favorites with her.

The splendors of this setting of the Eastman residence made a spectacularly dramatic background for reflection on the earlier chapters of the life story brought to climax here. This dwelling was completed in 1906, a little more than a year before the death of Maria Kilbourn Eastman. It is said to have cost a million, which was a deal of money in 1906.

"It must," the visitor ventured, "have been a big satisfaction to you to have

been able to give your mother this home."

"Yes," Eastman assented, and then smiled a thin wistful smile, "but do you know it did not seem to make so much of an impression on her after all. She was pleased that I had succeeded, that was all."

Eastman stopped to toy with his cigarette holder again and to light another smoke with careful deliberation. He was thinking of something very earnestly. Eastman is inclined to do some thinking always before he says anything.

"I was just remembering," he said after a silence, "the time I got my first million. It was back about '98, when I had reorganized the company, and the British Kodak Company, too. I came home from London with, among other things, a million dollars in cash. I had had plenty of money before that, but this was, I felt, really my first million, in cash, all mine and not in the business, I was proud of it. I hurried home to Rochester and out to see mother.

"'MOTHER,' I said, 'we have got a whole million dollars now,' and I told her of the London transaction. She just looked up and said, 'That's nice, George,'—and she never mentioned it again."

Most likely there were not surprises in the success of her son for the Maria Kilbourn who bore him and reared him and watched over the trying, hard years of his boyhood, and after that the saving, striving years of his work and research. The success of George Eastman is an aftermath from the investment of the wealth of sacrificing mother love that Maria Kilbourn poured into his life.

While Eastman was working in the bank about 1878, he decided to take his first real vacation, a trip to San Domingo, which was in the limelight of the day because the Grant administration was projecting an important naval base there. A friend suggested that Eastman should take a camera and record reported scenic beauties of the island. This was the deciding moment in the fortunes of Eastman. He got a camera. There were only two other amateur photographers in Rochester. He paid one of them five dollars to teach him to use his camera. It seems to have been worth it. But photography was complex, messy and difficult then. It depended on wet plates which had to be coated in a dark room immediately before use. The processes were uncertain and the possibilities of the camera were extremely limited. Eastman became so immersed in the problems of photography that he did not get to San Domingo. He took a short trip to Mackinac in Michigan instead, making pictures there, with a little black tent darkroom. He had now a new interest. This photographic thing was entirely too much trouble. He would simplify it.

Eastman acquired such literature on photography as could be had. He studied encyclopedias and tinkered. He built a workshop in the attic at his mother's home and made his apparatus as he went along. His first masterpiece of construction was a ruby lamp, with copper flashed red glass and a lantern within it for illu-

at the sign of the first gray hair

NOTOX



My—how the times have changed!

IT is hard to believe that a few short years back, women—perhaps you, yourself—looked on a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, as signs of skittishness, and a bobbed head as evidence of a freakish brain.

Times have changed—ideas too. If once it were considered unfair to turn back the years, today it is certainly a sign of bad taste to let mere years betray you. If once gray hair was an accepted misfortune—today, no woman will wantonly permit it to mar her youthful charm. Today, with the discovery of the natural corrective, Notox—*gray hair swiftly surrenders to science.*

Notox Follows Nature

Hair is a long, very tiny stem, with a lustrous outside covering. Beneath the covering, is a layer of fibres. In these fibres, Nature puts her color. Hair turns gray when Nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres.

Science calls gray hair a disease and names it "Canities". Notox furnishes the perfect corrective. It is useless to try to imitate Nature by coloring the *outside* of the hair; this is what the old-fashioned restorers did and *why they failed.*

Notox places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair — right where Nature used to put its own color. By following Nature, it duplicates her effects. That is why Notox defies detection — *that is why hundreds of thousands of women are "turning back the years" with Inecto Rapid Notox.*

Notox is Unique

Notox is the Canitic coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture do not exist in any other product. They are fully protected by patents.



Notox is applied and sold in beauty shops; and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied. Communicate with us.

Manufactured by INECTO, INC., 33 W. 46th St., N. Y. C., and Notox Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can (*Sales Rep.,* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N.Y.)

© 1927



Angelus
ROUGE INCARNAT

Even swimming will not remove your colorful beauty if you use the famous Angelus Rouges. For Angelus Rouge Incarnat, the paste-rouge for lips and cheeks, and Angelus Lip Stick are so indelible that they *stay on*. And you will adore the colors—including Louis Philippe's new lip stick shades, Sun-Orange and Framboise (Raspberry). All so flattering, too.

Angelus



LIP STICK

Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream is another summer-time beauty requirement. Its whitening effect, the thorough cleansing it gives to the pores and its refreshing soothness to the skin make it ideal for use after exposure to sun, dust and wind. Angelus Beauty Aids, the favorite among smart women, may be had at all the better drug and department stores.

Angelus
LEMON CREAMS



Louis Philippe, Inc.,
320 West 23rd Street, New York City.
Please send your generous sample tube of

☐ Angelus Lemon Cleansing Cream
☐ Angelus Lemon Vanishing Cream

I enclose 10c for each item checked to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc.

Name_____

Address_____

mination. The lamp gave out a lot of heat, and the young bank clerk-chemist was thoroughly baked in his laboratory.

"If I must say it, it did get hotter than —than Hades," remembered Eastman. And that is a very strong statement from him. It may be accepted that it was indeed warm.

Eastman was determined to make dry plates, a photographic material which would keep indefinitely and which required none of the troublesome difficulties of the wet plate process. The thing was being done in England and he was determined to do it too. Formulae were secrets, and there was even within those secrets very little known about the chemistry of photography. Eastman had to work it all out by cut-and-try methods.

THE work began to make heavy demands on the young man. Eastman was inevitably punctual at his desk in the bank, determinedly giving his employers their day and due, while he took his nights for himself and photography. Probably each night through the week he slept hardly more than three or four hours. When Saturday night came he took up sleeping in a big way.

"I slept through from Saturday night until Monday morning," Eastman explained. "I would lie down after dinner and knew nothing until mother called me for breakfast. Right after breakfast Sunday morning I went to sleep again and stayed asleep until she called me for dinner and again at supper. It got to be almost automatic. I could go to sleep on schedule by the watch. I could feel myself going to sleep as I got up from the table. When Monday morning came I was slept and rested and charged for the week, feeling as fresh as though I had never lost a night in my life."

In the background of those hard years one can see the patient devotion of Maria Kilbourn, whose seven portraits on the mantel keep her sweetly serious, almost sad, face ever in the eyes of her son.

All this while young Mr. Eastman was saving, saving. He had a total capital of $3,000 when he was ready to make the plunge into the commercial manufacture of dry plates. His experimental product was nearly perfect. The leading photographic supply concern of the time agreed to distribute his product. He entered into volume production and through the winter piled up a vast reserve supply for the coming summer trade. Spring came and with it disaster. The wonderful plates had spoiled. Eastman was ruined before he had well begun. He examined the plates and looked failure right between the eyes. "Ship them back to Rochester, I will make them good."

Eastman did not know how he was going to make them good, but he knew that he had to. In a strict commercial sense he had no obligation. The plates were good when he sold them and they had been accepted.

"There was nothing else to do about it," he observed this morning of interview just forty-seven years later, sitting in the room of the seven portraits of Maria Kilbourn.

Eastman did make good with the plates, at a terrific cost and many struggles. Today there is a vast research department which goes deep into the chemistry of photography at the big Eastman plant at Rochester. But in 1880 when Eastman's problems were solved there was little science in the craft. It was all as empirical as grandmother's cookbook. One did thus and thus and no one knew why. All of which accounts for the secrecy and cautions of the photographic trade, persisting even today. And which too perhaps accounts no little for the extreme conservatism of the institution of Eastman. It makes few promises and more than keeps those few.

"Results are all that matter to the public," observes Eastman. "The amateur is interested only in the end product, not the materials and the processes. And the machine age is making us more and more that way. Have you noticed how few men carry pocket knives today? I have, and I know a manufacturer of cutlery whose business has been falling off just because of that. I would feel lost without a knife in my pocket."

There was a long silence, about the length of half a cigarette, with much looking into the fire.

"Speed and machinery. This is the automatic age. People have so much idle time on their hands. That is why I am so interested in music. They must have something to fill the time and fill it emotionally."

"But just why music?" the guest urged. "You have put millions into music and it seems a curious gesture. I have heard you are not so very musical."

"I am a musical moron," Eastman returned with a grin. "At the Eastman School of Music we have a very scientific department devoted to psychological tests to determine the fitness of students. I took the test and they found I was several points below admissibility."

HERE was a charming mixture of contradictions. Eastman has given millions to music in the Eastman School of the University of Rochester and the Eastman theater, and he eats his breakfast oatmeal with an accompaniment of Wagner on the pipe organ.

"But," he went on, "I do like music myself. And I want good music for the public because it cannot be abused."

But Eastman's estimate of his knowledge of music is contradicted by musicians. He has been known to call a 'cellist's attention to an error of *a quarter* of a tone.

Here was a chance for a challenge.

"Cannot be abused? Did you ever hear a saxophone, Mr. Eastman?"

He smiled at that. Probably he has heard a saxophone and more than likely he knows what it so often says.

"I wonder," he murmured, "if they teach the saxophone at the School. But after all it does not hurt the man who plays it, and the neighbors can protect themselves as they see fit."

So it appears that Eastman, one of the major contributors to the machine age and its idleness of automatism, would give the world music to fill the vacuum of the hours. Still his benefactions in music are somewhat of a piece with the principles of the business which made him wealthy. Phonograph and radio made music for the masses is almost as automatic as

the kodak. "You push the button, we do the rest." That was the first slogan that Eastman invented, and in it is the magic of his fortune.

Eastman's solution of the dry plate problem in the '80s was only a beginning. He wanted to make photography available and easy for the lazy, careless millions. He wanted to make it foolproof merchandise. Through technical complications, of no importance here, he arrived at last in the late summer of 1889 at a formula for making film, which eliminated breakable clumsy glass plates and enabled the perfection of "roller photography" in the roll film kodak. Coincidentally, and with vast importance to the immediate future, this film was precisely the material that Thomas A. Edison awaited for the completion of his invention of the motion picture. Edison sent William Kennedy Laurie Dickson to Rochester for a sample and within two weeks the motion picture was born on kodak film at West Orange.

THIS chance market for Eastman film grew and grew until it reached up into the millions. Other films came on the market and vanished again, unequal to competition with the persistently high standard of the Eastman product, exactingly sold and as exactingly made. The rigid straight line code that Maria Kilbourn bred into her son, and the iron impress of discipline of counting-house days and laboratory nights, went to the film that has made the world of the motion picture.

Something of the aloof detachment of



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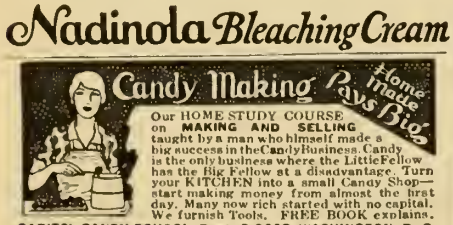
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CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL, Dept. G-2008, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Eastman is indicated in an incident of three years past when George Kleine, one of the founders of the motion picture industry, arranged a luncheon at the Ritz in honor of Thomas Edison's birthday.

George Eastman arrived early and just after him came Edison. There was no sign of recognition between them.

Frank Tichenor with the Edison party took the situation in with a gasp of astonishment.

He drew himself up to Edison's best ear and shouted:

"I'd like you to meet Mr. Eastman."

Edison stiffened up with surprise and looked puzzled.

"George Eastman?"

"Yes," replied Eastman, extending his hand.

Edison beamed. "I've heard a lot about you."

Eastman was ready enough for that. "Oh, yes, I bought a dynamo from you about 1885."

"Was it any good?" Edison inquired in mock seriousness.

"Pretty good machine," Eastman replied. "I have got it yet, and it will still work."

"That's fine," Edison responded. "And say, your film is pretty good, too."

EDISON and Eastman went up the steps to the Crystal Room together. This was the first meeting of the two men who made the motion picture possible—more than thirty years after.

While these things were in the recounting the mail arrived at the Eastman mansion and came neatly stacked to a table beside the divan before the fire. Eastman reached for a paper knife and while he busied himself with a methodical opening of each envelope, the guest went wandering among the bookshelves and tables of the library, curious about the literary provender of this household of magnificence.

Rows of standard works and sets, a few volumes on music, countless books of travel, a miscellany of the contemporary works of significance, a heavy sprinkling of science, Keyserling's Book of Marriage—Eastman is so conspicuously the bachelor—a scattering of periodicals ranging from Ainslee's and pulpwood magazines to the Political Science Quarterly, that was the inventory.

In a moment he was alongside and pointing to an impressively massive table with curiously finished surface with a waxy soft orange tint and an amazingly hard surface.

"I shot that table top myself," he explained.

"It is a rhino hide, from my African hunt with Martin and Osa Johnson last year."

On the table stood two exceedingly life-like miniature toy lions.

"They were table decorations at a dinner they gave me in Paris," Eastman went on, picking up one of the fluffy maned beasts. He found a key in the table drawer and wound up the lion's mechanical gizzard. Then he placed the brute on the floor where it crouched and crept and growled and leaped in most life-like manner, to the vast delight of the two man audience.

"Let's go and see my guns and playthings," Eastman suggested, with his mind on Africa again. Up at the top of the residence, where play rooms always should be in an American home, is a little motion picture projection room, a trophy room and a gun room and a workshop laboratory.

An arsenal of sporting rifles stands ranked in cases against the wall, everything from squirrel rifles to great double barrelled English elephant guns, ready to hurl steel case slugs with a 5,000 pound impact.

Also there are wall cases with trout rods, each in its groove and niche, gay with silken wrappings and bright with varnish.

And there are rods of greenheart and lancewood, bearing the marks of hard service with affectionate care.

A great round table is covered with native African weapons.

There are hand-hammered iron arrow heads, once coated with poison, spear heads, still too sharp to handle carelessly, war clubs and amulets and charms from the blackmen.

All about are vases made from elephants' feet, mounted heads of Rocky mountain goats, Alaskan mountain sheep, and the skins of bear and puma, trophies of many an Eastman hunt in the North American wilds.

In the picture room Eastman projected a film from his own Cine-Kodak, made by his own hand, as a rhinoceros charged him in British East Africa.

The big beast was picked up on the distance and came plunging down the screen headlong, to fall at last right under the camera.

"Too close for comfort," the guest commented.

"I was too busy with the camera to notice it at the time," Eastman assented. "Anyway, Philip Percival, the best guide in Africa, was standing by with the rifle. I knew he would not miss.

"It would have been ruin to him if anything happened."

Eastman repeated the film on the screen.

"Overexposed it," he remarked with a slight air of apology for the photography.

"But I can get rather good laboratory service and they helped the negative a lot in the printing."

ONE can imagine that the films Eastman sends to the plant for finishing get fairly efficient attention.

"Now," he said, deftly rewinding his precious African film, "we will see where I have the most fun of all." Which proved to be the workshop and darkroom, fitted with everything to delight the heart of a tinkering youngster of any age, from 8 to 80.

There is a great developing sink in the center of a large room, equipped with a greater array of photographic apparatus than will be found in most professional establishments.

One corner of this room is dedicated to carpentry, with a heavy bench equipped with vises and clamps and stops, while on the wall above are tool cases, all in the typical Eastman apple-pie order, and all with their evidences of use.

From these lofty windows at the top

of the house one surveyed the grounds, ten wide acres in the heart of the city, bordered with stone walls and majestic rows of Lombardy poplars.

"I got the last large tract, the last remnant of a farm, inside the city," said Eastman with a strongly possessive sweep of the landscape. "You see I keep cows and chickens here."

This Eastman city-farmer in Rochester is quite as improbable as a cattle ranch would be in Central Park, New York.

"Something of a luxury, hardly commercially efficient, this dairy farming. Do you go in for blooded stock?"

"No, really it is not actually business-like," Eastman assented, "but I do get good milk and cream and poultry. I am not a fancier at all. But," and he smiled widely here, "I will admit I have very good cows.

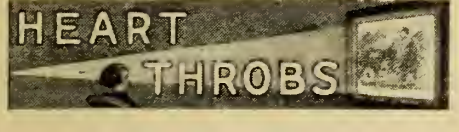
"It is just utility." He pointed away to the greenhouses back among the stables and garages. "I am not a collector of orchids, either, but I raise a great many of them. I observe that my women friends like them."

DOWN at the carriage door a long nosed straight-eight was waiting. In a few moments we were at the offices of the Eastman Kodak Company, and the guest was renewing acquaintance with an executive of the concern and confidant of Eastman affairs.

"Been out to the farm for breakfast with Mr. Eastman, he says he is doing a fade-out, now."

"If you know your camera, let me say it is a very slow fade," was the answer that came.

"If you want to know who is boss around here, start something!"



Allston, Mass.

May I thank God—and John Gilbert?

Picture a Puritanical home and a modern girl. I was forbidden to go to the movies. I went, however, and felt mean and cheap. But they cheered my deadened spirits.

The war. My brother died. My mother's mind was affected with grief. Life would have been Hell for me, were it not for the movies.

Last year, the Heavens opened with a smile. I went to see "The Big Parade." John Gilbert! It was like seeing Bobby alive again. I wanted mother to see it, but I knew her aversion to the movies. I fooled her, however; I told her I was taking her to a lecture.

She cried. That was good. She had not wept for years. She loved John Gilbert—he was Bobby. I wish Mr. Gilbert knew of the happiness he has brought into a sorrowing home. Anyway, I want the old busybodies who rip apart the movies to know that there are at least two people in the world who pray for the long life of the cinema.

C. W.



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When Esther Ralston was first beginning her climb to fame she engaged George Webb to act as her manager. George managed her so well, and with so much tact and sympathy, that Esther consented to enter into a life contract with him. That was almost two years ago and it is still a happy domestic partnership

Why Do Great Lovers Fail as Husbands?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

success Lew may have had with ladies at large and with his screen following, he himself would be the last to claim that he was a success as Dorothy's husband. Certainly she left him flat.

Why?

Why do great lovers fail as husbands? Why do their wives find them unsatisfactory?

Why is it that men who are adored by thousands of women all over the world are consistently and persistently deserted by their own wives?

I asked several people—wise people, who know about these things.

The first was a director, who is famous for the way he directs love scenes. His answer was:

"They are spoiled by the flattery of other women."

Then I asked a brilliant Russian woman who has been loved by kings and people of less importance.

"THE answer is in the question," she said with a shrug. "Great lovers fail as husbands because they are great lovers. Domesticity is not in them. They should not marry. One of the secrets of a successful life is never to attempt the impossible."

I went away and asked a great motion picture star, who was born a thousand years old and who knows a great deal that she does not know why she knows.

"They marry the wrong women," she said, very wisely.

I asked her to explain more about that. So she put her head on one side and closed her eyes for a moment as though communing with her Irish great-grandmother, and then she said:

"The women who could hold them won't put up with them. And the women who would put up with them can't hold them."

Which, analyzed, seems a sound reason.

A great lover wants a woman as vivid, as thrilling, as endlessly satisfying as his own ideas of romance.

He wants a woman who can make him a mother and a mistress all rolled into one.

Such women are, to begin with, very rare.

AND when they do exist, they will not as a rule consent to play the rather difficult rôle of the wife of a great lover.

Such men as make romantic figures on the screen need to be taken care of, protected, surrounded and helped.

But the kind of women that make that kind of wives, are not the kind of women who satisfy romance.

A wife's position is difficult enough at best. But when she is the wife of a man who is told continually all day long by every woman he meets that he is a remarkable and wonderful and amazing person, a wife's position becomes practically untenable. You can see for yourself how it would be.

Then—I don't really know about these things—but it occurs to me that many women married to great matinee idols might expect too much of them. Women are romantic. They long to live in the midst of a continual love affair. And it may be that men who are romantic on

the screen all day long would like to be unromantic at home.

Seriously, if this were a hundred years from now, and all these people had passed into the Happy Hunting Ground, and I was writing reminiscences about them, I should say this—the pressure from the outside is too great. There is too much interference with the personal and private life of such men.

They call forth something in women that burns them, as it burns the women. They are beset by continual, hourly, daily temptation. They are pulled this way and that.

They are necessarily temperamental, which means that at best they are not easy to live with.

MANY of them are afraid of marriage for that reason—do not believe they should marry. Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Rod LaRocque—have all admitted to me that they are afraid to marry.

Nearly always, too, they are child-like, sweet, rather easily influenced, susceptible. In the midst of fiery and exotic situations, they have to be treated like children.

And if they fall into the wrong hands, if they trust the wrong person, they can be so easily wrecked.

Men are only men. The flattery, the temptations, the temperament and romantic urge within themselves, the peculiarly undeveloped sex sense of most American women—all these things don't necessarily mar them as men. For instance, the men of whom I have spoken are all charming, at least three of them are remarkably unspoiled.

But it does make them unsatisfactory husbands.

It isn't their fault. It's the fault of the conditions under which they live. I believe if any of them retired from the screen and went to live on a farm in Sussex, as Ronald Colman intends to do some day, they would make marvelous husbands for most any woman.



Buffalo, N. Y.

Aren't the blues a terrible sickness? I had the lonesome blues for almost ten years. Ever since my mother died I have been lonely. I tried to cure them by going to see comedies and laughing them away. But that didn't seem to help much.

The other day I saw "The Return of Peter Grimm." I am not lonely now. I feel that my mother is with me, although I cannot see her. I feel as though she has been with me all these long and lonely years. Since seeing the picture, I have tried to live the life that I know she would have me live, if she were with me now. There is no one we love to please so much as we do our mother.

Isn't it wonderful how much good a little reel of film reflected on a screen can do?

G. W. B.



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How Christ Came to Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

'The Ten Commandments' preached that you do not break the commandments but that they break you. 'The Volga Boatman' attempted to prove that all ruling classes are ruthless while they rule.

"I believe I have had an obvious effect upon American life. I have brought a certain sense of beauty and of luxury into every day existence, all jokes about ornate bathrooms and de luxe boudoirs aside. I have done my bit toward lifting the level of daily life.

"I also believe my pictures have helped in other ways, in strengthening the morale of the nation, along with its spiritual hopes. I cannot see why, in the light of my career, 'The King of Kings' is at all surprising.

"I have been asked why I did not include the Nativity in 'The King of Kings.' I wanted to show what Christ taught, not to picture his career. I tried to make Christ a composite of all the heroes of history. Christ was a hero. He was no whining, sniveling leader. Had he been, he could not have led. I felt that Jesus must have had humility, heroism, tenderness, strength—and a sense of humor. He was, in reality, the ideal of man. I tried to bring out some of this through Mark, the boy, who looked up to and loved Jesus as a hero."

The matter of courage in making "The King of Kings" came up.

"SCREENING the life of Christ was no tax upon my courage," said De Mille. "I spent $2,300,000 in filming it, but never once did I doubt its reception. For the first time in my life, I was completely confident. So I deserve no medals for bravery."

De Mille originally had not planned to make "The King of Kings" for another year. "I wanted to build up to it," he continued. "I planned to do 'The Deluge' first and then to approach the life of Christ. But another company suddenly announced its plan to film Noah and the flood and I had to revise my schedule. Still, I think 'The King of Kings' comes at exactly the right moment. There is a singular spiritual note running under the current of life at this moment. A spiritual groping, perhaps. The world is seeking to believe. Yes, 'The King of Kings' comes at the right moment."

De Mille went on to tell how various film magnates and stars had co-operated during the making of "The King of Kings."

"The picture really united the industry, in a way. Jesse Lasky came to the studio and offered any help in his power. After his serious illness Marcus Loew came to the studio directly from his sick bed. He was tremendously moved by the scenes and wanted to help in any way possible. Doug Fairbanks was present day after day. His enthusiasm was a great help. It was the same way all down the line.

"NOTHING was quite so stirring," went on De Mille, "as the things that happened while we were filming the Crucifixion. The scenes were made on last Christmas eve. There were three thousand extras—of every creed—as Roman soldiers, Judeans and Pharisees. They had worked magnificently for months. This scene, however, was a severe strain on everyone, as you may well guess. It was the California rainy season. Although the huge set was built inside my studios, it was cold and damp. Fifty wind machines had been hurling dirt for hours. Everyone was grimy, dirty and tired—yet we were all uplifted.

"We reached the foot of the cross when I called a halt for a rest. The great pipe organ, which we used during the making of every scene, was silent.

"'You can do just as you wish,' I told the vast crowd. 'You can laugh, you can sing, you can pray, you can rest. Do what you wish.'

"Suddenly they began to sing 'Lead Kindly Light.' Out of the three thousand extras and players, fully twenty-five hundred fell on their knees. The organ picked up the hymn. I saw tears streaming down the faces of hundreds of the grimy extras.

"It was as if we had been whirled back two thousand years. That I think was the highest emotional point in my whole life.

"That is why 'The King of Kings' has the ring of sincerity. We did it with complete sincerity."

A Big Lens and Light Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

to make things safe for me the leopard's trainer nailed a piece of meat to the raft, thinking that the leopard would jump at the meat instead of me. When the time came to take the scene, the leopard jumped at the meat all right and grabbed it, nail and all. The nail got jammed in his throat and he was the maddest animal you ever saw. The trainer leapt down on the raft and saved the leopard and I went overboard. The next thing I knew I was swimming past Liverpool.

"I think," mused Mr. Hardy, "that I'll go in for society stuff."

Mr. Hardy ordered a fruit salad. "As I was saying, movies are a funny business. I wish producers would stop slapping me on the back and saying, 'Sam, I am going to do something big for you.' Then I fall for their talk and take a part

in a picture that doesn't mean anything to anybody.

"Lowell Sherman has the system. He treats 'em rough. Whenever anyone calls him up about a part, he acts all hot and bothered. Finally, he consents to play in their silly picture—just as a big favor and all that sort of thing.

"When I was in the Follies several years ago, I played the part of *Henry VIII* in a sketch and sang a little song. There was a cute little chorus girl on the end of the row who had just one line to speak. She was supposed to be *Anne Boleyn* and when I finished my song, she piped up and said, 'He sure was a hell of a king!'

"Not a very bright line, but it got a laugh. There was something engaging about that sweet kid. Her name was Marion Davies—and it took several years in the movies to bring out that sense of comedy she put into that one line in the Follies. She is a born comedienne.

"A few years ago in 'Princess Pat' there was an awfully pretty girl in the chorus. And she could sing, too. Moreover—and such things do happen—she was a nice girl. Victor Herbert himself had recommended her for the job, and that meant a lot.

"One night a movie producer sat out front and wrote a note to this girl asking her how she'd like to go into pictures. The girl came to me and asked my advice. I told her to go to it and put her up to demand a hundred dollars a week salary. Well, the girl was making only thirty-five at the time and I had to rehearse her so that she could say 'one hundred a week, please,' without stammering.

"THIS nice little girl got the hundred a week and she got a contract, too. Her name is Doris Kenyon—and she was—still is, too,—a sweet kid.

"Yes, movies are a funny business, but they are fine business for the actor. Not only because of the money, but because of the appreciation and because of the chance that is just ahead."

At this moment, Mr. Hardy stopped to admire Mrs. Thomas Meighan, walking along Forty-Fourth Street in a new hat. Just starving, the Meighans.

Inspired by the sight, Mr. Hardy spoke up: "I am going to play straights or rather character leads. I am tired of being a 'heavy' and leering at girls. It is my ambition to work with a big director The director, not the star, is the whole works.

"A bad picture is a bad picture, regardless of star. And a good picture is a good picture, whether it has a star in it or not.

"People will go to see a good picture these days, even if there is nothing in it but a lot of Eskimos, hilly billies, or what have you.

"IT is one grand free-for-all. Everybody's got a crack at a big hit. I think I'll go to Hollywood again and ask some director to let me play a hero. And when I get a swing at a love scene I'll make it the hottest, roughest, wildest thing ever seen in those parts. If that doesn't prove that I'm a leading man, not a villain, nothing else will."

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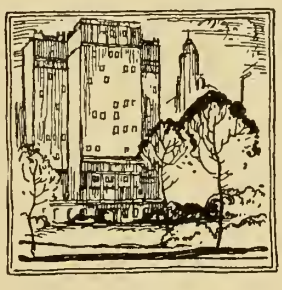
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The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

As Sue Middleton herself said, "Basil's brain, so far as I can make out, works in sections. At least some sections work and some don't."

People who had seen Middleton's pictures and then met him always went away puzzled. Was this the great Basil Middleton, this slow, rather dull and slightly stout young man who did card tricks? Could this uninteresting and uninspiring youth be the man who was responsible for such moving and tremendous pictures as bore his name?

"Basil understands how to make motion pictures," said Sue—Sue, by the way, was his wife and a very good one, too. "I don't know just how or why, but he does. He understands pictures. The whole of him seems to run into that channel, all his understanding, all his imagination, all his sense. He just understands them and—and doggone little else, God bless him."

THE gang that gathered frequently in the Middleton house on the top of the hill, gathered mostly about Sue with her impish wit and her lovely sense of humor and her gorgeous ability to let people alone, laughed.

"It's a wonder to me," she went on, "that he manages as well as he does. He's such an absent-minded idiot. He can invent new camera angles better than any German and he can take the one trite situation you think has been wrung absolutely dry and make it sublimely new, Basil can, but he can't drive an automobile without backing into a water plug and he nearly gets arrested for shoplifting everytime he goes into a store because he just will pick things up and start out without mentioning it to anybody. I always say he's probably forgotten his name and address just then and doesn't like to admit it. Basil, to be brief, has all the earmarks of a genius, which he is, of course."

All this being true, it is plain to be seen that Basil Middleton was no match in everyday affairs for the shrewd, implacable, utilitarian middle class intelligence of Mrs. Keene.

Oddly enough, he liked her. Basil's liking had nothing to do with anything but interest. He liked people if they interested him, whether they were potential murderers or potential saints. It never occurred to him to ask how Mrs. Keene got in his office. As a matter of fact, Basil Middleton was the easiest director in the world to see. He built no hedges of any kind. He dared not shut out the world. He was a sponge and his ideas came from allowing life to happen around him and being quiet enough so that he could absorb it. That was why he gave nothing out. He was too busy absorbing. He never, for instance, shone in his wife's brilliant circle. But he took the brilliant ideas none of them ever did anything but talk about and executed them. He didn't care what people thought about his mind, as long as he could get into theirs.

He observed Mrs. Keene closely and liked her because she was so alive. Odd to find such life-force in a woman her age, so much fermenting desire and determination. He felt it, saw it there. That was usual only when women were young. Usual only when women were in love.

All the time she was talking about her daughter's legs he was trying to figure out whether after all motherlove could possess that wild disregard for everything, that flaming, reckless, driving quality of other kinds of love. Maybe it could. Maybe it rejuvenated. This woman was young with something, some flaming purpose.

"I don't think it's much use," he told her kindly, about the legs, "that's just an advertising stunt. The part isn't really anything—though, of course, it would mean a lot of publicity. But I think the front office has already made a tie-up of some kind with somebody. I never interfere in things like that—that's the business of the men who have to sell my pictures. I keep out of that and they keep out of my end of things."

He gave her his simple, disarming smile. But Mrs. Keene continued to talk. She was not easily put off.

But now Basil Middleton wanted to be alone with the idea he had gotten from his contact with her. He wanted to think it to the end and put it away in a little pigeon hole where he kept ideas for future use.

So he wrote down her address, which seemed familiar to him, and promised to see her daughter some day.

Promises were easy for Basil, because usually he wasn't thinking about them at all, but about something else. He never had any intention of actually keeping one.

But he kept this one, by the merest and most unfortunate chance.

WHEN he kept his men late he was always solicitous of their welfare. A couple of nights later when he and his assistant had worked until almost nine o'clock, Middleton drove him home. Then he suddenly remembered why the address that little dark woman had given him had seemed so familiar. It was almost next door to his assistant's house.

A great curiosity came upon him to see this woman's daughter. What would she be like? What kind of a creature had such intense devotion molded.

So, having sat outside for half an hour in his roadster turning the thing over in his mind, he went up.

Clean little flat, frightfully commonplace. And the daughter—such a disappointment. Pretty, certainly. But how perfectly awful merely pretty women are. Thank God for Sue's distinguished, different, changing plainness. Sue was always different. Pretty women were always the same.

He wished he hadn't come. (He was to wish it more poignantly later.) Imagination was always so much more satisfactory than realism. He should have worked the thing out mentally and never

come near. Now the thing was practically spoiled.

And while he was thinking about that, Judy Keene had quietly and without much self-consciousness taken off most of her clothes. She did it as impersonally as an artist's model might have disrobed for an artist. She had worked a great deal in very scant costumes on many sets.

Mr. Middleton had come to see her legs and you cannot show legs properly by merely pulling up your skirts. It spoils the effect.

So she stood before him in long, sheer black stockings—Mrs. Keene was no piker—with a shawl she had caught up from a chair draped about the upper part of her body.

"You have got beautiful legs," said Basil Middleton, without much interest. He wasn't, as a matter of fact, interested in legs. Never had been. But no man could have said less than that to Judy Keene. Still, there seemed no reason why it should cause her to scream aloud. But scream she did.

And, quite surprisingly, it seemed to Basil Middleton that the room was suddenly quite crowded. There were several people there who had come from the inner recesses of the flat, or from the sky, or goodness knew where, and very much in the foreground was Mrs. Keene.

III

"BUT Basil," said Sue Middleton, coming back from the window, "how could you do such a thing?"

"I didn't do it," said Basil Middleton. "I didn't do anything. I was just there."

"But you shouldn't have been there," said Sue briefly. "What business had you in the girl's flat, anyway? The place to look at her legs was in your office."

"I can't see why it made any difference whether I looked at her legs in her flat or in my office. I wasn't interested in her legs anywhere, anyway. I only—"

"You've explained that already," said Sue. She rang a bell. To the butler she said, "Barker, bring me a ginger-ale highball."

Basil sent her a startled glance at that. So Sue was really seriously annoyed. Yes, she was annoyed. He could tell by the way, having drunk the highball, she walked up and down the long, lovely room, her eyebrows up and her lips compressed.

"Sue," he said, coming out of a long silence stung by a sudden thought. "Sue—you don't think—you're not—"

The mere thought was too awful to put into words.

She stopped and stared at him, hands in her pockets, feet wide apart. And slowly a tiny grin flickered up in her eyes.

"Do I think you did anything wrong? Am I jealous? Don't be an idiot. What I want you to realize is that this is apt to be one of the prettiest little scandals that ever rocked the industry. Can you see the newspapers? 'Famous movie director accused of attack on girl?' With art of director, young girl, heartbroken mother and betrayed wife? Sweet mess, isn't it? As near as I can find out the girl has a spotless reputation and that old hellion of a mother of hers breathes middle western conviction and respectability. Beyond question, my love, it is a mess."

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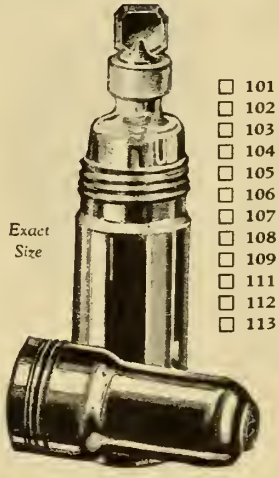
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"But I didn't attack her," Basil Middleton protested again. "I was thinking about something else and, when I looked up, she's taken off her clothes to show me her legs for the part in this picture—"

"BASIL," said his wife, and she came over and put her hands on his shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes, "I've been a true and loving wife to you for ten years. I've tried to be regular in this matter and I'm going to stand by and see you through it, but there's one thing you must promise me."

"What is it?" asked Basil Middleton, startled. Sue was so seldom serious.

"Promise me you'll never tell that story to anybody. It's—it's too much, really it is."

They were at dinner when Basil said suddenly, "But—Sue—listen, couldn't we pay her some money not to do this thing?"

"Darling," said Sue, helping herself to the sanddabs, "did you just think of that? She doesn't want money. We're being blackmailed all right—the old badger game—oldest trick in the world but still one of the best—but we're not being blackmailed for money."

"What are we being blackmailed for?" asked her husband.

"For fame, my love, for fame. For the chance to be a movie star. For future glory and greatness and fat pay envelopes. Oh, it's been done before, a little less crudely and very successfully. You know that. In simple terms adapted to the infant intelligence, she wants to play the leading rôles in your next two pictures."

A roar went up from the other side of the table that made Sue sit upright and caused the butler to drop what was left of the sanddabs on the floor of the pantry.

"No," roared Basil Middleton, and he was no longer mild. "No, by the eternal gods, I say no. Let her sue me. Let her say I attacked her or any damn thing she pleases. Let her run me out of the business. Why, she'd ruin my pictures. She's a ghastly little round-faced doll. She's a pretty young thing. She's—she's a dumb dora. She's got the emotional qualities and the mental reactions of a child of six. Let her play the lead in 'The Diamond Necklace'—why, she'd ruin it. The greatest story I ever had. The greatest picture I'll ever have a chance to make. No. I'll go to jail first."

HE had tipped over his wine glass, flung his napkin on the floor and was shouting at the top of his lungs. She hadn't seen him so excited in years.

"I won't, you know, Sue," he said, banging his fist down on the table. "No use, I mean it. I won't do it. Give her this house and the cars and what money we've got and we'll start all over at the bottom, but I'll never let that girl play in a picture of mine. Not even for you."

Sue Middleton lighted a cigarette from one of the jade green candles in the middle of the table and blew a reflective puff.

"Well," she said, "I guess we'll have to think up some other way. You've only

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After all, says Thomas Meighan, there are golf links in California as good as those on Long Island. Thomas didn't want to go to California, but he finally packed up his sticks and went. He is shown here with the seldom photographed Mrs. Meighan

said 'I won't' twice to me in ten years and, by Jove, both times you meant it."

IV

SUE MIDDLETON sat on the middle of her spine in her long yellow roadster and watched the door of the flat across the street. In spite of her gay white sport suit and the saucy scarlet hat she wore, her face had a drawn look and the eyes were very grave.

The cloud of this thing hung low over her. She didn't like it the least bit.

The lawyer who had seen Mrs. Keene had brought back a most discouraging report. The woman was adamant. Of course, the thing could be easily beaten in court—easily—these attack cases were, nine times out of ten—but the harm would be done then. He suggested that she see the company and possibly effect a compromise. Undoubtedly they would suggest some sort of a contract that would satisfy Mrs. Keene rather than see so valuable a piece of property as Basil Middleton damaged.

Yes, they would suggest something. And henceforth have Basil Middleton exactly where they wanted him, have a club over him, a hold that she and he had fought from the very beginning.

There must be some other way out than to sacrifice Basil's freedom to make his own pictures as he saw fit without the constant interference of a group of men who never looked at anything but the box office. She knew Basil so well. Under such conditions he would lose his enthusiasm, lose his power, his happiness before long.

Blackmail was a vile thing, even if you happened to be a private citizen. It became magnified by every pair of eyes focused upon you.

One of the prices of fame, this blackmail business. Nobody knew better than Sue, who loved to keep her finger on the pulse of Hollywood because it fascinated her continually, how many people in Hollywood paid wholly innocent blackmail, paid dearly for the fact that they simply could not afford to be accused. They were the easiest victims in the world for all sorts of unscrupulous men and women, for every sort of dirty game. Their positions were so vulnerable as to be practically defenseless against any sort of clever defamation scheme.

She could remember at least one girl who had fought blackmail to the bitter end and to whose untimely death that long, nerve-wracking struggle had undoubtedly contributed.

And it seemed to her that in the past five years the picture industry had been marked and marred as much by outside injustice as by inward wrongs. So that now everyone in the business was touched by fear—fear of any sort of scandal, fear of any breath of accusation, because of its effect in loss of money and prestige.

What wouldn't this thing mean to Basil if it broke? Basil who was as sensitive as a shy child, who kept to himself, kept his own feelings so deeply buried, his own thoughts so well hidden. The least little thing could throw him off his stride for weeks on end. Who should know better than she, who spent her life defending him from those very things?

The main door of the white stucco flat building opened and Mrs. Keene came out. Her back was stiff as a ramrod, an uncompromising, threatening back, and her eyes were hard as nails.

Sue Middleton waited until she had disappeared around the corner toward Hollywood Boulevard and then she slipped out of her seat in the roadster and went swiftly across the street.

A pleasant enough young voice, with a flat middle western note in it, was what said "Come in."

The first thing Sue saw was a girl in a pink corduroy "morning coat" sitting on the corner of a divan reading a novel bound in brilliant scarlet. Her hair was blonde and she was very pretty. Her eyes held almost no expression as they looked at her unexpected visitor, but what little they did hold was pleasant.

"I thought it was the laundry man," she said. "Mama left me money to pay the laundry man. But you're not—no, of course not. I guess you're in the wrong flat. There are four flats in this building and you'd just be surprised if you knew how often people get in the wrong one, though every one has got the name written up outside just as plain."

She took a chocolate out of a box beside her and bit into it, watching the other woman with a slight smile.

Pink corduroy and chocolates in the morning! A wave of hopelessness engulfed Sue Middleton. And yet—there was something about the girl's eyes that seemed more important. Her smile didn't exactly go with pink corduroy and chocolates in the morning. It went with—oh, with sunlight on a daisy field, and babies in clean little white beds and rocking chairs on a quiet front porch.

"You are Judy Keene, aren't you?" she asked, in her very crisp, sophisticated voice.

The girl looked startled. Fear, evidently, fear of many things, lay close to the surface of her glance. "Yes, I'm Judy Keene. Did you want to see me?"

"Yes, I am Mrs. Basil Middleton."

SLOWLY the color left the girl's face, left it white and staring. She looked around frantically, at the two doors leading from the small room, though whether for ways of escape or to summon a rescuer you could not have told.

"You want to see Mama," she said.

"No," said Mrs. Middleton, "I want to see you. May I sit down?"

Judy Keene gasped. "I'd rather you didn't. I don't think Mama would like it. She told me not to talk to anybody."

"But that's hardly fair, is it?" said Mrs. Middleton. "You're the one chiefly concerned in this. Or rather you and I the two people most concerned. It seems to me necessary that we should talk it over alone, face to face."

Suddenly Judy Keene shoved aside the box of chocolates and stood up. She looked very young, like a tall, startled child caught playing in her mother's clothes.

"I—I don't know what to do," she said pathetically. "I'll say something wrong and Mama will be angry. I don't know anything about—all this. I don't really. It would be better if you talked to Mama. She knows."



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When a girl will let a fellow play her hand at bridge, then you know that romance is in the air. Hearts are trumps and Ann Rork also holds a strong diamond suit. Ann and Robert Agnew will be married sometime in the early summer

"I daresay," said Mrs. Middleton, dryly. "You *have* got pretty legs, by the way. However, that's not the point. The point is—the point is—"

The eyes of the two women met and suddenly Sue Middleton abandoned her plan, abandoned her carefully arranged cross-examination and her clever questioning. She went over and took the girl by the shoulders.

"You don't like all this one bit. Tell me the truth," she said. "Let me help you. We're the two that are apt to get most hurt by this thing."

Judy looked into the plain, sweet face where so plainly the marks of high living and right thinking showed and for an instant she swayed forward. Then terror swamped her completely again. Her lower lip quivered.

"Mama wouldn't—" she began.

"Damn your mother," said Sue Middleton from the very depths of her soul. "Listen to me, my child. You're a person yourself, you know. You have an immortal soul. Let's face it. You're doing a dastardly, cowardly, terrible wrong. You're trying to ruin an innocent man, bring disgrace upon his home, break his wife's heart. But more than that, if you go through with this thing, you may destroy forever a great creative genius, a man who has much to give the world. It's your responsibility, too. You can't just shove it off on your mother altogether. I know you're only a dupe and a tool. But you'll be answerable just the same."

Judy Keene stood motionless, eyes riveted. A new look had come into them. A stirring in their depths, an awakening. The pretty face took on a strange, dumb honesty, a stubbornness, almost an anger. Folks back in Little Rock would have said just then that Judy Keene looked exactly like her father. And her father had died a poor druggist after prohibition.

"But—but if he does what Mama asks, nobody will be hurt," said Judy slowly. And began to cry. She cried violently, childishly, her face buried on Sue's shoulder.

"I don't want to be a movie star," she sobbed out. "I don't want to be in pictures. I hate pictures. I don't want to have my breakfast in bed. I don't like going around in front of men without any clothes on. It's not decent. I never wanted to be an actress. I can't act and I don't want to act and I feel such a fool when I try and the directors make fun of me. I hate it. I don't want to be a movie star."

"Don't worry, darling," said Mrs. Middleton, but there was a break in her voice, too, "you never will be."

But Judy would not be comforted.

"What's the use of it all?" she gulped, wiping her eyes on her sleeve. "Pretending to be something you aren't and trying to get something you'd hate if you did get it. I would hate it. I don't want to go around in front of people. I couldn't be interviewed and go to openings in front of crowds and all that. I'd like a steady job so I'd know where I was at, and I'd like to be respectable and know respectable people. That's what I'd like. I'm a good girl—I am really."

"Lots of motion picture stars are very good girls," said Mrs. Middleton.

"I know it," said Judy Keene, "but I think they lead a terrible life. I'd be scared to death all the time. Why can't Mama let me alone?"

From somewhere she produced a handkerchief and began to stop the flood of tears as best she could. But they kept on flowing and the slim shoulders heaved.

IT seemed to Sue Middleton that she was a figure infinitely pitiful. A child used as a channel for a mother's ambition, driven like a frail and unwilling boat before the storm of another's belated desire.

"Look here, my girl," she said, "you've got to snap out of this. You can't go on doing something you know to be vile. You can't really. You'd never forgive yourself."

"I know it," said Judy, miserably. "Papa wouldn't have liked it. I know he wouldn't. He told me always to remember that honesty was the best policy."

"Why don't you tell your mother where she gets off?" Sue always used whatever words came handiest to express her exact meaning.

"Oh—I couldn't," said Judy.

"Well, I could," said Sue.

"Could you?" said a voice in the doorway, a dry, cold, terrifying voice. "Well, go right ahead."

They whirled to face her, shoulder to shoulder, the tear-stained, drooping girl, stricken with terror so that she trembled from head to foot, and young Mrs. Middleton, instantly cold and collected.

"Mama *dear*," it was a plea for mercy.

But Sue Middleton shoved her back with one hand. "Never mind, Judy," she said quietly, and her level gaze did not fall before Mrs. Keene's rage. "Perhaps this is just as well. I'd at least like a chance to tell your mother what I think of her."

"I'd like a chance to tell you what I think of you," said Mrs. Keene unflinchingly. "You and your husband both. Not having any children of your own, I guess you can't understand a mother's feelings. But I should think as a woman you'd have decency not to be coming here tormenting this poor child that your husband so cruelly wronged. I should think you'd keep out of it. She's had enough suffering without you trying to scare her to death."

"No, I won't keep out of it," said Sue Middleton. "You can't bluff me, Mrs. Keene. You were married. Women always know their husbands underneath. They may deceive themselves outwardly, they may lie to the world ostrich fashion, but underneath they know what their husbands are capable of. I know my husband isn't capable of attacking a



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young and unwilling girl. A willing one, maybe. But the very idea of forcing himself upon any woman, any human being, in any capacity would horrify him. I know he didn't attack your daughter and you know it. I know this is common, dirty blackmail. Call it anything you like, that's what it is—blackmail."

"I know a woman always believes what she wants to believe about her husband," said Mrs. Keene, stepping farther into the room. "You believe what you like. What you believe doesn't interest me. I know what folks'll believe and what a judge and jury'll believe."

"You can't put this damnable story over," said Sue. "You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can," said Mrs. Keene. "You know I can. My daughter's been in Hollywood two years and she's got a good reputation. I've got witnesses that heard her scream, then came in and saw her with her clothes torn off and your husband there with her."

The two women had both lost their tempers, Mrs. Keene hotly, violently, Mrs. Middleton coldly. And suddenly another voice broke into the tumult.

"It ain't a bit of use, Mama *dear*," said this tired, hopeless, but unbelievably determined little voice. "I can't do it. Papa wouldn't like it. I guess you meant right, Mama, but I—I just can't do it. Besides I'm no good at lies. I suppose you're going to be awful mad at me, but I can't do it."

"I knew you couldn't," said Sue Middleton, applauding.

Mrs. Keene was game. "You're just like your father," she said, slowly, fighting for breath. "Always was. No sand."

V

ON a very bright spring afternoon when Hollywood, in common with all the rest of the world, looked her best, an elegant limousine drew up before a certain rambling little tea house where it was very much the mode for the smart young women of Hollywood to take tea.

From it stepped a plain young woman, very smartly dressed, very distinguished for all her lack of beauty, whom the elect of Hollywood would instantly have recognized as Sue Middleton, wife of that more and more glitteringly successful director, Basil Middleton. There was another woman with her, a beautiful woman, a tall and celestial creature whose name and face were known around the globe.

Arm and arm they entered the tea room and settled themselves at their favorite table, ordering tea and the cinnamon toast for which the place was famous. Their cigarettes glowed in peaceful unity as they waited the coming of these viands.

It was the famous star who broke the silence, her eyes caught by something across the room.

"That's the prettiest pair of legs I've ever seen," she said, dreamily.

Mrs. Middleton started. She followed her friend's eyes. Little arched feet, tiny ankles in sheer black stockings, adorable and dimpled knees, a brief little black frock with a bit of white apron and—

"Judy—Judy Keene," cried Mrs. Middleton, and jumped up and ran across the room, which was almost deserted, to her.

Judy had a tray in her hands, which she preserved by a miracle.

"Hello, Mrs. Middleton," she said, smiling broadly. "My, I'm glad to see you."

"I'M glad to see you, Judy, my dear Judy," said Mrs. Middleton. "I thought you were back in Little Rock."

"I went back," said Judy. "But—I liked California. I don't know—after you once live out here you don't like to go anywhere else very well. I came back. I've got a good job here. I like it. Hollywood's all right, as long as you're not in the pictures."

"Where's—your mother?" asked Mrs. Middleton.

"Well," said Judy slowly, "you'd be surprised. Mother got married again. The man's got some money and six kids."

"How heavenly for you," said Sue Middleton.

"Yes, it's heavenly for me," said Judy, "but it's rough on the kids."



Bowling Green, Ky.

All my life I have had to sit back in the shadows and watch the rest of the world go by. Why? Because mother's three first children, born within five years, were nothing but experiments. I am the only one of the experiments alive. And I am only half alive, having been delicate all my life.

Today is the first day of May—Child Health Day. What a farce! One hundred thousand babies die in this country, at birth, every year. Another hundred thousand die at the age of one month.

Movie people are, in my opinion, the only people in the world today who look life squarely in the face and are free from hypocrisy.

The church? Bah! It is the haven of hypocrites.

I wish some talented person would compose a thrilling scenario showing the injustice of the terrible law, sanctioned by church members, rendering the dissemination of safe and reliable birth control knowledge illegal.

I have not been inside a church for years. Oh yes, I belong to a sanctimonious Methodist family. And I am named for a Methodist bishop. I go to the movies every chance I have. In my opinion, the screen is a far more potent factor for good than the church. M. C.

She Outgrew Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

"I was just trying to show you why," she said. "It's my height. I'm too tall. I'm five feet seven and a half inches tall. And that is just three inches too tall to play opposite almost any star in this business.

"If I were a star there aren't two leading men I could get to play opposite me.

"Of course I don't say I could have been a star. But I'm sure I could have had a chance at it if it hadn't been for my height.

"Sometimes I wish I hadn't 'growed' quite so much. I outgrew stardom, I guess."

Of course there isn't really anything to feel exactly sorry for Gertrude Astor about. She is one of the props of the industry. She's one of the people you always see playing the difficult rôles, the big character parts. And her salary is as big or bigger than many leading women's. She has an assured position, and as a matter of fact it may last longer than that of lots of the pretty, fluffy little girls who star for a day and then wither away. Gertrude Astor can go on indefinitely, because she has brains and ability.

But—but I don't know. I got a tear out of it, somehow. I just had a feeling that there were a lot of nights when she'd heard the old verdict of, "Sorry, Miss Astor. We did want you, but you're too tall," that Gertrude Astor cried into her pillow.

The Love Hunch

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

FAMOUS SCREEN ARTIST AT HOME

Elaine Gardner Caught by the Camera Man in the Doorway of Her New Bungalow in Hollywood.

"Lying there in bed a few minutes ago I looked at that picture and had a hunch," Craig said earnestly. "You know how I am about those things, George. I never had a real hunch that was wrong. The one I just got is that that's the girl I'm going to marry. I'm thirty-two and I never had that sort of a hunch before. Never! I'm going to follow it and see what happens."

"What do you mean 'follow it'?" Mason asked.

"I'm beating it back to the U. S. by the first boat I can get booked on," Craig explained. "There I'll find out where this girl is now and go to her. I'll tell her frankly just what—"

"Bob, you're crazy!" Mason wailed. "Spoil our chance for a party in Morocco to follow a crazy hangover hunch about a movie star you never met? Aw, Bob! Nix! All our old gang are down there now flying for the French. We can get our commissions if you'll stick around for another couple of weeks. It'll be just like old times before that darned old armistice made the world safe for democrats and deadly dull for guys like us who want a little flavoring in our fun. Be good, Bob! I wouldn't have come abroad this year if we hadn't planned getting in on this party with the French. Have another drink and forget it."

Bob Craig shook his head stubbornly.

"My mind's made up," he insisted.

"Your what?" Mason asked insultingly. "Of all the prize idiots! Oh, well—"

LOUISE HUBBARD had a plentiful store of patience and tact. Her job demanded an abundance of both. She was Elaine Gardner's secretary and it was her duty to humor and serve her temperamental employer on the one hand and on the other to variously pacify, repel or encourage, according to their means, methods and motives, the many who sought personal audience with the blonde screen favorite.

Louise had a gift for the delicate business of refusing a request and making the disappointed applicant like it. She seemed so genuinely sorry when she voiced a negative that many of those with whom she dealt thus—particularly the men—felt obligated to minimize their concern in the matter to allay the pangs of regret that so evidently distressed her. Her hair was dark and soft and wavy, her eyes were blue and large and tender and her mouth was a blood rose red and of young rose texture and much too big to be beautiful—or mean. Her beauty was of a sort that a camera lens can't catch, a loveliness of expression and coloring rather than perfection of feature outline, and so, at twenty-four in Hollywood, she was a secretary instead of a screen star.

TO her, seated behind a desk in a little office on the Sedgewick-Scallan lot in Hollywood, came Bob Craig, seeking audience with Elaine Gardner.

"It's personal," Bob assured her in answer to the stock request for the nature of his business.

Louise smiled. "I'm afraid I'll have to give Miss Gardner a little more information than that to arrange an interview," she explained.

"I suppose so," Bob agreed reluctantly. "Well, you see, it's like this."

Following which preamble he seated himself, lit a cigarette and told his tale.

"Well!" Louise exclaimed when he had done. "I'll say it's personal."

"Um!" Bob grunted, eyeing her uneasily. "Sounds balmy, doesn't it?"

The expression in her blue eyes embarrassed and irritated him. There was something of amusement there and a hint of contempt and the suggestion of an accusation. Her look made him feel that



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he was being unjustly judged and roused the desire to defend himself, explain, answer a question that her eyes asked. He realized he was blushing and was instantly, absurdly annoyed with Louise Hubbard for being responsible for it.

"You don't look like a lunatic," she said helpfully.

"Nice of you," Bob said shortly, nettled.

"If you're not a lunatic you'll admit that you do talk like one," she continued.

"Freely," said Bob. "In fact, if I came to myself with the story I've just told you I'd probably throw me out the door or sit on myself and call a cop."

"I thought of calling a cop," Louise confessed demurely. "In case you got violent."

Bob flushed, feeling keenly the need of setting himself right with the mind back of those cool, irritating blue eyes.

"After all, why should my story seem so crazy?" he demanded. "Is romance so obsolete that a man touched with it need necessarily be regarded as a lunatic?"

Louise thoughtfully made marks on a blotting pad with a paper cutter.

"You're quite sure you're really and truly in love with Miss Gardner?" she asked. "Just from seeing her picture in a Sunday newspaper?"

"No," Bob exclaimed explosively. "Of course, I'm not sure. All I know is that I looked at that picture and something happened to me. I don't know what it was. I know I never felt that way before."

"How did you feel?" she inquired.

Bob considered. "Funny," he said. "Little tingles up and down my back. Then my heart began to beat fast. That was another thing. And—let me see—Oh, yes. All of a sudden I got ashamed of some of the wild parties I'd played here and there. Then I felt a little as I used to when I was a youngster sitting in church Sunday mornings when the organist was playing hymns. Sort of—you know — solemn and — and high-minded."

She raised her eyes and looked at him, questioningly, accusingly.

"You think that was love?" she asked.

"I don't know, I tell you!" Bob said irritably. "All I'm sure of is that I got a hunch."

"A hunch?"

"That's it. I've been a hunch player all my life. I don't know what it is. Apparently without reason I get a sudden feeling of conviction about something and when I do I'm right. Always! Never been wrong once when I had that feeling, one of those hunches. They saved my life three different times during the war.



A sea-going cameraman—Bill Daniels—straps his camera to the rigging to get some striking scenes for "Captain Salvation." This sea story was directed by John Robertson

I'd have a hunch to do a certain thing and do it and find out later that if I hadn't I'd have been killed. The same thing's happened in different ways time and again. When I saw Miss Gardner's picture over there in Paris I—well, I had a love hunch. I guess that's what you'd call it. And here I am."

Louise nodded, smiling slightly. "That at least is plain, hard fact," she agreed. "You're here. And since you've crossed an ocean and a continent to see Miss Gardner I'll do my best to at least arrange an interview."

"Say, that's nice of you," Craig said gratefully.

"Probably silly of me too," Louise said almost petulantly. "The chances are I'll only get a call down for my pains. Really, you know, if I did what I'm paid for I'd shoo you out of here as pleasantly as possible and then warn Miss Gardner to be on the watch for a loose nut who might accost her on the street and get violent."

"I'm not a nut," Bob protested earnestly. "Honestly I'm not."

"I believe you," Louise assured him. "In spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary I believe that you are really not a nut and I'll do my poor little best to convince Miss Gardner of your sanity. You sit here and believe in Santa Claus while I go try to make her believe that life is sometimes as strange—and funny—as pictures."

She smiled and moved briskly out of the office, leaving Bob feeling painfully uneasy, ashamed. He felt like a reproved schoolboy, and he, Robert M. Craig, man of means by inheritance and adventurer by instinct and choice, was not accustomed to that sensation of ashamed inferiority. Something in the expression of Louise Hubbard's eyes had caused the mood. He decided that he was probably going to dislike her—actively.

ELAINE GARDNER was a baby faced blonde with the expression of a martyred cherub and the heart of a dyspeptic miser. If eyes are the windows of the soul she wore a borrowed pair. They were large and light blue and looking into them one saw reflected only the qualities of mercy, tenderness and generosity. She was, in fact, as merciful as a mad dog, as tender as a tiger and as generous as a comic supplement Scot. She had one great love in her life. That was herself and she looked out for herself with a fierce and never-ceasing care. All things that added to the fame and fortune of Miss Elaine Gardner she did, and all things that might conceivably detract therefrom, she left undone. She led a pure life for the same and sole reason that an athlete in training eschews tobacco. And she looked upon love and marriage precisely as a broker looks upon stocks and bonds.

Millions of picture fans, who followed her on the screen, believed her to be a high and holy thing and were, perhaps, uplifted by the everworthy example of her mirrored shadow. A few hundred of her picture co-workers who were compelled to endure her on location and in the studio, regarded her as one of the annoying and inexplicable miracles of the inexplicably miraculous industry, art, business, sport or what-have-you, of the screen, and were driven to desperation, drink, profanity, philosophy—and even, on occasion, to the final horror of other and older vocations, by the ever poisonous character and comment of the lady herself, in person, not yet a picture.

It was, then, to this Miss Elaine Gardner that Louise Hubbard, secretary, by accident of facial contour and force of circumstance, went with her tale of the strangely love-stricken young man who had traveled many a mile at the bidding of a mere love hunch, and now humbly sought audience and the opportunity to woo and win.

Miss Gardner was in conference with her director, her supervisor, her scenario writer, two gag men and a noted novelist when Louise entered and submitted a brief synopsis of the case of Bob Craig and his love hunch.

"Say! What do you think I pay you for?" Miss Gardner demanded angrily, when Louise had spoken her piece. "You getting tired of your job, that you come bothering me in conference with the story about some loose-footed sap who saw my picture in the paper some place and wants to meet me? My God! They all want to meet me!"

"Amazing!" the novelist exclaimed, more in envy than wonder. He was regretfully reminded by the incident that no fair admirer had ever been sufficiently fired by one of his paragraphs to so much as follow him across the street in search of possible romance much less traverse an ocean and a continent in its quest; and he was moved to secret bitterness at the inequality between the appeal of the pictured person and that of the printed word.

"I'll say!" the director agreed enthusiastically. "It's the limit the way Miss Gardner gets over sex appeal in these lousy milk-and-water stories she has to do! The men fans are all crazy about her!"

Miss Gardner looked upon the director with an approving eye. "I always claim it ain't necessary to be dirty to put it over," she said, with a satisfied smirk. "Let the vamps shiver and shimmy and wiggle their hips all they want! Just give me a few close-ups as a sweet young thing with a baby stare, and I'll take my chance on whose photograph the boys carry around in the old breast pocket."

"Did you say this guy was an aviator?" one of the gag men inquired.

"Yes," said Louise.

"And his name is Robert M. Craig?"

"That's what he says."

"ONE of the pilots in the aviation outfit I was with as a mechanic during the war, was a fellow named Robert M. Craig," the gag man continued. "This fellow couldn't be the same guy, though. This Bob Craig we had with us, he was an ace an' a reg'lar guy. He could hold his liquor an' fly his ship an' wise-crack with the best of 'em. He was no goof. This fellow that's here now, he ain't about five foot 'leven an' a half tall, is he?"

"Yes," Louise said shortly.

"Yeah?" said the gag man. "Well, he don't weigh about one hundred and seventy-five, does he?"

"He does," Louise said firmly. "For your further information, if you wish it, he has light brown eyes, krinkly brown



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hair, with just a tinge of red in it, a nose and a mouth and a chin and some hands and feet, with enough freckles to go around. In addition to this, if it's of any interest to you, he acts and talks like a regular guy and a gentleman."

"Yeah?" said the gag man. "That's Bob Craig, sure. Why say! He was an ace."

"What's an ace?" Miss Gardner inquired.

The gag man explained.

"Oh!" said Miss Gardner, thoughtfully. "A war hero, huh?"

"I'll say he was a war hero!" the gag man enthused. "Why say. He was up all alone one day, when ten boche took after him. You know what he did?"

"No," Miss Gardner admitted without interest. And then: "Just a moment."

She took up the telephone, called the publicity department and demanded the immediate appearance of one Kenny Field, her personal press representative.

Kenny appeared within a few seconds and listened with a bored air to the story of Robert Craig and his mission.

"I thought there might be something in it," Miss Gardner suggested, hopefully.

Kenny flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Them war hero gags are pretty well played out," he said, disparagingly.

"You might think of something new to hang this one on," Miss Gardner reminded him.

"I might," Kenny admitted doubtfully. "Whatever it is, we'd have to build it up to make it any good, though. Do you want to meet this goof and be seen around with him enough so people get to talkin'?"

"Will I have to do that?" Miss Gardner asked, plaintively.

Kenny shrugged. "Suit yourself," he said. "If you don't want to take the trouble, that's up to you. I can cook up some kind of a hokum yarn on this thing, on what we got, but it'll get the waste basket in most of the offices, an' the papers that do use it'll only trick it up an' give it the razz. I've told you time an' again that the only way to really get space these days is to frame new stunts that'll stand up an' then go through with 'em."

Miss Gardner sighed. "The things a person in the public eye has to do!" she exclaimed. "Honest, I sometimes wish I was just somebody's wife, or something! All right! I'll go through with it. Make a date for me with this palpitatin' papa, Louise. I'll try him once, an' if I can stand him, he can hang 'round till Kenny gets something framed. Now listen, Kenny, don't let this run on, now, will you? I got my private life to lead, haven't I? I mean, I can't sacrifice everything for the sake of my work."

"I'll get a line on this sucker and fix up up something soon," Kenny promised. "Make it good for me, though. Have him 'round enough so they'll get to talkin' about who this new guy is you're gettin' interested in. That's the only way."

WITHIN two weeks after Bob Craig met Elaine Gardner, people were talking. He was seen everywhere with her—at dinners and dances, at lunch and even on the lot. He was, in fact, dazed by the wealth of opportunity offered to pay court. He had come prepared to make a determined fight to win her, and amazingly, found his suit aided in all ways, opposed in none. The whole affair seemed like a dream to him. Miss Gardner and the people she worked and played with were creatures of a dream. They worked and played in a dream world—a fantastic world of strange lights and much music, of Alice-in-wonderland creatures, fairy-tale palaces and hovels, princes and paupers, beggars and kings. He felt himself a disembodied part of this strange dream, and in the inevitable and involuntary action thereof, he made love to his lady and wondered vaguely when the alarm clock would go off and wake him up.

LOUISE Hubbard was the only figure in the dream that really bothered him. He saw her often, but seldom to talk to. When he did have an opportunity for a chat, she was sure to cut him short with a casual sentence or two, with the plea of work to be done. He was ever conscious of her, however, and she constantly irritated him. She was not quite a part of this dream in which he was involved. It was a little as though she were a part of the wide-awake world, watching him, the sleeper, dreaming. He felt her as a pair of wise eyes, watching—always watching. Watching with an irritating expression of patronage, pity and censure. As on the first day of their meeting, he felt the need of explaining something to her—something about him that she misunderstood. And when, occasionally, he had the opportunity to speak to her alone for a moment, he did not, for the life of him, know what it was that he wanted to explain. She wore on his consciousness, until he began avoiding her when he could, and sulking, when inevitable meetings occurred. He told himself that his first feeling about her was right. He certainly was not going to like her—not ever!

His courtship of Miss Gardner was to him the least realistic part of the entire dream. He assured her of his passionate devotion as mechanically as a squeezed doll says, "Mama." It was the thing he had come to do, and he did it. He listened, too, to her counter arguments, questionings and adroit phrasing of partial promise, with as little real interest as a west-bound traveler in a station waiting room harkens to the announcement of the departure of east-bound trains.

IT was all a part of the dream. He was adrift on an irresistible tide, headed for some definite and destined port. Nothing that he could do or say would alter his course or hasten or delay his arrival. When reason spoke to him in protest, he silenced it with the reminder that he was following his hunch. Had he not always been right—mysteriously, inexplicably right—when he had followed a hunch? Yes. Had he ever been wrong when obedient to the promptings of a hunch? No. Well then! On with the dream!

Something short of a month after his first meeting with Elaine Gardner, Bob Craig repeated his much uttered request that she marry him, and she varied the monotony of the proceeding by agreeing to do so.

In outward manifestation Bob reacted to this as a happy and accepted lover should. Actually, he was as free of emotion as a stuffed doll. He kissed her, however, with a passable counterfeit of due ardor, and urged her to name the day.

"It's been such a strange, sweet romance," she murmured in answer, snuggling into his embrace, and looking up into his eyes. "I wonder if we couldn't have our marriage in keeping with it."

"Why sure!" Bob agreed readily. "What's your idea?"

With her arms about his neck, and her lips close to his ear, she haltingly whispered her plan. Bob laughed and squeezed her tight.

"Why, you nice little person!" he said tenderly. "I think that's a perfectly grand idea. Sure thing! Saturday morning, just at dawn, eh? I'll be there with my hair in a braid."

When he parted with her he was aglow with the first approximation of genuine romantic feeling he had experienced since their meeting. He still felt as though he were moving in a dream, but he felt, too, for the first time, that it was developing into a real love dream, with the assurance of a happy awakening. He was following his hunch, and everything was working out right. He was sure of that—absurdly, insanely, pitifully sure.

CONCURRENT with this sense of assurance, he experienced an almost savage jolt of joy at the prospect of being able to confound Louise Hubbard with the success of his strange, hunch-born plan. Look at him as if he were just an ordinary, silly, love-sickened John, capering after a screen star, would she? He'd teach her! He'd make the expression of those watching eyes change! He'd alter it from amusement, censure or pity—whatever it was—to one of amazement, at least. He chuckled exultantly, to think of the way the expression of those eyes would change when she found out what had happened. He was so pleased with this prospect, that, for the time, at least, it occupied his imagination almost to the complete exclusion of any thought of the romantic joy in store for him as the husband of the famous Elaine Gardner.

The following morning he visited the plant of an airplane manufacturer in a suburb of Los Angeles, and introduced himself to the local head of the concern. After a little talk he took up a ship and flew it for an hour. On his return, he complimented the head of the firm on the ship's behavior.

"Nice bus," he assured him. "She'll do."

"Say!" said that official, admiringly. "Give you a pair of canoe paddles and a Ford engine, an' you'd come as near flyin' a chicken coop as anybody I ever saw. Glad you like the ship. We're proud of it here. She'll be all tuned up an' ready for you."

"Saturday," Bob reminded him.

"Righto," said the official, "any time after three o'clock in the morning."

At ten o'clock on Friday night, Bob Craig went to bed in his suite in a Los Angeles hotel, leaving a call for a half hour after midnight. When he had switched off the lights and cuddled his head into the pillow, determined to get a little sleep, he became suddenly, star-



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tlingly aware of a pair of eyes watching him—the cool, contemptuous, accusing eyes of Louise Hubbard. The initial illusion of those eyes, actually in the room watching him, was so convincing that he involuntarily sat up in bed, switched on the light and looked about.

"Damned idiot!" he muttered sheepishly. "I've got the bridegroom heebie-jeebies."

He switched off the light and lay down once more mentally striving to force from his fancy the impression of those watching eyes. They would not be banished, but remained in his consciousness, two clear-seen, disembodied orbs, floating about him, staring, ever staring, accusing, contemptuous, pitying. He fought for sleep, and persistently the eyes remained to torture his imagination. He was still wide awake, still stubbornly attempting sleep, when the phone rang his twelve-thirty call. He arose, nervous and shaky, took a cold shower, ordered a pot of coffee sent to his room and dressed himself in riding breeches, boots, heavy gray flannel shirt and corduroy jacket. He started violently when the waiter with his coffee knocked at the door, and swore at himself for his nervousness. After swallowing a cup of strong, black coffee, he held out his hand experimentally. It shook in spite of his utmost efforts at control.

"What the hell ails me?" he demanded angrily of himself. "Am I breaking up?" Muttering, he put a small hand-bag on the bed and began packing it carefully with week-end necessities.

As he was nearing the completion of this task, the telephone rang, and at the sound, his taut nerves again expressed their irritation by forcing him to jump.

"Your car is waiting, sir," the hotel operator announced.

"All right!" he said shortly. "Be down in a few minutes."

He took another swallow of coffee, put on a cap, picked up his hand-bag and started for the door. As he moved toward it, he heard a light knocking.

"Come in," he called. His voice was harsh with the fret of his nerves. The door opened slowly and Louise Hubbard stepped in.

"I had to make sure of seeing you."

she said hurriedly, in a low voice. "I didn't dare take a chance of phoning you at your room and being refused. I had to come to your room to make sure of seeing you."

She looked at the bag in his hand and then back at his face. Her eyes were as he had seen them in fancy—accusing, contemptuous, pitying.

"You're going to elope with Elaine Gardner," she said abruptly.

"That," said Bob hotly, "is none of your business."

"In an airplane," she went on evenly, paying no attention to the text or tone of his rebuke, "to the little Mexican town of Ensenada, on the coast of lower California."

"Well, what if I am?" Bob asked, sulkily. "What is it to you?"

"OH, you fool!" she cried, suddenly angry. "You stupid, stubborn fool! You don't deserve to be warned out of this mess. I ought to let you go and learn for yourself."

"See here!" said Bob. "If you've come to tell me any lies about Miss Gardner—"

"Lies!" Louise stormed at him. "About Miss Gardner! I've come to tell you that you're running into a trap. You think you are going to take her down there and marry her! You think she suggested it because it's an appealing piece of romantic nonsense. Oh, you perfect idiot! Do you know what will happen at Ensenada?"

"Now, see here," said Bob, a little weakly, "I won't have you say anything against Miss—"

"The moment the machine lands, she'll jump out of it and run away for help," Louise rushed on. "There'll be people near by—Americans who just happen to be down there on a little trip. Oh yes! They just happen to be there! I saw the telegram from them yesterday, saying that they just happened to arrive. They'll be there to see Miss Gardner run screaming from the machine. They'll be there to hear her story, and testify to it afterwards. Do you know what the story will be? I'll tell you. It will be that you invited her for an early morning ride to see the sunrise from the sky, and then kidnapped her. That you threatened to hold her by force down on the California desert, until she agreed to marry you."

"You're crazy," Bob exclaimed. "Why should she do a thing like that?"

"Publicity, you poor, prize idiot!" Louise said scornfully. "Aviator kidnaps screen star! Oh, it's a water-tight story. They'll even prosecute you and make you stick. Keep the story alive in the newspapers all through the trial. You'll tell the truth and be laughed at. They'll all lie and be believed. It will be your unsupported word against all the circumstantial evidence and the testimony of many people. Why, you're liable to be actually convicted and sent up."

"I don't believe it," Bob said.

There was the sound of a hurried step in the hall and an imperative knocking on the door. Bob opened it and Kenny Field, breathless, stepped in. He looked anxiously at Bob, and then glowed at Louise Hubbard.

"Spilled the beans, did you?" he said angrily.

"I told him," Louise admitted defiantly. "I warned Miss Gardner I would and I did."

"She phoned me you were going to squeal," said Kenny. "I didn't think you'd really go through with it, you little double-crosser! Spoiled one of the best stunts I ever cooked up."

"I did," said Louise, "and I'm glad of it. Why, he might have been put in jail!"

"Ah, we'd have taken care of him somehow," said Field.

He turned to Bob and grinned. "Good idea I had, wasn't it?" he went on in a conciliatory tone. "No hard feelings, I hope. Just business, you know."

"I understand," said Craig, quietly, "Just business, as you say."

He stepped to the door, inserted the key and turned the lock. An expression of alarm appeared on Kenny's face.

"Hey!" he said nervously, "what's the idea of locking that door?"

"Just a precaution," Bob explained courteously. "You might be a coward and try to run."

"Be reasonable," Kenny begged. "Don't get tough. It's just business with me."

"Precisely," said Bob. "There are risks in every business, aren't there? Put up your hands and fight."

"Help!" Kenny yelled, backing away.

Smack! Bob's knuckled right fist caught him in the mouth, and sent him sprawling to the floor.

BOB was on him as he fell, hands at his throat. "Get up and fight and keep your mouth shut while you're doing it!" he demanded furiously. "One more yell out of you, and I'll choke you senseless and beat you small afterwards. Come on now. Get up and take it!"

Two minutes later, he led the well-beaten Field to the door, and shoved him, staggering, into the hall. "No hard feelings," he said cheerfully, as he thrust him forth.

"Just business, you know."

He shut the door and wiped the knuckles of his right fist with his handkerchief. Louise Hubbard's eyes were on him, watching, appraising, reproachful.

"He was pretty much of a sucker as a fighter, wasn't he?" Bob said smiling. "Almost as much of a sucker in a fight as I was in a love affair."

"It was beastly," Louise said hotly, "the trick they were trying to play on you!"

Bob sighed. "Oh, I don't know," he said philosophically. "You can't blame a wolf for using his teeth if a lamb butts into his den and bleats to be eaten, can you? I was a lamb, all right, and I sure have been begging to be bit."

"I can't understand how you could be so silly!" Louise exclaimed, with a quaver of emotional distress in her voice.

"I deliberately left reason out of the affair," Bob explained, gloomily. "I was following my hunch and I was bound to follow it to a finish. When I met Miss Gardner, my reason tried to tell me that she was just a shallow, selfish, vulgar little gold-digger, but I wouldn't listen. I had a hunch, and never before, in all



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my life, have I followed a hunch and lost."

"You think you really didn't love Miss Gardner, then?" Louise asked timidly.

"Love her!" Bob exclaimed. "Hell, no! That's what bothered me. You see, I had this hunch—this love hunch, and I came on here and—Why, what's the matter?"

LOUISE had burst into tears and crumpled down into a big chair sobbing convulsively, her face hidden in her crossed arms.

"What is it?" Bob asked anxiously.

Kneeling before her, solicitous, wondering, he put his hand on her shoulder and a strange, sweetly shocking current of emotion flowed through him at the touch. He began to tremble violently, as he plucked at her arms, clumsy, fumbling, trying to unmask her stubbornly shielded face. Words came unbidden from his heart.

"Louise! Louise, honey! Sweetheart! Listen to me. Don't cry. Listen! I—I—I love you."

"You don't!" she wailed, fighting him off. "Oh I'm so ashamed—I wish I could die! You don't love me. You don't."

A revelation of glorious certainty blazed in Bob Craig's heart like a leaping flame.

He crushed her tight against him and kissed her warm, yielding mouth, with a tender, compelling ferocity.

Words spilled from his lips between kisses, wild, sweet, helter-skelter words that meant nothing—and everything.

"I love you! I do! Sweetheart! From the very beginning! Always! You lovely thing! Look at me. I love you! I love you so!"

Dazed with a delirium of perfect abandon, they clung and kissed, and kissed and clung again, desperate to clutch and keep the wild sweet miracle of passion that possessed them.

"I—I thought you'd never know!" she murmured, her wet cheek against his, her fingers trembling in his hair. "I loved you so! From the very first. From the day you came into the office—looking for her. I knew then. I knew you belonged to me. I knew! Oh, I thought you'd never learn. And I loved you so!"

Suddenly Bob Craig held her from him, her shoulders in the grip of his hands, and laughed triumphantly.

"My hunch!" he said. "It worked. It brought me you. A wild, crazy, roundabout trail, sweetheart, but it brought me to you, it did!"

He kissed her then, and laughed again.

"You're sure?" he asked happily, "about us?"

She nodded, the radiance of faith shining from her face like the reflection of a bright light.

"SO am I," said Bob. "I couldn't be more sure if we waited for ten years. Why wait? There's a plane all tuned up, and ready to go. There's a dawn coming. There's a lazy, lovely, old Mexican town down there below the border and a priest to be found for the asking. We'll meet that dawn in the air, and that priest in Ensenada, lady mine, and then—Oh Baby! Let's go!"

Two hours later, an early rising farmer busy in his barnyard, south of Santa Ana, looked up and saw a plane high in the thin, blue morning sky, looping, diving, zooming, sporting about in a seeming ecstasy of winged emotion. At last it flattened out and buzzed purposefully away to the southward.

"Huh!" the earth-bound farmer said scornfully, pouring a pail of swill into the trough for the grunting, hungry swine. "Damn fool!"



Phoenix, Ariz.

I have just read the instructive article about Schools of Movie Acting by Agnes Smith, in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.

This article carries untold information to the short-change person who has visions of bursting into the land of box-car denomination pay checks.

The result is too bad for the poor fish who digs up his or her hard-earned cash for bunko artists who supply nothing but promises.

I have a dear old mother to thank for my liberty outside prison walls today, after a run-in with a member from the bogus field. I took a bite of this famous movie cake a while back, thinking there might be a nest egg in it for old age.

I met a bogus producer, director and God knows what else he was in the movie world. I am a free-lance guide and roamer through the silent scenic wonders off the beaten path, out west. I have followed the vocation for twenty years. This gave me plenty of spare time to kill and look for new adventures. Thinking there would be another notch added to my gun of experience and looking for something soft, I took a shot at this glittering line of bunko.

This movie bubble busted a bogus director west on the rocks. Hot lead stops a lot of them. So it goes the world over—dishonesty leads to disaster.

I am a reader of PHOTOPLAY and a fan for good pictures. More power to PHOTOPLAY with its ideals of honesty and square deal to its readers. L. L.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"MISSING LINK, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Charles F. Reisner and Darryl F. Zanuck. Scenario by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. Photography by Dev Jennings. The cast: *Arthur Wells*, Syd Chaplin; *Beatrice Braden*, Ruth Hiatt; *Colonel Braden*, Crauford Kent; *Ship Captain*, Nick Cogley; *The Missing Link*, Sam Baker; *Chimpanzee*, Akka.

"CLIMBERS, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the stage play, Clyde Fitch. Scenario by Tom Gibson. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Duchess of Arrogan*, Irene Rich; *Pancho Mendoza*, Clyde Cook; *Duke Cordova El Blanco*, Forrest Stanley; *Laska*, Flobelle Fairbanks; *Countess Veya*, Myrna Loy; *Hans Nelson*, Anders Randolph; *Juna*, Dot Farley; *Queen*, Rosemary Cooper; *Duke of Arrogan*, Nigel Barrie; *Ensign Carlos*, Joseph Striker; *Miguel*, Hector Sarno; *King Ferdinand VII*, Max Barwin; *Clotilda*, Martha Franklin.

"CLAW, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by Sidney Olcott. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: *Maurice Stair*, Norman Kerry; *Diedre Saurin*, Claire Windsor; *Major Anthony Kinsella*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; *Marquis of Stair*, Tom Guise; *Judy Saurin*, Helene Sullivan; *Scout Mac Bourney*, Nelson McDowell; *Captain Rockwood*, Larry Steers; *Wagondriver*, J. Gordon Russell; *Saba Rockwood*, Myrta Bonillas; *Richard Saurin*, Jacques D'Aurey; *Nonie Valetta*, Pauline Neff; *Dr. Harriatt*, Bertram Johns; *Mrs. Harriatt*, Billie Bennett; *Mrs. Mac Bourney*, Annie Ryan; *Chief Logenbuela*, Dick Sutherland.

"TRACKED BY THE POLICE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Scenario by Johnnie Grey. Directed by Ray Enright. Photography by Ed Du Par. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Bob Owen*, Jason Robards; *Marcella Bradley*, Virginia Browne Faire; *Sandy Sturgeon*, Tom Santschi; *Wyoming Willie*, Dave Morris; *Bull Storm*, Theodore Lorch; *Princess*, Nanette; *Crook*, Ben Walker; *Tom Bradley*, Wilfred North.

"LOVE THRILL, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Millard Webb and Joe Mitchell. Adapted by Marian Orth. Directed by Millard Webb. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Joyce Bragdon*, Laura La Plante; *Jack Sturdevant*, Tom Moore; *J. Anthony Creelman*, Bryant Washburn; *Paula*, Jocelyn Lee; *Peter Chadwick*, Arthur Hoyt; *Soloman*, Nat Carr; *Sharpe*, Frank Finch Smiles.

"FIGHTING THREE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Lester. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Jack Conway*, Jack Hoxie; *Mlle. Jean D'Arcy*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Clara Jones*, Marin Sais; *John D'Arcy*, William Malan; *Widow Henshaw*, Fanny Warren; *Marshall Skinner*, Buck Connors; *Timothy Bright*, William Dyer; *Paul Revere*, Henry Roquemore; *Steve Clayton*, William Norton Bailey.

"HIS FIRST FLAME"—PATHE.—From the story by Arthur Ripley and Frank Capra. Directed by Harry Edwards. Photography by Wm. Williams and Ernie Brockett. The cast: *Harry Howells*, Harry Langdon; *Ethel Morgan*, Natalie Kingston; *Mary Morgan*, Ruth Hiatt; *Amos McCarthy*, Vernon Dent; *Hector Benedict*, Bud Jamieson; *Mrs. Benedict*, Dot Farley.

"EYES OF TOTEM"—PATHE.—From the story by W. W. Dickson. Adapted by E. C. Maxwell. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photography by Abe Sholtz. The cast: *Mariam Hardy*, Wanda Hawley; *Philip La Rue*, Tom Santschi; *Betty Hardy*, Anne Cornwall; *Jim Hardy*, Monte Wax; *Bruce Huston*, Gareth Hughes; *Toby*, Bert Woodruff; *Stella Haynes*, Violet Palmer; *Mrs. Francis Huston*, Mary Louis Jones; *Peggy Huston*, Dorothy Llewellyn; *Bessie Snider*, Nell Barry Taylor.

"BITTER APPLES"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Harold McGrath. Directed by Harry Hoyt. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *John Wyncote*, Monte Blue; *Marie Blanco*, Myrna Loy; *Stefani Blanco*, Paul Ellis; *Cyrus Thornden*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Joseph Blanco*, Sydney de Gray; *Mrs. Channing*, Ruby Blaine; *First Officer*, Robert Bary.

"PIRATES OF THE SKY"—PATHE.—Adapted by Elaine Wilmont. Directed by Charles Andrews. Photography by Leon Shamroy. The cast: *Bob Manning*, Charles Hutchinson; *Doris Reed*, Wanda Hawley; *Bruce Mitchell*, Crauford Kent; *Jeff Oldring*, Jimmie Aubrey; *Stone*, Ben Walker.

"DON DESPERADO" — PATHE. — From the story by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo Maloney. Photography by Ben White. The cast: *Leo McHale*, Leo Maloney; *Doris Jessup*, Eugenia Gilbert; *Nathan Jessup*, Frederick Dana; *Aaron Blaisdell*, Charles Bartlett; *Ables*, Whitehorse; *Frenchy*, Bud Osborne; *Joe Jessup*, Morgan Davis; *Stage Agent*, Allen Watt; *Dr. Wilder*, Harry W. Ramsey.

"RICH BUT HONEST" — WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Arthur Somers Roche. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Florine Candles*, Nancy Nash; *Bob Hendricks*, Clifford Holland; *Dick Carter*, Charles Morton; *Diamond Jim O'Grady*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Barney Zoom*, Tyler Brooke; *Heinie*, Ted McNamara; *Maybelle*, Marjorie Beebe; *Archie*, Ernie Shields; *Mrs. O'Grady*, Doris Lloyd.

"HEART OF SALOME, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Allen Raymond. Scenario by Randall H. Faye. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Diana Mayfield*, Alma Rubens; *Monte Carroll*, Walter Pidgeon; *Sir Humphrey*, Holmes Herbert; *Redfern*, Robert Agnew; *Diane's Maid*, Erin Labissoniere; *Chauffeur*, Walter Dugan; *Henri Bezanne*, Barry Norton; *Madame Bezanne*, Virginia Madison.

"BRUTE, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by W. Douglas Newton. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: *"Easy Going" Randall*, Monte Blue; *Oklahoma Red*, Clyde Cook; *Janice Duan*, Leila Hyams; *Janice's Brother*, Carrol Nye; *John Felton*, Paul Nicholson.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN" — FOX. — From the stage play by Austin Strong. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Frank Borzage. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: *Diane*, Janet Gaynor; *Chico*, Charles Farrell; *Brissac*, Ben Bard; *Papa Boul*, Albert Gran; *Gobin*, David Butler; *Madame Gobin*, Marie Mosquini; *Nana*, Gladys Brockwell; *Pierre Chezillon*, Emile Chautard; *The Rat*, George Stone; *Uncle Georges Vulnar*, Brandon Hurst; *Aunt*

A doctor speaks

...three authoritative statements concerning feminine hygiene



DR. IRWIN C. SUTTON, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hospital, makes three important statements to women in his new book, "Good Looks". First, he says "one douche a week is plenty for a healthy woman". Second: "avoid any strong preparation (carbolic acid, bichloride, etc.)". Third: "where an antiseptic is desired, Zonite may be used".

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Valentine Vulnar, Jessie Haslett; *Arlette*, Lillian West.

"ANNIE LAURIE" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John Robertson. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: *Annie Laurie*, Lillian Gish; *Ian MacDonald*, Norman Kerry; *Donald*, Creighton Hale; *Alastair*, Joseph Striker; *The MacDonald Chieftain*, Hobart Bosworth; *Enid*, Patricia Avery; *Sandy*, Russell Simpson; *The Campbell Chieftain*, Brandon Hurst; *Sir Robert Laurie*, David Torrence; *Cameron of Lochiel*, Frank Currier.

"CAT AND THE CANARY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by John Willard. Adapted by Alfred Cohn. Directed by Paul Leni. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Annabelle West*, Laura La Plante; *Paul Jones*, Creighton Hale; *Charles Wilder*, Forrest Stanley; *Roger Crosby*, Tully Marshall; *Cecily*, Gertrude Astor; *Susan*, Flora Finch; *Harry*, Arthur Edmund Carewe; "*Mammy*" *Pleasant*, Martha Mattox; *Hendricks*, George Siegmann; *Lawyer*, Lucien Littlefield; *Milkman*, Joe Murphy; *Taxi Driver*, Billy Eagle.

"CAPTAIN SALVATION" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Frederick William Wallace. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Anson Campbell*, Lars Hanson; *Mary Phillips*, Marceline Day; *Bess Morgan*, Pauline Starke; *Zeke Crosby*, George Fawcett; *Captain*, Ernest Torrence; *Peter Campbell*, Sam De Grasse; *Nathan Phillips*, Jay Hunt; *Mate*, Jack Curtis; *Missus Buxom*, Eugenie Besserer; *Missus Bellows*, Eugenie Forde; *Missus Snifty*, Flora Finch; *Old Sea Salt*, James Marcus.

"BABE COMES HOME"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by Ted Wilde. The cast: "*Babe*" *Dugan*, "Babe" (George Herman) Ruth; *Vernie*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Laundry Girl*, Louise Fazenda; *Georgia*, Ethel Shannon; *Laundry Driver*, Arthur Stone; *Peewee, third baseman*, Lou Archer; *Angel, team manager*, Tom McGuire; *Mascot*, Mickey Bennett; *Baseball players*, James Bradbury, Big Boy Williams, James Gordon.

"KNOCKOUT REILLY" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Scenario by Pierre Collings & Kenneth Raisbeck. Directed by Malcom St. Clair. The cast: *Dundee Reilly*, Richard Dix; *Mary Malone*, Mary Brian; *Killer Agerra*, Jack Renault; *Pat Malone*, Harry Gribbon; *Spider Cross*, Osgood Perkins; *Mrs. Reilly*, Lucia Backus Seger; *Kewpie Dugan*, Larry McGrath; *Buck Lennard*, Myrtland La Varre.

"SENORITA" — PARAMOUNT. — Story and scenario by John McDermott. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Senorita*, Bebe Daniels; *Roger Oliveros*, James Hall; *Ramon Oliveros*, William Powell; *Don Francisco Hernandez*, Josef Swickard.

"ROOKIES" — METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER.—Story and continuity by Byron Morgan. Directed by Sam Wood. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Sergeant Diggs*, Karl Dane; *Greg Lee*, George K. Arthur; *Betty Wayne*, Marceline Day; *Zella Fay*, Louise Lorraine; *The Judge*, Frank Currier; *Colonel*, E. H. Calvert; *Sergeant O'Brien*, Tom O'Brien; *Corporal O'Sullivan*, Charles Sullivan; *Sleepy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Smarty*, Gene Stone.

"CHILDREN OF DIVORCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Owen Johnson. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Kitty Flanders*, Clara Bow; *Jean Waddington*, Esther Ralston; *Ted Larrabee*, Gary Cooper; *Prince Ludovico De Sfax*, Einar Hanson; *Duke de Gondreville*, Norman Trevor; *Katherine Flanders*, Hedda Hopper; *Tom Larrabee*, Edward Martindel; *Princess de Sfax*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *The Secretary*, Tom Ricketts; *Mr. Seymour*, Albert Gran; *Mousie*, Iris Stuart; *Mother Superior*, Margaret Campbell; *Manning*, Percy Williams; *Little Kitty*, Joyce Marie Coad; *Little Jean*, Yvonne Pelletier; *Little Ted*, Don Marion.

"SPECIAL DELIVERY" — PARAMOUNT.—Continuity by John Goodrich. Directed by William Goodrich. Photography by Henry Hallenberger. The cast: *Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Madge*, Jobyna Ralston; *Harold Jones*, William Powell; *Harrigan*, Donald Keith; *Flannigan*, Jack Dougherty; *Nip*, Victor Potel; *Tuck*, Paul Kelly; *The Mother*, Mary Carr.

"UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. — From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Jack Conway. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Monica Dale*, Joan Crawford; *Bob Mason*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Tony Garland*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Kelcey Dale*, Carmel Myers; *Sheriff Bentley*, Richard Carle; *Uncle Charley*, Harvey Clark.

"BROADWAY NIGHTS" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Norman Houston. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: *Fannie Fanchette*, Lois Wilson; *Johnny Fay*, Sam Hardy; *Baron*, Louis John Bartels; *Bronson*, Philip Strange; *Dancer*, Barbara Stanwick; *Night Club Producer*, "Bunny" Weldon.

"HEART THIEF, THE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the play by Lajos Biro. Continuity by Sonya Levien. Directed by Nils Olaf Chrisander. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: *Paul Kurt*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Anna Galambos*, Lya de Putti; *Count Franz Cserhati*, Robert Edeson; *Count Lazlos*, Charles Gerrard; *Countess Lazlos*, Eulalie Jensen; *Galambox*, George Reehm; *Victor*, William Bakewell.

"IS ZAT SO?"—WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the play by James Gleason and Richard Taber. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Ed Chick Cowan*, George O'Brien; *Hap Hurley*, Edmund Lowe; *Marie Mestretti*, Kathryn Perry; *Robert Parker*, Cyril Chadwick; *Sue Parker*, Doris Lloyd; *Florence Hanley*, Dione Ellis; *Major Fitz Stanley*, Richard Maitland; *G. Clinton Blackburn*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Little Jimmy Parker*, Phillippe De Lacy; *Gas House Duffy*, Jack Herrick.

Three Prize Contests in This Issue

$15,000 For Motion Picture Ideas . . . Page 36
$ 5,000 Cut Picture Puzzles . . . . . Page 58
$ 2,000 For Amateur Movies . . . . . Page 64

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

It is folly if you have even a single dollar a week not to be learning something that is a social asset.

It costs little to learn how to swim or dance or play bridge or cook expertly.

But these small things may make you meet the man you want to marry. Five cents a day and a couple of newspapers will keep you conversant with the latest murders, books, plays and music.

Any girl who doesn't know how to make up properly, to be neat, to speak in a pleasant tone and to smile is just a dub and deserves no attention anyway.

Lonely girls, snap out of it. I mean that literally. It takes snap. Put your heads in the air and a smile in your voice. Spend some energy and time on yourself. Give to others as you would they would give to you.

These things will open up the social way to you.

MARGARET:

You don't need to do anything to stand out from the flapper. You do, without trying. I think you will find that being natural, my dear, is the thing that makes a girl most alluring. Be a good listener, be sweet and always charming. Those are the things that make a girl sought after. Dress attractively but don't overdress. Be yourself, is my best advice.

PAT:

Subdued tones lend a slender appearance to the form. Black and white is very fashionable this season and should be becoming. I suggest also cream and ivory white, shades of brown and tan, orchid, dull red, and amber. Sapphire blue might be very charming on you. The mistake that you are making in your love affair is obvious. You should play the game. Stop trying to get the attention of someone who is apparently indifferent to you. It will work out much better if he sees that others are interested in you. Don't be influenced by your sister's method. Both of you should play at love making less seriously. You will have a much better time.

HELEN:

You certainly have a pleasant home environment coming to you. I feel very sorry for girls in your predicament. You need to play, and a place to play in. Sometimes a job makes up for the loss of sociability in your home. You're missing out at both ends. Can you support yourself on your income? If so, I suggest that you live in a girls' club, if there is one in your town. There you should find plenty of life, and girls of your own age. Yes, I fully understand, Helen, the embarrassment of not introducing young men to your family, when they call. Also continual domestic quarreling is bad on one's disposition. How about your sister? You seem to be good pals. Perhaps you could live together.

MRS. F. G.:

It is a pleasure to receive a letter from a wise mother who wants to be the first to enlighten her child. I suggest that you write the Bureau of Social Hygiene, New York, and ask them for full information. This is an educational organization devoted to sex and social hygiene research. Their suggestions would be up to the minute and helpful. The two best books on social etiquette are Etiquette by Emily Post, and Vogue's Book of Etiquette. Your daughter is approaching the age when her curiosity will demand answering. I only wish that more mothers would follow your example of giving the first information at home. It is so much fairer to your child. If I can be of any further assistance, please write to me.

GLORIA:

I hope you realize that students from the very best dramatic schools here have a hard time breaking through the lines. It is next to impossible to get a start in the theater in New York unless you have plenty of money to wait patiently for an opportunity to open. Even then you may spend weeks, perhaps months, haunting producers' offices to no avail. It is most discouraging. I have known girls, who, through fruitless efforts, have come to think of themselves as inferior, simply because the lucky chance did not come. Of course, if you are determined on the stage as a career, then you will endure the struggle. I cannot suggest a correspondence school in dramatics, Gloria. It isn't learned that way.

YVONNE:

You have no cause for worrying about attention from the opposite sex. I would say by your letter, that you are a real good sport —just the kind to be popular with boys. Have you honestly tried? Your brother ought to be helpful in giving you the opportunity to make the proper acquaintance. I would make only one suggestion to you. Don't try to impress the young men—particularly those around your age—with your intelligence. Be charming to them, and I'm sure you will succeed in arousing their interest. If you really want to, you certainly can do it.

WINIFRED:

I should say that your weight is about right, although I am unable to tell exactly not knowing your age. For an olive complexion, I suggest shades of dark brown, particularly mahogany. Also dark tones of blue, green and red. Summer frocks in soft pinks, buff and apricot should become you. I suggest that you write to the Dennison Service Bureau in New York about novel ideas for a bridge party. They make a specialty of that. Particularly bridge favors and table decorations.

SUSAN B.:

It seems to me that your young lawyer fiancé is the most promising one. The fact that he is only twenty-one, and already out of college sounds as though he were mature enough for you. Still it does take a lawyer a long time to get started. Why don't you try a little test on yourself? Better before marriage than after. Perhaps a vacation away from both of them will help you to make up your mind.

P. M. A.:

Your problem of a career is one which most every young girl going to college today is facing. If writing is your ambition, and you have the talent for it, you need no advice. It is a very interesting field. A course in journalism will give you a good literary background. You will also get an excellent foundation in editorial work. University life is preferable in many ways to that in a woman's college. It develops a broader point of view. The university you mention creates a particularly fine spirit among the men and women. I am sure you would enjoy it.



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PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST 25 CENTS

The National Guide to Motion Pictures



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Charles Sheldon

THE BIG PARADE OF STARS

IN THE YEAR OF "THE BIG PARADE" AND "BEN HUR"



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The Man of the Hour!

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The Big Parade of Stars

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LON CHANEY, WILLIAM HAINES, JACKIE COOGAN
RAMON NOVARRO, LILLIAN GISH, KARL DANE
AND GEORGE K. ARTHUR, TIM McCOY
LEW CODY AND AILEEN PRINGLE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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The big gun of the screen

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Lon Chaney.

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1 What is the meaning of "Metro"?

2 What M-G-M players will appear as starring teams next season and in what types of pictures?

3 What are the story subjects of "The Crowd"—"Slide Kelly Slide"—"Annie Laurie"—"Trail of '98"?

4 What M-G-M picture has contributed most to the uplift of motion picture standards—and how? (Not over 100 words).

5 What was the ancient Chinese ritual expounded in "Mr. Wu"?

6 Name the various sources from which M-G-M obtain their picture story material.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by August 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

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For our food is too soft—it yields too easily to our teeth and gums. These smooth ices, these rich creams and flaky pastries so alluring to warm-weather appetites are stripped of all roughage, all coarse material. They have lost the power to stir and to invigorate our gums as hard, fibrous food once did.

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How "pink tooth brush" comes —and how Ipana and massage correct it

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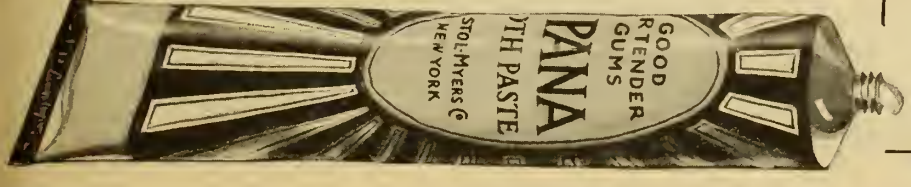
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WESTERN EDITOR

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Last Minute News from East and West



As we go to PRESS

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH announces that his first United Artists story will be based on "La Piava," by Karl Vollmoeller, author of "The Miracle." This is a story of Paris in the '70s and particularly of the court of Napoleon III. Estelle Taylor has been signed for the leading rôle.

FAMOUS PLAYERS dedicate "Wings" to Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

GERTRUDE EDERLE signed to appear in "Swim, Girl, Swim," Bebe Daniels' comedy of the Catalina swim.

ISABELLE SHERIDAN, a cousin of Mary Pickford, makes her debut in Miss Pickford's "My Best Girl." Miss Sheridan, who is also from Toronto, is a graduate of the University of Southern California.

ALMA RUBENS and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, are going abroad for a vacation.

AFTER "Anna Karenina," Greta Garbo will do "The Divine Woman," based on Gladys Unger's "Starlight."

ROBERT FLAHERTY signed by Metro-Goldwyn to direct Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows on the South Seas." This will be made in the South Seas with a part professional and part native cast.

BETTY BALFOUR, English star, wins film popularity contest conducted by London *Daily Mirror*. Harold Lloyd was second and Mary Pickford third.

RENEE ADOREE gets name part in Metro-Goldwyn production of operetta, "Rose Marie."

JACQUELINE LOGAN re-signed by Cecil B. De Mille.

LOIS MORAN signs starring contract with William Fox.

CHARLES MURRAY to be starred in "Down Went McGinty" by First National.

CECIL B. DE MILLE signs Lois Weber to direct for him.

NINE stitches required to fix up Tom Mix's right leg after his horse threw him against a boulder during a scene of "Tumbling Rovers."

METRO-GOLDWYN buys stage comedy, "Tea for Three," for use of Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle.

EDWIN CAREWE plans to present Dolores Del Rio in "The Lady From Hell." Miss Del Rio's husband, Jaimie Martinez Del Rio, is one of the authors.



First photograph of Lon Chaney, made up as a Russian. With him is Benjamin Christianson who will direct him in "Terror"

WE'VE had "Slide, Kelly, Slide." We're to get "Swim, Girl, Swim." And now First National announces "Smile, Brother, Smile."

ANNA RORK and Bobby Agnew call off their engagement. Still "good friends," however.

METRO-GOLDWYN buys the operetta, "The Student Prince," which was based on "Old Heidelberg," now being filmed by that company. The film version, which stars Ramon Novarro, will be released under the title of "The Student Prince."

DAMON RUNYON has written a newspaper story for Reginald Denny's use.

FLORENCE VIDOR has purchased a home in Honolulu.

COMING events: Conradt Veidt and Mary Philbin in Victor Hugo's story, "The Man Who Laughs." Lois Wilson and Bert Lytell in "Alias the Lone Wolf." The comic strip, "Bringing Up Father" is headed for the flickers, and also "Lovelorn," based on the Beatrice Fairfax column.

RONALD COLMAN says he is not engaged to marry Betty Jewel. Moreover, he has taken steps to stay a divorce action from his English wife, Thelma Ray.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., and Helene Costello are going together, which brings forth the usual engagement talk.

IMOGENE WILSON is playing in Herbert Brenon's production of "Sorrel and Son" under the name of Mary Nolan.

DAVID BUTLER, the actor, has been made a director by William Fox.



Jobyna Ralston, the exquisite Paramount star who is now appearing in "Special Delivery," is here seen wearing the Jobyna model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.

The Stars Know the Value of Good Feet!

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (*May.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (*May.*)

***ANNIE LAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (*July.*)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (*May.*)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (*March.*)

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (*July.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE — United Artists. — John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (*March.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (*July.*)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (*May.*)

***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (*March.*)

BLONDE SAINT, THE—First National.—Wherein Lewis Stone plays the cave-man, and love triumphs again over something or other. Not so much. (*February.*)

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (*July.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (*July.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

CALL OF THE WILDERNESS, THE—Pathe.—The hero, cast off by his rich dad, wins a fortune of his own, with the help of his dog. Good propaganda for dogs. (*February.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"Slide, Kelly, Slide"
"The Big Parade"
"Old Ironsides"
"What Price Glory"
"The Rough Riders"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CANADIAN, THE—Paramount.—Just Thomas Meighan in a story that has moments that remind you that Elinor Glyn was born in Canada. In spite of its burst of sentiment, the film is pointless. (*February.*)

CANYON OF LIGHT, THE—Fox.—Evidently tired of flooring villains, Tom Mix knocks down a couple of houses. The current Mix film—and good fun. (*February.*)

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (*July.*)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (*May.*)

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (*July.*)

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHEERFUL FRAUD, THE—Universal.—A silly farce made bearable—and even amusing—by the agreeable presence of Reginald Denny. (*February.*)

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (*July.*)

CITY, THE—Fox.—Proving the crookedness of urban ways as compared with the high moral tone of small town life. Yes, yes? Robert Frazer, May Allison, Walter McGrail and Nancy Nash are in the cast. (*February.*)

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (*July.*)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (*July.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

CORPORAL KATE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The girls get their chance at winning the war, with Vera Reynolds as leader of the feminine contingent. Will the big parade of war films never end? (*February.*)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (*May.*)

DENVER DUDE, THE — Universal. — Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (*April.*)

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show, with plenty of excitement. (*July.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

EAGLE OF THE SEA, THE—Paramount.—An adventure tale of pirates and lovely ladies that fails to make its thrills. Ricardo Cortez and Florence Vidor head the cast. (*February.*)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (*April.*)

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom (*March.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



The Blood Ship

The Picture That Has Everything!



Walter James as "Capt. Swope"



Fred Kohler as "Fitzgibbons"

The Book—by Norman Springer—a sensation. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle called it "The greatest sea tale I ever read."

The Picture—an even greater sensation. From the screen this virile romance seems to leap at you—a pulsating enthralling story of human emotions.

The Setting—a white-winged ship at sea, storm-tossed by the elements—its human cargo the prey of greater storms, worse conflicts—all against a background of amazing splendor.

The People—an evil-crazed captain, a bestial mate, the barely human riffraff of the fo'castle—a man of mystery, with a sinister motive—a brave young lover, daring death and worse—and a woman, beautiful, desirable, in constant terror, despair—and hope.

The Actors—Hobart Bosworth gives an even greater characterization than those in "The Sea Wolf" and "Behind the Door"; Jacqueline Logan, whose portrayal of Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings" took press and public by storm; Richard Arlen (*by courtesy of Paramount*), and an all-star supporting cast.

The Director—George Seitz—a genius in cinema art; *and*

The Company—COLUMBIA PICTURES which will present "The Blood Ship" as the first of the Perfect Thirty pictures for the coming season.

The Perfect Thirty

*THE BLOOD SHIP
Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen. (Courtesy Paramount).

*ALIAS THE LONE WOLF
By Louis Joseph Vance. Featuring Bert Lytell.

*SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
Featuring Shirley Mason.

VIRGIN LIPS
A sensational story by Jack Lait.

MODERN MOTHERS
By Rachel Crothers. Sets audiences aflame with excitement.

LADY RAFFLES
By Alfred Henry Lewis. Featuring Priscilla Dean.

BEWARE OF BLONDES
By Pierre Dumond, who knows the ladies that gentlemen prefer.

SPORTING AGE
By Charles K. Tennant. A romance of life in high gear.

STAGE KISSES
By George Bronson Howard. A story of love fakers of both sexes.

SO THIS IS LOVE
By Gertrude Atherton, author of "Black Oxen."

THE COLLEGE HERO
By Willard Mack, author of "The Noose" and "Tiger Rose."

*FORGOTTEN WOMEN
By Louella Parsons.

*SAY IT WITH SABLES
By Dorothy Howell.

*SAN FRANCISCO
Featuring Betty Compson in a society-underworld spectacle.

BY WHOSE HAND
By Channing Pollock, author of "The Fool" and "The Enemy."

FASHION MADNESS
A story with a startling climax.

BRIDGE
Timely in theme and treatment.

GOLF WIDOWS
By Henry Clayton Cooper. A story of golfers and golfers' wives.

THE SIREN
Featuring Priscilla Dean in a mystery drama.

AFTER THE STORM
Opens wide the floodgates of human emotions.

*THE ADVENTURESS
By Frances Marion.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS
A rollicking drama of marital complications.

BROADWAY DADDIES
A drama of maids, men and morals.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG
By Octavus Roy Cohen. Saturday Evening Post Writer.

THAT CERTAIN THING
An entertaining and highly diverting story of those who have—and haven't—IT.

*THE OPENING NIGHT
By Owen Davis. Author of "The Nervous Wreck." "The Donovan Affair."

THE WARNING
Gripping mystery drama by Edgar Rice Burroughs, the master of melodrama.

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An inter-racial drama that is strikingly different.

THE TIGRESS
Featuring Priscilla Dean in another Alfred Henry Lewis story with a startling plot.

A WOMAN'S WAY
Thompson Buchanan's celebrated stage success made into a striking screen play.

* *Columbia De Luxe Production.*

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Brickbats *and* Bouquets

LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters—$25, $10 and $5

The Monthly Barometer

THE most bouquets this month go to Lon Chaney.

The most brickbats are hurled straight at reformers and censors.

Greta Garbo still leads the discussions, with Dolores Costello as a close second.

Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Vilma Banky, John Gilbert, William Boyd and William Haines are the most universally praised stars.

Letters about Valentino come in with every mail. Who says the public is fickle?

"Beau Geste," "The Fire Brigade," "Flesh and the Devil" and "The Rough Riders" seem to be the most popular pictures.

What have you to say for yourself?

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

$25.00 Letter

Twin Falls, Idaho.

The people in this town were crying for movies on Sundays. The churches were fighting against it, predicting the town would be damned. But the people won. And has it helped the town? It has. The town was "dead." Tourists and salespeople who have to stay over Sunday now have a place to go. People do not walk around mournfully with folded hands. The town is alive.

There are a certain number of people who do not care to go to church. You could hardly drag them there. Some resent being preached at and others are timid about religion.

Sunday movies will keep these non-church people from places of questionable amusement, keep young lovers from joyrides, and give them a place to go.

Cowboys and farmers, who live where they haven't much chance for education and amusement, can get to their home town theater on Sunday, their only day off. Who knows but that some one's life might be converted if they happened to see "The Ten Commandments" or some subject from the Bible? Bible Stories, told in a way that people can understand, will do them as much good as sitting in a church pew.

AGNES LYONS.

$10.00 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

I am a college student and I spend a few enjoyable hours each week at the neighborhood theater. We students have been pictured by the movies, and pen and brush, as being a disgrace to civilization, to our parents, to our ancestors and to ourselves. We learn through John Held, Jr., and a few directors that we go on wild parties every night, drink like fish, drive snappy roadsters and that we could give John Barrymore a few pointers in the technique of necking.

Say, you have us all wrong!

The movies have been as responsible as anyone in trying to force this rot down the throats of the public. If you ever have been through college you certainly know that real college life is much different than that of reel life. But all is forgiven, for you have apologized by giving us that excellent picture, "The Quarterback." It sure patches up the punctures.

There is college life, as is. If Gregory La Cava is responsible for turning over the new leaf, here's my mit, Greg. In this comedy, the gatherings of the students of both sexes are true to life. The students were having a great time and conducting themselves as clean-minded young people should.

JOHN LEONARD.

$5.00 Letter

Providence, R. I.

When Longfellow wrote that a happy home was one wherein there was music, he merely repeated what has been said by all wise men. Most parents give their children music lessons, but the children, in the past, became apathetic and finally quit. The cause was not so much incompetent teaching as the lack of opportunity to hear music that became more vital by virtue of having a story fit it. In almost every instance, the movies supply pictures that furnish this program quality so necessary for people to play with imagination.

"Humoresque" and "The Volga Boatman" are two of the many pieces that have been more interesting to people since the pictures were shown. Even jazz fiends have come to me to learn classical music that they heard played in the movies.

The music teacher must thank the moving pictures, since there is always some scene that fits the interpretation of every piece, and the pupil, after seeing the picture, plays with more pleasure. Moreover, parents listen more readily to the playing of their children, which means more general happiness in the home.

ARTHUR A. SCHWARZ.

The Artist Behind the Make-up

Philadelphia, Pa.

There have been so many quips current concerning Lon Chaney—the "don't-step-on-the-spider kind"—the flip references to the "man of a thousand faces," that there is a tendency to think of him merely as a master of the make-up box, and of the weird terrifying features which putty and distortion can create. The main thing about him is being overlooked;—that, aside from being at the top of his class in visualizing his character, he is an artist. Chaney can put life

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (*July.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (*March.*)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (*March.*)

FLAMING FOREST, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—James Oliver Curwood tells you how the Royal Mounted got its first man—or first girl. In spite of the excellent cast, the acting is stilted and the conventional direction spoils the story possibilities. (*February.*)

***FLESH AND THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A born 'em up love story with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. A Sudermann story dashingly acted. Lars Hanson also helps a lot. (*February.*)

FOR WIVES ONLY—Producers Dist. Corp.—One of those conventional stories of the pretty wife and the neglected husband. Just about enough story to fill two reels. (*February.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—. Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (*May.*)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (*March.*)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (*April.*)

GOD GAVE ME TWENTY CENTS—Paramount. —A story with an original idea that comes out, under screen analysis, as too far-fetched for credibility. Good performances by Lois Moran and Jack Mulhall. (*February.*)

GOING CROOKED—Fox.—A crook story—but stop! Bessie Love is the crook. And that makes the film easy to look at. (*February.*)

GREAT GATSBY, THE—Paramount.—Fitzgerald's novel, with its unscrupulous hero, violates some pet screen traditions. It's unusual entertainment and Lois Wilson makes a hit for herself as the jazzy, cocktail-drinking *Daisy Buchanan.* (*February.*)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (*July.*)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light role, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (*July.*)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (*June.*)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (*May.*)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (*May.*)

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date but Harry is funny. (*July.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (*May.*)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (*July.*)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (*March.*)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp. —Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (*March.*)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (*April.*)

JOSSELYN'S WIFE—Tiffany.—Pauline Frederick in a Kathleen Norris story—and that guarantees that the picture is worth-while. (*February.*)

JUST ANOTHER BLONDE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier are in this one. A lot of good talent is wasted on a plot that fails to get anywhere. (*February.*)

***KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (*July.*)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (*March.*)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (*May.*)

LADIES AT PLAY—First National.—Nothing new in the plot, but a lot that is spontaneous and hilariously funny in the performance of Louise Fazenda and Ethel Wales. Worth your money. (*February.*)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (*March.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (*April.*)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (*May.*)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with *their* version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (*March.*)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (*March.*)

***LONE HAND SAUNDERS**—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson in a human Western that will be great for the kids. (*February.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM—Paramount.—What goes on behind the counters in a department store. Amusing true-to-life stuff with Louise Brooks as a cute little vamp. (*February.*)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (*May.*)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists. — Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (*May.*)

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (*July.*)

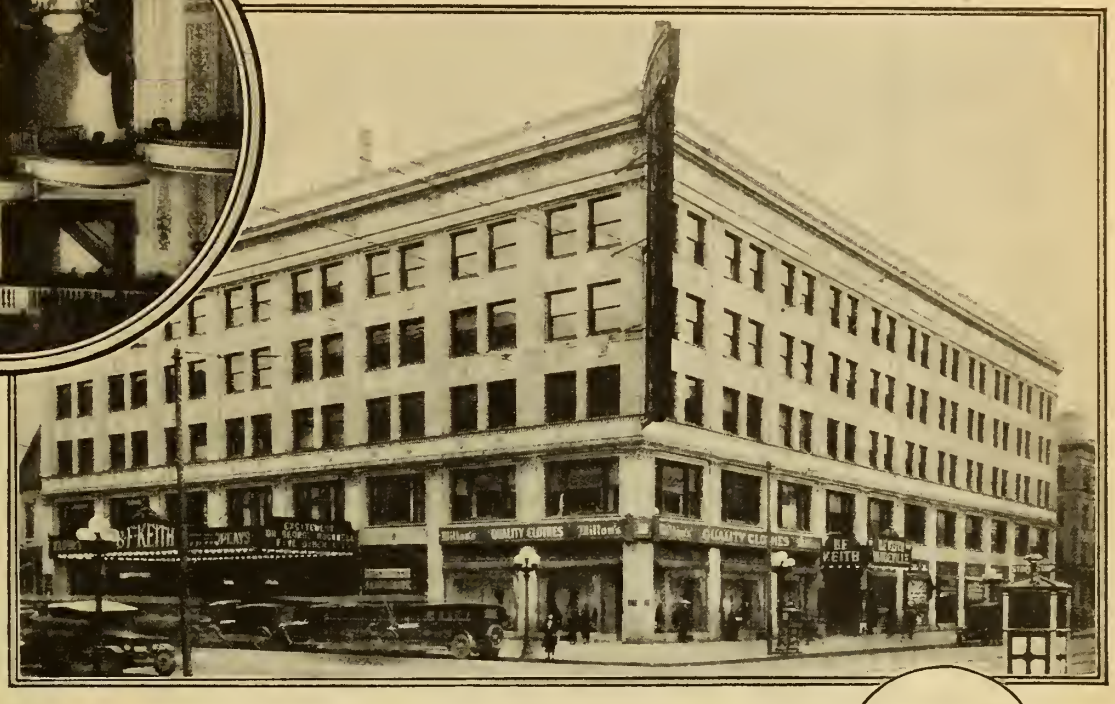
LOVERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (*April.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



This superb theatre at Dayton, Ohio, is typical of the Keith-Albee palaces, which are housing De Mille Pictures.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (*April.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN — Fox. — Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (*June.*)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (*April.*)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp. — Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (*April.*)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (*April.*)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (*June.*)

*McFADDEN'S FLATS—First National. — A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (*April.*)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (*June.*)

*METROPOLIS—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (*May.*)

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (*July.*)

*MONKEY TALKS, THE—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (*April.*)

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (*May.*)

*MUSIC MASTER, THE—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (*March.*)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (*March.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

*NIGHT OF LOVE, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Beautiful romance, exquisitely played by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Treat yourself. (*February.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (*March.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Romance and domestic sentiment in the lives of a couple of jailbirds. So-so. (*February.*)

*OLD IRONSIDES—Paramount.—The great story of the Constitution, told in stirring and beautiful fashion by James Cruze. Finely acted by Wallace Beery, George Bancroft, Charles Farrell and Esther Ralston. A real screen achievement. (*February.*)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (*March.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

OVERLAND STAGE — First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (*March.*)

PALS IN PARADISE—Producers Dist. Corp.—What, oh what, is duller than a dull Western? (*February.*)

*PARADISE FOR TWO—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gayety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (*April.*)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (*March.*)

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (*July.*)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (*April.*)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (*March.*)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (*March.*)

PROWLERS OF THE NIGHT—Universal.—Just a Western, built according to the same old primitive formula. (*February.*)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (*March.*)

RED HOT LEATHER—Universal.—Jack Hoxie does a lot of hard riding just to pay the mortgage on the old ranch. (*February.*)

*RED MILL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (*April.*)

REGULAR SCOUT, A—F. B. O.—A simple tale of a bad boy who would steal the widow's money. But the widow has a daughter—and that's the stuff that films are made of. (*February.*)

*RESURRECTION — United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores Del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (*May.*)

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (*July.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

ROSE OF THE TENEMENTS—F. B. O.—A war story plus the Ghetto atmosphere. But don't be frightened, because the film isn't half bad. Johnnie Harron and Shirley Mason in the leading rôles. (*February.*)

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (*July.*)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (*March.*)

*ROUGH RIDERS, THE—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (*May.*)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (*May.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (*July.*)

*SEVENTH HEAVEN—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (*July.*)

*SHOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too *macabre* for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (*April.*)

SILENT LOVER, THE—First National.—Movie hash concocted from remnants of old plots—a little Von Stroheim, a little Foreign Legion and a few Arabs. With Milton Sills. (*February.*)

SILENT RIDER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson again goes through his paces in the conventional Western plot. (*February.*)

SIN CARGO—Tiffany.—Not as bad as the title but not for children. Heavy smuggling in high society. (*February.*)

*SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (*May.*)

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (*July.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own che-ild later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (*March.*)

*STARK LOVE—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (*May.*)

STEPPING ALONG—First National.—Johnny Hines overplays in this one. The comedy is too long and the gags fail to explode. (*February.*)

STRANDED IN PARIS — Paramount. — Bebe Daniels at her prettiest and snappiest in a comedy of a department store girl innocently masquerading as a Countess. (*February.*)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (*March.*)

SWEET ROSE O'GRADY—Columbia.—They are all imitating "The Big Parade" and "Abie's Irish Rose." This plays on the Irish-Jewish theme. (*February.*)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O.—The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (*May.*)

TAXI DANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (*April.*)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (*April.*)

*TELEPHONE GIRL, THE — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

*TELL IT TO THE MARINES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (*March.*)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (*March.*)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (*May.*)

TIMID TERROR, THE—F. B. O.—Badly directed, badly acted and old story. Why waste space? (*February.*)

TIN HATS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Well, it seems there are three soldiers who get lost in Germany. And the handsomest boy wins a German Countess. A strain on the probabilities, but often genuinely funny. (*February.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (*July.*)

*TWINKLETOES—First National.—A beautiful performance by Colleen Moore in a delicate and charming story of Limehouse. Decidedly worth your kind attention. (*February.*)



OUR "LINDY"

Today I devote this column to a tribute to Charles Lindbergh, or "Lindy" as the whole world now affectionately knows him, the courageous young King of the Air who, without blare of trumpets or elaborate preparation, hopped across the Atlantic alone, attended only by a bottle of water and half a dozen sandwiches.

Was ever a hero so simple and unaffected? The people of the universe were not prepared for what he did. The usual ballyhoo was lacking. "Lindy" simply stepped into his plane and flew to France. By this act of unadorned daring, he accomplished more than diplomats and ambassadors could. He amazed Kings and Presidents. There was none too great to do him honor.

While the world was ringing with "Lindy's" praises, Chamberlin and Levine flew to Berlin, and again there were wild demonstrations of approval for individual courage.

It is rather wonderful how the International News Reel Service secured moving pictures of the wild scenes in Paris and Berlin and brought us here at home face to face with the truimphal progress of these daring bird-men.

Just watch International News Reel in your favorite theatre hereafter and note the great skill and courage required to picture the highways and byways of the universe.

Ask us for a list of Universal's forthcoming productions for Fall and Winter. It will prove a revelation. We want you to be informed of our pretentious offerings so you can be sure to see them. Have you written to me lately?

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth,* about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

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UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (*July.*)

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (*April.*)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (*April.*)

VALENCIA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Murray, Lloyd Hughes and Roy D'Arcy are awfully funny, without trying. Stay home and tell your own jokes. (*February.*)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (*May.*)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (*April.*)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (*May.*)

***WHAT PRICE GLORY**—Fox.—The war drama that started all the fun. A fine screen version of a great play, with excellent acting and sincere direction. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores Del Rio deserve high praise. (*February.*)

***WHEN A MAN LOVES**—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (*April.*)

WHILE LONDON SLEEPS—Warner Brothers.—Not a great picture but a great star—none other than Rin-Tin-Tin. He puts over the film. (*February.*)

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE BLACK SHEEP, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again plays the wandering boy who fights his way back for dear old England, this time. Hokum. (*February.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (*May.*)

WINGS OF THE STORM—Fox.—A new canine star—Thunder—makes his appearance. The story has a real appeal for children. It's the autobiography of a dog. (*February.*)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (*March.*)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (*March.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

and sympathy and understanding behind even the most gruesome features.

GEORGE DEVON.

A Small Towner Speaks

Red Hook, N. Y.

"This production, which opened at the —— Theater last evening will make a hit in small towns."

HAS MADE A HIT, Mr. Critic. I do wish you city folks would realize that some of the small towns, such as this, invariably get the good pictures first.

This is a town of about twelve thousand and we may not have a miniature Roxy or Capitol. We lack the music and atmosphere of these "palaces" I admit, but we always see the pictures a few days and sometimes a week before they reach these theaters. When an advertisement of a theater in a nearby city says, "Direct from the —— of New York" it makes us smile.

WILLARD THOMAS.

The May-December Stuff

Cincinnati, O.

Someone is making an awful mess of things by placing stars such as Colleen Moore with Conway Tearle, and Mary Astor opposite Lewis Stone. Place them according to their Ability, Beauty and Youth.

MAY ALLEN MILLER.

Please Pass the Salt

Peoria, Ill.

If some extra clouts his wife on the bean, you can be sure the papers will have it, WELL KNOWN ACTOR ARRESTED FOR WIFE BEATING. The movie industry is made up of thousands of people, so why should the actions of a few tarnish the good reputations of a multitude of others?

Celebrities and people of importance who are continually in the public eye must indeed be mindful of the things they do and say, as newspapers are always ready to pounce upon some petty fault or transgression of theirs, magnify it, and spread it all over the front page for the dear public's delectation. Let's take things of this sort with a grain of salt.

LOUISE KRAMER.

We Thank You

North Guilford, Conn.

One of the best things about the movies is PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which keeps us so well posted and gives such unbiased opinions of pictures. Whenever we contemplate making the twenty-five mile trip to town to see a movie, our first question is, "What does PHOTOPLAY say about it?"

When the newspapers print items about any of the stars, I always say, "I'll believe it when I see it in PHOTOPLAY." Somehow Studio News and Gossip seems to ring true and human, without being sensational. One paragraph there often gives a much clearer idea than columns of newspaper "story."

MRS. GEORGE W. LOVEDAY.

What Every Woman Knows

Orange, Conn.

Why not give the screen a change for awhile? Bring something out on the screen that is true to life, instead of all this fairy tale stuff. I am writing this letter to criticize "Orchids and Ermine." The picture was worth seeing, but who ever heard of a rich man marrying a poor girl who is not at least refined? But this is what happened in the picture. It is true that rich men often become acquainted with poor, unrefined girls, but when it comes to marrying one, I believe the picture is an exaggeration.

MILDRED MUNGER.

Rin-Tin-Tin, the Educator

Cradock, Va.

Pictures like those featuring Rin-Tin-Tin will never grow old or lose their charm. To develop in children a love for animals is a step forward in the moral growth of a child. Moving pictures of this sort will always elevate the child.

MRS. BLANCHE C. TUCKER.

"Who do you think you are—my FATHER?"

"What do you mean—insulting this young lady!—What business is it of yours if she IS my fiancee! I'll marry whomever I please... Even if you are the famous Pierre of the Ritz—what right have you to interfere in my affairs?"

WHAT RIGHT! Two words with a world of heartbreak for him they called The Prince of Headwaiters... Crushed—disgraced—center of all eyes in the suddenly hushed hilarity of New York's riotous rich. One word—out of the past—and this young heir to millions would be at his feet—sobbing—begging.... *But HIS SON must never know the truth!*



What can possibly be the outcome of such a tensely fateful situation? Theatre audiences everywhere are thrilling to the climax of

The Greatest Heart-Drama of the Year!

SAM E. RORK *presents*

The Prince of Headwaiters

with **LEWIS STONE**

Lilyan Tashman - Priscilla Bonner - Robert Agnew
Ann Rork - John Patrick

Adapted by - JANE MURFIN

From the Liberty Magazine Story by Viola Brothers Shore and Garrett Fort

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON PRODUCTION



First National Pictures

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Nearly 5000 COLLEGE GIRLS

FROM THE LEADING WOMEN'S COLLEGES AND STATE UNIVERSITIES



A lovely rose-leaf complexion—what girl of twenty does not believe supremely in its importance!

say it's "marvelous"...."wonderful for the skin."

Thousands of girls—

Girls dark and fair, long-haired and bobbed — from north, east, south, west—

In endless bright variety — they pour through our colleges and universities.

They are at an age when life seems a wonderful adventure, and admiration, the approval of others, more desirable than they ever will seem again.

Latin verbs, yes; but what girl of twenty does not believe supremely in the importance of a lovely, smooth, rose-leaf complexion?

Of 927 girls at Smith and Bryn Mawr over half said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Of 804 girls at Barnard and Wellesley, 415 found Woodbury's "the only soap for their skin."

At the four great universities of Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, Woodbury's was from 3 to 5 times as popular as any other toilet soap.

"Absolutely satisfying," they say

And in Canada, too—at her leading colleges, Toronto and McGill, two-thirds of the girls replying to us found Woodbury's Facial Soap "wonderful," "absolutely satisfying."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing than is commercially possible with ordinary soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight! Within a week or ten days you will notice the improvement it is beginning to make in your complexion!

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2215 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10c—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." *In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2215 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

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Richee

New Pictures

THE Girl of the Hour—Clara Bow. She is the Super-Flapper of 1927—the most modern of modern girls. Please credit Clara with creating an original and distinctive type of screen heroine. Also with daring to be herself.



Ruth Harriet Louise

ELEANOR BOARDMAN started her professional career as an artists' model. Hence she is tired of playing the merely pretty girl. In King Vidor's new picture, "The Crowd," Miss Boardman will be seen as the plain wife of a plain, everyday man.



THOMAS MEIGHAN gets a lucky break. His next picture will be directed by James Cruze. It is called "We're All Gamblers" and was adapted from the clever play by Sidney Howard, "Lucky Sam McCarver." Make a note of it, please.



CHARLES ROGERS is getting to be too important to answer to his nickname of "Buddy." This young graduate of the Paramount School has a featured rôle in "Wings." Mary Pickford has chosen him to be her new leading man.



Boris

FOR a time Gilda Gray threatened to go in for the serious drama and the world looked very, very black. But now it has been announced that Gilda will play in a shimmy opera called "The Devil Dancer." We heave a sigh of relief.



TERRIBLE influence of Hollywood on a nice little Chinee girl. Anna May Wong wears this costume—or lack of costume—in "The Chinese Parrot." What do you suppose the folks in the old country will have to say about it?

THE GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY



FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL'S WARDROBE ~~~ Gossard ~~~ figure foundations! Model 6622, a lovely, supple combination of striped satin tricot, particularly-designed for the figure and wardrobe needs of the smart co-ed, is shown here. $10.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., *Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires*

"It is such fun to have lovely clothes stay fresh and new-looking" . . says RENÉE ADORÉE

"I LOVE CLOTHES," laughed Renée Adorée, "especially fussy, frilly, feminine ones—the kind that seem so impractical.

"But it breaks my heart to have them look soiled and shabby from wearing. Life here in Hollywood is dreadfully hard on them.

"At first I used to depend upon having most of my clothes dry cleaned. But oh, the time it took!

"Of course I knew that nearly everything one buys nowadays is supposed to be washable but I dreaded the attempt. I had heard of such disastrous results from washing. But my maid assured me that my clothes would wash perfectly in Lux. So then and there I gave her an arm-load of frocks and told her to prove it!

"The results were wonderful! Now all of my sports clothes and most of my tailored things go into her tub. But her greatest triumph comes when she gets one of my truly feminine frocks. What she can do with the help of Lux is almost too good to be true. And she says it's so easy—as long as a fabric won't run in plain water anyone can get perfect results with Lux."



True daughter of France, Rénée Adorée—the vivacious Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star—was born with that marvelous flair for clothes so characteristically French, coupled with a joyous humor that is all her own.



Two things Renée Adorée can never resist are a playful dog and a beautiful negligee. She often indulges her passion for both at the same time, knowing that she can depend upon Lux to keep the negligee exquisitely fresh no matter how hard she wears it.

If it's safe in water . . it's just as safe in Lux



Now the big package — it's so convenient!

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

August, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WE understand that Corinne Griffith is realizing that making your own pictures, being independent, having free expression for your art, and all that sort of thing, is not what it is cracked up to be.

Her first venture with United Artists has proved a one hundred per cent flop. The picture, on which many thousands of dollars had been spent, was junked after only two weeks' studio work.

Her glorious dream of profits has not materialized.

A PRODUCER recently consulted Harry Reichenbach, who was the acknowledged wizard of motion picture exploitation, but who reformed and went into the advertising business, on the problem of putting over a star who was popular in the small towns, but was not so well known in the large cities.

"Have you any idea of how to do it?" asked the producer.

"Sure," said Harry. "Just make a good picture."

Simple, isn't it?

IT has become very apparent that we were voicing the opinion of millions of motion picture devotees last month when we urged exhibitors to give us more pictures and less vaudeville, so-called atmospheric prologues and yodelling.

Hundreds of readers have taken the trouble to write the editor and cheer on the "Back to motion picture movement," as one of them described it.

"Why hasn't some paper said it before—we've all been thinking about it," wrote another.

I told him if he were really interested and wanted to help to write to his exhibitor. He will tell you quickly enough that the public can dictate the kind of show they really like and want to see.

You will find he is a pretty reasonable chap. Drop him a note.

CECIL B. DE MILLE told the students of the Harvard School of business administration an interesting story of his first efforts at unusual lighting effects. In the early days in California they depended on sunlight entirely, but one day while making "The Warrens of Virginia," he borrowed a spotlight from a theater and used it on close-ups of one of the principal characters.

He lighted half the face, the other side going dark.

When the picture reached the New York distributing office there went up a terrible howl.

"How do you expect us to sell a picture for full price when you shot only half the man?" wired the salesmanager.

De Mille got mad and wired back:

"If you fellows are so dumb that you don't know Rembrandt lighting when you see it, don't blame me."

"Rembrandt light—great stuff—my mistake," wired the salesmanager, and he sent his men out to charge the exhibitor twice as much for it—and got it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]

EXIT - *This Way*

Seven gates to oblivion are open to the your door and walk, do not run, to

By Agnes Smith

THERE is no certain way of getting into pictures, but there are plenty of sure-fire ways of getting out of them. The entrances may be concealed or bolted, but the exits are plainly marked and wide open.

Consider the stars who have made their exits from the movies. Some were-edged out; others walked out willingly and slammed the door behind them.

To sum up the case of the old-timers, there are seven royal roads to oblivion. To help out any little stars who want to take the toboggan, here are seven guaranteed ways of flopping.

1. Get yourself mixed up, even remotely, in a scandal involving a serious crime or a breach of morals.
2. Work up a hotsy-totsy temperament and overrate your own importance.
3. If you are a woman, marry a man who is antagonistic to your career or who is a tactless manager.
4. Overplay your type.
5. Allow yourself to be starred before your abilities warrant the promotion.
6. Take too much time off between pictures and allow the public to forget you.
7. Make a string of plain, bad pictures. Most producers can help you in this way.

And may we remark, at this stage of the story, that these rules for failure do not apply exclusively to movie stars? You can try them out on your own boss.

The most obvious—and most tragic—case of bad publicity was, of course, "Fatty" Arbuckle. When Roscoe fell into error, he ruined his own career and nearly dragged the whole movie business with him. Roscoe recently scored a personal hit in the stage revival of "Baby Mine" in New York. In a lesser degree, Mary Miles Minter made the same dreadful mistake. Little Mildred Harris' unfortunate marriage to Charlie Chaplin and the subsequent publicity didn't do her a bit of good.

When it comes to drawing moral lines, the public is as fussy and unreasonable as your maiden aunt. It forgave Charlie his first divorce; it probably will forgive him his second one. But although she tried movies and vaudeville, Mildred Harris never made any progress that lived up to the flying start she got in the old Triangle days.

A good raging case of temperament, accompanied by a swollen head, a high hat and enlarged ego, is an easy way of removing your name from electric lights. Once a star tries to be producer, director, business manager, costume designer and scenario writer, she is heading straight for the land of Has-Beens. I say "she" advisedly, for one strong-minded woman on the loose is worse than fifty actors fighting for close-ups.

WHEN things were breaking for Alla Nazimova, she was earning $10,000 a week. Having Madame around the studio was like living in Kansas during the cyclone season. Nazimova knew more about making pictures than Cecil B. De Mille, Irving Thalberg and Jesse Lasky all rolled into one—God forbid!

Nazimova launched her own company and announced that she was going to have her own way. She got it. And it finished her in pictures. She tried the stage, with indifferent success. Then she went into vaudeville. At present she is in England. The lady has talent. But in her black, bobbed hair there is more than a sprinkling of gray.



Alla Nazimova
Temperament



Mary Miles Minter
Bad Publicity



Clara Kimball Young
Mediocre Pictures

Olga Petrova was accused of temperament. In reality, Petrova was ahead of her day. At a time when the blonde cutie was carrying the screen by storm, Petrova made the fatal mistake of wanting to make pictures with some sense to them. Now she is living at Great Neck, L. I., writing plays.

Out → movie stars—Choose the nearest exit



Pauline Frederick was not exactly a victim of temperament. At one time Miss Frederick earned $15,000 a week and was virtually her own manager. She was a great actress, but a poor business woman. She married frequently and unhappily and her enthusiasms were misdirected.

Miss Frederick, too, is in England, enjoying an astonishing success. The English aren't so fickle as Americans. Miss Frederick left Hollywood because she refused to play secondary rôles.

Perhaps she was right; certainly she never has forfeited the loyalty of her public.

Occasionally a star will voluntarily and willingly give up her career for marriage. Sometimes her marriage brings her lifelong happiness. Too often, however, it turns into pitiful failure and the girl tries in vain to make a come-back.

J. Warren Kerrigan
Indifference



Beverly Bayne
Marriage



Mae Marsh
Home Life



Louise Glaum
Overplayed Her Type

Agnes Ayres married Manuel Reacchi and gallantly gave up her career. She had a young daughter and she thought she was happy in her home. But something went wrong and Miss Ayres has lost both her husband and her career. She is playing minor rôles at but a fraction of her former salary.

The marriage of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne was doomed from the start. Our dear old maiden aunt, the public, disapproved of it. It was all right for Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne to be in love with each other, but it was wrong for Mr. Bushman to get a divorce to marry Miss Bayne.

The Bushmans had hard sledding and not many marriages thrive on adversity. Then came the divorce and, oddly enough, Auntie Public once more welcomed Francis X. and was coolly indifferent to the charming and deeply wronged Miss Bayne. Figure it out, if you can!

Let us consider the happier cases. Not so long ago, Wallace MacDonald was having luncheon in New York. He pulled out his watch and showed a group of friends the picture of a pretty girl, carefully pasted in the case.

"Remember her?" he asked.

The girl was Doris May.

"She's not going back into the pictures," announced Mr. MacDonald. "I'm the head of the family now."

And there's Mae Marsh who fell in love with her press agent, Louis Lee Arms, and promptly lost all interest in her work. True enough, she made pictures after she married, but she had grown plump and the old spark was lacking. D. W. Griffith gave her a single come-back in "The White Rose," but Mae's Irish heart is concentrated on her home and her children.

Perhaps she has faint regrets. Perhaps the success of girls with lesser talents rankles a little. After all, hers was once the rarest talent on the screen and hers was the greatest sacrifice.

Pretty little Louise Huff married Edgar Jones and had a little daughter. When the marriage ended in the conventional divorce, Louise tried the screen and also the stage. Then she married again—this time to Edwin A. Stillman—and has another daughter. The screen is very far away.

ENID BENNETT is Mrs. Fred Niblo and is now starring in the rôle of wife and mother. Dorothy Dalton, another star of Triangle days, is Mrs. Arthur Hammerstein.

June Caprice married Harry Millarde, the director, after vainly trying to be another Mary Pickford. June was a nice little girl, but not another Mary. However, life has its compensations; there is now another little June Caprice.

Louise Lovely is married to William Welch and permanently off the screen. Francelia Billington—remember the girl in "Blind Husbands"?—married Lester Cuneo. And the marriage turned out tragically. Cuneo committed suicide. Rubye de Remer, the blithe blonde, married Ben Troup, a millionaire. Gloria Hope is happier as Mrs. Lloyd Hughes than in the days when she was trying for film fame. Zena Keefe also chose matrimony—and oblivion. Marguerite Clark retired gracefully when she married H. Palmerston Williams and left only pleasant memories behind her. Billie Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld and has a charming young daughter. So it goes with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Ladies in Hades

By
Frederic Arnold Kummer



Illustrated by Gordon Ross

EVE was getting terribly bored with Hades, which was only natural, since she had been there longer than anyone else.

Even Satan, she complained, wasn't as attentive as usual, although he *had* been away in Hollywood most of the winter, the papers said, and was thinking seriously of going into the picture business himself.

Not that the charming ladies of the screen attracted him, he confided to Adam, lovely as they were. His interest in pictures was a practical one—he wanted to be abreast of the times, keep in touch with the public.

Women, as women, had ceased to interest him, he said, since they had become so much like men. He found them entirely too hardboiled, and much preferred good honest demonesses of the Lilith type. They might be a little old-fashioned in their methods, but at least they did not try to show how much they loved you by putting arsenic in the soup.

Adam was always very busy nights. He told Eve that he'd been sitting up with a sick dinosaur

¶ Eve, Cleopatra, Sappho, Helen of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Delilah, Potiphar's Wife, Phryne (the gold digger of Athens), Thais, Scheherazade, Lucrezia Borgia and Salome—twelve famous dames of history and legend—organize a club in the interest of truth.

¶ At the first meeting Eve tells the true story of the episode in the Garden of Eden.

¶ Next month, Scheherazade, celebrated *raconteur* of Arabian Nights, will read a paper on "Should Wives Be Padlocked?"



Adam said the blonde hairs on his shoulder probably belonged to an elephant. But the real secret was Lilith, a particular aid of Satan's. Lilith was devoting her spare time to teaching Adam the art of love

Adam admitted that he felt the same way about it himself, but hoped Satan wouldn't mention the matter, as Eve always made such a fuss when he wanted to go out, nights.

"I used to think," Satan went on, looking rather worried, "that I knew all there was to know about wickedness, but the way things are going now, if I don't watch my step some battling blonde is going to be given my job. Well, maybe a woman *could* handle it better. I've always been too tender-hearted, myself." He hurried out.

"Can I see you a minute?" said Eve, who was waiting for him in the front hall.

"If it's about pictures," Satan remarked hastily, "I may as well tell you there's nothing doing. The public wants youth."

"I don't think it is very polite of you," Eve said, pouting, "to remind me that I am the oldest inhabitant. I'm not interested in pictures. What I want is somebody to talk to."

"I shouldn't think you would have any lack of listeners, my dear," Satan observed, grinning. "There's not a man in the place who isn't crazy to have you tell him the story of the Downfall. I was talking to a bunch of fundamentalists down at the ferry yesterday, and you were the first person they asked for."

Eve continued to pout, dusting her nose with the latest thing in asbestos face powder.

"Sometimes, my dear Satan," she said, "you show a strange lack of knowledge of our sex. When a woman really wants someone to talk to she doesn't want a man —she wants another woman. You ought to know that."

Satan glanced at his watch. He had agreed to make a speech at a prohibition meeting and was already a trifle late.

"I thought women liked to talk to men," he said.

"Not when they want to talk honestly—to tell the truth. You can't tell men the truth about women—they wouldn't understand it. Take that little story about the apple, for instance. The poor dears actually believe—"

"Just a moment!" Satan glanced about to see that no one was listening. "What *really* happened in the Garden of Eden is a matter between ourselves, not to be discussed in public—at least when there are any men around. As Hell's leading citizen I have to be careful of my reputation."

"Isn't that just like a man. Anybody might think—"

"Exactly. If you want a woman to talk to, why bother me? Our latest census shows a large preponderance of your sex here in Hades, any one of whom—"

Eve, who had been scribbling on a platinum pad, glanced up.

You Can Learn About Men From Them

"I have decided," she said, "to form a woman's club."

"Splendid!" Satan gave a sigh of relief. "A sort of *salon*, I suppose. An excellent idea. Artists and all that. There must be any number of women down here with the creative instinct who would be delighted—"

"There you go again. What makes you so stupid this morning? You know as well as I do that no woman was ever given the ability to create anything, not even a child, without the help of some man. Those ancient fables may go down with the younger generation, but why spring them on me?"

"I thought a club of artists—"

"Ridiculous! The only art that women really know anything at all about is the art of love. My club is to be made up of experts in it."

"I see," Satan interrupted. "A gathering of great lovers. If you haven't decided on a name yet, why not call it the Gold-diggers Club?"

"*Do* try to be serious. I want to bring together, for purposes of honest discussion, those few women of the world who have made themselves famous—"

"Infamous, I guess you mean. They are all here."

"I KNOW. But the place is getting so crowded I never see them. Here's a little list I've made. I've put my name down first, which is only right, because if it hadn't been for me there never would have been any such thing as Original Sin to begin with, and no Hell for you to rule over, either, if you come down to that. I think you owe me a great deal, although I must say I get precious little credit for it."

"I always thought," Satan said sardonically, "that the idea of the Downfall was mine."

"Well, you couldn't have put it over if it hadn't been for me. But to come back to my club. I hoped you might suggest a few names. There's Cleopatra, of course,—a delightful creature—I haven't seen her for ages. And Sappho. And that charming Helen of Troy. By the way—I understand she is having quite an affair with Lord Byron. Have you heard anything about it?"

"My dear Eve," Satan replied, "I have been accused of almost every crime on the calendar, but there is one to which I have not yet descended — I never gossip. I leave that to you women. Even a devil has got to draw the line somewhere."

"Oh, well — you needn't be so nasty. I'll find out for myself. Do you think Salome would be a good one to ask?"

"She's certainly had a lot of publicity."

"I know. As a dancer. But somehow I've never quite believed that story about her refusing half of Herod's kingdom just for a man's head. No man in the world ever had a head that was worth it."

"You might consider the Queen of Sheba," Satan suggested.

"Of course. She's a dear. And I'm crazy to hear all the details of her affair with Solomon. He must have been quite a sheik. As for the rest"—she paused. "Of course, my dear Satan, I may be boring you, but even so it is hardly polite to yawn in a lady's face."

"Sorry. Must be the heat. A little sultry today, even for me. I'll speak to the Head Stoker about it. And now, if you don't mind, I'll be running along—"

"VERY well. But you get the idea, don't you? A woman's club. I may say a super-woman's club. No men allowed. That will give us a chance to discuss things frankly—something we could never do, with men around. Think of it—all the important women of history telling about their love affairs the way they really happened, instead of the silly accounts you find in books. Why—if our minutes are ever published—"

"They won't be, my dear."

"But—why not?"

"The reason should be obvious, I think, even to you. Most of my male guests are here because of certain beliefs they hold concerning women. I am stern, perhaps, in my punishments. I have stripped these poor devils of every other illusion. But their belief in women I have left them. Not from sentimental reasons—I trust I shall never be accused of anything so childish as that—but because they had to have something to cling to in order to make even Hell possible."

"Really, Satan," Eve [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



"Why is Adam getting all this attention?" demanded Eve. "I should like to know something about this art of making love myself"



NO young leading man can hope to be a full-fledged star until he has appeared in at least one desert picture. Charles Farrell grows a little moustache, thereby adding to his years and sex appeal, and plays a suave Arab in "Prince Fazil." And, since Arabs seem to prefer Nordics, the blonde is Greta Nissen.



NOT so long ago, Jetta Goudal couldn't get a contract because she had the reputation of being hard to get along with. Cecil B. De Mille took a chance with the dynamite and, for three years, they've never had the shadow of a quarrel.

Jetta Lives Down Her Past

And now she dares anyone to accuse her of being too temperamental

By Francis Clark

"I DO not drink. I do not smoke. I do not use bad language. I never gossip. I never talk about people behind their backs. I do not have love affairs. I am not greedy about money. I never quarrel about salary. And yet I have a bad reputation!"

There, in her own words, you have the problem of Jetta Goudal. And there, too, you have an interesting sidelight on this tricky business of making a hit in pictures.

This, then, is the strange story of Miss Goudal. I do not mean where she was born, how she came to this country or how she went into the movies. But it is the odd tale of a funny girl who met up with Old Man Success and then deliberately slapped the suave gentleman's face.

Several years ago, Miss Goudal made a great, big hit in "The Bright Shawl." She had looks, she had ability and she was an exotic and lovely type. She was snatched up immediately and given large parts in important pictures.

Then the stories began to fly. The Goudal person had temperament. She had a terrible disposition. She ate directors for breakfast; she devoured stars for dinner. The girl, with everything else in her favor, simply wouldn't listen to reason. She deserved to be spanked and sent home.

It isn't so easy to get along in the movies. Not only must you register with the public, but you must make a hit with the people in the studios. Jetta could register with the public, but she simply couldn't get along with her co-workers. It was generally conceded that a girl who could act so uppity in the face of a great chance for success must be off her nut.

The Jetta Goudal of today can tell funny stories of those unpleasant days when the tales of her temperament were used to frighten Baby Stars.

"I was," she says, "out of work. I could not get a part anywhere. The dreadful stories of my temperament had killed all my chance. It was unfortunate, too, because I had no other way of earning my living. I really, seriously speaking, had to have some sort of work.

"At that time, Cecil De Mille was starting his own company and he sent for me. He asked me if I would work for him and named the salary. I accepted it immediately, no haggling about money. Then he asked me about these rumors of temperament. I couldn't answer him at first; I just began to cry. Finally, I promised him that I never would say or do anything that a lady wouldn't do.

"AH, but it is very hard to live down a bad reputation. At first, as soon as I stepped on to a set, everyone began looking for trouble. And the stories of temperament kept following me. Once I read in the newspapers that I had been ordered out of the studio.

"I went to Mr. De Mille and showed him the clipping. 'You are still here, aren't you?' he asked. 'But,' I insisted, 'what a terrible thing to say!' 'You are still getting your pay check? Then don't worry about anything you read.' That would end the argument.

"Another time I complained to Mr. De Mille that people were writing unkind things about me. 'Well,' he answered, 'you ought to read some of the things that have been written about me!'"

Miss Goudal's hard experience taught her a lesson. She will not, under any provocation, say a mean thing about anybody. Before she speaks, she remembers the stories told about her and she holds her tongue. In Hollywood, if you don't gossip, you are a social loss.

So Jetta doesn't live in Hollywood; she lives in Los Angeles and keeps much to herself. She is abnormally sensitive and all those stories of her temperament have made her shy. The air of mystery about her is becoming to her. And I think she appreciates it.

"I will not give every detail of my life; I will not tell everything about myself," she says. "Once

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



"Wouldn't your mother be astonished to see you in that suit?"

"Wouldn't she, though? It's hers!"

Have All Actors *an*

A Famous Psychoanalyst finds that inferiority fears plus infantile fixations are what make most actors act

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D. Ph. D.



THIS is the first of a series of six articles by Dr. Bisch, giving a psychoanalyst's view of the movies. They are the most interesting articles PHOTOPLAY ever has published. Dr. Bisch is Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital.

WHAT makes men and women want to act?

Why does it grip them like a frenzy?

How can one explain that all actors are so different?

These questions were put to me some time ago by a man who is financially interested in pictures.

"You psychoanalytic fellows are always finding hidden reasons for the strange things people do," he said. "Well, tell me the why and the how of Hollywood."

It was an unexpected challenge but a fair one.

I had to agree that such an investigation had fascinating possibilities.

Although I knew personally several movie actors and actresses the thought had never occurred to me before of trying to solve the riddle of the actor from a scientific point of view. And he was right when he accused the psychoanalysts of hunting always for the secret springs of character and behavior.

Mental analysis, you must know, is continually showing people up for what they really are, proving to them that they are made to think and feel and act the way they do, not because of motives they themselves consider valid but because of motives deep down inside themselves of which they are entirely unconscious and unaware. This will become clear to you, I believe, when I tell you the results of the character study of screen people I made, following the challenge of my friend.

I STARTED in by psychoanalysing one screen actor and I ended up by analysing many more. With this method and extensive questioning I covered the ground rather thoroughly. I cannot, to be sure, give names. Not only professional ethics but obvious personal reasons as well forbid. But that does not really matter.

The point is that many surprises were in store for me.

I discovered that all actors I analysed and questioned were built of the same material, pressed out of the same mould.

Whether stars or regulars or extras or just plain hopeful aspirants for a chance—men and women, young and old—each and every one revealed identical emotional mechanisms. The truth is, made as they were, they could not possibly help themselves being anything else but actors. It was plain to see why movie people do the things they do.

I soon became convinced that actors belong in a class by themselves and are fundamentally different.

Can you imagine a screen celebrity feeling inferior?

Well, that is the first startling fact I ran up against.

Doesn't it seem absurd that a renowned and stately beauty, one who carries herself like a queen, wears her clothes with the chic of a Parisienne, and sends a thrill of admiration through all who behold her entering a drawing room—isn't it a bit ridiculous that such a person should be suffering from self-depreciation, from ideas of incompetence, from fear of failure—in short, inferiority?

Yet that is a true case. Rather pronounced I will admit. But true nevertheless and true of all the actors I studied. Every single one of them was fighting some degree of inferiority.

And here is another strange thing. None of the actors I analysed knew consciously that he or she was haunted by inferiority. It came as a complete surprise when I dug it out of their minds and proved it to them.

An even greater surprise to them—and I must confess to me also—was to find that it was really such inferiority fears that had obsessed them with wanting to be actors in the first place!

Take for instance the case of the young woman I have mentioned. Let me give you part of her analysis exactly, as taken from my notes. I said she was a beauty. The fact is she had always been a beauty.

"That's about all I used to hear as a child," she confided to me. "Every place they took me to somebody would pat me on the head and pinch my cheeks and tell mother what a beautiful creature I was growing into."

"And that made you happy?" I asked.

"Well, yes—in a way." I noted that she replied hesitatingly.

"Then there is some doubt in your mind?" I went on.

"NO, I can't say there is," she answered. "That is, no definite doubt. Every woman likes to be admired. Why shouldn't it please me to be made such a fuss over? Now they feature me in the magazines. I'm a star in the movies!"

"That is the point exactly," I continued. "All these things ought to please you. They would please the average woman. But I suspect there is something upsetting you, something which does not make you feel certain whether you are satisfied with life or not, whether you have got out of life what you really wanted to."

"I don't know," she replied reflectively.

Inferiority Complex?



"I'm ashamed the way I have used my good looks to get ahead. I always took the easy way. I can never be sure whether I am competent or not"

"You gave me the hint when you hesitated about liking to be praised for your good looks when a child," I continued. "And why did you defend yourself a moment ago? You asked me why you shouldn't be pleased at being fussed over. If you were so sure of yourself why do you question it? It's little slips like these that count in psychoanalysis. They are the 'dead give-aways,' the hints that lead to the discovery of what a person really feels in contrast to what he merely thinks he feels."

My subject looked at me with a puzzled expression for a moment.

"Is that the reason why I'm always dreaming about something I want, and when I get to it and it's almost in my grasp it vanishes?"

"Tell me one of those things you nearly succeeded in grasping."

"I'm thinking of the dream I had a few nights ago," she replied. "It was a huge book. I've dreamt about that book several times."

"Now what does book make you think of?" I persisted.

"Book makes me think of school—college." She stopped talking. Then suddenly she cried: "I see it all now. My father just came to mind. He was almost sorry I was pretty. He was afraid I'd get conceited and neglect my education. Strange I never thought of it before but father would often say to me that a beautiful woman is a menace unto herself."

"And you believe that?" I inquired.

"Yes, I do. That is I do now. I'm ashamed the way I have used my good looks to get ahead. I never took the hard road like father did. I always took the easy way. I can never be sure whether I am competent or not. I can't be sure whether my work is appreciated or not. Sometimes I hate myself. Since we started this analysis I understand many things about myself I didn't know before. I certainly understand how scared I really am of myself—of my own inferiority bugaboo."

I have purposely gone [CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]

Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

Introducing a Department

SOMETIMES news is very naughty.
Sometimes news is very nice—
Sometimes news is proud and haughty,
Sometimes it is full of spice!

Sometimes it is touched with sadness,
Sometimes it makes joybells chime;
But it's always worth the hearing—
Listen to our news in rhyme!

The Miller-Pickford Finale

It can not be for money,
She made so much in "Sunny"—
And Marilyn was never one,
To worry over cash!

But still she's gone to Paris,
Where no one need embarrass
Divorce courts with a scandal,
Or with anything so rash!

Separations

SEPARATIONS, separations,
They keep Hollywood alive,
It is on star separations,
That the daily papers thrive.

Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan,
They are going lonely ways—
Once they planned to live together
All their days.

Lefty Flynn—the football hero,
And Viola Dana, small,
Do they care for being married?
Not at all!

Agnes Ayres—she once turned native—
(It was a mistake, alas!)
Even these warm southern wooings,
One day pass. . . .

Separations, separations,
They in Hollywood abound;
They make gossip, and—well, gossip
Makes the reel of life go round!

Goes Abroad

NORMA'S gone across the sea,
Diamond garters at her knee;
Why? It's quite a mystery!
Pretty Norma Talmadge—

Maybe it's to buy some clothes,
Or a play—or goodness knows—
Does it matter why she goes?
She's our Norma Talmadge!

EMIL JANNINGS
as August Shilling
in
The Way of All Flesh



A Sonnet Impression of the Month's Best Performance—

DROOPING, heavy, careworn body,
Hands that hang at either side;
Clothes a little worn and shoddy,
Eyes that gleam with gentle pride.
Shoulders that can show emotion,
As no other shoulders do—
Genius, from across the ocean,
Making tarnished dreams come true.

Tragedy—not glaring, shrieking,
But the groping sort we know;
Tenderness, tongue-tied, but speaking.
In each smile that dares to glow!
Humbleness and faith that reaches
To all hearts that living teaches.

Chaney's Latest

Lon Chaney will star in
"The Wandering Jew,"
All Hollywood tells us
The story is true.

He's given us gangsters,
And skeletons white,
He's given us monsters,
To fill us with fright—

He's given us robbers,
And given us freaks,
He's broken his body,
And puffed out his cheeks.

Oh, he's been a hunchback,
He's been without legs;
His arms have been stumps,
And his feet have been pegs.

He's been a gorilla,
A museum piece,
He's said it with crutches,
And false teeth and grease.

And so, as a climax,
As something quite new—
They've handed him this one,
"The Wandering Jew"—

He's done men from China,
He's done a Marine,
But now, as his latest . . .
(*Why bring in Levine?*)

A Tribute - - - - Robert McKim 1887 - 1927

HE played so many villains on the screen,
He sneered so often in the hero's face,
That we had set him down to film disgrace,
To being "most unkind" and "very mean!"

And yet he was a prey to circumstances,
He started as a villain—and, no doubt,
He often vainly longed to turn about,
To play the lead in pretty, light romances!

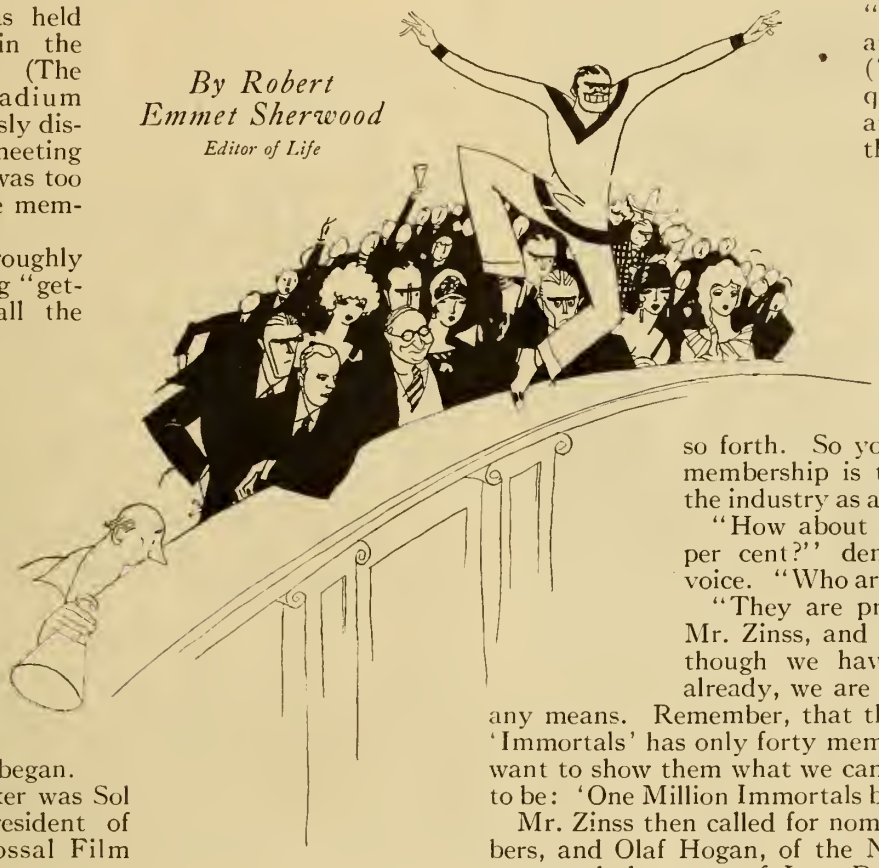
We like to think that he is smiling now,
That all the parts he plays are pleasant rôles,
That deal with happy hearts and joyous souls.
That he is always called to take a bow!

And, at his passing, may the world recall,
That he, in ugly places, never shirked,
That honestly he lived and played and worked,
And was the meanest villain of them all!

"One Million Immortals *by* 1928"

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Discusses Plans for the Future

By Robert Emmet Sherwood
Editor of Life



A MEETING of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was held last Thursday in the Hollywood Bowl. (The Los Angeles Stadium had been previously discarded as a meeting place because it was too small to hold the membership.)

It was a thoroughly jolly and inspiring "get-together" and all the Artists and Scientists of Hollywood announced, as one man, that great progress had been made.

The meeting was opened by the secretary who read the minutes (they seemed like hours); after he had been effectively chloroformed, the fun began.

The first speaker was Sol Colossal, vice-president of the Lavish-Colossal Film Corporation.

"I may say on behalf of my partner, Max Lavish, and myself," said Mr. Colossal, "that we are heart and soul behind this movement to make the pictures artistic or scientific, as the case may be, one way or the other—and I want to add that we are going to do our bit by making our new fall program—the 'Lavish-Colossal Perfect Thirty-Six,' we call it—just the biggest and best schedule of box-office wows in history and any exhibitor who fails now to sign the Lavish-Colossal franchise for block booking will . . . "

The Anaesthetic Committee, which had just completed its work on the secretary, now turned its attention to Mr. Colossal, and in a few seconds' time the famous magnate sat down—or, rather, fell down—among thunderous applause.

THE next speaker was Moe Stupendous, who announced that the million-dollar contest for the best slogan had been won by the Rev. Sigmund Twuppy, of Egg Crater, South Dakota, with the line, "If it's a Stupendous Picture, it's Big!"

The chloroformers worked for some time on Mr. Stupendous before they could get him under; when that was accomplished, the Committee on Admissions filed a report through its chairman, George Zinss.

"I am happy to report great progress in recruiting new members for the Academy," Mr. Zinss announced. "Starting with less than three hundred, we now have on our lists four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two and a few odd." (At this point a voice was heard to ask, "Who are the few odd?" but the interruption was ignored.) "Of these, four per cent are actors and actresses." (The same voice inquired: "Who says they are?") "Two and one-third per cent are directors, assistant directors, assistant-assistant directors and so on. One-eighth of one per cent are camera-men, technicians, carpenters, designers, scenario writers, supervising editors and so forth. So you will all see that our membership is truly representative of the industry as a whole."

"How about the other ninety-three per cent?" demanded the persistent voice. "Who are they?"

"They are press agents," answered Mr. Zinss, and then continued: "Although we have made great strides already, we are not as yet satisfied by any means. Remember, that the French Academy of 'Immortals' has only forty members at the most. We want to show them what we can do. Our battle-cry is to be: 'One Million Immortals by 1928'!"

Mr. Zinss then called for nominations for new members, and Olaf Hogan, of the Nifty Comedy Studios, suggested the name of June Dawn, the newest Nifty Comedy bathing girl.

"Miss Dawn is an Immortal if I ever saw one," said Mr. Hogan—and to prove his point he paraded the girl before the Academy. She wore the same one-piece bathing suit that had adorned her shapely form when, as "Miss Bemis Junction," she had won sixty-fourth prize in the Topeka Beauty Contest.

SEVERAL press agents from other studios jumped up to protest that, if Miss Dawn were elected, then several of their employees ought to be admitted also.

Pandemonium reigned for awhile, and insults were hurled to and fro freely, but order was finally restored when someone suggested that elections to the Academy should be conducted along the same lines as those followed in the selection of Wampus Baby Stars; that is to say, the press agents should get together and fight it out among themselves.

Following this unpleasant incident, the Anaesthetic Committee was kept busy silencing the next eighty-six speakers, all of whom gave the same speech; then came the big event of the day. Miss Eunice Fripp, the world-famed ingenue, arose to give the "Key-note" address.

"My dear, dear friends," said Miss Fripp, after the cheering had subsided and the audience had filed quietly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



Little Journeys *to*

The Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates



Marcus Loew as he is today, the head of a hundred million dollars' worth of entertainment enterprises

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"

The Fourth of a Remarkable Series of First Hand Studies of the Big Men of Screendom

A CERTAIN two men stepped into the lobby of the office building at 1540 Broadway one recent morning, and thence into a waiting elevator. One of these men was the jolly mixer type, tall and cheery and knowing everybody. His companion was an inch or two below the medium, slight, grey and most unobtrusive of dress and manner.

"Twelfth, Bill," said the tall one, with a nod to the elevator operator.

"Howdy," responded that uniformed factotum. "How's tricks?" He slammed the gates, flicked the signal panel clear and threw the starting lever. As the car shot upward he turned and addressed this tall man whom he knew as the occupant of an office above. "I been here two years and I ain't seen the big boy yet—I'd like to meet him just once—that guy Loew."

"Then just turn around, Bill."

The operator flushed, jammed his car and stood stuttering in confusion as he faced the little man before him. Marcus Loew grinned and stuck out his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Bill—come in and see me some day when you are not too busy."

Now it begins to look as though Bill and "that guy Loew" are going to be good friends. And that is the kind of a guy Marcus Loew is—inconspicuous, quiet, good natured, and easy to overlook in a crowd, meanwhile one of the most extraordinary of men and extraordinary in success. His interests include the Loew Theatrical Enterprises, with nearly four hundred theaters in the United States, some seventy-and-odd theaters in Europe and South America, and the Metro-Goldwyn picture producing and distributing concern with a world wide business. A total of more than eight thousand employees are marshalled in the Loew army. He says they work with him, not for him.

Marcus Loew is likely the highest authority on that hypothetical but real person so often mentioned and never seen, the Average Man, alias the Ultimate Con-



Here is a real life study in contrasts. Marcus Loew was born in the tenement shown above, at the corner of Avenue B and Fifth Street

Copyright, 1927, by Terry Ramsaye

Marcus Loew is the richest man in motion pictures. He was born in a Manhattan tenement and his business career was started when he graduated himself from the third grade of a public school on New York's East Side



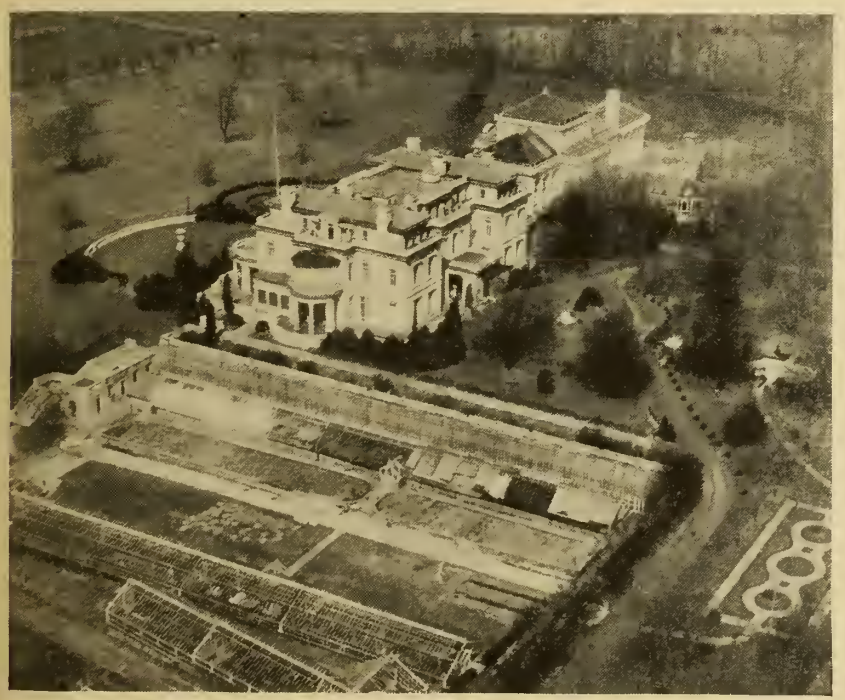
At sixteen Marcus Loew became the publisher of The East Side Advertiser. This photograph was posed on Avenue B in 1886

sumer, sometimes referred to in sweeping statements as The Public. There is also an acute probability that this entirely hypothetical person and the certainly actual Mr. Loew are close relatives. They surely get along well together.

About twenty-three years ago Loew started with peep show arcades in an endeavor to interest and please this Average Person a penny's worth at a time. Then Loew and the Public began to get acquainted and presently by steps of about five cents each the entertainment developed into the modern institution of the motion picture with an admission price in the vicinity of fifty cents. Meanwhile both Loew and his friend, the Public, have grown more prosperous, especially Loew, who has accumulated a fortune estimated at from thirty to forty millions.

The dotted line of destiny for Marcus Loew begins down among the noisy tenemented red brick rows of Avenue B and Fifth Street, where he was born fifty-seven years ago, and leads with many turns and stops and starts up from the East Side and across the Sound to the grandeurs of his ducal estate of Pembroke with its wide green acres at Glen Cove, on Long Island. Here is spectacular contrast indeed.

But one can search the life of Marcus Loew down the years between and never find anything spectacular, peculiar or eccentric whatever—unless it might be that there is a sensational quality in persistent common sense. No other rich man in America's array of multi-millionaires is so much the plain Average Man as Marcus Loew. He is that unbelievable, contradictory personage, an unspectacular showman, the untheatrical master of theaters, the unmoved movie magnate. It is a further amazement that even his modest unaffectedness has no coloration of pose. That is the reason he is the richest man in the motion pictures.



And here is Pembroke, Marcus Loew's Long Island 40-acre estate with its large gardens and greenhouses—and its slip for the millionaire's private yacht

Marcus Loew has lived through a perfect Horatio Alger life scenario from Bowery newsboy to uptown multimillionaire without a moment's disturbance of his poise, being all the while his simple but alert self, taking "the breaks" as they came, and now and then going broke on the way. His story is so entirely typical of the stereotyped fictional form that one has a constant suspicion that it can not all be true, but it is. Every step from Avenue B to millions has been logical, and, looking back at it, so easy that any one might have done it. Any one might, too, and Loew was the one.

The other evening I sat with Loew on the after deck of his motor yacht *Caroline* as it sped up the Sound bearing him homeward to Pembroke. I ventured a tentative word about success. Loew pulled off his yachting cap and looked at its still unfamiliar pretentiousness whimsically a moment. [CONT'D ON PAGE 126]

Gossip of All *the*



No privacy at all! "Just a little more IT, please," says Robert Leonard to Lew Cody. "And a little more uncertainty, Miss Pringle." Here is the way those melting, alone-at-last close-ups are chaperoned by the director

SOCIAL shipwrecks: Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, Mrs. Beery and Wallace Beery, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and Mr. Vanderbilt, Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh, Agnes Ayres and Manuel Reacchi, Mrs. Costello and Maurice Costello, Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford.

SOME divorces may be announced in a formal two lines. Others demand more extended comment. The Costellos, for instance. Maurice and his wife weathered the first storm of success that hit the family when Papa was matinee idol for Vitagraph. But with the success of their daughters, Dolores and Helene, the curse of movie stardom blighted the family happiness.

Maurice, it seems, objected to the presence of John Barrymore in the Costello bungalow. According to Maurice, Jack was a serpent in the Eden of his home life. He wanted his wife to tell Dolores' beau to go and do his wooing elsewhere.

SMART gal, that Greta Nissen. Especially the way she side-steps the easy familiarity of the studios. One of the actors, a nice boy and affectionate, put his arm about her, between scenes.

Greta looked up at him, her slanting Nordic eyes narrowed, and then, sweetly, she said:

"What iss ze excuse, please?"

BEBE DANIELS and Charlie Paddock wish to rise and announce that they are no longer engaged to be married.

When I heard the news, I didn't faint with surprise.

Now, maybe, we'll learn about Bebe's engagement to Jack Pickford.

THE big parade of revolting stars has Colleen Moore as an addition to their ranks. Colleen followed the walk-out of her husband, John McCormack, from the First National studio. And all is much too quiet along that Potomac.

Richard A. Rowland, vice-president and general manager of First National, who has just appointed Watterson Rothacker to the position of general manager of the studios, says nothing. The publicity department "trusts there will be no trouble."

Colleen's contract, unaffected by the resignation of McCormack, calls for five more pictures.



Donald Reid Hughes, aged seven months, pays his first visit to daddy at the studio. And all work stopped for hours while Lloyd Hughes introduced his son to his fellow workers

Looks as though a couple of lucky lawyers are about to make a great deal of money.

WATTERSON ROTHACKER, the new power in First National, is considerable boy. Not so long ago, he sold out his own business for $2,000,000. Rothacker's film laboratories in Chicago were built up by him single-handed and were an important factor in the industry.

With his two million in cash, Rothacker was looking forward to a life of leisure when his friend, Richard Rowland, asked him to take the First National job. For two weeks, Rothacker hesitated between the enormous salary and the prospect of going to live in Italy.

P. S. He took the job.

HE was a young Hollywood man about town and was asked to explain the sudden popularity of a rapidly rising blonde baby star.

"Oh," he said, "she gazes up into your eyes and she has that nothing that men love."

I HEAR that Corinne Griffith, United Artists' most recent acquisition, is looking around for other business affiliations. Corinne's venture as an independent star brought her a lot of grief and some financial strain. Hobart Henley, her director, walked out of the studio, after only a few weeks' work, and

Studios *By* Cal York



What famous characters in history do these comedians represent? You're right, they are Trade and Mark, the cough drop kids. Al Cooke and Kit Guard are back of the whiskers



Marceline Day has a miniature dressing room in the rumble seat of her car. She puts on her make-up on the way to the studio. This trick allows Marceline an extra half hour's sleep in the morning and gives the tourists something to write home about

similar other unfortunate events marred the start of the picture.

Dissatisfaction in a company always runs into money, and when a star is her own producer, the money comes out of her own pocket.

"WHAT are you going to do in a case like this?" questioned Ray Hatton, a brave boy in blue for "Fireman, Save My Child." "We worked all morning to get the building to blaze properly so the che-ild could be saved. We poured kerosene and prayers over it. The fire engine we had borrowed from the city waited. And waited.

"At noon the building commenced to burn fine. We were all set to shoot the scene. Then came a 2-11 call from downtown and the fire engine galloped off to answer it.

"And we spent the rest of the afternoon putting out our blaze."

LOOKIT what Cupid netted this month! Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, not of Georgia, and Marie Vivian Pergain trekked to Santa Ana to murmur "Yes." The Prince is a one-time Negri leading man. Remember him in the Hergesheimer story that Pola made—"Flower of the Night"?

Claude King, recently of Broadway and the British Army, more recently of "Mr. Wu," also motored to Santa Ana, the film's Gretna Green, and took unto himself a wife. She's Evelyn Greet, and charming, of Broadway and footlights.

THE month's most unimportant news note. Lena Malena, formerly Lena Linda, originally Sascha Bragowa of Berlin, has told Martin Kirschner, German banker and textile magnate, that she cannot marry him; that she would rather have a one-room apartment and a contract with C. B. DeMille in Hollywood than all the castles on the Rhine.

And after him following her all the way from Berlin!

It is to weep large, salty tears.

HERE is a tragedy—and a mystery. Einar Hansen was found fatally injured, pinned beneath his car on the ocean road near Santa Monica. Earlier in the evening, he had given a dinner party for Greta Garbo, Maurice Stiller and Dr. and Mrs. Gustav Borkman.

No traces of the car that struck him have been found. Hansen died in the hospital, without being able to give his version of the accident.

When Hansen left on his last ride, he took his dog with him, a dorman terrier. The dog stood watch by his stricken master for two hours and when the accident was discovered, the dog tried to fight off the rescuers.

Hansen was unmarried. He is survived by his parents, who live in Stockholm.

THE warm reception that "Fatty" Arbuckle received when he made his appearance on the stage in New York must have done him a lot of good. Although the revival of "Baby Mine" was in itself nothing to cheer about, "Fatty's" presence in the cast made it an occasion and all the newspaper critics had nice things to say about him.

OF course, "Fatty" had to make a curtain speech. He told the audience that he was recently motoring on Long Island when he heard the warning whistle of a traffic cop and was ordered to draw up at the curb.

"What's yer name?" bawled the cop."

" 'Fatty' Arbuckle," he answered.

"Gwan wid ye," yelled the cop, "yez had trouble enough!"

QUOTING from a First National press story on Dan Kelly, the casting director:

"Kelly knows 5,000 players by name, 5,000 more by sight



Heep much cheerio! Chief Seginitso, a 100 per cent American, went to Australia and came back with a monocle and an English accent. He is one of the red men playing in "Drums of the Desert"



The perfect Latin type and the perfect Nordic, Dolores Del Rio and Claire Windsor. They are just as different as two feminine beauties could possibly be. Perhaps that's why they are great friends. Make your own choice

and can recite offhand—despite the recent changes in Hollywood exchanges—nearly 1,500 'phone numbers."

And yet they pay a guy money for a job like that.

IT really was the height of swank. His press agent introduced me. And there we stood, near the Lasky lot, myself and he who was a horse's double.

No, not a taxicab. He was merely a nice, pleasant retiring horse, named "Moron," and he is going to double for "Flash" in the long shots.

"Flash" is the latest equine star. He is signed to support Jack Luden, he of the cough-drop daddy, when Jack begins starring in Westerns for Paramount.

"Flash" may be new to the film business, but obviously he knows his oats.

NOLA LUXFORD has become Mrs. William Bauernschmidt, Jr., of Baltimore and that leaves New Zealand without a Hollywood representative, for she will make her home in Baltimore, where her wealthy husband has interests.

REGGIE DENNY tells it. Jogging along in a local from a point along the coast where they had been making "Beware of Widows," two bright-eyed boys, late of Iowa, boarded the train at Long Beach, and took the seat behind Reggie. Presently they drifted into a weighty conversation:

"You know," drawled the first, "I think Sid Grauman is making a great mistake in building that new Chinese theater."

"Yeh? How'sat?" queried the other.

"Because I don't think there are enough Chinese in Hollywood to support it."

HENRY KING moaned, Sam Goldwyn tore his hair and Ronald Colman gnashed his teeth. Only Vilma was placid.

"Look!" cried Henry King.

"—at the Italian street carnival scene," continued Sam Goldwyn.

"—it's supposed to be the hottest weather of the year," concluded Ronald.

"And look!" again cried Henry King.

The smooth hills of Culver City, masquerading as the olive hills of southern Italy, were covered with whitest artificial snow. During the night Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had powdered the landscape to take Alaskan scenes for "The Trail of '98."

Such are the little things that make producers goofy.

CHANGING days, these. Time was when pop used to park his feet on the old base burner, corncob pipe between lips, and growl when anyone dared open the window. But times do change. Consider Janet Gaynor's friend who belongs to one of those pay-as-you-enter bridge clubs.

Three hearts was the bid when one of the feminine foursome felt a cool breeze on her neck. Turning to the man who had opened the window she said,

"Would you mind closing it? There is a chill wind."

To which the man replied, punctiliously, "Certainly, madam. We only opened it because the smoke from your cigarettes annoyed us."

YES, yes, the girls do change when they reach Hollywood. A year ago Thelma Todd was a Paramount school girl in Astoria, L. I. She came from Massachusetts and her accent was most Bostonese. She wore black velvet, a slow smile and dignity. Once she had been a school teacher. The aura hovered over her. Her beauty was like unto that of vanilla ice cream.

I saw her for the first time after she came west, the other day on Wally Beery's "Fireman, Save My Child" set. A newer but a lesser Thelma, less in many ways, less weight, less skirts, less eyebrows, less accent. But her hair had gathered more gold, her lips more color, and she was very busily and thoroughly chewing gum.

TALKING to Bebe Daniels the other day. She was waist deep in plans for her two new beach houses. That makes three she has in all, one blue Italian palace for herself, the others she will rent. A young financial wizard, our Bebe.

Also a bridge addict. Of the latter we were talking.

"My mother plays by Work," said Bebe. "And grandmother plays by Foster."

"And you?"

"I listen to both of them and play by ear."

OUR Special War Correspondent, assigned to cover the battles on the Greta Garbo set, has a hot dispatch this month. It seems Norman Kerry was supposed to play *Wronsky* to Greta's *Anna Karenina*. Norman, you remember, succeeded



The girl behind the goggles is Lillian Gish. She wears this head-gear between the sandstorms of "Winds." In case you want to make your own sandstorm, all you need is an airplane propeller, a lot of dust and a hot day



Ruby McCoy is the cigarette girl at Hollywood's Montmartre. One night, Monta Bell listened to her adventures and went home and used them for the script of "After Midnight"

Ricardo Cortez. And then, all of a sudden, it was announced that John Gilbert was to have the rôle. The script is being rewritten and $100,000 worth of film is to be scrapped. "Love" is indeed wonderful, what with John playing a mere leading man to Greta.

And it is all Wronsky.

NOW that Tom and Victoria Mix have apparently agreed to call it quits, Tom has staged a little reunion with Ruth Mix, his daughter by his first wife. Young Ruth, who is a fine horsewoman, has been playing in vaudeville, but her dad has decided to establish her in pictures.

So you will see father and daughter together in a film called "Thee Little C."

HOLLYWOOD continues to be the lodestone of the Bennetts. Here's Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard, sister of Constance, former dancing partner of the late Maurice, playing leading lady to "Buck" Jones in "The Broken Dollar."

Which reminds me as I walked on the set the other day, I heard the prop man refer to it as "The Busted Shekel."

AS usual the grey and orchid confines of Madame Helene's were sprigged with tourists when Wally Beery entered the other noon. They flock there, you know, to gape at their favorite stars.

Wally entered, and stood hugely silhouetted against the bright oblong of the door.

He rubbed his hands together, briskly, and his great voice boomed out:

"Well, now we will see the actors eat!"

Twittering among the tourists. Then a shrill voice at the table adjoining mine:

"My! I didn't know Emil Jannings could speak English so well."

And such, children, is fame.

LISTEN to the horrid story of dirty work at the crossroads that Conway Tearle has to tell. About two years ago, Tearle raised his own salary from $2,500 to $3,500 a week and notified the producers to that effect. Well, the result has been that Tearle has only worked a couple of weeks since August, 1926.

Tearle furthermore declares that the movie producers are trying to freeze him out and he wants to know why so. Tearle has put the problem up to the newly organized Academy of Artists and Scientists which is surely the strangest situation faced by any Group of Immortals. That's making a mountain out of a mole.

THEY say that Johnny Hines and May McAvoy are going together. Can I believe my ears?

WE come to the ultimate in this specializing age. Otherwise how could you account for the sign "Jack and Bill, Thrill Specialists" on their malformed car?

Investigation reveals that the platforms on the hood and the rear of the "thrill specialists' " car are perches from which valiant cameramen record mile-a-minute auto races for the eventual delight of countless millions. So, of course, Jack and Bill who rent out this chariot are "Thrill Specialists."

"WILL you give me a lift to the studio?" It was Harrison Ford talking to a friend. "My car has broken down and I've got a hurry call."

"Sorry. Mine's not in use either."

"What's the matter? Having the valves ground?"

"Nope. Just having the finance fixed."

Try that on your coupe.

GLORIA SWANSON has purchased Jeanne Eagles' stage success, "Rain." Or has she? Anyway, thereby hangs a tale. "Rain" was barred from the screen by Will Hays, but Gloria, acting as an independent, purchased the film rights to the hot tale of the naughty girl and the minister.

All very well and good and brave. But Gloria immediately announced that the erring cleric would not be presented on the screen as a gentleman of the cloth. Which will be like filming "Thais" and making *Athanael* a race track tout instead of a monk.

So "Rain," if it is filmed at all and filmed in that spirit, will probably be all wet.

HOWEVER, other complications may keep "Rain" from the screen. The other producers who were forbidden to touch it, do not think it fair of Gloria to go poaching on banned territory. And the stage producers, who were led to believe that the story was to be made by someone not connected with a big releasing organization, are dissatisfied with their part of the bargain.

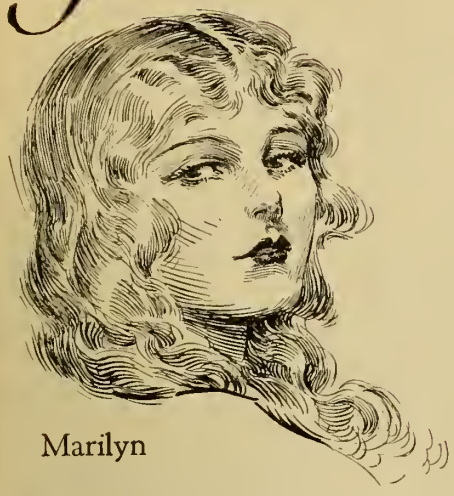
All in all, a tangled mess. Gloria hasn't found being her own boss particularly smooth sailing. I [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



THE Walrus introduced the great motion picture director, Noel Sand. "Mr. Sand has a sequence in his new picture that shows the story of Launcelot and Elaine, you know, dear."

"And you must come and be my lily maid," he said looking straight into her eyes as no man had ever looked before

The Port of Missing Girls



Marilyn

No. 6

Marilyn: the lily maid who was not brave enough to face the perils of life without love

Illustrated by
Frank Godwin



By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Author of "The Sky Rocket" and "Free Souls"

HOLLYWOOD is the port of missing girls. About one out of every ten thousand—for the movie game is at least a ten-thousand-to-one shot—finds the thing she came for. Find success.

They come from far corners of the globe—from here, from there, from everywhere. Wearing gingham, wearing silk.

They come questing, as all youth will and must, seeking glory, romance, wealth, fame, adventure, the bright and beautiful things of life. They are lured by the golden surface of things, the glitter of stardom and the sparkle of success. What do the rest find?

Greta you may remember, found love and stark tragedy and waste, until at last she found herself back where she started from upon the bosom of Mother Earth.

Little Patty wears the scarlet letter of failure.

Persis, of the violet eyes, was led by a strange fate through the mire of Hollywood's lowest dregs to the pinnacle of what is called society.

Judy King, after rocking the pillars of the motion picture industry in her attempts to become a star, became instead what nature had intended her to be all along—a very good waitress.

Paula was lucky enough to have a husband to go back to when her beauty proved what beauty so often is in Hollywood—a drug on the market.

But Marilyn—Marilyn, the lily maid.

Marilyn has waited until the very last, because somehow I have not wanted to tell her story. I am reluctant now. It hurts. For Marilyn alone did not come to get, she came to give. With what a high head, what a high purpose she came, bearing her lilies. And how she was beggared and bedraggled before she took her way out alone.

And anyway, I like light stories, flippant stories, stories that can be frivolous even in the midst of tragedy.

But Marilyn insists upon being told. She gives me no peace. Oh, Marilyn, Marilyn, where are you?

VI—MARILYN, THE LILY MAID

UPON the green terrace lawn of the Hollywood High School in the sunshine of a spring afternoon, sat half a dozen girls, waiting for a limousine in which they all intended to ride home.

Cute, they were, nothing could be cuter. Funny, saucy little faces, with round, red mouths and bright, wise eyes. Sleek, smart, boyish and wind-blown bobs. Bright, tight little sweaters and infinitesimal skirts. Long, slim, cunning legs in sheer and woolly stockings. All cut from the same piece. Like so many kittens, as full of pep, as full of mischief—and in the end as helpless.

"Laugh this one off," said the girl in the orange sweater, "Romeo and Juliet for the class play. Is that a wow?"

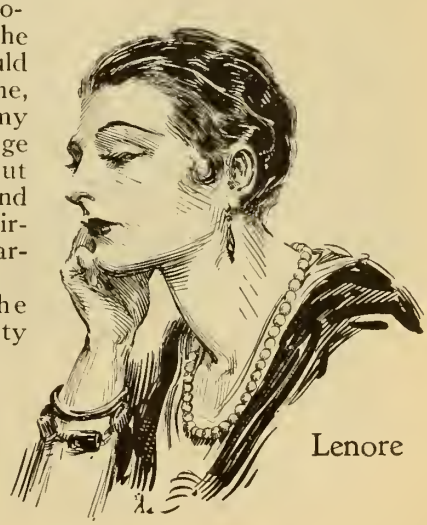
VAL laughed. "That's the Walrus's idea," she said, digging her heels in the turf. "The Walrus hasn't had an idea since Romeo and Juliet was considered the great love drama of the ages. You gotta give the woman credit. The idea is so old it's new."

"I've theen it," said the one with black hair cut like a medieval page boy's. "I thaw Jane Cowl in it. Mother made me. I bet she'd never theen it herself. Becauth it hath some hot spots in it, just the same. That one where they've just gotten out of bed in the morning and are trying to make up their minds whether someone is coming or it's only the milkman's Ford."

"I'm sick of sex plays," said Peppy Quick, whose name was one of the school's perpetual jokes, "I'd just as soon do Romeo and Juliet as The Green Hat. Why don't they do a comedy?"

"If they do Romeo and Juliet the way the Walrus would like to see it done, it'll be a comedy, my girl," said the orange sweater, taking out an orange lipstick and squinting into a mirror the size of a quarter.

"I thought The Green Hat was musty myself," said a very little blonde in a very little voice. "I'd like to see the color of a man's eyes I'd drive



Lenore

an Hispano into an oak tree for. Women in books take their sex too seriously."

"Well, as far as I'm concerned I can take it or let it alone," said Peppy, and rolled over on the grass, roaring with laughter.

"The reason the Walrus wants to do Romeo and Juliet is so her darling Marilyn can play Juliet, you hams," said a dark girl with a superior nose. "It'd be right up her street. For four years the Walrus has cultivated Marilyn's talent and she wants it to go out in a blaze of glory that'll do them both credit, if you see what I mean."

There was a little silence, while they considered the point.

"Well," said the orange sweater, "if Marilyn wants to play Juliet, let her play it. I'll vote for it. There's one good line in it I remember—something about my forefather's bones. I always liked that."

"If Marilyn wants to play Juliet, the whole darn class'll vote for it," said Peppy. "Don't they always?"

They always did.

Nobody knew exactly why. For Marilyn had gone through her four years at Hollywood High School quietly, seeking nothing, asking nothing. But there had grown up around her, as there sometimes will around a girl at school, a sort of idolatry. She could do no wrong.

"There's Marilyn now," said Peppy. "Yell up and ask her if she wants to play Juliet."

Val acted as yell leader. "Hi—Marilyn," she shouted.

A girl in white coming down the broad steps of the administration building stopped and looked in the direction of the sound. Then she raised one hand in a little wave and came toward them.

She was a slim young thing, all in white. A little dowdy, you might have said, by comparison with the honed-to-the-minute perfection of the other girls. Her pale-gold hair was caught at her neck and fell in long curls almost to her waist.

Her face was not beautiful, though the girls who watched her soft approach saw it so. If you have seen the faces of the Botticelli angels, you know Marilyn's face perfectly. The wide, glowing eyes, the fine spiritual brow, the gently curved cheek were all there.

It was easy to see why she had won herself so unique a place among these hard boiled young moderns—nay, rather, why that place had been thrust upon her. In her was some answer [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Marilyn moved near Noel and took his face between her hands. "So life is like that," she said. "I am sorry it was too late for you and me, Noel"

This is *NOT* Lon Chaney



NO, indeed, this is not Lon Chaney. Nor is it Jack Barrymore playing John Barrymore in a comic make-up. Nor, yet again, is it Charlie Chaplin doing one of those clowns with a breaking heart. Guess again. It's Ronald Colman. Honest! Colman is the *Pagliaccio* of "The Magic Flame," goldwynized from "King Harlequin" of Frank Lothar.



One month left to put your brains to work in PHOTOPLAY'S great Idea Contest

ONE more month left to submit your manuscripts to PHOTOPLAY'S great $15,000 Idea Contest.

You have until midnight of August 15 to get your ideas to this office. If you live at a distance allow plenty of time for your manuscripts to reach us by mail.

Now is the time to begin getting that idea down on paper. Now is the time to take advantage of PHOTOPLAY'S search for new and original screen material and win one of the big prizes offered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Writing for the screen heretofore has been almost closed to amateurs. Film companies obtained most of their material from stage plays, published stories or scripts written to order in the studio.

But PHOTOPLAY'S contest opens an opportunity for you to write for the screen. Unlike other contests for stories, you do not need any literary experience, any literary gifts. All you need is an idea and the ability to express it clearly and concisely.

Remember that no technical knowledge of writing scenarios is required. Nor do you need to know anything about story building or plot construction. Do not get the impression that the contest is as complicated as all that. Even if you never have written anything in your life, except personal letters, you have an equal chance in this contest.

What PHOTOPLAY wants in this contest is big themes, vital ideas suitable for the screen. They may be of historical interest, modern problems, or imaginary situations. But they must be original and they must not be obvious.

Literary style is unimportant. Education doesn't matter. If the idea is there, expressed in two hundred words, it has a chance of winning one of the prizes.

In fact, it is better not to be too technical, too literary. Be simple, be direct, and be sure of what you are writing about. Don't try to be pretentious and don't plunge into something that is over your head.

THE big idea may be the idea that is nearest home, so simple that it has been overlooked. Some of the greatest pictures have been built on the simplest themes.

Don't try to express too much in those precious two hundred words. Strip the idea of all trimmings and decorations and set it forth plainly.

Study the pictures you have seen, analyze them and try to find out the qualities that have made them successful. Find the messages in back of them. Pick out their themes. Then see if you have a message or a theme, back in your mind, that you would like to see presented on the screen; that would influence and give pleasure to others.

Don't worry too much about the plot. In big pictures the theme comes first; the plot is secondary. The plot is built from the theme, not the theme from the plot.

Once you understand these points, the contest is simple. Everyone has an idea of some sort for the movies. PHOTOPLAY wants to bring these ideas to the surface and choose among the best of them. And you have as good a chance as anyone.

Here are some last minute tips which may be a great help towards winning one of the prizes.

In the first place, be sure that your manuscript is typewritten. This condition is stated in the rules, but many of the contestants have overlooked it. It isn't a

Last Minute Hints

Be sure that your manuscript is typewritten.

Be sure that the idea does not exceed two hundred words.

Be sure that your idea is entirely original.

Be sure to sign the coupon and attach it to your manuscript.

AND READ THE RULES ON PAGE 82



Last Call to Win $15,000

Read these last minute hints. They may help you land among the prize-winners

difficult condition, because typewriters are available to everyone. Moreover, it is a general rule in magazine offices and scenario departments that neatly typewritten manuscripts receive the most considerate attention.

If you haven't a typewriter in your home, ask your husband or father to have the manuscript copied in the office. He will be glad to do it when you tell him you are trying to win a $5,000 prize.

IN the second place, be sure that you sign the coupon which you will find at the bottom of the page on which the rules are printed. Too many contestants have failed to observe this small formality and consequently their ideas cannot be considered by the judges.

If you have forgotten to sign the coupon, submit your idea again—surely you will be able to remember it. Attach the coupon carefully to the manuscript. Those of you who have overlooked this rule, still have time to rectify the mistake. But remember, the coupon and the idea must be received together. The judges have thousands of manuscripts to read and the idea must be submitted in exact accordance with the rules.

And count your words, please. Your idea must not be told in over two hundred words. It may be briefer, of course, but it must not be over two hundred.

Do not suggest books or plays. The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation wants original ideas. The company probably has read most of the books or plays ever written and has considered them for filming. Suggesting your favorite novel or favorite play isn't thinking up an original idea.

Now for a few hints: Thousands of ideas have been received dealing with Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Paris, and the flood in the Mississippi Valley. Naturally these two happenings would have occurred to thousands—and also the editors of scenario departments. Strictly speaking, current events are not original ideas. If you have submitted ideas on the Lindbergh flight or the flood, you are at liberty to send in another suggestion.

Generally speaking, it is unsafe to take your idea directly from the front pages of the newspapers. Everyone reads the newspapers and so your idea can scarcely be personal property. However, by using your brains, news events may be adapted and given a pictorial and dramatic angle, provided that they are not too obvious.

Already PHOTOPLAY'S Idea Contest has circled the world. This gives you an indication, not only of the widespread interest in the contest, but of the vast and varied audience that views pictures. Ultimately, your idea must contain something of interest, not only to local audiences, but to peoples all over the world.

BEFORE you put your idea on paper, visualize it. Is it dramatic? Is it pictorial? Is it sympathetic? Has it general interest? Can it be effectively produced on the screen? And, most important of all, would you go to see it if it were advertised at your local theater?

As we have said before, do not be afraid of inviting outside criticisms and suggestions. Test out your idea before you submit it and get the reactions of your family and friends.

Once your manuscript is received in the PHOTOPLAY office, it will be read by no one but the judges. One contestant, writing from Claremore, Okla., asks us not to show his manuscript [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

$15,000 in Prizes

First Prize	**$5,000**
Second Prize	**$2,000**
Third and Fourth Prizes	**$1,000 each**
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	**$500 each**
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	**$250 each**
Forty Prizes	**$100 each**

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



CRADLE SNATCHERS—Fox

THIS is rough and racy. As last year's stage comedy by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell, it carried enough blushes and it was supposed that the screen would hesitate about trying it. However, here it is—with very little punch pulled from the rowdy humor.

Three matrons decide to make the errant hubbies jealous by hiring a trio of boys to act as *Romeos*. The boys are conscientious and believe in giving their patrons their full money's worth. The film has plenty of laughs, thanks to Howard Hawks' direction and the excellent work of the cast. Louise Fazenda and Joseph Striker, a highly promising young actor, do fine work. This comedy is for adults. Keep the children and grandpa locked up when it plays your neighborhood house.



THE WORLD AT HER FEET—Paramount

THE battle of the sexes smartly waged under the intelligent and adroit direction of Luther Reed. Occasionally there is a strain on the muscles of the long arm of coincidence in piling up the dramatic situations, but the smooth narrative justifies it.

A beautiful and successful lady barrister, played with distinction and poise by Florence Vidor, almost forfeits her husband in her quest of independence. Love finally triumphs over career, an amorous blonde, a jeweled bracelet and other difficult complications.

Acting honors go to William Austin, the *de luxe* divorce detective, for pleasant clowning.

Again more clever George Marion, Jr., titles. You must see it.



THE WAY OF ALL FLESH—Paramount

EMIL JANNINGS' first American picture is a powerful psychological drama. It is not pretty nor is it sweet. It is life inescapable and grim as a Dreiser novel.

It concerns the weiner and pretzel existence of a respected, God-fearing German bourgeois suddenly thrust into sin and sorrow, his transgressions magnified a thousand fold through the lenses of his smug piety. Every character clue is indelibly marked. Jannings' performance is superb.

August Schilling is a respected Milwaukee cashier of twenty years ago. He has his frau, his six little kinder, his morning turnverein in his clocklike existence. He is esteemed in his community until his bank sends him to Chicago to dispose of some valuable bonds. He meets the Delilah who, after her fashion, filches the bonds and disposes of his fine blond beard. In the skirmish to regain the papers *Schilling* accidentally slays a man.

Psychologically it is the beginning of the end. The way of all flesh is downward. In *Schilling's* creed there is no alternative. Broken, self branded, he wanders the streets, finally to read that a dead man has been identified as the missing cashier. Still, for *Schilling* there is only exile. Eventually he returns to his home, a broken down, shattered old man. Unknown to them he bids his family a poignant and lonely farewell.

Jannings' remarkable performance, of course, overshadows that of Belle Bennett, his wife, and Phyllis Haver, his seducer. Victor Fleming directed superbly. You must see this fine picture.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH
THE UNKNOWN CRADLE SNATCHERS
THE WORLD AT HER FEET
THE WOMAN ON TRIAL MAN POWER

The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh"
Mary Philbin in "Surrender"
Phyllis Haver in "The Way of All Flesh"
Renee Adoree in "Mr. Wu"
Belle Bennett in "The Way of All Flesh"
Nigel de Brulier in "Surrender"
Lois Moran in "The Whirlwind of Youth"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 143



THE UNKNOWN—M.-G.-M.

SOME of the New York critics said that Lon Chaney has overreached himself in playing the armless *Alonzo* of "The Unknown." (No punning intended, of course.) We think you will like it as an unadulterated shocker.

Alonzo is the armless star of a small circus. He isn't really armless, for he keeps his real ones strapped to his sides. Still, he has developed great skill in using his toes in place of his fingers.

In fact, he is the star knife thrower of the show.

Estrellita, a beauty of the circus, is loved by *Alonzo*. The girl has a complex against arms, grown out of her hatred of men.

So she is drawn to the "armless" *Alonzo*.

To gain her heart, the knife thrower hies himself to a hospital and forces a surgeon to amputate his arms. Thus his distorted mind fancies to win the girl. When he returns to the circus, he finds that *Malabar*, the circus strong man, has overcome *Estrellita's* complex. In fact, she is in love with *Malabar*. So *Alonzo* starts out to eliminate the strong man.

See "The Unknown" and follow the story from there.

Like the other Chaney pictures directed by Tod Browning, this has a macabre atmosphere. If you wince at a touch or two of horror, don't go to "The Unknown." If you like strong celluloid food, try it. It has the merit of possessing a finely sinister plot, some moments with a real shock and Lon Chaney. Besides, Joan Crawford is an optical tonic as *Estrellita*.



THE WOMAN ON TRIAL—Paramount

TO Director Mauritz Stiller goes the glory of this extraordinarily fine film. His compelling, vivid treatment turns a melodramatic story into a penetrating character study of a woman and the three men in her life.

Julie, a Parisian shop girl, loves *Pierre*, a consumptive artist, sacrificing herself to a loveless marriage to secure money enough to send *Pierre* to a sanatorium. Her husband, *Latour*, turns her out when he discovers her on her only trip to *Pierre's* bedside. *Julie* kidnaps her baby. *Latour*, traps her in a compromising situation. *Julie* kills her betrayer but in the end is happy.

Pola Negri has the rôle of *Julie*. The *Latour* of Oscar Beregi is a striking characterization. Not for the children but for all adults interested in better movies.



MAN POWER—Paramount

RICHARD DIX is the idol of flapper America. A man's man, but tender, he strides with virility through the stock situations of a typical *Satevepost* story, perfects the tractor, saves the valley from destruction by flood and wins the blonde. Even the villain has a black, black mustache. Despite the rutted plot, there are some finely tense scenes as Dix and his trusty tractor wallow and slide over muddy mountain trails, hauling dynamite to save the dam. It is entertaining and starts with a bang-up thrill, but Richard deserves better stories. Mary Brian is the heroine, which makes it worthwhile for the boy-friend, and there are several fine pieces of character work by George Irving and Charles Hill Mailes. Oscar Smith, erstwhile bootblack at the Paramount studios, shines as well as a gentleman of color.

Photoplay's Review Department Must

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE— Paramount



REAL good entertainment—*a la* Clara Bow. The story is just as hard as the title, but, through the vivacious personality of Clara Bow, it develops into being one of the most enjoyable pictures of the month. *Rosie's* a goil from Tenth Avenue who endeavors to become a lady in society. Through a ritzy boy-friend she finds society a lot of cracked ice and she returns to her prize-fighting hero. Good stuff.

WEDDING BILLS— Paramount



THIS is a right smart comedy. It is swift-moving, clever and full of deft characterizations. There is one precious gag when Ray Griffith uses football technique to rob a safe, and then doesn't get the necklace. Ray is the perpetual best man, innocently involved in a friend's amour. You can imagine the situations. George Marion, Jr., did well by the titles, and Griffith, after this, deserves to be high-hat.

TILLIE THE TOILER— M.-G.-M.



MARION DAVIES is *Tillie the Toiler*. Really, she toils not, neither does she sin, and she spends seven rather interesting reels showing what a soft sap *Mac* is, and that a Lorelei Lee of the keyboard can get more free lunches than a chorus girl. It's amusing, yes, and entertaining. And in certain languid spots, where it needs it, the wise-cracking titles of Ralph Spence buoy it up.

THE CIRCUS ACE— Fox



A PICTURE the kiddies will look upon as a great treat. Tom Mix is one of those brave *hombres* who always rescue the little leading lady of a circus. Now there's a villain who frames Tom because he, too, has designs on the said gal. And how Tom outwits the villain is nobody's business. No need of just sending the children to see this, for even grownups will find it entertaining. And that's saying a lot.

LOST AT THE FRONT— First National



SEE this by all means. Charlie Murray and George Sidney. That tells the whole story. This is not an artistic production, it's just a plain low slapstick comedy—but it's a perfect riot. You get the idea that the director threw caution aside and made the whole picture just for the fun of it. And if you accept it in the spirit in which it is offered, you'll get an evening of pure enjoyment.

MR. WU— M.-G.-M.



THE good old Madam Butterfly theme is here with variations. Lon Chaney is the oriental *Mr. Wu*, as well as his own honorable father. But the picture isn't Lon's by a thousand yen. The honors go to Renee Adoree, who gives a touching performance of his daughter, *Nang Ping*. A gory story and one that is not likely to equal most of Chaney's films in popularity.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

SURRENDER —Universal



UNIVERSAL and Director Edward Sloman deserve congratulations on their courage in filming this solemnly beautiful portrayal of Jewish life. The story, of a Rabbi's daughter who sacrifices herself to save her people, due to its almost reverent treatment, emerges a tensely realistic portrait of racial conflict. Ivan Mosjukine is an interesting prince. Mary Philbin and Nigel de Brulier give performances you must not miss.

THE WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH— Paramount



THE screen version of A. Hamilton Gibb's popular novel, "Soundings," will be a disappointment to its readers. But those who haven't read it will find this a really fine picture. Lois Moran gives a splendid performance as a young girl budding into womanhood. She falls in love with a young philanderer and not until we reach the war episode does the hero become a noble character. We're quite sure you'll like it.

SERVICE FOR LADIES —Paramount



AN amusing little story in which Adolphe Menjou is again a waiter. This time he's *Albert*, the best head waiter on the Continent. Life is caviar to *Albert* until *Miss Foster* of America strolls along and they get all involved in love and the *caste* system. Don't expect to see another "Grand Duchess and the Waiter." Nevertheless it's a light and frothy sister who can be depended upon to add mild gaiety to a quiet evening.

A MILLION BID— Warner Bros.



YOU know the story about the gal who was offered to the highest bidder and the struggling doctor who is shoved in the background for future use. Michael Curtiz, the director, is a hound for camera angles and, between the weepy yarn and the angular photography, one becomes groggy. Dolores Costello, Malcolm McGregor and Warner Oland at least give credible performances.

THE SUNSET DERBY— First National



BUSTER COLLIER is a very famous jockey who is seriously injured while riding Mary Astor's horse. When he again returns to the saddle he is afflicted with cold feet. Mary's papa is in desperate straits for money so Queenie must win the derby. Collier fights his cowardice very dramatically and wins the race and Mary's love. Not the least bit exciting—not even the race. Buster Collier does some terrible acting.

SILVER COMES THRU— F. B. O.



A REAL good entertaining Fred Thomson vehicle. Sure, Silver King's in this one, too. Fred protects Silver when he's a young colt from the attacks of a wildcat. They become great pals and Silver shows his loyalty by winning the cross country race, in spite of all the handicaps, so that Fred may appear as a glorified hero in the eyes of a certain little blonde lady. We'll guarantee this one. [CONT'D ON PAGE 104]

Slanguage *of*

Words do not always mean the Holly-



(Bobby Vernon, Bill Perry, Ann Christy)

"Shake 'em," said the juicer
To Ann and Bob one night,
But Bobby didn't know he meant
Intermission for the light.

"Just mask that light," Sir Phillips said.
"'Tis plain that is your duty,"
Neal Burns is full of helpfulness
Miss Marion of beauty.



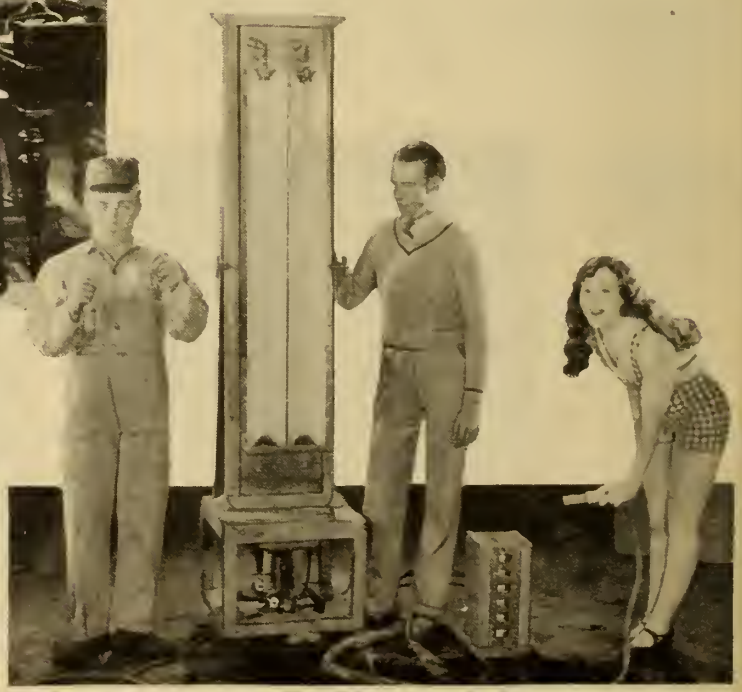
(Edna Marion, Alex Phillips, Neal Burns)



(Edna Marion, Alex Phillips, Neal Burns)

"A Number," called the cameraman,
To mark the scene securely.
Miss Marion's will help the cutter,
But Neal's is wrong, Oh, surely!

"Light that bank," is often heard
On movie sets and stages.
While Ann is doing it just right,
B. Vernon's fit for cages.



(Bobby Vernon, Ann Christy, Bill Perry)

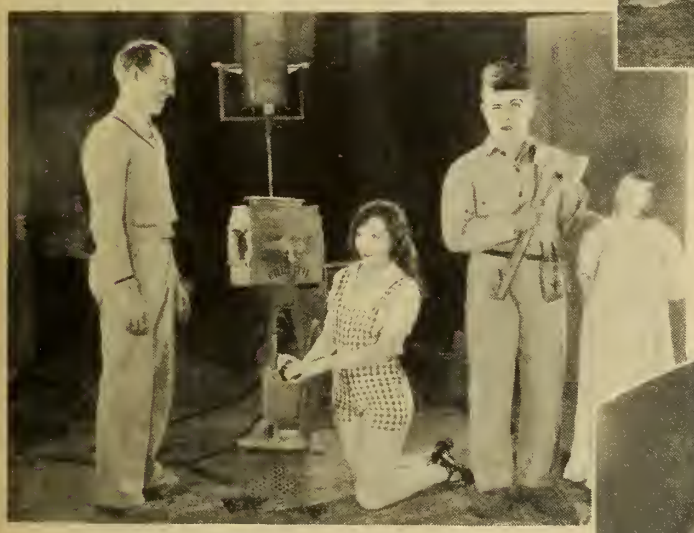
the Studios

what they sound like before wood Kleigs

"More spaghetti," said Bill Perry,
To Ann, when he craved cable.
Bobby Vernon did his best,
The best that he was able.



(Ann Christy, Bill Perry, Bobby Vernon)



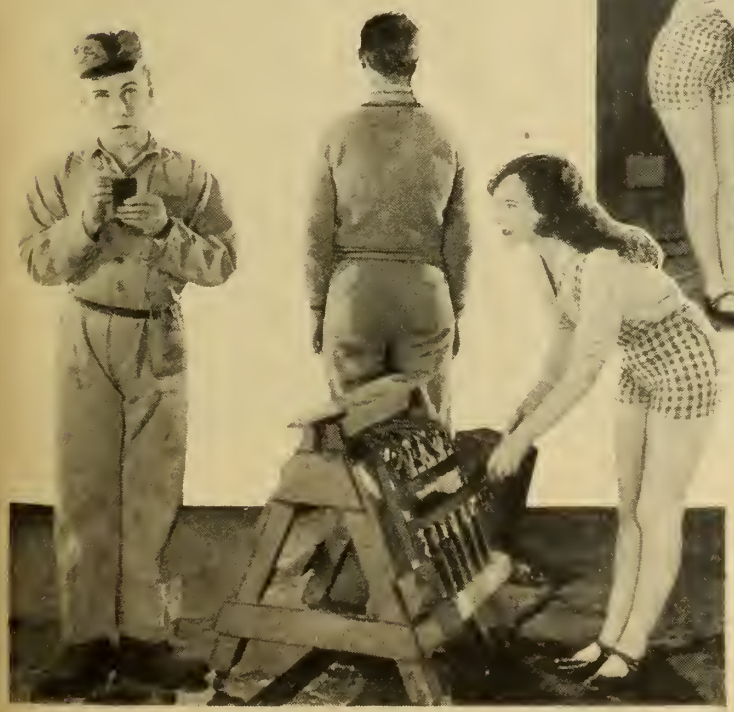
(Bill Perry, Ann Christy, Bobby Vernon)

"Bill the Baby!" was the order
Which fell on waiting ears.
Ann Christy doused the baby spot,
Bob's eyes were filled with tears.



(Ann Christy, Bobby Vernon, Bill Perry)

"Hit 'em!" was the cry from Perry
Craving bright illumination.
While Ann is bidding his command
Bobby thinks of ruination.



(Bobby Vernon, Ann Christy)

"Save 'em," said the chief 'lectrician,
Who thought his aids quite nifty.
Ann Christy promptly doused the arcs,
While Bobby got real thrifty.

How to Win $5,000

ONE more issue of PHOTOPLAY will conclude the cut puzzle and name contest of 1927!

In order to give contestants one additional month to work out the assembly of key letters into motion picture names, PHOTOPLAY is here presenting the total number of key letters used with the 128 fragments of stars' portraits. In the boxed space on this page you will find the 128 letters.

From these 128 letters you are to develop as many names of well known players as you can. To show you exactly how this is done, the name of Richard Dix has been checked from the 128 key letters. You will note that his name uses one A, one C, two D's, one H, two I's, two R's and one X. Thus, should you create the name of Richard Dix as one of your list, you would check off these letters as indicated. You can not use them again in creating a player's name.

These letters, as you doubtless have noted, are appearing on the various portrait fragments. The remainder of the key letters, making the total of 128 as shown, will appear on the cut puzzle fragments in the final contest installment published in the September PHOTOPLAY.

A A A A A A A A X
B B B B
C C C X
D D X X
E E E E E E E E E
F F F F
G G G G
H H H X
I I I I I I I X X
J J J J
K K K K
L L L L
M M M M
N N N N
O O O O O O O O O
P P P P
Q Q Q Q
R R X X
S S S S
T T T T
U U U U U U U U
V V V V
W W W W
X X X X
Y Y Y Y
Z Z Z Z

You can now start work on the key letter portion of the contest. Get busy now and test your ingenuity in creating names of well known players from the 128 letters. You are not limited to the list of players published on another page of this issue. The name must be that of a recognized screen player, that is all. It must be spelled correctly. That is an important item to consider. Watch your spelling.

Be sure to note that elaborately assembled solutions will not help you this year. The editor of PHOTOPLAY feels that too much ornamentation and expense have been put into the submitted solutions. These elaborately created solutions have grown each year until the Editor feels it imperative to call a halt. Neatness, yes—accuracy, of course, but not expensiveness.

Note also that solutions will not be returned in this contest.

Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61 *Star Names on Page 100*

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of $50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of $25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. $5,000 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York Office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clews to the identity of each fragment. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

7. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

9. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.



JUST five feet tall, but one of the biggest girls in pictures. Janet Gaynor is only twenty-one years old and has the face of a child but oh, how she can act! In "Seventh Heaven," Miss Gaynor's performance is one to make the critics ask for a new deal of adjectives.

Another Set of Cut Puzzle



Be Sure to Read

Upper

Who studied art?
  Why, Miss A did, of course
When we gained B
  Oh, then France had a loss
Who was a dancer?
  C danced for five years
D was a hit on the stage,
  (So one hears!)

Lower

Who is not twenty?
  E, bless her dear heart!
F won a contest,
  And got her first part
G is divorced
  From the first man she wed
H, sounding "Irish",
  Comes from Texas, instead.



Upper

Who played with John? I
  (With Doug Fairbanks, too);
J has brown hair
  Though her eyes are quite blue.
Who was a "baby star"
  K was. . . Also
Miss L had that honor,
  Just one year ago!

Lower

Whose hair is auburn?
  M has ruddy locks.
N played the lead
  In a script full of shocks.
O was in Barrie's
  Best picture by far.
P has played twice
  With the "greatest" screen star.

Pictures to Test Your Wits

Rules on Page 58



Upper

Q was divorced,
From a man now re-wed
R at the first,
Went too slowly ahead.
Who changed her name?
S—the first and the last
T all this year,
Has made good *very fast.*

Lower

Who knows a king?
U—she knows him quite well
Who measures five feet?
V's name we won't tell.
W came from
A state in the east
X studied fine arts,
For two years, at least.



Upper

Y's been in pictures,
Since she was sixteen;
Z came from Philly,
Just guess who we mean!
I played with Gilbert,
(We won't tell which play);
O is unmarried,
And staying that way.

Lower

Who knows her music?
A knows every scale
E says her husband's
Directing can't fail.
E (on the right side, this time)
Can now vote,
U's acting brings up
Your heart in your throat!



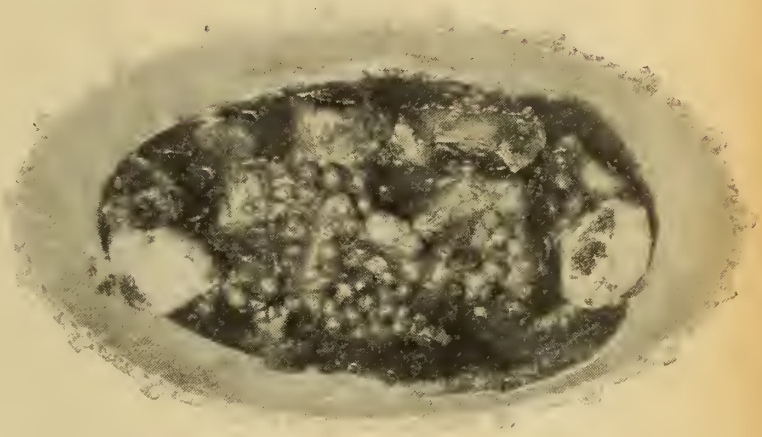
NO, the villain pounding at the door is not George Siegmann, Lowell Sherman nor Eric von Stroheim. Lillian Gish, in this scene, is being pursued by Old Man Wind. And "Wind" is the name of Lillian's new picture. It's a story of the too wide open spaces.

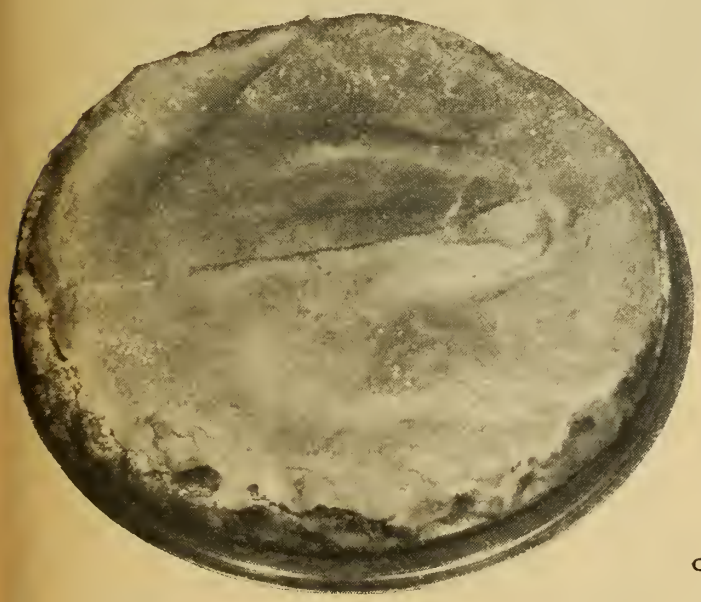


Favorite Recipes *of the* Stars

Umm, My—What a Cook Book!

DO our movie stars like good dishes? Foolish question! They engage the best cooks in all California. PHOTOPLAY got from each of one hundred stars the recipes of their favorite dishes, each to his own nationality. PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book is an international potpourri of tasty dishes. Cast your eyes on the two printed on this page. And try them tonight for dinner. Then see what's in the kettle below. For twenty-five cents, the Cook Book will be mailed to your home. It's impossible to give all the recipes to you in the magazine. CAROLYN VAN WYCK





Lemon Pie—Douglas Fairbanks. 1 cup sugar, 3 level teaspoons cornstarch, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups boiling water, grated rind of one lemon, juice of 1½ lemons, 3 egg yolks, ½ level teaspoon butter, pastry crust.

Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt in top of double boiler. Add boiling water and stir. Cook over fire until boiling point is reached. Remove from fire and allow to cook 20 minutes over boiling water. Mix grated rind and lemon juice and egg yolks, slightly beaten. Add butter and stir. Cook for two minutes. Cool and turn into a cooked pastry crust. Spread meringue and bake 8 minutes in a moderate oven.

Hungarian Goulash—Vilma Banky. 2 lbs. stewing meat, 2 cups cooked tomatoes, 2 stalks celery, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon paprika, 2 onions, 1 blade mace, 4 whole cloves, 8 chili peppers.

Have meat cut in small pieces, dredge with flour and put in sauce pan in which you have melted fat. Cook slowly for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover with boiling water and let simmer until meat is tender. Cook other ingredients for 20 minutes, adding one cup of boiling water. Rub through sieve, season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour. The broth in which the meat is cooked should be also used for sauce. Place meat on platter, cover with sauce. Cooked carrots, potatoes, sliced bell peppers should be placed around the meat.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 100 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Does it Pay, Girls?

I ask you

By
Rose Pelswick



WHEN that super-special production, "Galloping Grandmothers," comes to your town, you'll see me. It'll be in the biblical sequence where Roman toga salesmen is throwing a orgy for some Babylonian models. And when you spot a blonde in a one-piece veil acting as if she had a jag on, you'll know it's me. Only it wasn't acting, dearie, it wasn't acting.

Don't get me wrong—I don't mean for you to think that us movie actresses go in for having jags. Hollywood's just as nice and quiet a place as any other town. You can take your excitement or leave it alone. I could tell you things that happened in the one-way station in Ohio I come from that would make as good front page reading as any of the riots that's supposed to headline Hollywood. I could, but I got something more important to broadcast. I just brought in the jag business to show you that when it comes to being good, does it pay?

I'm a natural blonde and I've got dark brown eyes, and my figure— Well, I won a beauty contest with a photograph that was posed in a bathing suit.

The home town gave me a great send-off. I got a piece in the paper, and under my picture they subtitled, "Our loss is Hollywood's gain." Freddie Blake, the boy I used to go around with, begged me not to let Rudyard Crane make advances to me, and my aunt took me aside to tell me what every young girl should know—that success isn't worth it if you have to pay the price, and that I should always be my own sweet self.

When I think of all that now, I register a hollow laugh. Not let Rudyard Crane make advances to me? Say—I'd been in Hollywood six months and the nearest I got to even seeing him was his picture in a movie magazine till the day that—but I'm coming to that. And my aunt telling me to be my own sweet self—well, I'm coming to that too.

I landed in Los Angeles with a little money and lotsa ambition. The company that ran the beauty contest was very nice to me, and they let me loose in the studios where I saw all the sights and was finally given a small part in a picture. I got $7.50 a day for a month, and after that—if I should break down and tell you how little the producers cared about giving me jobs, you'd probably stop reading right here and crawl off somewhere to cry yourself to sleep.

I drifted from one studio to another. I started in at the biggest one and couldn't even get by the doorman. At the next one the casting director told me to write down my name and address and they'd let me know if they needed me. The third one, the second assistant electrician asked me to go out to lunch and, when I said no, he walked off without giving me a chance to change my mind. Then I tried the comedy lots and got work here and there. Once I got $30 a day when I doubled for a star and got hit by a steam roller while I was doing the Black Bottom on roller skates.



The story of a Hollywood cutie who tried to shift her personality—and found the going hard

"Look," exclaimed Rudyard Crane, pointing straight at me. "There's an example. Rouge, curled hair, rolled stockings. Blasé. Nicotine on one finger and lip rouge on the other. Giddy moth. Looks like a chorus girl. Probably sell her soul to get a leading rôle. Bah—I'm going to the beach tomorrow and think. I want to be alone."

But, as they say, it was all for art. Most of the other girls was in the same fix. Three of us lived in a sort of studio club, and we wore each other's silk stockings. On Sundays we'd walk along the beach hoping that a director would come along and give us an argument about signing a contract. And our salaries, combining the best features of each, wouldn't have paid for the moth balls for a fur coat.

It's a great life—if you weaken just a little. I'm not handing out any advice, but if anybody tells you it's easy to break into pictures just laugh 'em off, dearie, laugh 'em off.

I was hanging around the studio one day, wondering how I could get the director's eye. I was one of the extras in a film that showed what was wrong with the younger generation, so I wore a black satin dress that came above my knees and my sheer hose was rolled. I'd just had a wave put in my hair and I looked like what re-tired the tired business man.

All of a sudden I noticed a couple of the girls had stopped talking. I looked up. There was Rudyard Crane walking toward me with his director, Sam Malloy.

You've seen Rudyard Crane in pictures—and dearie, believe me he's even better looking in the flesh, as we call it in the movies. His eyes have so much soul and expression that every woman, when she sees him, hopes her second husband'll be like him.

They stopped right in front of where I was standing, but not facing me, and I got a earful of the dialogue.

"Have you found a girl yet?" asks Sam.

Rudyard shakes his head.

"No," he answers. "And I've looked everywhere. I've sat in on screen tests and gone to see every picture I've had time to see, and even looked through the photographs in the casting director's office. And I couldn't find one."

"Well," helps Sam, "you'll simply have to take Carmel Delight. We've got her under contract anyway, and she packs 'em in at the box-office."

"Oh, you don't understand," comes back Rudyard wearily. "This picture is going to be the greatest thing I've ever done. I'm going to stake my future and my reputation on it. It's my career—everything."

JUST then another man joins them. It's J. Z. Royce, the eastern production manager who just got in from New York on one of his inspection visits.

"What's the matter?" he inquires thoughtfully after the necessary salutations was over with.

"Crane's looking for a certain type of girl and he'll never be able to find her," explains Sam.

"What do you mean?" demands Royce.

All this time, see? I was standing right in back of

She was a bathing beauty back home, but she was just another blonde to Hollywood



"Please," says Rudyard, "I'd like to talk to you if I may." I shrinks away. "But I don't know you," I gasps. "I've never met you and I do not speak to strangers."

them, but they paid as much attention to me as they did to the goldfish calling to its mate on the table next to them.

"Mr. Royce," says Rudyard, "I got an idea for a story. My contract allows me to choose my pictures and my leading women, and this production that I have in mind is the dream of my life. And I could go on with it right away except that I can't find the girl to play the leading rôle."

"What kind of a girl?"

Rudyard was still for a minute, and then he looks up like he was in a trance.

"She's gotta be young," he starts off. "She must be pure and lovely and unsophisticated. The story deals with a girl who has just come out of a convent. Her mother is a famous theatrical star who has abandoned the child when she was a baby. Then the girl grows up. Her mother takes her out of the convent and brings her to Broadway. She goes on the stage, though she doesn't want to, and refuses to catch up with the dizzy pace around her. She is so lovely, so white, so wonderful, that she is of another world. Everyone around her becomes purified by her presence, and she decided to go back to the convent. I want to call the picture, 'The Blight of Broadway.' But to play the part, the girl has to be in real life just what she's supposed to be in the picture, or else the acting won't ring true."

"And where," drawls Sam, "do you expect to find her—in a glass cage or something?"

"Don't be cheaply cynical," responds Rudyard. "This is to be an idyll. It will represent the tenderest illusions every man carries in his heart. And I have thought so much about it that if I can't find the girl, and can't do the story, I'm through with pictures."

"I think I understand what you mean," yesses Royce, because Rudyard is the company's box-office ace. "But, she'll be hard to locate. Have you tried here in the studio?"

Rudyard shrugs his shoulders.

"Here?" he laughs. And it wasn't a refined laugh. "Look at 'em—from the stars down. Nice girls, no doubt, but worldly. Worldly, I'll leave the stars out because they've been in the grind too long. But look at even the extra girls."

He turns around suddenly and spots me. Getting the cue I smiles the soulful smile that used to panic 'em back home. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



Open, Ceseñe!

And Monty Banks' Home Town Turned Out

By Dorothy Spensley

WE will go direct to Ceseñe. That's where Monty and I went, mentally. And we will not bother with the olive groves of southern Italy, the vineyards, the azure Mediterranean sky. Perhaps it is well. I am always getting Venetian nights mixed with doge days, and this story concerns a little comedian who comes from northern Italy.

Five feet six of comedianhood. Thirty years old and unmarried. Rollicking hair, black and glossy, parted in the center. It's a symbol of character, that hair. Of the spontaneity of his Latin temperament, through which runs a clear sharp line of business ingeniousness. Monty is a comedian, but Monty is also a business man. He would not have his own producing unit with Pathe if he were not.

He would still be a dancing dandy at Dominguez Cafe, in New York, as he was ten years ago, or a stunt man, doing other people's hazards—or a film cutter or a prop man. But those days, as they say, are gone forever, and here is Monty in ice-cream pants, throwing cigarette ashes out of the window with a careless flick of the fingers, and telling me about the big time he had in Ceseñe when he went back, two years ago, in the first flush of his success.

You know how it is when you go back to the old home town. The bunting, the banners, the band. The mayor and the key to the city. The delegations and the children's chorus. Ceseñe has 50,000 souls and not one stayed home to stir the spaghetti on the day that Monty returned.

Was not the good Lord amiable, whispered the natives under the swaying red, green and white bunting, in the case of Mario Bianchi, who left Ceseñe with a few lire and a smile, such a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



Five feet six. Thirty years old and unmarried. A comedian—and also a business man. Otherwise he would still be a dancing dandy in a New York cafe, as he was ten years ago. Or just Mario Bianchi, back in Ceseñe

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith



You can get interesting shots of sport events. Here's Bill Tilden, the famous tennis star



Take your camera to the ball game and get Babe Ruth hitting one of his homers



Suppose you were lucky enough to take your camera to Roosevelt field. You would have caught Colonel Lindbergh

JUST what is the future of amateur motion picture making?

PHOTOPLAY has just put the question to the foremost men in the field of amateur cinematography and their answers will be of keen interest to every user of an amateur camera.

PHOTOPLAY asked two questions. It asked for a general prediction as to the future and a more specific prediction as to the number of amateur cameras likely to be in operation by the end of 1928.

Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, is naturally highly enthusiastic over the possibilities of amateur photography. He says:

"AMATEUR cinematography shows every sign of becoming the next great public diversion to follow radio broadcasting. There are already hundreds of thousands of the best minds we have in the country interested in amateur cinematography. These persons have become intensely interested in developing what can be done with motion pictures. Their interest is not only contagious, but it brings to bear upon cinematography an entirely new influence.

"The result of this new influence will be to develop entirely new forms and types of motion pictures. No man at this date has an imagination wild enough to be able to predict within ninety per cent of what is going to be accomplished by the enormous public study of cinematography.

"I would not hesitate a moment to predict that there will be one million amateur motion picture cameras in use by the end of 1928. We have another great industry in the making which will compare with the radio industry."

The Amateur Cinema League is the first and only national association of amateur motion picture makers.

"I can estimate the future only by a comparison with the past," says Roy W. Winton, managing director of the league. "It seems certain that personal motion picture making and showing will exceed personal still photography in volume as much as motion picture showings have exceeded lantern slide showings. Expense is bound to be adjusted to meet demand."

T. B. Carrigan, editor of *Amateur Movie Makers*, published by the league, estimates that there are 65,000 users of personal motion picture equipment, employing films of all widths, and he believes that by early 1929, this number will have increased to hundreds of thousands. Mr. Carrigan declares that this ratio of increase will remain fairly constant until the cost of equipment is lowered, or until more manufacturers appear in the field and carry on national advertising campaigns similar to those now conducted by present makers of amateur cameras.

Here is the prediction of J. A. Berst, general manager of Pathex, Inc., makers of the Pathex camera:

"JUST as the snapshot camera took hold on the public and became a very practical hobby, so also do I believe that, in due time, the amateur motion picture camera will be used as largely as the amateur still camera. Therefore, I believe that, by the end of 1928, the number of amateur motion picture outfits will approach the number of amateur still cameras in use. There is practically an unlimited field for the amateur motion picture camera, as now there are in use only about enough outfits to cover a city the size of Pittsburgh.

"Amateur motion picture photography is constantly improving, due largely to the fact that the amateurs are emulating the professional movie makers. The amateur motion picture makers, at least a large percentage of them, have made filming more than a mere hobby and are striving very hard to secure good screen effects.

"As the amateur naturally is called upon to show his efforts on the screen, he is upon his mettle to put forth his best efforts to create [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment by taking subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

How to Make Your Own

More tips to help you win contest prizes

HIRAM PERCY MAXIM, Samuel L. Rothapfel and Nickolas Muray have been invited to be judges in the $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest sponsored by PHOTOPLAY. They will act with James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, and the managing editor of PHOTOPLAY.

Mr. Maxim is president of the Amateur Cinema League, the first and only national organization of amateur movie enthusiasts.

Mr. Rothapfel is one of America's foremost exhibitors and a man of national reputation.

Mr. Rothapfel did more than any other one person to lift the level of motion picture presentation to its present high status. At various times he has been managing director of the Strand, Rivoli, Rialto and Capitol theaters in New York and he is now managing director of his own house, the Roxy, one of the outstanding landmarks of Manhattan.

Mr. Muray was asked to participate as a judge because he is one of New York's foremost photographers and deeply interested in amateur motion pictures. He has been experimenting with amateur photography for years.

The contest opened on June 1st and films are now being submitted. These indicate an unusually high level of amateur cinematography and the winning films will undoubtedly be fine examples of motion picture making.



Don't go on your vacation without an amateur movie camera. Here's how you will look in celluloid catching that record trout

Here are a few more suggestions:

Don't rush your contest film. Take plenty of time and get it into best possible shape. Make revisions, study your sub-titles and re-shoot scenes where necessary. Put your best into your picture. Well-planned ideas, carefully executed, make for success in this contest.

Remember that you have until midnight of December 31st to get your film before the judges.

Another point: don't go beyond what you can logically spend on your contest film: Stick to simplicity.

Remember that originality is the thing. Freshness of idea and treatment will carry you further than anything else in this contest.

Again, be reminded that your contest film need not be in one reel, provided its total length comes within the specified footage.

This department receives so many letters concerning this point that it is advisable to mention it again.

If you are planning to film a dramatic story do not "shoot" a story from any published book of amateur motion picture scripts and do not adapt your story from any produced professional photoplay. You will be wasting film and time. Your contest effort must be wholly original.

You can send any number of contest efforts and you can send them in at any time, provided they reach this office before December 31st.

When you get your film into its final shape, study the contest rules. Read them through carefully and check each one with a pencil. Be sure that your film meets every requirement before you send it away. PHOTOPLAY receives letters every day which are answered in the rules. BE SURE TO READ ALL THE RULES.

Do not have your subtitles made by a professional title maker. Your contest contribution should be wholly original. You can put your name and address as a tag to the film or in the form of a title.

Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

No Convent Belle

Lois Moran was a ballet girl at the Paris Opera

By Dorothy Spensley



Lois, at the age of eighteen, looks like the kid sister of the girl pictured below



Yet this photograph shows Lois as she looked when, a child of fourteen, she made her first screen appearance in a French film

AND here all the time I've been deceived, misled by popular belief.

I thought Lois Moran had been stolen from some grey-walled French convent and brought to this country, unworldly, inexperienced, to be an unsophisticated daisy in a field of blasé buttercups. But daisies do tell and Lois is no exception.

It did, I will admit, spoil the mental picture I had of Sam Goldwyn as a plumed Launcelot rescuing the fair damsel and rushing off with her to the screen Camelot of Hollywood.

"Tell me about the convent," I said to Lois, immediately. And she smiled. "Convent?" Lois said in her small gentle voice.

"The convent in Paris where Sam Goldwyn found you."

"Oh, but I was in no convent in Paris. Whatever gave you that idea?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Rudolph Valentino *Born May 6, 1895—Died August 23, 1926*

Like thee I once have stemm'd the sea of life,
Like thee have languish'd after empty joys,
Like thee have labour'd in the stormy strife,
Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.
Forget my frailties: thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses: for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

—*James Beattie*

The Little Kleig

Los Angeles has dren who never,



Close-up of an algebra lesson conducted by Rachel Smith of Paramount

THERE are at least 2,200 children in Los Angeles who study hard at school, work earnestly to make their passing grades, and who never, never play hookey.

These are the 2,200 children of school age who hold permits to work in pictures. If they don't attend school regularly and make good grades in their studies, the Board of Education has the right to revoke their permit to work. And with these little troopers, the loss of work not only means, in some instances, a terrible financial blow, but in every case, a moral disgrace.

With the co-operation of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, the Board of Education has solved one of the strangest problems ever confronted by a group of educators, and this business of educating the little troopers has become a regular part of studio life.

The De Mille Studio has a school room but no regularly assigned teacher, using one of the seventeen teachers detailed to special assignments by the Board of Education.

The law of California insists that every child over the age of eight and under the age of eighteen have three hours of schooling and one hour of supervised recreation daily. All directors using children in pictures must make allowances for this provision in their schedule work.

Since it is considered wiser to set regular hours for lessons, most of the studios hold classes from eight in the morning until noon. The children are free to work before the camera in the afternoon.

At the end of the school day, the teacher fills in duplicate forms showing the progress of her pupils. One copy is mailed to the grade school in which the child is registered and the other goes to the Child Welfare Department of the Board of Education. Raymond B. Dunlap is the director in charge of this interesting phase of the Board's work. And Mr. Dunlap says that



Paramount's school building for its little troopers



The children of "The Auctioneer" cast at the Fox Studio are instructed by Z. A. Farrel and Mrs. Mary Sparks. Olive Borden, at the blackboard, dropped in for publicity's sake

Schoolhouse

2,200 school chil- never play hookey

these professional children are brighter than the average school child.

At the end of the year, Mr. Dunlap's department makes a detailed report of each child. This report not only tells the age, grade and school standing of the child, but it contains a record of the child's health, the number of days it has worked, and its studio earnings.

If you think that these school rooms are less serious than the classes in the little red schoolhouse, you are mistaken. The work seldom proves a distraction. However, Mrs. Carter, in charge of "Our Gang," allows her pupils to study on the set. She finds that they work harder when they know that they are not missing anything.



"Our Gang" likes to study on the set. Mrs. Fern Carter turns the studio floor into a classroom



Mrs. Mary Ganahl with *Buster Brown* and *Mary Jane*



The Paramount Studio boasts the only schoolhouse, a five-room building, with two large classrooms, a library and a workroom for the teacher. It also has a rest room for parents where they may wait for their children, and a kitchen and dining room where parents may prepare their children's meals.

Until just recently, when she passed her eighteenth birthday, Sally O'Neil was instructed by Miss Pearl Long at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. Miss Long is still called by the studio when any children are used in the pictures.

Mrs. Mary West has been resident teacher at Universal for almost three years. Universal has a single room fully equipped. When a child goes on location, Mrs. West arranges for the Board of Education to send a substitute teacher with the company.

The De Mille studio has one room, attractively decorated and fully equipped. Here the forty children, used in "The King of Kings," worked daily under the direction of a teacher supplied for the occasion. Junior Coughlan, the child actor, has a private tutor.

Martha Sleeper, a featured member of the Hal Roach comedy company, is still a school child, under the ruling of the California law. However, she is so much farther advanced in her studies than the members of "Our Gang" that she is allowed a private teacher. And so that makes her actually a Baby Star. Farina, incidentally, is the youngest member of the "Our Gang" class. Farina entered school last Fall.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Our Club as it is today! Five years without a quarrel or a catty remark. It sounds like Utopia, but that is the record claimed by Our Club. It's an organization of thirty young motion picture players, you will remember, and it was sponsored by Mary Pickford. This is its fifth birthday party and, if you look closely, you will see at least one of your favorites in this smiling and happy group

The Elevator Camera *in* Action



WHEN you go to a picture show and see an actor scale the side of a wall or climb a fire escape, did you ever wonder how the camera followed him? Here is the elevator camera following Andrea Beranger in Universal's "The Small Bachelor," with William Seiter directing. This is also how they followed Chico up the many flights of stairs in "Seventh Heaven"

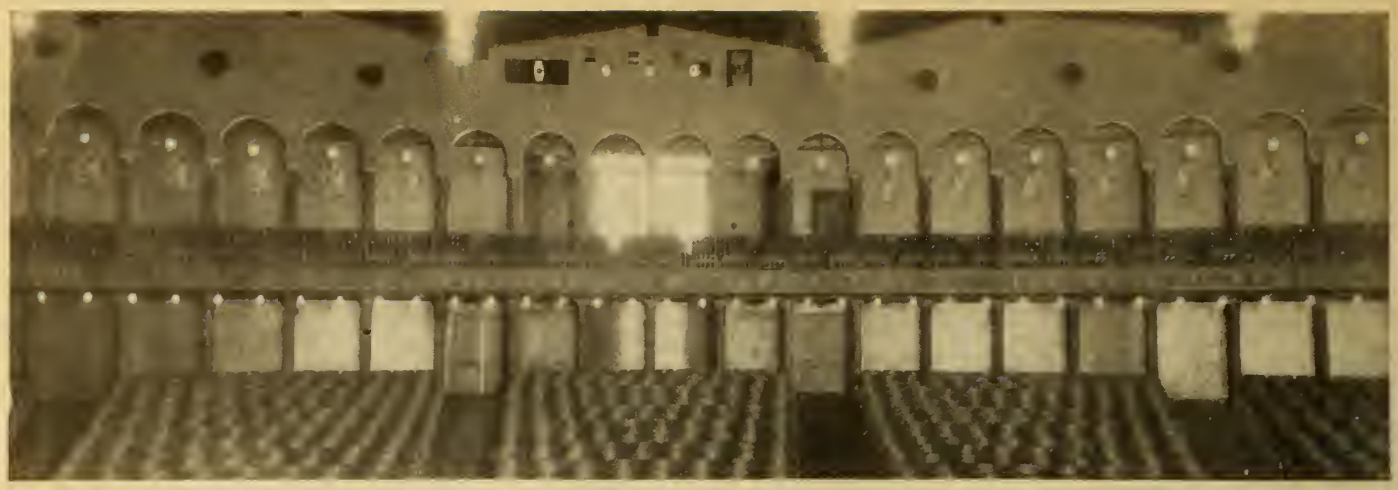


Commencing at the lower left, you will find Helen Ferguson, Ruth Dwyer, Patsy Ruth Miller, Ruth Roland, May McAvoy, Anita Stewart and Billie Dove. The middle row, left to right: Lillian Rich, Lois Wilson, ZaSu Pitts, Julanne Johnston, Laura La Plante, Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, Gertrude Olmsted and Edna Murphy. The top three are Virginia Fox, Kathleen Key and Mildred Davis Lloyd

The Newest *in* Bathing Togs

WHICH will you have? A Sing Sing swim suit or something smart in checks? the Paramount Junior girls ask you. Louise Brooks, Sally Blane and Nancy Phillips showyou thattrunks and jackets should match or you just aren't in the swim. It's the dernierest cri in Hollywood. These girls do not wait for Paris. They start things themselves





The Diamond Horseshoe of the Palm Beach Theater, showing the 26 $1,000 apiece boxes

The *Millionaires'* Movie Theater

By Sidney Curtis

A THOUSAND dollars to attend the movies! This is not the story of a millionaire movie fan who was stranded upon a desert isle where his favorite pastime had not as yet penetrated, nor yet of a fabulously wealthy maiden lady buying a private review of "The Sheik." It is the story of the newest vogue in Palm Beach, Florida.

In this famous resort, where the wealthy foregather during the winter months, the movies have been invested with unwonted dignity, with the erection and operation of the new Paramount Theater.

The twenty-six boxes, since named "The Diamond Horseshoe," were offered at the price of one thousand dollars each for the season of thirteen weeks. And they were no sooner offered than they were taken. So seldom one encounters such a bargain, you know.

The list of patrons who subscribe for the boxes reads like a page lifted from the social register. It includes such notables as: A. J. Drexle (Tony) Biddle, Jr., Rodman Wanamaker, Edward T. Stotesbury, John N. Willys, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Henry C. Phipps, Florenz Ziegfeld, Harris Hammond, Louis G. Kaufman, James P. Donahue, W. L. Kingsley, Anthony R. Kuser, Thomas Chadbourne, J. Leonard Replogle, John C. King, Col. E. R. Bradley, Mrs. John Shepard, Preston Pope Satterwaite, Mrs. Henry Rea, W. R. Reynolds, Edward S. Moore, Paul Moore and Alexander Revell.

The flower of disclaimed but existent American aristocracy may be seen in these boxes any evening during the season. Beautiful women, exquisitely gowned and tastefully bejeweled, give verisimilitude to the implied comparison of the "Diamond Horseshoe" of the Paramount, and of the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

As for attending the showing of a film in anything but evening dress, whether one is seated in a box or in the orchestra—it simply isn't done.

In the first place, the Paramount is the pet and hobby of the elite, a vision designed and crystallized for the elite by the elite. J. Leonard Replogle, "Tony" Biddle, Edward F. Hutton and Arthur C. F. Keleher, noted in social and financial circles, were the builders and Joseph Urban was the architect.

A courtyard, reminiscent of old Castilian haciendas, enclosed by the most exclusive of shoppes, forms a strikingly beautiful setting for the jewel of Palm Beach, the Paramount. Built on Spanish lines, the theater proper is, nevertheless, distinctively Urbanesque in architectural design.

Within, the attention is immediately caught and held by the marine murals on either side. Queer, vari-colored denizens of the deep are pictured in their natural haunts among the equally strange and exotic subaqueous plants. Unusually adroit is the execution of this really captivating example of new day art by Gretl Urban, daughter of the architect.

Hundreds of gleaming, scintillating points gathered in the many-tiered chandeliers of wrought iron with glass pendants, depended from the fluted, cerulean blue ceiling, light the interior of the theater. Behind the boxes of the "Diamond Horseshoe" are club rooms especially designed for box patrons. A private foyer, luxuriously furnished with deep, comfortable chairs and lounges is also at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



The Millionaires' Theater was designed by Joseph Urban, while the interior decorations and curtains are the work of his daughter, Gretl



UNTROUBLED by the sophisticated subtleties that beset him on the screen, Adolphe Menjou looks into the blue eyes of Kathryn Carver and asks her an important question. Adolphe wants to know if she believes that second marriages are more successful than first ventures.

Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

DON'T park your will power and personality outside when you enter a shop.

Have your mind made up as to what colors are most becoming and what styles show your figure to best advantage.

Then, don't permit a saleswoman to sell you something totally unsuited—all because, "It Is the Latest Thing from Paris—So Chic."

MANY of those "Frenchy" things were conceived in little factories close to the East River, New York City.

An expert saleswoman can develop your inferiority complex until you dare not raise your feeble voice in protest when she says, in tones of withering scorn, "But YOU would not wear one of those cheap hats."

With flushed face, you say, "Of course not," and struggle out of the shop with a couple of hats marked, "Made in France," on which you have spent most of your allowance.

I DON'T mean to disparage imported things, but if you shop judiciously, you can avoid extravagant prices and be smartly attired as well.

There are some conscientious saleswomen with experience and good taste who will try to fit you becomingly and at moderate prices. When you find a jewel of this sort, stay by her.

EVERY woman feels the need of an occasional shopping "spree." To buy recklessly, with utter disregard for cost or durability, is ofttimes essential to one's complete happiness—for the moment.

Regrets come afterwards, but, oh, the sublime joy of possessing that diaphanous thing so alluringly displayed and so magnificently worn by the haughty model.

Take the dress—if you *must*.

MATURE reflection will convince you the color is wrong for your skin and it will not last more than two wearings, but you will be a wiser and better buyer for the future.

Your "shopping hang over" may breed a lasting temperance in the matter of clothes selection.

SLEEVELESS frocks will be the vogue this summer — daytime as well as evening.

Belts can be had in every known material and color. They add new life to last summer's frock and with shoes in matching shade of kid, you have a snappy outfit.

NEVER buy only one pair of hose in a certain shade. To economize, get a neutral beige that will blend with most any shoe, but buy at least two pair. When one stocking gets a "run," the odd one is not thrown away. It can be added to the other pair. Some shops are now selling *three* hose instead of two to the pair.

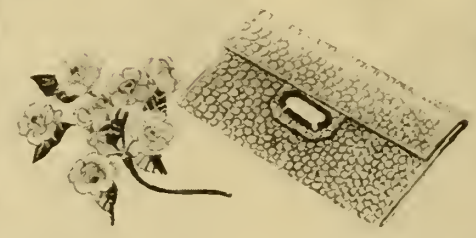
Let Photoplay



A chiffon evening dress that will make the success of any dance. It has the new ruffled skirt, so ideal for dancing, and the ruffles are picot edged. It comes in Nile, flesh, maize, pawder blue and white. Sizes 14-20. And anly $25.00

The most attractive novelty of the month—a Zip-over sport shirt to wear over your bathing suit, after tennis ar for galf. It's of knitted waol with a wooly lining. State calor preference. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at $2.95





That finishing touch to any well-planned costume—a cluster of gardenias. The flowers are white, flesh, maize or orchid, to suit your taste. And, which is impartant, merely 95c

Indispensable—a smart, fold-over pocketbook of convenient size and in colors to match any costume. You may order it in black, brown, tan, green, blue, red or grey, with assimilated tortoise shell clasp to harmonize with the bag. $2.95

This tunic frock is of becoming printed crepe de chine, with a gay design in assorted patterns. State the color you wish to predominate — white, navy, tan, green ar rase. Sizes 34-44. Priced at $12.75

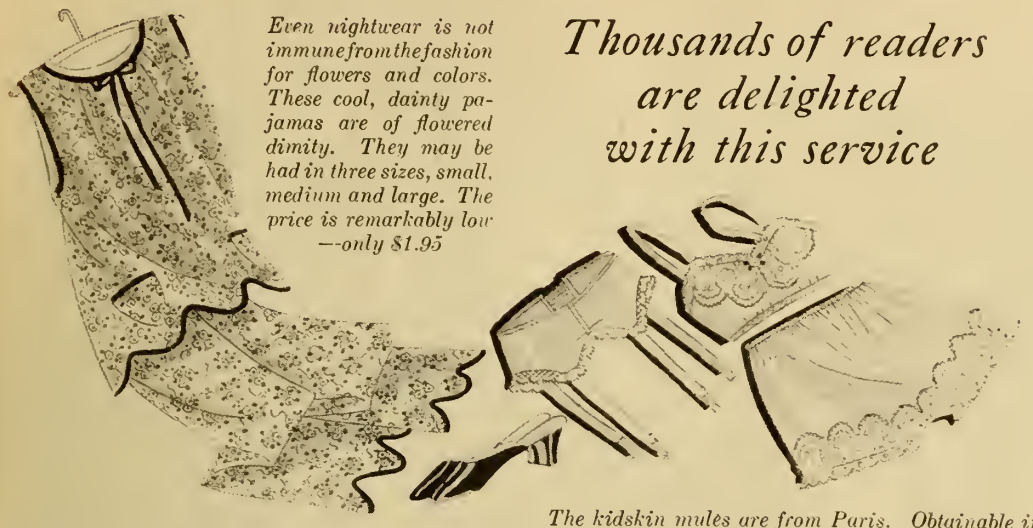
An ideal mid-summer two-piece frock in crepe de chine. Please note the graceful, pleated frill and the becoming neckline. You may order it in maize, Nile, powder blue, peach or white. Sizes 14-20. For $15.00

The useful and smartly tailored knitted sweater suit is an unusual value at $12.95. It is of silk and wool and comes in attractive cambinations of colors — white and orchid, green and white, blue and white or corn and white. Sizes 14-20



Do Your Shopping

Thousands of readers are delighted with this service



Even nightwear is not immune from the fashion for flowers and colors. These cool, dainty pajamas are of flowered dimity. They may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. The price is remarkably low —only $1.95

The printed house dress is so attractively designed that you may find it convenient to order several of them. The vestee may be had in blue, green, tan, red, or gold to match the flowers in the print. Sizes 36-46. Priced at $1.95

The modern successor of the kimono—the Coolie coat. A smart and colorful garment for beach or boudoir. It is made of crepe and comes in green, tangerine, maize, orchid or copenhagen. Only $2.95

The correct and chic dress for tennis. It is of white pique. Moreover, it is well tailored and has a conveniently full pleated skirt. Sizes 16-18 and 36-42. The cost is $5.95

The kidskin mules are from Paris. Obtainable in red or blue, with lining to match. Or black with lavender, beige, rose or powder blue satin lining. Sizes 3-8. Price $3.95. Or you may have them in satin at $3.50. The colors are pink, rose, lavender, turquoise blue or delft blue. Or in black satin with lavender, turquoise blue, green, gold or pink lining. Sizes 3-8

The smallest excuse for a corset, a satin girdle to hold up your stockings trimly. In white or flesh. Sizes 25-32. And the price is $1.50

The crepe de chine dance set is unusually low priced at $2.95. It is beautifully trimmed with lace and may be ordered in white, flesh, Nile or peach. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38



A flannel suit with the new pleats in the front of the skirt, in all navy, chamois, Queen blue, olive green, corn or flesh, or with colored coat and white skirt. Sizes 14-20. $14.95. The Vionnet blouse in white, flesh or blue linen. Sizes 34-44. $3.95





Few women ever have enough crepe de chine slips to go with all their frocks. This slip may be ordered in flesh, white or all street shades. $3.95. Sizes 34-44

This lace negligee is really charming and it would be difficult to duplicate its value anywhere at the price —$10.95. It is lined with crepe de chine in pink, orchid, Nile, coral or turquoise blue. Sizes small and medium



How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

REX INGRAM, whom you may remember as director of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Scaramouche," is trying to interest other American directors in producing on the establishing of permanent studios on the Riviera.

Well, if his last two pictures made there are samples of the influence of the Riviera, it would be wise to let well enough alone.

Why not? We can make them bad enough in California.

A FEW years ago the editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Outlook*, and *Vanity Fair* wouldn't have given space to movies any sooner than they would entertain their chauffeur and his gal at dinner.

Now they realize that even nice old ladies, members of the Union League Club and Park Avenue debutantes join "just we folks" at the cinema, and each in its best editorial manner frantically starts to get aboard. But "dignity" doesn't always know how to climb down off its stilts.

Vanity Fair used to look at the pictures through haughty lorgnettes. In the June issue it devotes more space to the movies than to correct apparel, contract bridge, and smart motors combined.

The Outlook, which has been yawning since Theodore Roosevelt died, becomes solicitous about our movie fare, and *The Journal* gossips about Hollywood, over its knitting. *The Literary Digest* "dishes the dirt" avidly, and *The New Republic* writes ponderous critiques for ponderous people.

First thing we know Ben Turpin will be sitting in the Knickerbocker Club window looking out through a monocle on the common folks parading on Fifth Avenue.

If it goes much further, PHOTOPLAY, in self defense, will put in departments on how to make over grandma's wedding gown for little Gertie's graduation dresses, heavy thoughts on heavy politics, and what the well dressed footman should wear.

Last Call For Ideas For Motion Pictures!

PHOTOPLAY'S great $15,000 contest comes to a close at midnight, August 15. Be sure to submit your idea for one of the big prizes offered before that hour. Read details on pages 50 and 51 and the rules on page 82.



Waida

Chosen by women of rank, they offer you wise lore for keeping all your loveliness

LOVELINESS and a way to make this loveliness endure! The shimmering beauty of firm, clear skin—how to keep it undimmed for many years! These are every woman's heart's desire!

Everywhere lurk the enemies of a naturally lovely skin—sun that parches; wind that harshens; dust and soot that coarsen; late hours and just the years that etch implacable lines.

To be serene in all one's youth and loveliness, one must have a daily method that can be depended upon to counteract these foes. The leaders

H. M. VICTORIA EUGENIA
Queen of Spain
H. R. H. HENRIETTE
Duchess of Vendome
Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT
Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
Miss ANNE MORGAN
The DUQUESA *de* ALBA
The PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT

of the fashionable world who *must* be secure in beauty, have learned that Pond's Two Creams offer precisely this.

For a gentle cleansing that frees the pores, use Pond's Cold Cream, often during the day and always before retiring. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. For a dry skin, leave some of the cream on overnight.

For a velvet flower-like finish, use Pond's Vanishing Cream after each cleansing except the bedtime one. It gives you a new allure, holds your powder reassuringly, and protects the skin from all irritation.

FREE OFFER: Try these Two delightful Creams made by Pond's—for a gentle cleansing, an exquisite finish. Mail coupon for sample tubes of each—to acquaint you with their purity, fragrance, fine texture.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. V, 114 Hudson St., New York City

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

$15,000 *in* Prizes *for* Picture Ideas

Rules and Conditions of This Great Contest—Read Carefully

1. Every suggestion must be written in 200 words or less; and must be submitted in typewriting, on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:
Judges, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Idea Contest,
221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Suggestions will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the judges of the contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. Suggestions submitted will be kept in locked steel files, prior to award, at the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, where they are accessible to no other persons. No responsibility is assumed, however, for their safe-keeping or for unauthorized access to them. No suggestions will be returned at the conclusion of the contest, unless sufficient postage is forwarded. They may, at the option of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, be destroyed after award or kept on file.

3. Every suggestion must be signed with the full name of the person making the same and must be accompanied by the form or a copy of the form which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein. These rules and the form should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or not, may enter this contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, their relatives or members of their household, or anyone actively employed in the production departments of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of three members. The Editor of PHOTOPLAY shall be Chairman. No person connected with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall be a judge. The decision of the judges shall be final. The judges will be selected by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	2,000
Third and Fourth Prizes	1,000 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	500 each
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	$250 each
Forty Prizes	100 each

In the case of ties for any of the prizes the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

7. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay for the winning suggestions and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes, as well as to use the name and likeness of any successful contestant in connection therewith, at its option, without further payment. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation may use the suggestion in whole or in part, alter the same, change the title, if any, and require the execution of any papers by the successful contestant which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own ideas or suggestions that they become suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may be quite old, in fact, or come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort, or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit, and will be deemed to have submitted their ideas and suggestions upon the distinct agreement and understanding that no liability of any sort, save as to the prizes, may be placed upon PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; that each of the latter two is released from any and all liability for any cause or reason whatsoever by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the judges to make this contest as fair and open as possible and to conduct it in strict accordance with these Rules. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will simply donate the prizes and will be under no obligation, either legal or moral, to do anything except to donate the same.

10. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation shall not be bound to use any of such suggestions even though they win prizes. All prize winners, however, bind themselves not to, nor to suffer or permit anyone other than Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to make any use of such suggestions in whole or in part. If they contain copyrightable matter, all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure copyright therein, shall become the property of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

11. In case several ideas are submitted involving historical, religious and dramatic events in the world's history, and to avoid the possibility of ties, it is understood that no idea or suggestion which covers any event in a general way, for instance, a general idea or suggestion of the making of a picture based on the American Revolution, or the discovery of America, or the life of Shakespeare without specific argument or suggestion of story and treatment, will be considered.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will each month conduct a department of instruction and helpful suggestions, but it is understood that none of the suggestions made therein will be considered unless they are treated in an original and meritorious manner. Ideas or suggestions taken from picture productions which have already been made will not be considered unless they conform to this general qualification. Ideas or suggestions involving great works of literature will be considered if accompanied by ideas and suggestions of treatment and reasons for their use.

13. While facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of a prize, the clearness and specific quality of the idea will be considered.

14. Ideas or suggestions expressed in exactly the same language, or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be considered, although any one person may submit the same idea or suggestion in different treatments and with different arguments as to their merit.

15. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted or suggested.

16. The contest will close at midnight, August 15th, 1927. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ideas will be received at any time up to close of Contest.

Any person may submit any number of ideas, but each should be accompanied by this form or a typewritten copy of it

IN submitting the accompanying idea or suggestion, as a contestant for one of the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I agree to all the terms and conditions contained in the Rules of the Contest, as published in said Magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of my suggestion being examined and considered in said contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Photoplay Publishing Co. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by either of them, except from payment of one of such prizes if awarded to me.

I state that this suggestion is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant to the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation the sole and exclusive right to use this suggestion in any form or manner without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes, if awarded, and I request that the said PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO. and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation act on the agreements and statements herein contained.

.....[L.S.]

Address:

.....



MR. G. HAYDEN DUNN, *whose hobby is raising flowers*

"I once thought I would always be ill"

"UP TO THE TIME *of the War my life had been uneventful, tranquil.*

"Then—the trenches. Cold. Forced marches. Hunger. Thirst. I was gassed—and wounded.

"When I returned I was a physical wreck. For four years I fought in vain to steady my frayed nerves and to rid myself of my chronic stomach trouble. I had almost abandoned hope of ever being well again.

"Repeatedly a fellow worker had urged me to try Yeast. At last I began eating it—and in less than three months I had regained my old health and happiness.

"My favorite pastime is working with the flowers and vegetables around our home. Now, no matter how strenuous my day has been, I still have energy left to indulge this hobby in the evening."

G. HAYDEN DUNN, Medford, Mass.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is composed of millions of tiny living plants, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. They keep the whole intestinal tract clean, checking the absorption of poisons into the blood. They strengthen the muscles of elimination, banishing constipation and its evil results, an unhealthy skin and stomach disorders.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 32, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



LEFT

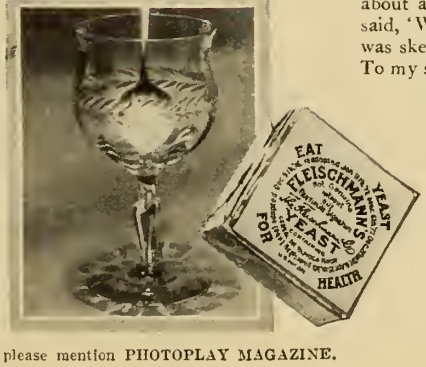
MR. DE PASZTHORY is an all-round athlete. At the University of Southern California he won the middleweight wrestling championship. He writes: "Ever since high school days I have periodically eaten Fleischmann's Yeast. It has enabled me to restore my system quickly to order whenever my digestion was upset, to keep my blood clear and my skin free of embarrassing eruptions."

MELBOURNE DE PASZTHORY, Pasadena, Calif.



"TRY AS I WOULD, I could find nothing that would clear my skin. I was very badly run down—probably this was the cause of my skin trouble. I ran along this way until about a year ago, when one of my friends said, 'Why don't you try eating Yeast?' I was skeptical, I must admit—but I began. To my surprise my skin began to clear, and ever since I have felt fine."

CHRISTINE INGLIS, Vancouver, B. C.



For the health that* can *be your —do this:

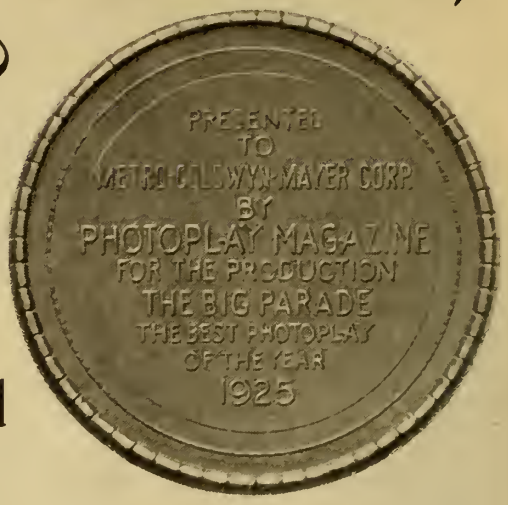
Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

What was *the* Best Picture *of* 1926?



The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!



The Award of 1925

Seventh Annual Gold Medal Award

HAVE you mailed in your vote for the best motion picture of 1926?

Better do it at once. Of course, you have participated in at least one or two of the previous gold medal awards of PHOTOPLAY. Naturally you will want to see the production you consider the best of the twelve months receive its just reward.

In 1920 PHOTOPLAY awarded its first medal of honor. In the intervening years the readers of this magazine have voted upon the best picture of the various years. The sanity and good judgment of these awards is proven by the list of gold medal pictures, the cream of six years of motion picture production. The half dozen awards constitute a veritable list of the six best pictures of six years.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

1925
"THE BIG PARADE"

PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal of Honor is now recognized as the highest reward of merit in the world of motion pictures. It is the only award in all filmdom coming directly from the screen fans themselves. The conferring of the award rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY. The medal was created as an opportunity to encourage the making of better pictures. Each year it has been given to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY'S readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

There is no question but that the selection this year presents unusual problems to film fans. The year of 1926 offered a large number of noteworthy productions. It was a distinguished year in film making.

For your assistance in making a selection, a list of fifty prominent photoplays of 1926 is presented on this page. You are not limited to films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released between January 1, 1926 and December 31, 1926.

Another suggestion: vote as early as possible. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach the PHOTOPLAY offices not later than October 1, 1927.

Vote now! Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

American Venus
Aloma of the South Seas
Bardelys the Magnificent
Beau Geste
Behind the Front
Ben-Hur
Better 'Ole
Beverly of Graustark
Black Pirate
Brown of Harvard
Dancing Mothers
Don Juan
Faust
For Heaven's Sake
Grand Duchess and the Waiter
Irene
Kid Boots
Kiki
La Boheme
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Mantrap
Marriage Clause
Men of Steel
Moana
Nervous Wreck
Old Ironsides
One Minute to Go
Padlocked
Quarterback
Return of Peter Grimm
Road to Mandalay
Scarlet Letter
Sea Beast
Silence
Son of the Sheik
Sorrows of Satan
Sparrows
Stella Maris
Strong Man
Temptress
That Royle Girl
Three Faces East
Tin Gods
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Upstage
Variety
Waltz Dream
We're in the Navy Now
What Price Glory
Winning of Barbara Worth



When you take off your hat ...

less...or more charm?

What happens when you take off your most becoming hat? Are you less pretty . . . just as pretty . . . or prettier?

It all depends on your hair! Your hair *can* shine and make your eyes shine. It *can* be soft and flattering. It *can* make you prettier.

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair lovelier — to make it fluffy, sparkling with life and lustre:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!
2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians specializing in the care of the hair. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health.

These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish —every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's can help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER *Shampoos*

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-H
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Olive Oil ☐ Pine Tar

(If you wish samples of both *types, send* 20 *cents)*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address

When the Doctors Disagree

If the newspaper critics cannot get together, what are the poor audiences supposed to think?

"MR. WU"

"The picture is artificial, superficial, 'piffificial'." DOROTHY HERZOG, *The Daily Mirror.* (*N. Y.*)

"'Mr. Wu' can be heartily recommended as an exquisite production." IRENE THIRER, *The Daily News.* (*N. Y.*)

"IS ZAT SO?"

"The screen version seems to us pointless and vulgar slapstick." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *The New York Tribune.*

"If you liked the stage play, you'll get as much of a kick out of the film." ROSE PELSWICK, *New York Journal.*

"ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE"

"'Rough House Rosie' is all but smothered under the saccharine and slapstick of the current screen formula." ALISON SMITH, *New York World.*

"As a picture, it is one of the snappiest of Clara Bow's recent productions." KENNETH TAYLOR, *Los Angeles Express.*

"No little credit goes . . . to George Marion, Jr., whose titles are far and away above the average." DON KRULL, *Los Angeles Herald.*

"George Marion, Jr., is evidently writing too many titles or else playing too much golf, for his *mots* . . . are weak sisters indeed." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *New York Sun.*

"THE TENDER HOUR"

"It is rather disappointing to think that 'The Tender Hour' was directed by George Fitzmaurice who has, after all, some accomplishments of quality and dignity to his credit." EDWIN SCHALLERT, *Los Angeles Times.*

"There is no denying George Fitzmaurice can crowd more evidences of wealth and splendor into one reel of film than any director in existence." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"WEDDING BILLS"

"Griffith is amusing enough but not particularly original." JAMES DETARR, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"Griffith's work is always delightful." ELEANOR BARNES, *Los Angeles Illustrated News.*

"THE CLAW"

"A picture which rather causes a grown-up to feel as if he had burst into an entertainment for ten-year-olds." MORDAUNT HALL, *New York Times.*

"The acting is good, the story absorbing and the jungle scenes interesting." *Chicago Daily News.*

"BEWARE OF WIDOWS"

"The best thing about this production is the unexpected twists encountered every time you believe the climax has arrived." HAROLD FLAVIN, *Motion Picture News.*

"Every time-worn situation ever seen on the screen turns up in this piece." REGINA CANNON, *New York American.*

"THE LADY BIRD"

"Miss Compson imbues the stilted plot and theatrical situations with a semblance of reality." GREGORY GOSS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"An exciting, intriguing crook play." *Los Angeles Times.*

"SPECIAL DELIVERY"

"Mr. Cantor goes through all these actions with an artistry that marks him as a better motion picture actor than a stage artist." *Evening World.*

"The sad spectacle of a headliner in the world of musical comedy taking an emphatic flop in the world of motion picture comedy." *Daily Mirror.*

"Too much Cantor and a continuous series of practically unconnected comedy scenes makes the picture strain for laughs." *Variety.*

"Full of spontaneous gags which make for instantaneous giggles and guffaws." IRENE THIRER, *Daily News.* (*N. Y.*)

"THE CLIMBERS"

"At the Colony this week a good actress (Irene Rich) may be seen going blooey." QUINN MARTIN, *The World.*

"Irene Rich gives a sincere performance and looks most attractive." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

A Little Lesson in Modern Chemistry

"I'm taking a cocktail, Jenkins. Coffee is just poison to me"





(*Above*) COATS OF TAN may cast their shadows on the Anglo-Saxon skins of Roger, Jane and Ann Adams, but smiles remain undimmed with Pepsodent a daily habit



(*Above*) A CHANNEL ASPIRANT? From recent exhibitions, Gloria Rowe may be expected soon to attempt the classic swim. Her flashing smile that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white, shows her confidence of success



(*Above*) A FUTURE TENNIS CHAMP at Beverly Hills is Betty Mar, whose brilliant play has won innumerable admirers—whose winning smile, thanks to Pepsodent, has gained her countless friends and widespread popularity.

Glistening White Teeth

Are Teeth Kept Free of Film —Every Day in This Way

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of today's dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. To do so, obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It curdles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern findings.

Accept this test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent to firm and harden them.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 1251, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St., . . . Toronto 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. London, S.E.1, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd.,
137 Clarence St., . . . Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 2542

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

Carl Laemmle As I Know Him

By Robert H. Cochrane

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which recently mentioned me as "the only man who understands Carl Laemmle" has sent me an invitation to tell what I know about this amazing man who is small in stature and a giant in intellect. I accept the opportunity willingly, but what a job PHOTOPLAY has set apart for me. There is so much to tell of "The life and adventures of Carl Laemmle," that I hardly know where to begin.

It is not always given to the public to know a man of Laemmle's calibre. The public can see the result of his efforts, but it can't see behind the scenes, nor can it know of the unceasing labor, the exhaustive thought, the obstacles, the heartaches incident to producing it.

Looking backward to the days of our earliest association, I see Carl Laemmle as the embodiment of patience—a brave soul who never faltered and who met discouragement with a smile and invariably a remedy. I can see countless nights of toil, miles of conversation, myriads of suggestions, but never a suggestion to quit. I have never known a man who faced as many trying situations as he did without dropping into "the slough of despond."



Carl Laemmle, a brave soul, who never flinched in the face of discouragement but fought on to success

His courage amazed me. I, who at that time had had little or no experience in business matters, having been a newspaper reporter and advertising man, could not conceive how any man could face the perils that Laemmle faced and still remain whole. I could not understand how any man alive could frequently be plunged into the very depths of despair and have the nerve to fight himself free. It was freely predicted on all sides that he could not succeed—that his ideas were wild. His ambitions were laughed at, his ideas ridiculed.

TO all of these he gave no heed. It was as if they had never been spoken so far as he was concerned. In the back of his head was that great determination to succeed and all hell and competition couldn't stop him. He knew no hours. He ate his meals only when nature demanded that the furnace be replenished. Often we worked till midnight and into the early morning hours. Never did he seem to tire or lose interest. He had a goal ahead and he was bound to reach it. At times when I, a much younger man, felt tired to the bones, this little man was eager to go on and on until the problem before him had been solved.

We dealt with many queer people—many who were more cunning than square, and to the fact that Laemmle was the soul of honor himself can be traced some of our mistakes. He believed the world was honest. He believed what every man said. Thus many took advantage of him. When he was urged to punish or prosecute, he invariably shook his head. He hadn't the heart to cause anyone unhappiness. He often said to me: "I can't do it. He has a wife and children. They would be the ones to suffer."

A thousand times people got money from him on the plea of pressing need. Many of them lied to him, and some *he knew* were lying. Yet, he was too kind-hearted to refuse them and thus he threw thousands of dollars away—and he never would admit that it was wasted. There is no limit to the number of times he took the initiative in relieving human distress. Time and again when news reached him that some old friend needed help, I have seen him drop everything long enough, at least, to reach for his checkbook.

I WOULD hate to try to estimate how many thousands of dollars he has given away—how many hours he has put in seeking out the objects of his charity.

Loyalty to his friends, deep sympathy for the human race, were shining characteristics. Sometimes when I told him his sympathies were misplaced and his money thrown away, he would answer: "Well, it can do no harm and I won't miss the money." Nothing on earth could stop the operations of his kind heart. Surely, it was rather a remarkable attitude for a busy business man, struggling against a thousand discouragements, yet as the years went on and he amassed wealth and reached the very pinnacle of success, these humane characteristics never changed. He is the same today and he will always be the same.

DURING these years of struggling, he enjoyed few pleasures. He found most of his diversion, and all of his happiness, with his family. Occasionally a game of cards with intimate friends at home; that was about all.

His vision is remarkable. He seems to have the gift of seeing things which others can't or don't see. He will stand out against his whole organization at times, and nine times out of ten he will be proved to be right. Some people have called this "Laemmle Luck," yet we all know there is no such element in life. Rather let us call it vision, analysis and brains allied with common sense. It has frequently been said of him that he will take big chances. Of course! So he will! Why not? What business man has ever made a notable success in any other way? But the chances he takes are not due to any gambling instinct. They are due to his extraordinary vision—to his confidence in his own judgment, plus the courage to execute his ideas.

As a worker, Laemmle is the closest thing to perpetual motion I have ever seen. During the more than twenty years I have known him, I have seen him work like a truck horse day and night. [CONT. ON PAGE 118]

don't fool yourself



It makes you unpopular

No matter how charming you may be, or how fond of you your friends are, you can't expect them to put up with halitosis (unpleasant breath) forever. Don't fool yourself that you are always free from halitosis. Few people escape it.

Since you yourself cannot tell whether you offend this way, the wisest thing to do is to use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, before any engagement with nice people.

1/3 Had Halitosis

200 dentists declare that about every third patient is frequently halitoxic—and further declare they have been forced to use Listerine in self-defence.

Face to face evidence

Immediately it destroys unpleasant odors arising from teeth and gums—the most common source of halitosis. And its antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth.

Better keep a bottle handy in home and office, so that you may always be sure. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

IS THERE ANY?

What is the point of paying more when Listerine Tooth Paste is a scientifically correct dentifrice and sells for 25c for a large size tube?

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
I live in a small city, and most of the girls in my crowd work. I, myself, am a wage earner. We are all eager to get a good time out of life, but here's the trouble. Many of my friends pay their own way when they go out with boys. The boys, you see, don't make much money. And they argue that, if the girl pays her share, they can have snappier parties. Somehow I can't seem to do that—perhaps that is why my friends have more dates than I. I'm not entirely manless, but I wonder if I'd have more fun if I were less old-fashioned on this money matter. Please tell me. *Do you think a girl should pay her own way?*

MYRTLE.

TWENTY years ago—even ten years ago—Myrtle's problem would have been an obscure one. In the charming yesterday—when girls took a certain pride in being feminine—such a thing as the sharing of expense was unheard of! I can not help wishing that the old order might return!

For it seems to me that it is a man's privilege to give—and to give gladly and graciously—to the girl whom he admires. Just as it is a girl's privilege to accept, from him, the courtesies—either small or large—of life.

All through the centuries a man's tribute to a woman has been the tribute of giving. A man, you see, is seldom subtle! He has to depend on the obvious thing—and the obvious thing is a certain amount of expenditure! He does not part with his money because he has to—*but because he wants to!* Because it is the only term into which he can translate his sincere admiration. And all through the centuries women—infinitely more subtle than men!—have accepted this admiration by accepting the gifts and luxuries and pleasures that money alone can bring!

I am not suggesting that the modern girl should be a—shall we say "gold digger"? I admire the girls who work—and who want to play fair in money matters. But I am suggesting that they hold fast to the prerogative of their sex—that of graciously accepting, rather than sharing in, a romance-killing, too matter-of-fact way.

There is much talk, nowadays, of boys and girls being good "pals." And—to a certain extent—that almost undefinable thing called "platonic friendship" has found a place in their lives. But when a man wants a sweetheart—or a wife—he is apt, very often, to turn from the pal girl to the girl who makes him feel big and strong and protective and masculine. And no girl, sharing the expense of a party, has ever made her escort feel big and strong and masculine! She is more apt to make him feel dependent. To place him—at first unwillingly, later less unwillingly—in a class with the often despicable, and always spineless, *gigolo*.

A girl who loves a man—and who earns as much, or nearly as much, as he does—can in many ways spare him expense. But she can be clever about it—haven't I said once before that women are more subtle than men? Rather than pay the half of elaborate entertainments, she can prefer more simple ones. Bus rides, for instance, in place of taxicabs. Bridge, of an evening, rather than the theater. A walk in the country instead of a Sunday at the beach or the casino. But, of course, you understand!

Men—there's no changing this fact—like to own a sense of importance, of power. And paying the dinner check, tipping not wisely but too well, bringing an occasional nosegay of valley lilies or a box of French bon-bons, is their way of flaunting this sense.

And so, Myrtle, continue to be old-fashioned! The worthwhile men will appreciate this nearly extinct quality. And the worthwhile men are the only ones that count, in the final analysis.

On trivial "dates," leave your purse at home. Don't deny your escort the privilege and pleasure of being a real escort. Of course, if you are with a crowd there is no reason why the expenses of the party should not be shared equally by everyone, but going with a large group is quite different from being the only one! And then, too, if you are engaged—and are saving for the future! but that is also another matter—something to talk over with your fiance, as well as with me!

And, for those girls who are married, and are still working—a class too large to be ignored! For them there are, I think, an entirely different set of rules. Marriage is a partnership—and partnership means, always, sharing. Need I say more?

Only this:

Use your extra money to make yourself more attractive. Your charm will do far more toward paying your share of a party than your currency.

BRAVE-IF-I-HAVE-TO-BE.

If the man you are in love with returns your love, he would be doing the other girl a real injustice in marrying her. Even though they are engaged. No true happiness can be built upon duty—when love is absent. The only fair thing to do, I think, would be this: Let him go to the girl and explain fully the situation, asking frankly for his release. When it has been granted it will then be time for you to think of your own affairs.

ELSIE D.

With your reddish brown hair and hazel eyes, you will be loveliest in green, pale yellow and the flattering shades of beige. Wear full skirted frocks—they are most becoming to very slim figures. And, about your weight. It should not be hard to gain fifteen pounds. Eat plenty of potatoes, butter and sugar. Twice a day drink a glass of milk that is one-half cream. Sleep regularly and do not take too hot baths. Neither should you over-exercise.

To Pay, or Not to Pay

Is This Month's Problem

THE high cost of entertainment used to be exclusively a man's problem. But today some girls feel that they should do their share. They argue that sharing brings them equality with the other sex. But they forget that, though they gain equality, they lose a certain feminine appeal.

So many people feel that they are over-weight. In the summertime, this problem is most easily met, and too solid flesh can be made to melt away. Ten cents will bring you my booklet of instructions on reducing. Advice on personal problems, or rules for careful grooming will be sent in exchange for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write me when you have questions to ask concerning hair, skin, clothing or your own especial worry—whatever that may be.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Misty Summer Things

Wear Them Now Without Hesitancy Under Most Trying of Hygienic Conditions



Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

① Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

This Remarkable NEW Way Provides Utter Protection Regardless of Circumstances, and Offers Besides Freedom Forever from the Embarrassing Problem of Disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

THESE adorably, dangerously light things women used to fear—wear them now in full security; dance, motor, go about for hours in them without an instant's doubt or fear!

The hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" have been supplanted with scientific and positive protection. Once you try this *new* way, you'll never again invoke the embarrassments of the old.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



② True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.



③ Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."



"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



Trained for fifteen years by his father to be a Western star, Bob Steele is signed up by F. B. O. for a series. His father, Robert North Bradbury, is supervisor of Western units and he knows that there's gold in them thar mountaings

wonder if she ever sighs for the old regular, reliable pay check.

MANY a star has dyed for her art but the doggonest sight I ever saw—and I saw it at F. B. O. on a day when naught but a few drops of water had passed my lips—was a police pup who came calling with his master on a casting director. Just to be original the owner had bleached the dog and touched up his eyes with mascara.

Try that on your nightmare.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" is scheduled for the next year's P. D. C. program. Off-hand, Bill Boyd says he can think of at least twelve actors well qualified for the rôle of the sleeping beauty. And they wouldn't even have to wake up. Which has all the earmarks of a somnolent wise-crack.

FOUR invalids this month, but all nicely recovered now, thank you, so save the flowers and continue to send only the kind thoughts.

Renee Adoree was the first. A brave little trouper, she refused proper medical attention when an influenza germ bit her, pleading that she must finish the picture in which she was in the midst. Pictures meant nothing to George K. Germ and he sent Renee to the hospital, where quantities of flowers and messages from friends drove attendants nearly frantic.

Then Louise Dresser decided to have her appendix removed and Viola Dana went beneath the knife, and Jeanie MacPherson suffered a nervous breakdown, the result of her arduous work in the preparation of "King of Kings."

They are all quite recovered now.

DISTRESSING note to tourists. The sight of stars pursuing the elusive bean about restaurant plates is soon to be rare to the point of extinction. I have it on reliable information that because of the length of time necessary to prepare delicious concoctions in public inns, they are installing tiny kitchenettes and iceless refrigerators in their dressing rooms, where Hilda or Hannah or Hortense prepares the viands.

Bebe Daniels is one of the first to inaugurate the plan on the Lasky lot. And many more are following suit.

WHEN Chester Conklin heard that Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the Lasky comedian, purchased a shoe shop in Los Angeles, he gazed at his co-star sadly.

"Some men have all the luck," Chester sighed. "Now George can take any girl for a ride and when she starts walking home he can always say, 'I did it for the wife and business.'"

ADD to the wrecked matrimonial barques that of Kathleen Collins and Guinn Williams, both engaged in the manufacture of Western motion pictures. Kathleen is a leading lady and Guinn is known as "Big Boy," a two-gun actor. She wants her freedom. "Big Boy" wants it, too. It's up to the judge.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



All sit tight and we'll tell you a true story. The gentleman in the mask is the strangest technical adviser ever employed in a studio. He is an ex-highjacker and he is hired to instruct Jack Gilbert and Director Jack Conway in rum-running technic for "Twelve Miles Out." He has now reformed—hallelujah!—but he doesn't want to be recognized, so he never appears without the mask. On the level!



A Don Diego Photo

Técla Pearls

Aristocrats of Simulated Gems

ONLY RIVALS OF GENUINE
OCEAN PEARLS SINCE 1896.

Perfectly matched Técla collars, possessing all the characteristics nature endows upon its finest jewel creations, $25.00 and up.

Beginning September First, Tecla Creations Can be Procured Exclusively at the Following Retail Stores:

Bullocks	Los Angeles, Cal.
B. Forman Company	Rochester, N. Y.
Denver Dry Goods Co.	Denver, Colo.
Frederick and Nelson	Seattle, Wash.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc.	Washington, D. C.
Gladding Dry Goods Co.	Providence, R. I.
J. L. Hudson Company	Detroit, Mich.
Kaufmann's	Pittsburg, Pa.
Lebeck Bros.	Nashville, Tenn.
La Salle & Koch	Toledo, Ohio
Levy Bros. Dry Goods Co.	Houston, Texas
Marshall Field & Company	Chicago, Ill.
Meier & Frank	Portland, Ore.
Mermod-Jaccard & King	Hot Springs, Ark.
Miller & Rhoades, Inc.	Richmond, Va.
Mermod-Jaccard & King	St. Louis, Mo.
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney	St. Louis, Mo
R. H. Stearns & Co.	Boston, Mass.
T. Eaton Co.	Canada
The White House	San Francisco, Cal.
The Higbee Company	Cleveland, Ohio
Z. L. White & Co.	Columbus, Ohio

Created in our Paris Laboratories

Técla

398 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Only Gold, Platinum, and genuine Diamonds used in Tecla Settings

NATIONAL TÉCLA WEEKS : : SEPTEMBER 1ST TO 15TH

A Cow-Boy *and* His Barn

Not to mention the prize horse, Silver King



Fred Thomson has just become a Famous Player, along with Silver King. He is going to do a picture based on the life of Jesse James, which will be followed by one on Davy Crockett



Here's the barn where Silver King lives. Thomson, his wife, the famous scenarist known to films as Frances Marion, and Silver King are bread-winners de luxe. Each one brings down the highest salary in their class. Thomson has landed with a crash as a cowboy star, Miss Marion is one of the two highest paid women writers in filmdom, and, as for Silver King, he earns more oats than fifty thousand ordinary equines



Mother's fondest wish for her Girl Baby

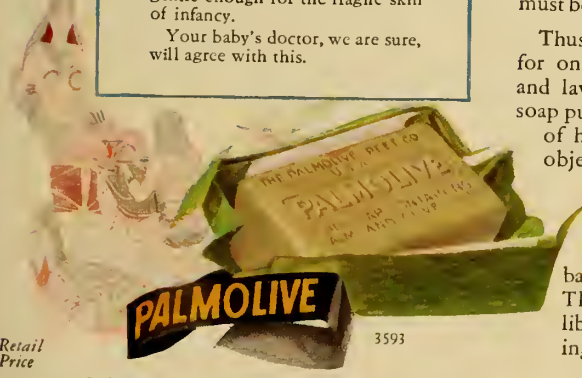
—"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The Ideal Baby Soap

Thousands of mothers recognize in Palmolive the ideal soap for a baby's bath—mild and gentle soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard and protect the skin.

In former days, Castile was the favored infant soap. But today there are so many different formulas for "Castile" soap that it is difficult for one to know which is gentle enough for the fragile skin of infancy.

Your baby's doctor, we are sure, will agree with this.



Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE rule in skin care, under modern teachings, is the same in infancy as maturity—correct skin cleansing regularly with mild and gentle soap.

Priceless complexions are thus cultivated from the earliest days of childhood; natural loveliness invited and protected with nature's own *proved way.*

The only secret is to know *what kind of soap* to use. A true complexion soap must be chosen. Others often are too harsh.

Thus soothing Palmolive—a soap made for one purpose only, to be used freely and lavishly on the skin—is the ONE soap purchased for toilet use in thousands of homes where correct skin care is an object.

The baby's bath—how to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

Its only secret is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

H A V E A C A M E L



Camels—created for enjoyment

THE people of this modern age are the busiest workers of all time. But they are wise enough to seek relaxation, and they place Camel first among cigarettes.

For Camel is the modern word for *enjoyment*. In your work and in your play, through busy days or restful evenings, Camel will answer your every mood.

The world's largest tobacco organization secures the best of everything for Camels. The choicest tobaccos grown. Such blending as you never dreamed of for enhancing the taste of fragrant tobaccos. And through it all a skill and sureness in producing the world's best.

Modern smokers are the hardest to please ever known. And they find their favorite in Camel. No other cigarette in any age was ever so popular as Camel is today. Your supreme tobacco pleasure is waiting for you here.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

Hoot Mon! He's *the* Best Guy in Hollywood

Everybody's for him, including Minnie, the elephant

By Ruth Waterbury



NORMAN KERRY is the finest guy in Hollywood.

Ask any one at any studio and they all make the same reply. They're his buddies from studio messengers to Minnie, an elephant, who weighs two tons.

Today Norman is one of the highest salaried leading men, which means he earns more than many a star. He has a big estate in Beverly Hills, walled off into elaborate sunken gardens and an awning-shaded swimming pool. He recently stole "Annie Laurie" from the $8,000-a-week Lillian Gish. But he'll lend his money to anybody.

He will if he can get the money away from Gus.

Gus is a typical Kerry fixture. The two men have known each other for years. They started working, side by side, for Norman's father, who was in the leather goods trade in New York City. They went together into the theatrical agency business.

They invaded Hollywood together. When Norman got the break, Gus appointed himself bookkeeper, confidential adviser, official alibi and guardian angel.

A FEW years ago Gus got worried about the money Norman was loaning and giving away. Whether he started out with five hundred dollars or only fifty cents, the result was always the same—he came home broke. So Gus asked his idol to enter into an arrangement whereby all checks had to be countersigned by the self-appointed manager before they could be cashed. Norman readily agreed and tied himself up so that now he has to go to Gus for every cent. Gus arranges contracts and invests the savings. Norman never bothers to look at the books Gus keeps. He says his name alone is enough to make him an ideal manager. Gus' surname is Messer.

In such simple things he finds delight. Six feet two, broad-shouldered, extremely handsome, Kerry's energy is practically limitless. Days are not long enough for him.

He never rests. When he gets home from the studio and a bell rings, Norman springs to action like a fire horse. He has so many friends, door bells and telephone bells ring constantly. As a result he averages about four hours' sleep a night. Most people require at least eight. When Norman gets six hours' sleep, he rides before sunrise to work off his excess pep.

There is no sport at which he doesn't excel. He rides perfectly. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



How Youth "de-bunked" clothes- and living



YOUTH demanded simple clothes instead of these fussy, elaborate styles of the 1900's. Clothes more expressive of youth's own slim, natural grace—clothes easier to wear in the thousand-and-one activities of modern women!

Youth wanted entertaining simplified, too. Informal suppers and tea-dances—for stately mid-Victorian dinners and cotillions!

And haven't you noticed how our modern young women have taken simplicity for the keynote in furnishing their homes? Youth has taken the artificiality out of American taste. Today down to the smallest details of appointment, the simplest taste is the best.

Even in choosing toilet soap

Where thirty years ago, on bathroom toilet stands you found gaudy-colored soap in florid wrappers, today you see the well-bred simplicity of Ivory. Ivory is a favored soap in Boston's quietly beautiful Back Bay, on Chicago's select North Shore, in the distinguished homes that line North Washington Square, New York City.

These thoroughly modern women of cultivated taste like Ivory's delicate, unpretentious whiteness. This is just another proof of Ivory's refinement, of course. It means absolute purity in the oils that go into Ivory's blending. Ivory knows no artificial "make-up."

Lather that is royally lavish

They enjoy Ivory's gentleness, too, the soft indulgence of its lather. And the smooth freshness of skin that results when the royally lavish suds have been rinsed away. They like the courtesy with which Ivory floats—so that they can always keep it within reach!

And being really sophisticated, these women are not misled by Ivory's modest price. It is Ivory's own good taste that is responsible. Its lack of tinsel, bright colors, strong perfumes! They know that if they paid a dollar a cake, they could buy no finer soap.

If you have never tried Ivory won't you let us contribute to the acquaintance? Until September first we shall be very glad to send you—free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family, Guest Ivory. Simply send your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. 450-H, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

The best taste is the simplest taste

© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. M. J., CORAL GABLES, FLA.—For your particular benefit and for Clara Bow "fans" in general, let's have it understood that Clara was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., twenty-two years ago. Address her at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Her latest picture is "Rough House Rosie." How do you like leading off the column?

"BOOTSIE," ATLANTA, GA. — William Haines is the lad's real name. He has one sister. Yes, that was really a picture of his mother. In case you should get up courage enough to write for his picture, address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

NANCY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The name of the actor who attracted your attention in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" is Bobby Doyle.

"SIS," GALENA, ILL.—Alice Joyce has not left the screen permanently. She may go on the stage, however, but that doesn't mean a farewell to movies. Helene Costello is Dolores' sister. Address her at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Kenneth Harlan's latest picture is "Polish Blood," with Lya de Putti. Write to him at Universal City, Calif.

MISS P. S., VANCOUVER, CAN.—Laura La Plante was born Laura La Plante. Pretty name, isn't it? She is married to William Seiter, the director. Write to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. She is twenty-two years old.

B. C., DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Here they are again! Jack Gilbert was born July 10, 1897, at Logan, Utah. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Jack weighs 160 pounds and is five feet, eleven inches tall. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Greta has light brown hair and blue eyes.

A BETTY BRONSON CLUB.—Han Jungeling, of Amsterdam, Holland, wants the Betty Bronson Friendly Club announced "with a big hurrah." The members are asked to send in photographs with their names written on them and some appropriate message. All the photographs will be sent to Miss Bronson on her birthday, as greetings from her friends. Quite an idea! Han writes excellent English. The address is Han Jungeling, Ceintuurbaan 181, Amsterdam, Holland.

ELEANOR S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—No, they are not engaged. Alyce Mills is free-lancing, at present.

HORTENSE M. GUZMAN, HAVANA, CUBA.—Sorry I couldn't come to your dance, but it was nice of you to invite me. I am glad to hear that the Gloria Swanson Fan Club is such a success, thanks to your kind parents. Write to me again.

LOUISE A., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Natacha Rambova's real name is Winifred Hudnut. She is not working in pictures at present. Sorry, but we can't give home addresses. Valentino was five feet, eleven inches tall and weighed 154 pounds. No one, that I know of, is looking for a successor to Valentino. Everyone realizes that no one could take Rudy's place.

M. I., PINESVILLE, KY.—Joan Crawford's next picture is "Twelve Miles Out." She has played in "The Taxi Dancer" and "The Understanding Heart." Her real name is Lucile Le Sueur and she is not married. Brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, Joan is a comer. Also, I would say she has "IT," although I am not an expert like Elinor Glyn.

BOBBY C., WICHITA, KAN.—What, fighting with your sister! Ronald Colman is married to Thelma Raye—but separated. Does that end the quarrel? Gary Cooper has black hair and dark blue eyes. He weighs 180 pounds and is six feet, two inches tall. Born May 7, 1901, at Helena, Mont. Not married. Bob Custer was born Oct. 18, 1898, at Frankfort, Ky. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes and is married.

D. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., twenty-seven years ago. Ronald Colman was Norma Talmadge's leading man in "Kiki." I bet you knew that all along. Mr. Colman came to this country from England in 1922. He is married to Thelma Raye, but they are separated.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

X. L. H., MAGNOLIA, ARK.—Are those the correct initials? Lois Wilson was the heroine in "The Vanishing American." At this moment of writing, Clara Bow is not married.

A. B. M., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Billie Dove is twenty-four years old and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Bebe Daniels is an American, born in your own state.

M. A. W., UTICA, N. Y.—"Ben-Hur" was filmed in Rome and at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, at Culver City, Calif. Quite a trip, wasn't it? Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight years old.

T. B. R. CLUB, SEATTLE, WASH.—James Hall is twenty-six years old and five feet, ten inches tall. His first picture was "The Campus Flirt." Address him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

G. N., BOLOGNA, ITALY.—"What does Elinor Glyn mean by this 'IT'?" Well, G. N., that's a puzzler. By "IT," Mrs. Glyn means sex appeal, personality and that quality in a man or woman that attracts others.

B. Z., CLEVELAND, O.—Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno played the principal rôles in "The Temptress."

M. R. K.—Write to Aileen Pringle at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

R. W., HOLYOKE, MASS.—Betty Bronson is twenty years old and has brown hair. She isn't married. Betty uses her own name in pictures; where could she find a prettier one? Address her at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

F. H., LEXINGTON, KY.—Joyce Compton and Alberta Vaughn both use their real names in pictures. Write to Miss Compton at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

M. E. W., ADAMS, N. Y.—Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. That's her real name. She has two sisters—Diana Kane—also in pictures—and Janice Wilson.

L. Y., GERING, NEB.—Enclose a quarter with your photo request. Gloria Swanson is twenty-nine. John Gilbert and Jack Gilbert are very much one and the same person.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



"Off-Days"

too much food • •
too little exercise •
is often the cause

We all have our "off-days"—days when we pay the price of our sedentary lives, of our irregular habits of eating and exercising. Self-poisoning (Auto-Intoxication) is often to blame.

* * *

NEARLY every one of us has some pet physical trouble—indigestion, fatigue, "nerves", headaches—to mention just a few of the common ailments traceable to neglect of nature's health rules.

Our quick-step lives throw our digestions out of kilter—food remains too long within us—fermentation sets up and a condition of self-poisoning results. This is the real cause of many, many ills of modern life.

To neglect the effects of self-poisoning is dangerous, for all too often they are the warning signs of more serious ills to follow.

The first step in safeguarding your health and in keeping free of self-poisoning is to keep the intestines clean. And the best way to do this is by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

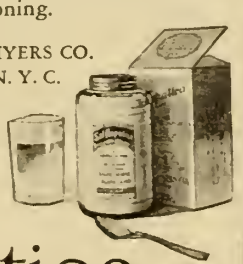
The benefits which follow the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline, are the same benefits of the "cure" at the famous watering places throughout the world—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden or Aix. To these Spas physicians from all over the world send their wealthy patients to regain health through drinking the natural waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as these health-giving waters. It sweeps away wastes and intestinal poisons, promptly, safely and thoroughly and helps keep you physically fit.

There is in all probability, a bottle of Sal Hepatica on your bathroom shelf right now; it is the standby in millions of homes. Sal Hepatica may be taken on arising, or if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

* * *

Send for our new booklet which tells how to safeguard your health and correct the ills which spring from self-poisoning.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-87, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1927

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree
Robert Agnew
Mary Alden
Ben Alexander
May Allison
Don Alvarado
Robert Ames
Richard Arlen
George K. Arthur
Gertrude Astor
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
George Bancroft
Monty Banks
Vilma Banky
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Barbara Bedford
Noah Beery
Wallace Beery
Madge Bellamy
Belle Bennett
Alma Bennett
Constance Bennett
Enid Bennett
Andre Beranger
Holbrook Blinn
Monte Blue
Betty Blythe
Eleanor Boardman
Olive Borden
Hobart Bosworth
Clara Bow
John Bowers
William Boyd
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Gladys Brockwell
Betty Bronson
Clive Brook
Louise Brooks
Edmund Burns
Neal Burns
Mae Busch
Francis X. Bushman
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
David Butler
Eddie Cantor
Harry Carey
Mary Carr
Cyril Chadwick
Helene Chadwick
Lon Chaney
Charles Chaplin
Sydney Chaplin
Ethel Clayton
Ruth Clifford
Lew Cody
Buster Collier
Ronald Colman
Betty Compson
Chester Conklin
Lige Conley
Edward Connelly
Jackie Coogan
Clyde Cook
Al Cooke
Hal Cooley
Gary Cooper
Virginia Lee Corbin
Anne Cornwall
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Costello
Helene Costello
Ward Crane
Joan Crawford
Dorothy Cumming
Frank Currier
Bob Custer
Viola Dana
Karl Dane
Bebe Daniels
Mickey Daniels
Roy D'Arcy
Frankie Darro
Marion Davies
Marjorie Daw
Alice Day
Marceline Day
Priscilla Dean
Marguerite de la Motte
Dolores Del Rio
Carol Dempster
Reginald Denny
Lya de Putti
William Desmond
Dorothy Devore
Elliott Dexter
Richard Dix

Jack Daugherty
Billie Dove
Louise Dresser
Dorothy Dwan
Helen Jerome Eddy
Robert Edeson
Snitz Edwards
Leon Errol
Elinor Fair
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Virginia Browne Faire
Farina
Charles Farrell
George Fawcett
Julia Faye
Louise Fazenda
Rockcliffe Fellowes
Leslie Fenton
Casson Ferguson
Helen Ferguson
W. C. Fields
Lefty Flynn
Ralph Forbes
Harrison Ford
Allan Forrest
Johnny Fox
Earle Foxe
Alec B. Francis
Betty Francisco
Robert Frazer
Pauline Frederick
Dale Fuller
Greta Garbo
Pauline Garon
Janet Gaynor
Hoot Gibson
John Gilbert
Claude Gillingwater
Douglas Gilmore
Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish
Gaston Glass
Huntly Gordon
Jetta Goudal
Gibson Gowland
Red Grange
Ralph Graves
Gilda Gray
Lawrence Gray
Corinne Griffith
Raymond Griffith
Kit Guard
William Haines
Creighton Hale
Georgia Hale
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
Einar Hanson
Lars Hanson
Kenneth Harlan
Mildred Harris
Johnny Harron
William S. Hart
Raymond Hatton
Phyllis Haver
Holmes Herbert
Jean Hersholt
Walter Hiers
Johnny Hines
Jack Holt
Hedda Hopper
Reed Howes
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Gardner James
Emil Jannings
Julanne Johnston
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy
Alice Joyce
Raymond Keane
Buster Keaton
Donald Keith
Ian Keith
Doris Kenyon
Norman Kerry
Kathleen Key
Natalie Kingston
Cullen Landis
Harry Langdon
Laura La Plante
Rod La Rocque
George Lewis
Margaret Livingston
Harold Lloyd
Jacqueline Logan
Bessie Love
Montagu Love
Edmund Lowe

Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell
Marc MacDermott
Dorothy Mackaill
Douglas MacLean
Arlette Marchal
Percy Marmont
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason
Ken Maynard
May McAvoy
Tim McCoy
Malcolm McGregor
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
Tom Mix
Colleen Moore
Matt Moore
Owen Moore
Tom Moore
Lois Moran
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Edna Murphy
Mae Murray
Carmel Myers
Conrad Nagel
Pola Negri
Anna Q. Nilsson
Greta Nissen
Marion Nixon
Mabel Normand
Ramon Novarro
George O'Brien
George O'Hara
Gertrude Olmstead
Pat O'Malley
Sally O'Neill
Mary Philbin
Jack Pickford
Mary Pickford
ZaSu Pitts
William Powell
Marie Prevost
Aileen Pringle
Esther Ralston
Jobyna Ralston
Charles Ray
Vera Reynolds
Irene Rich
Lillian Rich
Jason Robards
John Roche
Charles Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Ruth Roland
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Tom Santschi
Joseph Schildkraut
Rudolph Schildkraut
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lowell Sherman
Milton Sills
Pauline Starke
Myrtle Stedman
Vera Steadman
Ford Sterling
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge
Richard Talmadge
Lilyan Tashman
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry
Fred Thomson
Ernest Torrence
Ben Turpin
Tom Tyler
Virginia Valli
Victor Varconi
Alberta Vaughn
Florence Vidor
Johnny Walker
George Walsh
Henry B. Walthall
H. B. Warner
Bryant Washburn
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor
Jane Winton
Grant Withers
Fay Wray

Is your nose perceptive to the sensuous joy of agreeable scent?



Do flowers delight only your eyes, or do your nostrils vibrate with ecstasy at a breeze bearing a breath of violet or rich perfume of budding hyacinth?

There are people to whom scent makes no appeal, just as there are the "color-blind" and "tone-deaf." And there are others—you may be one of these—who are acutely sensitive to fragrance—just as the artist is to color or the musician is to sound.

If you have a nose for delicate odors, you will take a keen delight in perceiving a delicate essence in everything you use intimately—a delight that others less finely conscious will never know.

Scent-conscious people declare that books have aromas subtly their own—that homespun smells different from broadcloth—that a letter written in pencil can be told blindfold from one written with ink—and that they would as soon walk in a garden of paper flowers as bathe with a soap that carried no message to the nostrils.

By that they do not mean that books, or flowers, or soap should be artificially scented. The distinguished fragrance known as Cashmere Bouquet is more than a fragrance. The flower essences that make this fragrance also increase the cleansing action of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

It is a very happy coincidence that the flower essences in Cashmere Bouquet that impart this delicate, dainty freshness also serve to make a lather that removes from the pores the clogging dirt and surplus oils that stand in the way of a soft and lovely skin.

If you are scent-conscious—if you have been favored by Nature with the gift of high perception to agreeable scent—you will find in the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet Soap a satisfaction that will be unknown to those whose noses are insensitive to the magical charms of scent.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

This free sample cake will please you —or leave you indifferent

To help you test your responsiveness to the allure of agreeable odor, we will send you free a generous sample cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, and a book of beauty secrets, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin." The advice in this book is endorsed by a famous skin specialist. A large cake of Cashmere Bouquet is 25c at drug and department stores.



FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Colgate & Company (Dept. 32-H),
595 Fifth Ave., New York
In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd.,
72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal

Please send me, *free*, a sample-size cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BOURJOIS
Paris · 28 Rue de la Paix · France



Subtly Alluring

In the chiffon fineness and clinging persistency of Manon Lescaut Powder, Bourjois interprets the subtle charm of lovely worldliness. And a loyal line of artisans has cherished in its blending the unchanging tradition of delicate skill—the exquisite heritage of fastidious purity.

Thus is the fascinating woman of the world serenely assured of her loveliness! She completes the rare perfection of her presence with the luxurious distinction of fragrant Manon Lescaut Powder.

Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges — including Mandarine and Ashes of Roses* — suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

BOURJOIS, INC.
Paris and New York
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MANON LESCAUT*
Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocrée, Mauve.
Peaches*Powder, Peaches-and-Cream*Powder.

Open, Ceseñe!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

broad Italian smile, and now was the greatest motion picture actor in the world? *Si si!*

HE was such a good boy, even if he did now call himself by name of Monty Banks. Sending money to his father, invalided by the war, and fine presents to his mother. And money, also, to his sister whose husband was killed in battle. She, with her two small bambinos. And gifts to the other sister, the pretty black-eyed one, who was to be married. Yes, Mario was a good boy.

But changed. Maybe it was the little mustache. He was too much of a stripling to have it before, assuredly. But changed. That English tweed suit, and the wrist watch, and the debonair straw hat. Yes, there was a change. You noticed it as he stood talking to the mayor. The mayor in his high hat with a bulging frock coat. They were embracing. Now they were drinking goblets of golden champagne. The mayor had his arm around Mario's shoulders. Mario was pounding the mayor's back.

But he was different, older, maybe, than when he used to entertain them with his eccentric dances at the little theater where his father had been musical director and his mother had sung and danced. His funny falls. How they missed them!

It was almost over. Mario was descending from the grandstand. There had been no speech. Step by step, he came, bowing, waving greetings. Suddenly, without warning he fell.

One of those good old eccentric comedy falls. Legs a thousand places, arms flying, debonair straw hat rolling, and the broad Italian smile of little Mario Bianchi beaming. The crowd, his crowd, his people, screamed, they wept with joy, they shouted. Their Mario was back, and unchanged. The good Lord was indeed amiable.

It was the countersign of allegiance, of fellowship. Mario had not forgotten them. It was better than any speech.

NOW we come to Monty Banks, the business man, the negative cost of whose film is regained by shekels culled from foreign distribution, and whose box office returns in the United States are clear profit; who would rather spend three months in writing and gagging a novel comedy idea, than a year in shooting a vague and undeveloped plot; who builds his laughs first for children—

"Then for women, because a woman will bring a man to the theater. And lastly for men. They are led by women. Just like I am," and he smiled ingratiatingly.

Monty and his assistants write the stories, Monty cuts, edits and practically directs his pictures. He is climbing up, by hard work, by hard-earned knowledge of pictures, into the ranks of the big league comedians. The Chaplins, the Lloyds, the Langdons. Maybe you don't see him at first run theaters—yet. But you will, for they are laughing at him in small theaters all over world.

And it's harder to make them laugh than cry.

"You can peel an onion and make 'em cry, but there isn't a vegetable grown that'll make 'em laugh," says Monty.

If there were, he'd be growing it. In the meantime he's substituting himself.



All lit up and doesn't give a dam! After a week's work, the Melone Dam—twenty miles from Sonora, Calif.—was illuminated in this spectacular fashion to be used as a background for Richard Dix's latest picture, "Man Power"

Mary Garden,

Marvelous Opera Prima Donna, always careful of her precious voice,



©Fernand de Gueldre, Chicago, Ill.

writes:

"My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes—which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment."

Mary Garden

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



FOR A SMART BRILLIANT POLISH

•

Used by smart Parisiennes

•

THE smart Parisienne uses the Liquid Polish perfected by the greatest authority on the manicure—Northam Warren. And it is more used here too than any other.

So you may have becomingly tinted nails without fussing, he makes Cutex Liquid Polish in two lovely tints.

Natural Pink—matches the rose petal color of the nail itself.

Deep Rose—is a rich vivid color, exotic and intriguing.

Both last for days. Before a fresh manicure take off the old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Each is 35c. Or 10c and the coupon bring you a sample of the tint you prefer and the Polish Remover. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*



MAIL COUPON TODAY

I enclose 10c for samples. Check your preference of color.

Natural Pink ☐ Deep Rose ☐

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. QQ-8A
114 West 17th St., New York

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE STOLEN BRIDE—First National

THE first American picture of Alexander Korda, the Hungarian director, is not a balloon-tired vehicle for Billie Dove's starring debut, but it establishes Korda as an excellent director for women. The story is the one about the young countess, in love with the commoner, her stern parent and the marriageable huzzar. It is farcical material, treated seriously, and the mood is authentically Hungarian. Armand Kaliz is delightful and Miss Dove enchantingly beautiful.

DEARIE—Warner Bros.

CALLED an epic of mother love, this is a preposterous drama wherein you are asked to believe that a sweet, slightly *passe* mother of the daytime would be the red hot momma of New York's leading cabaret by night, driving strong men mad by her beautiful voice. And she is doing it all for her selfish sonny boy. Irene Rich struggles valiantly as mother to Buster Collier, and is pretty awful. Save your money.

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox

A RIP-ROARING Western. Buck Jones stages a number of holdups, does a lot of shooting and whatnot—but all for a purpose, dearie. He's not the bad man you are led to believe. He does it to expose other thieves. Our Western heroes certainly are brave guys in these days of gun fights.

THE TENDER HOUR—First National

MARRIAGES to suit mama and papa are the vogue this month. Billie Dove marries a Duke or something-or-other so papa will get control of his rich oil lands. Billie really loves an American boy and after a lot of silly supposedly dramatic nonsense, they find consolation in each other's arms. Several thousands of dollars are thrown to the four winds on gorgeous settings that have no meaning. Another good hour gone wrong.

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers Dist. Corp.

JETTA GOUDAL and Victor Varconi are worthy of your attention here. The picture, on a whole, is a slow, monotonous affair of a girl whose auntie insists that she marry the wicked governor. And instead the girl marries her dead father's best friend for protection. Now he happens to have a very handsome officer attached to his staff and you know the inevitable. But it's nicely worked out. La Goudal is very grand.

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.

MAY McAVOY is another victim of poor stories and direction. Here May is an ambitious hash slinger who is engaged to a pool room habitue. May falls for his bulliness and gives him all her earnings so they can be married. But he marries someone else and May then realizes her love for some struggling laborer or is it future mayor?—we forget. In plain language—this is terrible.

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox

A PICTURE that will be of interest to all feminine movie-goers. *Anastasia Jones* runs a beauty parlor. Her husband discovers a beauty clay and *Anastasia* becomes the famous beautician of Fifth Ave. In her rise to fame, she forgets all about the plodding husband and becomes enamoured with a gold-digging he-male specie. She is suddenly brought to her senses by the scheming of her daughter.

CLOSED GATES—Sterling

HERE'S a fair little yarn though you really mustn't expect too much, for it is the war again. George Newell, a careless wild son of a millionaire, disgraces his family. The war enters at the proper time that he may redeem himself. He loses his memory but through the care and love of a Red Cross nurse he returns to his family, is forgiven, and everybody's happy. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in the cast.

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.

LOUISE FAZENDA is worthy of better stories than this. Louise is one of the finest comediennes on the screen but Warner's idea of comedy is Louise dressed in horse and buggy costumes. Plots mean nothing to them. Clyde Cook is the hero(?) and in a straight comedy rôle like this he certainly is painful. We'll guarantee you'll be bored—need more be said?

The Little Kleig Schoolhouse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

The Fox Studio encourages visitors to its school room. There is a Guest Book for strangers to sign, because the teacher believes that it is good policy to impress upon sight-seers that the California law takes good care of its little Thespians.

When the movie children are not working, they attend the regular grade schools. Their studies are so arranged that, with the co-operation of the teachers, they continue their regular course of study when they go to the studio, without a break in the scholastic routine. In Hollywood, the presence of these youngsters in the schools excites no comment or curiosity from the other pupils. As long as they are in the class room, they are just youngsters and the teachers preserve strict impartiality in instructing and disciplining them.

The system of insuring the education of the young movie players has proved so successful that Los Angeles has instituted a school for stage children to provide instruction for the little members of the travelling companies that play there. Thirty-four ambitious children already have been enrolled.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Why are there so many charming women today?

NEVER before have there been so many charming women.

WHEREVER you go, you find them. Vivacious, happy, beautiful, delightfully dressed in the most exquisite taste.

CLEAR, pink-and-white complexion, luxurious, well-kept hair, gleaming teeth, trim athletic carriage—these are almost universal characteristics of American women of today.

WHY?

AT first thought it may sound absurd, but one of the most powerful teachers has been advertising.

ADVERTISING has helped to teach us all that the real basis of beauty is health and cleanliness. We are the greatest users of soap and water in the world.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to care for our teeth, our hair, our feet, our hands and our complexions.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to dress—how to choose colors and fabrics and becoming styles.

ADVERTISING has taught us how to talk, how to entertain.

ONE reason why so many women are charming is because so many women are reading advertising. From advertising they are learning the secrets of great beauty specialists. They are getting health information of inestimable value. They are learning the secrets of becoming dress from the famous designers of Paris and New York.

Advertising is one of the biggest reasons why so many women are so charming. Read advertising regularly



The sure, safe way *to end* dandruff



GET a bottle of Wildroot from your druggist and use it *regularly*. Dandruff will disappear . . we guarantee it . . for Wildroot has been the acknowledged special treatment for dandruff for 28 years. Your money back if it fails.

There may be other ways to get rid of dandruff temporarily, but Wildroot is sure—and safe. It does its work without irritating the tenderest scalp, nor does it leave your hair harsh, dry and brittle.

Your druggist and barber sell and recommend Wildroot.

WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

SEND COUPON—TRIAL BOTTLE

Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. 3-8-6
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

AND to keep the scales balanced, here's an engagement. The former Mrs. Creighton Hale and John Miljan are to trip to the altar some time within the year and take the solemn, solemn vows. Miljan, just to make the matter clear, is one of our best heavy men and if you didn't see him in "The Yankee Clipper" it wasn't our fault.

NO, Rosetta Duncan is not going to marry William Beri, technician at the Mack Sennett Studios.

She's not going to marry anyone until Vivian marries and then it will be a double wedding.

That's that, and don't you dare hang any romances at the Duncans' door.

But, I insisted upon murmuring plaintively, how about the perfumes and the flowers that are showered upon Vivian by Nils Aster, her leading man and Sweden's gift to the American cinema?

AGAIN we point with pride to Hollywood—the home of the motion picture; the dwelling place of beauty, art and Lew Cody.

And now—and now, friends, the first American city to introduce the divided skirt for evening wear. It's safe, sane and sensible.

It was Billie Dove, our beautiful Billie, who wore them (plural is right, because they're really pants) to the rose shower that Jack Dempsey gave Estelle Taylor on her birthday.

And every girl in the party wanted to borrow the pattern.

You don't notice them much, really, because they're half hidden beneath the showering tulle of the skirt. They're made of lace and chiffon and are the length of the ordinary petticoat. Right smart, we'd say.

SPEAKING of Wedgwood, which we were not, but that's all right, here is a story that Vivian Duncan told me.

A beautiful blonde of Broadway was dining with a big brown derby man from Louisville. He was obviously impressed.

"You . . . you remind me of a bit of old lace," he said adoring her ivory and gold coloring.

She was wordless while a piece of filet mignon slipped easily between her lips.

"No! You are more like a piece of old Dresden china." He swam in a poesy of feeling.

The beautiful blonde looked at him.

"A piece of old china, heh? Well, you aren't so blankity-blank good-looking yourself!"

WORK is the best escape from sorrow, even in Hollywood. Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack, widow of the talented young actor, who was killed recently in an automobile accident at Riverside, California, is planning a return to pictures.

For three years prior to her marriage Mrs. Mack played screen rôles for an Argentine Company under the name of Dolly Lloyd. She also did a few bits for D. W. Griffith.

This time she plans to use her own name, Marianne Lovera.

A beautiful girl, of French and English parentage, she deserves the good wishes of every fan.

The death of her husband, who was just at the start of a distinguished career, was a great tragedy.

THE saddest news of the month, to me, is the parting of that fine film family, the Noah Beerys. Mrs. Beery is living at the Hollywood residence, while Noah remains on his beloved ranch in a nearby valley.

No divorce action has been commenced, so perhaps it is just a little matrimonial squall, to pass in fair weather.

PERVERSE are the uses of publicity.

Stars used to lose jewels and make the first page.

Then they lost cars, dogs, husbands or what have you, and reaped a harvest of clippings.

But city editors got sore, particularly when they saw the star a few nights later hung with the jewels so recently gone forever and now a star can lose her mind and cruel editors won't give her an inch of space.

ALL of which brings us to Olive Borden and her fur coats.

She lost them. Rather, they were stolen, some $15,000 worth of them. The story was on the up-and-up. I know, because I had seen the coats, and I saw the weeping Olive and the empty closet where the coats had hung the night Olive and Mother went to the theater and the maid went out and somebody else stole in. But not a newspaper would print the story.

Remember when Olive had only one dress?

"THERE is," said the actor at First National, gazing across the room toward a rival player, "a character in 'The King of Kings' that reminds that fellow of himself."

A NEW Grauman theater, resplendent, beautiful, ornate; a new De Mille film, on which no person in all Hollywood has gazed even for a moment; a warm, star-studded blue night; all combined to make the opening of "The King of Kings" the greatest film opening the movie capital has experienced in years. Forty thousand people stood lined off behind ropes, hundreds of police battling to keep them in line, two thousand motor cars were massed within two blocks; color, beauty, wealth, jewels, everything, everybody.

Sartorially, the note was white, white chiffon gowns and white ermine wraps. Leatrice Joy, Dorothy Cummings, Lya de Putti, Sally Rand, Patsy Ruth Miller.

Alma Rubens, they all affected it. But there were two beautiful exceptions, Mary Pickford and Vilma Banky. Mary wore a lovely gown of gold sequins, her wrap of peach colored velvet with a dyed fox collar.

Vilma, with a bright aureole of love shining about her, wore a gown of chartreuse green and silver.

GIRLS, First National is about to be good to you.

It is about to show you John Westwood, and John is the handsomest college boy in America.

Some time ago First National Pictures started a contest in the colleges. Cameramen from that studio visited every university in the country and took film tests of all the most popular men. The tests, some 14,261 of them, were weeded out to twenty. Then a group of critics, among them two representatives of PHOTOPLAY, thank you, viewed those twenty tests and selected John as preeminent.

Mr. Westwood is a Princeton man. Nine other campus sheiks will come to Hollywood with him, the nine other survivors of the contest. They have ten weeks and a fair salary on which to make good.

Their first picture will probably be the next Richard Barthelmess starring vehicle.

They are all handsome, but if John doesn't knock the femmes for a bunch of lilies, these eyes did not know their onions.

AND there is Charles Delaney, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's newest contract player, who said, after reading the morality clause in his contract, that he blushes when he kisses his wife.

RUTH DWYER, that's Monty Banks' leading lady, brings forth a new fad. Finger nails to match your dinner dress. I saw her at Montmartre the other night gowned in a slim golden sheath of a dress, her fingernails glistening like molten metal.

She looked like a golden idol from Siam. The following night she wore green and her finger tips were as the apple leaf.

It's all right with me, Ruth. But don't start chewing betel nuts so your teeth will match your hair.

THE next time somebody offers you a letter to somebody else that will surely get you into the movies and make you a star, look to the ink of the signature.

For thereby hangs your career.

The ink trick was invented by Dave Allen, head of Central Casting Bureau.

Dave was continually annoyed by sweet young things who called on him bearing letters from Mr. Whosis of the Whatnot Studio asking Dave to put the dear on Central's casting list. And Dave, who is daily forced to listen to heartbreaking stories of hundreds of really talented girls who simply can't find enough work, welcomes an inexperienced film aspirant as cordially as a star welcomes a new wrinkle about the eyes. However, he'd get the novice a day's work, if possible, only to have Mr. Whosis call, in nine cases out of ten, and

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When I made my first trip to California I travelled on the Golden State Limited because Universal happened to route me that way.

Now, however, I always request accommodations on your train because I have learned from experience that the Golden State Limited is superior, both in all around comfort and in service.

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Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, California

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165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800
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531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street
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INSTANTLY !



Alluring, Lustrous Nails Now so Fashionable

Smart society's edict makes this new manicure a part of the perfect toilette.

Each finger tip a jewel of unsurpassed loveliness .... Nails gleaming with the lustre of tinted pearls .... Is it any wonder that smart women of fashion have decreed lustrous nails as an emphatic part of fashionable grooming?

Glazo set this vogue .... the wonderful liquid polish that gives, instantly, a rosy, alluring lustre to nails that are dull.

No buffing. Just a light brush of Glazo over the nails. Quickly they assume a lovely lustre. After a week this Glazo finish is nearly as fresh as the day you applied it. Neither soap and water nor work can harm it. It will not crack or peel or turn an ugly brown.

Be sure that you get Glazo in dainty twin bottles. The polish in one. And in the other—Glazo Remover that insures the most charming manicure, and saves precious polish.

The better shops and stores everywhere sell Glazo. Ask for it by name. The Glazo Company, 408 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio; 468 King St., W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Original Liquid Polish Complete With Remover ..... Fifty Cents.

GLAZO

Nails polished with Glazo are more beautiful, more fashionable. No buffing necessary.



Try Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy.

say the letter meant nothing and had been written only to get rid of the gal.

Thus Dave worked out the scheme studio officials are now following. A green ink signature on a please-give-this-little-girl-a-chance letter means "I don't mean a word of it." Blue ink signifies, "give her a day's work, if possible, and then break the bad news." Black ink, alone, demands action.

OUR solid aluminum loving cup, given monthly for the most effective garbling of the English language by the foreign artists, goes to Lya de Putti, who murmured plaintively to Director James Young when he kept her, long after lunch hour, in the cinema embrace of Kenneth Harlan:

"When you have hungry in the stomach you can't loving."

The second prize in the same contest, a barrel of primrose bath salts, goes to Ivan Moskine (nee Mosjoukine) for his remark as he left the home of the Kordas after a most charming party:

"I must give revenge!"

Meaning, of course, that he must repay the pleasures of the evening in like fashion.

KING VIDOR brought a company to New York and spent several weeks filming street scenes for "The Crowd." Eleanor Boardman, who is playing the wife of a poor clerk in this picture, had to eat most of her luncheons wearing the make-up and the get-up for the part. Well, she dresses that way anyhow.

JAMES MURRAY, the former extra boy and theater doorman, plays the leading rôle in Mr. Vidor's piece. Murray has five sisters and seven brothers and a mother and father. Whenever Vidor wanted a mob scene, he just invited the Murrays around to watch the picture.

And Murray, after a long struggle for recognition, has the time of his life being a somebody. He's beginning to dress like Rod La Rocque.

OVERHEARD at "The King of Kings" opening. Producers and stars and directors, but mostly producers, crowded the entrance of the Chinese Theater. Up piped an observing fan in the sidelines:

"Gee, there are more Jews here than there were at the Crucifixion."

NOW it can be told. The younger of the Beery brothers was not named Noah for nothing. The truth has come to light. Noah has just purchased a million fish. A million fish, not to sell, not to fry, but just to catch. Darned clever, these film stars.

Noah, as may be judged, is an Izaak Walton devotee. Nothing delights him more than a fishing rod, a supply of flies and the right kind of trout stream.

Trout streams are rarely found in California, but is a film favorite to be held down by a fact like that? I should say not.

First Noah found a brook, 92 miles from Los Angeles, fed by four streams. He bought said brook. Then he bought a million trout and had them dumped therein. Next he hired two Hollywood realtors to talk to the fish and get them to take an interest in the property. And the rest was easy.

A LITTLE lesson on the technical director, folks. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has had full share of them recently. Not the usual technical director, spectacles and lugging an encyclopedia, but real authorities on customs and things.

Clarence Brown has assisting him the original "Cherokee Kid," Scott Turner, now in his early seventies, but still as keen-eyed as when golden nuggets



Everyone get ready for a good, old-fashioned cry. Here is *Little Eva's* Death Scene from Universal's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." *Little Eva* is played by Virginia Gray. This particular bit has caused more tears than any other moment in dramatic literature

dripped through his fingers. Long and yellow and tapering, those fingers, through which at least fifty million dollars have passed over Alaskan card tables. He, of course, is helping in the gambling scenes in "The Trail of '98."

Then Sir Esme Howard, England's distinguished ambassador, called on Marion Davies the other day and inspected the "Quality Street" set, marking it perfect except for an audacious directory hanging in front of a chapel. This is never, never done in jolly old England. So the directory was immediately dispatched to parts unknown, and Sir Esme saved the day.

Last, but ah not least, is the masked marvel who directs the rum-running activities of Jack Gilbert in "Twelve Miles Out." He's a hijacker, some say. Others, a master bootlegger. But every morning he appears on the set, swathed in a mask, to show the Jacks—Gilbert and Conway—how the prohibition pirates violate the Eighteenth Amendment.

I PAUSE to become exuberant. I chortle and crow with glee. Hollywood comes along with a concentrated boost and puts Los Angeles over the top on her Mississippi Flood Relief Benefit. Is it not to boast?

Sixty-eight thousand dollars collected in one grand and glorious night at the Hollywood Bowl, with every big star in the industry there. Gloria Swanson, a vivid personality in white. The Talmadges, Norma and Constance; those other celebrated sisters, Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, with their famous song and patter; Doug and Mary, John Barrymore, Tom Mix, Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, Ramon Novarro, Claire Windsor, Greta Garbo, Estelle Taylor, William S. Hart, Lew Cody, Vilma Banky, Rod La Rocque, Dolores del Rio.

High up in the mountains, at Lone Pine, if you will be technical, "Buck" Jones and his troupe of cowboys staged a benefit performance that filled the theater and started the Inyo County relief fund on its record-topping way.

Never could the great heart of the theatrical and motion picture world beat for a better cause. And never did it respond more readily or with greater feeling.

LESSONS in personal appearances. If I were a star I'd take mine from Charles Farrell. Of course, all stars are not tall and tanned and youthful, with charm and a boyish white-toothed smile.

At the "Seventh Heaven" opening, Charlie stepped from the cast line-up on the stage—Dave Butler, Marie Mosquini, Ben Bard, Emile Chautard, Gladys Brockwell, Albert Gran—in answer to the mad thunder of applause.

He bowed. The applause sprayed over him like surf. He bowed again. A tidal wave of it engulfed him.

Charlie grinned, shifted from his right foot to his left, and then spoke:

"It's a great night for a growing boy!"

Then Janet Gaynor stepped onto the stage, a small figure in a quaint robe de style frock, all tulle skirt, it seemed, to receive great bunches of bouquets and deafening applause.

Those two kids, and all the glory that was theirs.



Women who ask questions

Learn that the most and least a dentifrice can do is

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INQUIRING women—women with eager, hungry, questing minds—who ask the doctor and the dentist "Why?"—they make good mothers, good wives, good shoppers.

Very soon they have the same ideas on care of the teeth that all dentists have. They use a dentifrice and see that their family does, for the same reason the dentist gives—to keep teeth *clean!*

For *treatment* of the teeth they go to the dentist and see that their children go—twice a year. They avoid self-medication. They use a dentifrice to clean, and they employ a dentist to cure.

They know that modern dental authorities agree that the one and only function of a dentifrice should be to keep teeth clean. This is the reason Colgate & Co. made Ribbon Dental Cream with the sole object that it shall clean teeth and clean them better.

Colgate's cleans by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces.

Next, this foam in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums — washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure your teeth—rely on Colgate's to clean your teeth.

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FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-H, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

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This is the seal adopted by the Greeting Card Association

The members comprising the Association seek to employ the best artists, the best writers, the best minds to create their product, so as to enable you truly to scatter sunshine with Greeting Cards.

Perhaps not every merchant who sells cards manufactured by the members of the Greeting Card Association will display this Seal, but wherever it is shown you will find a complete assortment of Greeting Cards for all occasions—cards to meet social obligations promptly—cards to keep friendships warm.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards



Smoking hot drama, directed by Henry King, for "The Magic Scene." Ronald Colman, with the monocle, is getting tips on how to keep Shirley Palmer from walking out, out into the night

CENTRAL Casting Bureau, which places all the extra people, sends out this statistical note.

In the past fourteen months, it has taken in, for extra players' salaries, three and a half million dollars. This sum was paid by the studios, through Central, to nearly 400,000 people who make up the crowds when *Knockout Reilly* swings a wicked left or *Red* has only a minute to play.

Before Central was organized by the Hays office, small casting offices got ten per cent of the extras' meager wages. Central takes no commission. In other words, these fourteen months, the bearded boys and blondined girls got $350,000 between them, they wouldn't have had otherwise. And when you figure that out into shoes, and stockings, to say nothing of pork and beans, it does justify Central's existence pretty thoroughly.

HAROLD LLOYD, Mildred Lloyd and young Gloria are recovering from pleurisy. . . . Charles Farrell fell off a horse and smashed his right foot. . . . Al St. Johns bought a $90,000 home. . . . Adolphe Menjou says he is going to join United Artists. . . . Henri de la Falaise is going to Europe soon. . . . Pola Negri has gone back to Hollywood. . . . Ben Lyon is in New York and very lonely, but he's sailing for Paris.

CLEVER patter from first night stages if you will list to the chirp of Marceline Day, darling of "Rookies," who stepped upon the Million Dollar Theater stage and bowed. Silently she bowed again.

"Say something," prompted Al Boasberg, master of ceremonies.

Marceline tip-toed to him and whispered in his ear.

"She says," repeated Al, impressively, after a moment's thought, "that the 'phone number is Granite 8651."

Followed Lincoln Stedman:

"When I entered the theater two people knew what I was going to say—God and myself. Now only one knows and that one is not me."

A lariat of applause drew him back. Linc smiled and was silent, but only for a moment. He winked, broadly.

"That number Marceline Day gave you? Well, it's wrong."

WHERE to park little Ophelia? That is the question. Or perhaps you don't have a monkey in your home. That is a different matter. Jack Barrymore solved the problem for us. On the outside of one of the deep-alcoved windows of his dressing room is constructed a little wooden cage, five feet high, two feet broad, in which his little simian playmate frolics.

IT'S all settled now and scandal is averted. Patsy, the Pekinese pup belonging to Estelle Taylor, was gone for a whole day. Spud, Ray Griffith's canine, was also missing. Marriage license bureaus were watched. Roads guarded. No trace of the missing couple.

Lassie, the wire-haired terrier belonging to Marie Prevost, told reporters she thought Spud was a "delicious sap."

At tea-time Patsy returned, insouciant as ever. She had been to the beauticians having a finger wave.

And there goes a swell tale.

HOWARD GREER, who makes those lovely, slithery, star-dusty costumes that you see glide by on the screen, has been wooed into the marts of commerce. Backed by a number of prominent persons, including Florine Williams, widow of Earle Williams; Ed King of F. B. O., and others, he is to have an ultra-smart shop opposite the Hollywood Athletic Club where imported mannequins will strut his personally designed gowns.

DON'T pity the poor plasterers on a day like this. Not when Eddie Carewe and Dolores del Rio are each building $250,000 homes. Dolores' will be an exact replica of her Mexico City

home, arising on a three and one-half acre tract near the symphonic loveliness of the Hollywood Bowl.

The Carewes' home is in a tree-lined canyon—very exclusive, that section—and a generous nursery is planned, for little Sally Ann Carewe, their small daughter, is expecting a sister or brother.

FORMERLY all roads led to Rome. Now they lead to Hollywood.

Two people met the other day on Hollywood Boulevard for the first time in fifteen years. He was a magazine writer come out to do titles for First National pictures and she had just finished a starring rôle.

"Oh, do you remember? . . ." she said, and then they cut back to Birmingham, Ala., where the man, Sidney Lazarus, then a manufacturer, had helped select the girl, Lois Wilson, then a stenographer, as winner of a beauty contest.

Both left Birmingham shortly after that time, Lazarus to forsake business for writing. Both of them have lived in New York for the last few years. But they had to wait until they both got to Hollywood to meet again.

STATISTICAL NOTE: It is estimated that 400,000 fan letters pass through the Hollywood post office monthly. And Colleen Moore's press agent steps up promptly to say that Colleen receives 15,000 of them; Billie Dove 9,180, Richard Barthelmess 6,500, Harry Langdon 4,000. And so forth. Combined with the influx to Culver City, where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the De Mille and Hal Roach studios are located, I would say fan letter writing was one of the popular sciences.

IF you have wondered, as I have often wondered, not where prize beauties come from but where they go, here's the locale of one of them.

Fay Lanphier, the Miss America of 1926, the "American Venus" gal for whom Paramount predicted such a future, the greatest beauty and so forth and so forth, is about to play in a Hal Roach comedy. It's called "Were Women Ever Wild?" and Fay has thrown away her bathing suit and put herself to grass, wearing a hula skirt and a leopard skin brassiere for the rôle.

CAKE-EATER makes good. At last the drug store cowboy can absorb his strawberry soda with manly vigor. He has been vindicated. Vindicated, I repeat, by Benjamin Christensen, the director, who gave a fat rôle in "Terror," Mister Chaney's new opus, to Mack Swain, because Swain could eat three large, gooey, glucose chocolate cakes at one sitting. And not suffer any ill-effects.

But I'd like to be present when you called Swain a "cake-eater."

CISSY FITZGERALD has a new rôle. That of defendant in a $50,000 alienation of affections suit instituted by her daughter-in-law of two months. Cissy has countered with a number of claims, one that the girl was not divorced from her first husband, which makes matters all wrong, and therefore her marriage to Osmond Tucker, Cissy's young son, is illegal.



The French secret of Smooth Skin

in this new toilet soap at 10¢

AT LAST you can have a toilet soap as fine, as caressing as costly imported soap—but blessedly *reasonable* in price!

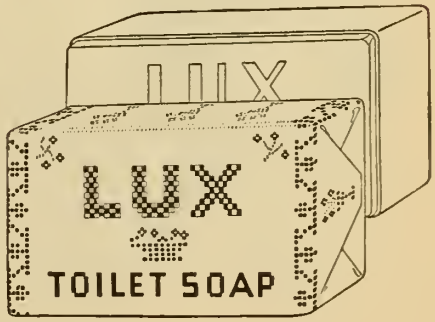
Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

It tends your skin the true French way—beauty-wise France discovered the secret of that incomparable loveliness—*Smooth Skin!*

Such instant caressing lather even in hard water! Firm, fine-textured, Lux Toilet Soap wears and wears to an exquisite wafer—and you do feel lovelier after the luxury of this delicately fragrant white toilet soap!

Instead of costing fifty cents or a dollar as imported soaps do, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold! America's genius for achievement makes it possible. Made by the makers of Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

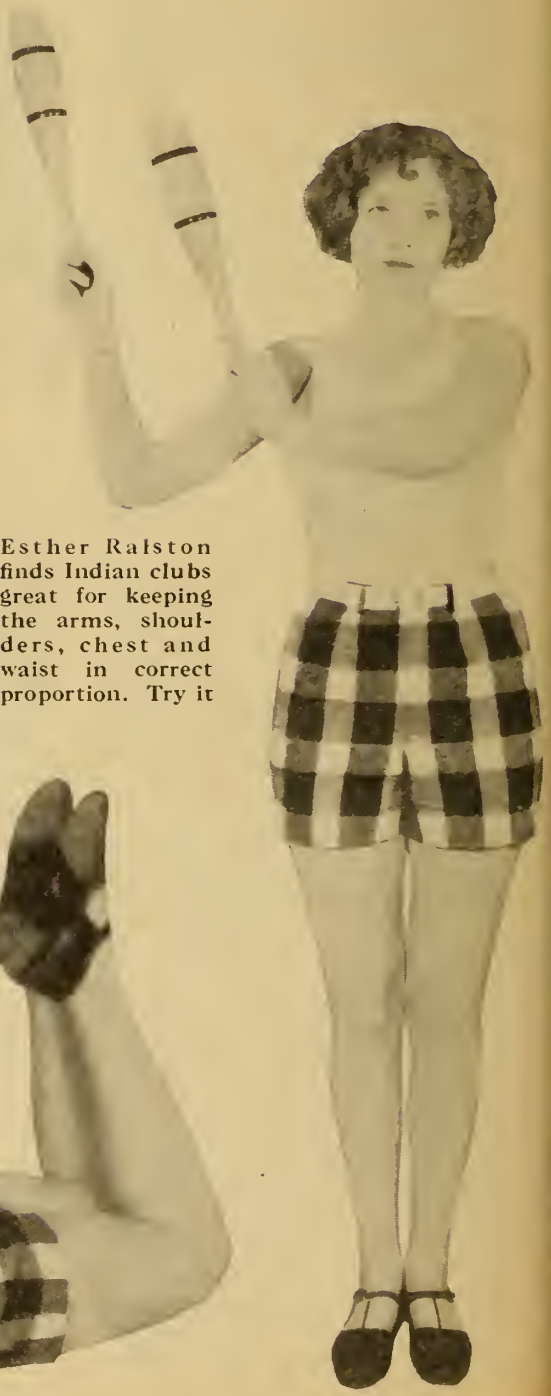
LUX Toilet SOAP



Good *at* Figures

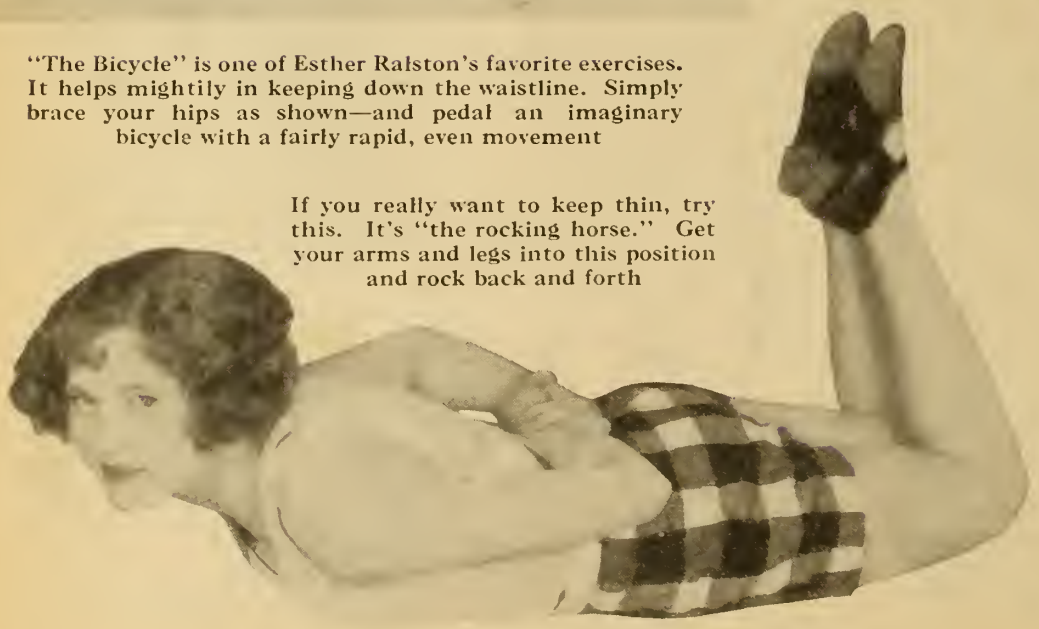


"The Bicycle" is one of Esther Ralston's favorite exercises. It helps mightily in keeping down the waistline. Simply brace your hips as shown—and pedal an imaginary bicycle with a fairly rapid, even movement



Esther Ralston finds Indian clubs great for keeping the arms, shoulders, chest and waist in correct proportion. Try it

If you really want to keep thin, try this. It's "the rocking horse." Get your arms and legs into this position and rock back and forth





FAMOUS FEET

MISS MAE MURRAY, *Lovely Movie Star*, believes that a corn is excess-baggage . . . with Blue-jay at every drug store . . . as easy to get as postage stamps!

Here's a vital "foot-note"
A new way to *end* Corns

For the feet of *Madame* and *Monsieur* . . . for working feet and dancing feet . . . for feet that are fleet and for feet that are lovely . . . for *all* feet . . . Here, indeed, *is* an interesting foot-note. Your old friend, *Blue-jay* has taken on a new burst of efficiency . . . new refinements and perfections. Always the safest and gentlest way to end a corn, Blue-jay in its new-style 1927 package, has acquired added finesse!

No change has been made in the Blue-jay formula itself. It would be folly to tamper with the magic wax which has ended over fifty million foot annoyances. But there's a *white* pad now, instead of a blue one. A creamy-white pad to blend with the pearly pinkness of the skin. A concession to the fastidious.

And there's a more flexible disc, to fit the medication perfectly even over the odd-shaped corn. To say nothing of the sprightly new package . . . a comely cardboard package instead of the old-style paper envelope.

Thus, in keeping with this progressive age, the Old Standby of your feet has moved upward and onward . . . with new efficiency and good looks. *No other way so safe and gentle!* There are many drastic ways for removing corns. But Blue-jay is the gentle way. The safe and convenient way. That is why, for 27 years, it has been the favored way. A cool and velvety cushion fits over the corn. That stops shoe-friction and ends the pain. The medication is "controlled." No danger of putting on too much or too little. Each plaster contains just the right amount of the magic wax to end the corn. A single plaster, costing less than five cents, often conquers the corn. But even a deep-seated "old offender" seldom needs more than a second or third.

The new Blue-jay in the new and improved package now awaits you at all drug stores . . . at no increase in price.

For calluses and bunions . . . get quick relief and comfort with Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.



ANN PENNINGTON *says:* "A corn is an evidence of personal neglect. Why should anyone keep one . . . when a dainty Blue-jay plaster will remove it so quickly, so urbanely and comfortably!"



GENE SARAZEN'S *Famous Golfing Feet.* "Thirty-six holes of golf a day certainly doesn't drive corns away. But Blue-jay does. A sensitive toe gets a lot of friction in a day on the links. But when a corn appears, I put on a Blue-jay."

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

THE *New* Blue-jay



© B. & B., 1927



Marie Prevost

Mr. M. J. Shaughnessy,
Shaughnessy Knitting Co.,
Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:

You don't know how much I appreciate the honor of having one of your Olovnit garments named after me.

They are all so beautiful it is hard for me to select one, but it will be the "Marie Prevost Bloomers". They are so pretty, so well made and so comfortable, every woman will appreciate them.

They can be worn under the daintiest dress and do not bulge and spoil the effect of even clore fitting gowns.

I know that discriminating women will take advantage of the opportunity to secure this wonderful Olovnit garment.

Sincerely,

Marie Prevost

Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.

The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, N. Y.

Please have your representative show me your new summer styles.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Shaughnessy *Olovnit* GARMENTS & HOSIERY

BECAUSE they are sold direct to you through our factory representatives — you can have those beautiful garments that are selected by your favorite "stars" — at a price that is exceptionally reasonable.

Just think, beautiful, dainty undergarments, hosiery, bathing suits, etc., — sold direct from the factory — at factory prices.

We will have our representative call and show you samples of the complete line — send the coupon today.

The Youngest Rancher

IT'S a Paradise for a boy who is twelve—going on thirteen. And the strange part of it is, that the boy, just hovering on the edge of his teens, earned it all himself.

Jackie Coogan has achieved every actor's dream of Heaven. He has bought his own ranch. The ranch is in San Diego County, California, and it is a big, rambling estate of hundreds of acres.

The ranch may not be much on style, but it is long on equipment. Jackie, being one of the youngest farmers in the world, has all the latest improvements—caterpillar tractors, rotary plows and harvesters as big as steam engines.

Farming is the best sport in the world, if you do not have to work at it for a living.

Jackie has his own menagerie—horses, dogs, cows and pigs. It is his ambition to raise enough produce to feed his live stock.

Oh, yes, Jackie will make more pictures. Between farming and going to school at the Urban Military Academy, he's going to star in "The Bugle Call," a story of the Civil War.

In spite of work in the studio and the distractions of his ranch, Jackie is attending school regularly for the first time in his life. Heretofore, he has always studied with tutors and, in many studies, he is farther advanced than other boys of his age.

However, his parents felt that the discipline of a military school would be a good thing for him.



Why own a ranch, if you can't wear the costume that goes with it?



Jackie Coogan and one of his favorite houn' dawgs at the ranch in San Diego County

Your hair well groomed every moment of the day with

ACE
hard rubber
Combs

on arising

To comb out the towsled hair without pulling or breaking, use an Ace Dressing Comb (8 or 9 inch size, wide teeth).





to dress the hair

And to acquire that close fitting effect that is popular now, the Ace all-fine tooth Dressing Comb is used and recommended.

during the day

The Ace Pocket Comb is carried conveniently by men and women alike ready for use at any time.

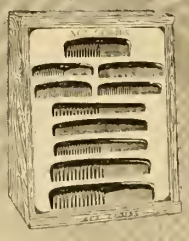




before retiring

The Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. This reveals the natural lustre.

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere



Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.,
Dept D7, 11 Mercer St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

Name .....

Address .....

Exit—This Way Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

the winners and losers in the matrimonial gamble.

The bitterest fade-outs of all are suffered by the stars who overplay their type. There is little justice in their failures. The public loved that strong, silent look on William S. Hart's face. Then suddenly it decided it had seen enough of that strong, silent look. It adored Louise Glaum in those spidery costumes. The adoration turned to indifference.

THEDA BARA was encouraged to become wilder and funnier. When Miss Bara obliged, the public laughed. It demanded hot stuff of Leah Baird, Virginia Pearson and Rosemary Theby. The Misses Baird, Pearson and Theby got hot and the public got cold. Miss Baird is writing scenarios. Miss Pearson is married to Sheldon Lewis. Miss Theby is married to Harry Myers and works now and then—mostly then.

Sessue Hayakawa was a clever actor, but unfortunately a Japanese. He was obliged to play one type of story, and our racial prejudices are so built up that we don't want to see an Oriental marry a white girl. So Mr. Hayakawa always had to lose the beautiful Nordic. This cultured gentleman plays occasionally on the stage and in vaudeville and has just bought himself a home in Great Neck, L. I.

The boys and girls who allow producers to star them before they have earned the position usually vanish from public notice as quickly as they jumped to prominence. Or else they have a terrible time trying to live down the false start.

Katherine MacDonald was widely cracked up as "the American Beauty" but merely being beautiful wasn't enough. After a series of pictures, Miss MacDonald faded from stardom, and then married. She is said to be sighing a little for another whirl at the films.

Lila Lee was thrust into stardom as a mere child. Lila grew up so fast that she outgrew her dresses and the stories that had been selected for her. If she had taken the grade more slowly, she would be an established star today. However, Lila is married to James Kirkwood and has a young son. She and her husband appear on the stage together.

A little blonde girl, Miss Dupont, never lived down the dreadful name that the producers picked for her. Dupont is a good name on ammunitions, but it is no monicker for a star. And the lack of a first name was fatal, because the public likes to get intimate with their favorites and the name Miss Dupont was too ritzy a label. Miss Dupont had her little fling in "Foolish Wives" but made a quick fade-out when she tried to be a star.

A star can't say "au revoir" to the public; it must be "good-bye." J. Warren Kerrigan allowed absence to make the heart grow colder. Kerrigan came back to prominence in "The Covered Wagon," but he has done little since then, preferring the peace and quiet of his hillside home near Hollywood.

Pearl White went to Paris about five years ago and forgot to come back. She loves France and she can't see the idea of risking her neck in any more serials. Carlyle Blackwell migrated to England, made a few British pictures, and married an heiress.

Bad pictures are the surest exit of all. Even a star with the personality of Geraldine Farrar couldn't stand a string of mediocre productions. Clara Kimball Young allowed herself to be mismanaged into oblivion. Miss Young today is still attractive and many of her contemporaries at Vitagraph are getting large pay envelopes every week. Miss Young has gone into that Land of Exile for all picture people—vaudeville.

Anita Stewart allowed herself to be killed off by trivial pictures. She is still young, still pretty, but she has fallen out of the race. Although professionally mismanaged, Miss Stewart is a shrewd manager of her personal affairs and has saved a great deal of money. Wanda Hawley couldn't stand the combination of stardom and silly pictures.

Have we forgotten anyone? Surely, plenty of them. Some of the former stars we have purposely omitted. They have gone to Adela Rogers St. Johns' Port of Missing Girls. And others have gone to the just as tragic Port of Missing Men.

And oh, yes, there is Natacha Rambova. Miss Rambova made one picture. "When Love Grew Cold," and broke all records by walking out of four out of the seven exits at once.

But let's be cheerful. There is an eighth exit. And that's the gate that leads to success in some other line of work. It may be a blow to our vanity, but sometimes film people actually discover that there are other things in the world besides movies. Mary Lewis left Hollywood at the height of the boom and the former Christie bathing girl landed at the Metropolitan Opera House.

CRANE WILBUR got tired of being a pretty fellow in the films and took to writing plays. Carter de Haven appeared in light domestic comedies with his wife. The comedies were not so riotous. Mr. De Haven is now in the real estate business and last year he promoted the Hollywood Music Box.

What with her Five Grand a week from her night club and her dozen diamond bracelets, the Two-Gun Woman, Texas Guinan, is shedding no tears over her lost movie salary. Ruth Roland's profits from real estate are larger than any film money she ever made.

Anita Loos stopped writing scenarios and subtitles and dashed off "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The book and play will earn her a million dollars. Irene Castle quit the films and stopped dancing. She married and has a little daughter. Mrs. Castle is now in business. She acts as fashion adviser for dress manufacturers and she has a fine business reputation. Fannie Ward's celebrated face is no longer on the screen, but she makes big money in vaudeville and she has a flourishing beauty shop business.

Even when kid stars outgrow their jobs in the movies, they don't always lose the old grip on the pay envelope. Jane and Katherine Lee are a stock act in vaudeville and Wesley Barry conducts a jazz band.

As the New York theater programs advise, choose your own exit. Walk, do not run, towards the door you wish to use.

The Millionaires' Movie Theater

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

their disposal. All are done in brilliant red. Against the background of deep green, they present a superlatively attractive appearance.

Discrimination and good taste have been shown in selection of the seating facilities for the "Diamond Horseshoe" and for the three sections below, in which beauty and a maximum of comfort have been combined.

Considered from any angle, the Paramount is a theater not to be placed lightly in a general category of "first class picture houses." It is unique and of its own class exclusively.

The booking and buying of pictures for the Paramount is in the hands of the Publix Theatres Corporation, and first run features only are shown. Music is by a twelve-piece orchestra, augmented by the latest type Wurlitzer pipe organ. It is one of a group of six theaters in the Palm Beaches controlled by the Stanley company, of which Stanley C. Warrick is general manager.



Seattle, Wash.

Once my only ambition and desire was Paris and clothes. Now it is love, a cottage and children. The motion picture, "Subway Sadie," brought about a great change in my life.

This picture was a repetition of my life. I was a buyer in a large department store and my chance to go to Paris was at last realized. At the time, I was engaged—but what a trivial thing compared with Paris!

Three days before sailing time, I went to a theater near my home and saw "Subway Sadie." The boat on which I was to have sailed went without me. I married. Now I am so happy with my husband and the little girl in our home that all my silly, selfish dreams of Paris and clothes have vanished.

How can I ever thank motion pictures and what they have done for me! They helped me to my present happiness. Probably I would have been in Paris now, with plenty of beautiful gowns but no sincere love and true joy, had it not been for "Subway Sadie."

Mrs. N. P.

SUDDEN downpour. Clothes sodden—powder streaked—make-up ruined. A proffered umbrella. A smile, radiant with the loveliness of clean bright teeth. Natural beauty triumphant. THE SMILE TEST . . . could *you* pass it *now?*



When BEAUTY depends solely on your SMILE . . What then?

To every woman moments must come that test *true, natural* beauty. When all the little artifices and aids-to-beauty fail.

Each time you smile is such a test. For then *natural* loveliness is revealed. Or its lack uncovered. In a moment or two you have been judged. Strictly judged, if by a man.

Only sparkling cleanness of teeth can give true beauty here. If they lack that you cannot conceal the fact. If they have it, no adornment is needed.

This is the one natural loveliness *all* women can have. It is simpler than any other care you take.

SPEND but 4 minutes daily, using a Dr. West's Tooth Brush, brushing away from the gums. Two minutes at night, two in the morning.

By tens of thousands, women are finding that this famous brush not only *cleans thoroughly*—but *polishes* as it cleans. See why this is so:

It is small, has a sloping, tuftless end. Thus goes clear back between teeth and cheek, easily. Or easily reaches every part of the inner jaw-curve. But bristles always remain erect—for cleaning and polishing. The brush-body is double-convex in shape (end-to-end, side-to-side). And the pointed bristle-tufts have extra space between them. Thus you *clean* crevices, and spaces between teeth, *otherwise left untouched.*

Don't try to wear out your Dr. West's brush. It is durable; may still *look* serviceable after the splendid polishing ability is impaired. That's why dentists, using Dr. West's for their own teeth, get new brushes monthly. This being sure costs little; benefits much!

You can make no better investment today than a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for each one in your family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's 25c; Special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.



SEE HOW your Dr. West's Tooth Brush is protected from handling. First sterilized; then sealed in glassine envelope, inside the usual carton!

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.



Powder Complexions fade quickly

Try giving your skin a bewitching, pearly beauty that far surpasses Face Powder complexions. A lasting, entrancing appearance that will not rub off, streak or show the effects of perspiration. Highly antiseptic and astringent, helps correct blemishes, tan, flabbiness, redness, muddy skins, etc.

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Rare Beauty

A rose—a cameo—an art treasure!

Highly paid artisans design and make the smart and well-appointed Meeker bags—any one of which is stylish, beautiful and withal practical.

Meeker Made means highest grade

MEEKER MADE

Hand laced and colored, imported steerhide Handbags—Under Arm Bags—Purses—Vanities

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The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc., Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.

WEDDINGS

Genuine Engraved Invitations, Announcements Visiting Cards, etc. From the City of Culture. Finest Quality. Very low price. Write for samples. Pilgrim Studios, 11 Otis St., Boston, Mass.

Carl Laemmle as I Know Him

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

His is a restless spirit. When things so shaped themselves that it seemed as though his goal in life had finally been reached, his insatiable desire to keep going has caused him to find a newer and greater goal and harder and harder work.

Not realizing that he has unusual qualities of mind and an abnormal desire for work, he is sometimes impatient with others who do not show the same desire to work their heads off. He doesn't golf, swim, dance or skate; he is too restless to enjoy the theater; he never has time to read books, because he carries home with him a stack of papers and letters which would be a day's work for the average business man. He has never quite understood why others cannot find all of their play in their work.

THE Laemmle I know is at once the shrewdest and still the most gullible of men. Try to take an unfair advantage of him in a business deal and he will drive a bargain as hard as nails. But approach him on his softer side, lay yourself wide open to him, put the cards on the table and tell him the honest truth and he at once becomes the easiest man in the world to trade with. Do him a wrong and he will forgive it. Do it again and he will forgive again. Do it again and he will begin to suspect that you are not the sort of person he cares to do business with.

Keenly sensitive to criticism, nevertheless if it is fair he will profit by it. If unfair, he suffers genuine mental anguish, regardless of the importance or unimportance of the critic.

Laemmle never tires of meeting men in public life or men who have made their mark in business affairs. He asks them questions, but he does it with such earnestness or with such a disarming smile that no one is ever offended by even the most personal queries. He invariably comes away from such interviews loaded with new ideas to apply to his own problems. He figures that if a successful business man applies certain principles to his own business, there is no reason why the same principle cannot be applied to the successful producing, selling or exhibiting of pictures.

There is none of the show-off in his nature. He will sit at the foot of the very humblest if he believes this humble soul can furnish one lone idea which can be converted into reality. Turning thoughts into things, making ideas into actualities—that's his hobby and he gives it a ride during all of his waking hours.

TO complete the picture, take his amazing knack of making friends. I don't know what his formula is, but it is successful. He is not a big man physically, but he has accomplished so much by his daring and his fighting and his persistence that those who have never met him think of him as a six footer. Once a big strapping Californian called at Laemmle's office and met him for the first time. Not long before he had received a letter from



No fooling, this is His Imperial Highness, Archduke Leopold of Austria, being introduced to Mary Philbin. Eric Von Stroheim has signed up the Archduke to play in his next picture. May we suggest a title for it? All right, then, it's "Falling Arches"

Laemmle, a letter of the fire-eating type which Laemmle had written when annoyed. When the Californian was introduced he exclaimed, "What! Do you mean to tell me you're Carl Laemmle! Why I thought you were at least eight feet tall, had fists as big as a prize fighter's and that you would give a fellow a sock on the nose if he looked hard at you. Why, say, you wouldn't hurt anybody if you could." There was in his tone a touch of that strange affection which Laemmle attracts almost instantly from man, woman or child. Call it magnetism, charm or what you will, Laemmle is full of it and yet totally unconscious of it.

Yes, I understand Carl Laemmle. I understand him to be a remarkable man, the soul of honor, the very embodiment of courage, persistence and work—a man with vision and a gentleman of the old school.

"One Million Immortals by 1928"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

out, "the object of this Academy is to give the motion picture its due. For years and years, newspapers and magazines have maintained a conspiracy of silence against the art of the cinematograph; indeed, there are many people who don't even know that there *is* such an art. It is our duty to convince them that ours is not only an art but a science, as well. And, incidentally, I want to announce that at our next meeting the Committee on Research will tell us just what Art and Science are.

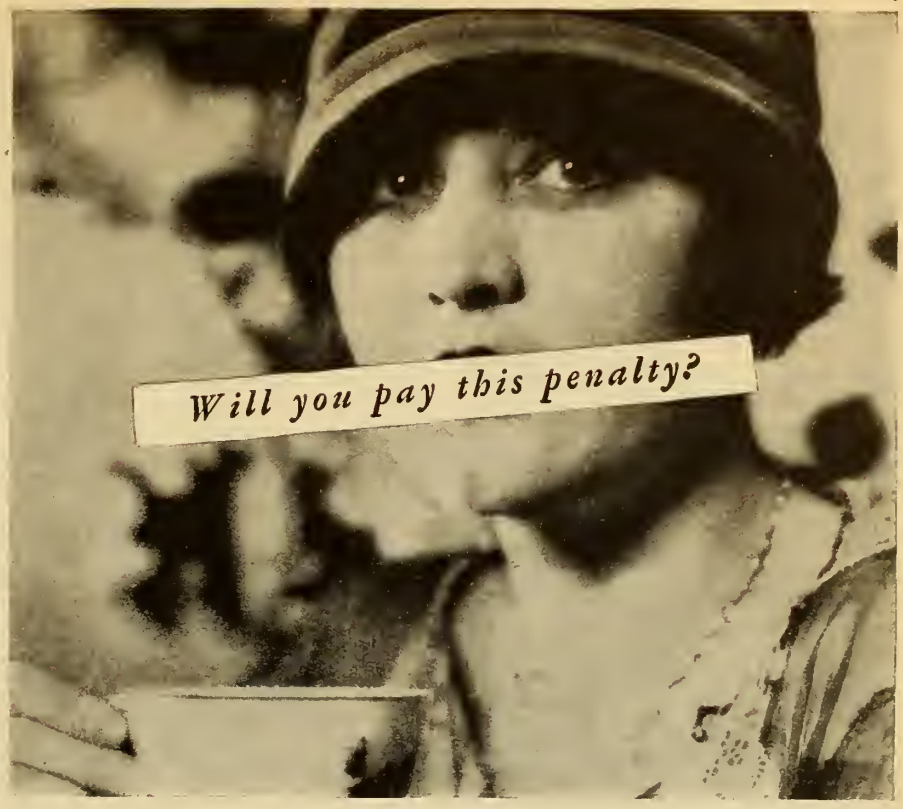
"It is our duty, my friends, to help the public to realize the truth about Hollywood. We want them to know that there is no crime in our community, no parties, no divorces—nothing, in short, but purity and domestic happiness and good, clean fun. With that end in view, we have drawn up the following rules and regulations:

"First. Every male member must kiss his wife no less than three times a day after meals. Still and movie camera-men will be on hand to see that the caress receives due publicity. For those whose husbands or wives are out of town, doubles will be furnished from the Central Casting Office.

"Second. Every Hollywood home must be equipped with a time-clock, and husbands are required to punch this clock before 8 P. M. each day. Anyone who mistakes his wife for the clock, and punches her, will be suspended from the Academy for a period not to exceed one week.

"Third. While it is the Academy's purpose to do all in our power to discourage Sex in all its forms, nevertheless the public's wishes must be considered. Members are therefore urged to develop 'IT' to the fullest extent, and for that purpose our distinguished fellow-academician, Mme. Elinor Glyn, has consented to deliver instructive talks over the radio every morning at 7 A. M.

"Fourth. Members are forbidden to



Pyorrhea penalizes 4 out of 5

What a grim penalty Pyorrhea exacts for neglect! It spreads its poison through the system, undermines health, destroys precious youth and beauty. And four persons out of five after forty (and thousands younger) get caught in its relentless grip.

Yet with reasonable care, you need never fear Pyorrhea. If you have tender, bleeding gums see your dentist at once for an examination. And start the habit of using Forhan's for the Gums.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its vicious course. It firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them snowy white.

Forhan's, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere.

Safeguard your health. See your dentist twice a year. Start using Forhan's today and use it regularly morning and night. Teach your children the same good habit. Play safe—get a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

We make this promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

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See Pathex

AUTOMATIC

CAMERA AND PROJECTOR

MADE BY PATHÉ



Better Results Costs Less

500 ENTERTAINING REELS IN PATHEX FILM LIBRARY

DEMONSTRATION AT YOUR DEALER

Free booklet

Pathex, Inc.

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NEW YORK, N.Y.

drink, chew, smoke or use profane or abusive language. Every member should bear in mind that some day he may be called upon to play in a Cecil B. De Mille Biblical Super-Feature and should act accordingly.

"Fifth. Members are reminded that literature, so-called, is filled with ideas that may well be harmful to them in their work. They are therefore forbidden to read anything whatever except the *Film Daily*. This ruling, however, does not prevent members from posing for photographs surrounded by their books."

At this point, it was discovered that the Anaesthetic Committee had gone crazy and chloroformed itself.

As a result, Miss Fripp is still talking.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

creditable cinema subjects. I believe that the future of amateur motion picture photography will run a close parallel to the progress of the parent art, as the so-called amateur equipment today is being perfected mechanically and compares most favorably with the so-called professional equipment. With the highly perfected outfits now available and the better ones which will be available from time to time, the conscientious amateur movie maker should be able to secure surprising results that will add considerably to the art of the screen.

"Perhaps some of those who become schooled in the use of the amateur outfits will obtain sufficient experience for future activities along professional lines and bring forth new genius in filmdom."

J. H. McNabb, president of the Bell and Howell Company, manufacturers of the Filmo and Eyemo cameras, goes even further than Mr. Berst in his prediction:

"I CAN see a motion picture camera and projector in as many homes in the future as we now see the smaller still cameras," he says. "In fact, I have predicted the day when still pictures for the amateur will be as uncommon as a one-cylinder automobile.

"I would conservatively estimate the number of motion picture cameras in operation at the end of 1928 in the neighborhood of 50,000. Projectors possibly a few thousand more."

A. E. Gunelach, vice-president of the De Vry Corporation, makers of the De Vry Camera, estimates the number of amateur cameras likely to be in operation at the end of the next year at 100,000.

The future, he believes, depends entirely upon the cost of film. Mr. Gunelach believes that the cost of film for amateur cameras must drop within the near future, the development and extent of the amateur motion picture making depending wholly upon how quickly this occurs.

Additional news for amateur movie producers will be found on pages 121 and 122

The HOME MOVIE SCENARIO BOOK

By
MORRIE RYSKIND
C. F. STEVENS
JAMES ENGLANDER



20 NEW PLOTS
for the
AMATEUR PRODUCER

What To Do with Chaperones
The Golf Widow
Budget, Budget, Who's Got the Budget?
A Modern John Alden
Be Your Age
And Then They Played Bridge

and fourteen other brief, amiable and workable scenarios—embracing every variety of plot, involving simple home settings, and including roles for every member of the family.

The Home Movie Scenario Book is also an intelligent, helpful and comprehensive handbook on every phase of amateur photoplay production.

The Home Movie Scenario Book
$2.50

Send check or money order with coupon

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50, for which please send me a copy of The Home Movie Scenario Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ P.M. 8

Tips for Amateur Cinematographers

THE return of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, after his historic and memorable flight across the Atlantic in a monoplane, marked a high point in the progress of amateur motion picture photography.

In the days just before Lindbergh reached New York, the metropolitan dailies were studded with advertisements of amateur cameras.

"Get your own film of Lindbergh," was the slogan.

The New York dailies noted the number of amateur cameras at Lindbergh's City Hall reception, during the parade up Fifth Avenue and at the time he was presented to Governor Al Smith in Central Park.

The presence of so many amateur enthusiasts was highly significant of the advancing strides of home movies.

THE amateur movie camera is still barred at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

PHOTOPLAY brought the matter to the attention of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, at their recent annual session, noting the fact that home movie cameras are prohibited while all sorts of still cameras are permitted.

After the annual session, Mrs. Frances Johnson Rogers, the corresponding secretary of the Ladies' Association, reported to PHOTOPLAY that a concession for home motion picture machines could not be granted.

"The ruling is most positive against any film reels being taken at Mount Vernon," Mrs. Rogers stated.

There the matter still stands. You can use your movie cameras anywhere about Washington or Arlington without question—except at Mount Vernon. The fact that Mount Vernon is maintained by the admission fee taken at its gates and that these visitors frequently want to make pictures for their homes, for preservation for their children and their children's children, seems to have nothing to do with the case. The Ladies' Association of Mount Vernon still looks upon the motion picture, even when it is made by John Smith for the edification of all the little Smiths, as something menacing and possibly sinful. Take your Kodak when you go to Mount Vernon and leave your movie camera home for this year, anyway.

THE Eastman Kodak Company got a lot of newspaper space recently when it announced its Kodak Cinegraph Library of movies for the home.

In other words, you can now buy 100 foot screen dramas in 16 millimeter safety stock and give a motion picture show in your own home.

The Bell and Howell and the Pathex films have been available heretofore, but the new film library of the Eastman Company has unusual interest.

The first month's release includes Charlie Chaplin's "The Adventurer" and John Barrymore's "Beau Brummel." A



The sportswoman finds in Resinol Soap an invaluable toilet accessory

Its special Resinol properties make it singularly refreshing and protective to the skin.

THE keen exhilaration of the great outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness and softness of the skin through sun, wind and dust.

A fitting supplement to the exercise of the sportswoman is the regular use of Resinol Soap. Enjoy the outdoors—swim, motor, play golf or tennis—but safeguard your complexion with this delightful soap whose particular Resinol ingredients protect the delicate natural oil in your skin, thus helping to offset the parching effect of salt water, sun or wind.

Get a cake or a box of Resinol Soap from your druggist and begin its beneficial use today. You will like its distinctive Resinol fragrance, its thorough yet gentle cleansing and the velvety softness it gives your skin. In hot weather a Resinol bath is especially refreshing and helps one to avoid chafing, prickly heat and unpleasant perspiration odors.

Resinol Ointment, prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years in treating serious skin troubles, is now widely used for clearing away pimples, and other minor blemishes. Excellent for the relief of sunburn, chafing, etc.

Now the new and larger box of samples is ready for you. Send 10c with the coupon below and we will mail your box at once.



Send 10c for the new Resinol combination

Resinol, Dept. 10-G, Balto., Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



Bell & Howell
Filmo
Automatic
MOTION PICTURE CAMERA

for SUMMER MOVIES

This is the original automatic movie camera for amateurs. Made by Bell & Howell, whose cameras are used in making nearly all theatre movies. Makes taking your movies easier than taking snapshots. Simply look through spy-glass viewfinder and press the button. Filmo Automatic Projector shows the movies just as easily. Write for fully descriptive Filmo booklet, "What You See, You Get," and nearest dealer's name.

BELL & HOWELL CO.
1826 Larchmont Ave., Chicago
Established 1907
NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON

special release was a film showing Lindbergh's history-making flight to Paris.

The Eastman Company has just put a new speed Cine-Kodak on the market. This new Cine-Kodak is fitted with the Kodak Anastigmat f. 1. 9 lens, which is over three times as fast as the f. 3. 5 and about ten times as fast as the f. 6. 5. With this ultra fast lens, porches, even shaded ones, can serve as studios. The camera costs $150.

AN interesting announcement may be expected shortly from the Victor Animatograph Company of Davenport, Iowa, manufacturers of the well known Victor camera.

A new Victor camera will be ready for distribution shortly, combining some features new to the Victor.

NEW ENGLAND readers of PHOTOPLAY will be interested to know that the J. B. Hunter Company, of 60 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., is providing a special service for amateur movie producers who contemplate entering films in the PHOTOPLAY $2,000 Contest. This company employs a motion picture director to give advice on make-up, photography, scripts, titles, locations, casting and other items going into the making of a contest picture.

If you are in or near Boston, you can take your films to the company's projection room and secure constructive criticism.

The Hunter Company recently photographed the annual Cotton Ball at the Hotel Statler in Boston, with a Bell and Howell camera, special shots being obtained of Mrs. Alvin T. Fuller, wife of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, in her costume of Madame Du Barry.

SEVERAL months ago, PHOTOPLAY'S amateur movie department mentioned a Chicago man who developed a steady income from making family movies. This brought a large number of inquiries for further details.

F. Balkin, of the sales department of the De Vry Corporation, makers of the De Vry camera, states that a number of photographers are making a good living in this way. They usually sign up to make ten-foot shots of a child at intervals of three to six months, depending upon the local condition or circumstance, and to furnish the customer with the ten feet of film printed, with one postcard enlargement. The customer saves these lengths, and, at the end of the year, has from twenty to forty feet of pictures. If the purchaser desires to have this film projected, the photographer either rents him a projector for an evening, or has him call at his studio, where he runs off the film.

In the same way family pictures are made and assembled.

The usual charge for this work depends, of course, upon the facilities of the photographer and the overhead he has to contend with. The usual charge is from $3 to $4 for the ten feet of film, with the postcard enlargement. Two dollars is the usual rental charge for a projector for one evening.

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Maud Fulton, playwright and actress, has been engaged to play an important rôle in "The Gingham Girl" for F. B. O. She is conferring with her director, David Kirkland

Last Call to Win $15,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

to Will Rogers. Mr. Rogers, you know, is also a native of Claremore.

All manuscripts are kept in steel files in the PHOTOPLAY office and are regarded as confidential documents. Those which do not receive prizes will be destroyed, unless the authors have asked for their return.

And, this is most important, if you want your manuscript returned, be sure to send stamps with it. Otherwise, PHOTOPLAY cannot be responsible for its delivery back to you. In a contest of this size and importance, that is only a fair and reasonable request. If your manuscript is valuable to you, it is certainly worth a two-cent stamp.

As we have emphasized, this contest is strictly honest, and so, for your own protection, we must ask you to read the rules carefully and conform to them in every particular.

ONCE again may we warn you not to become too deeply involved in setting forth the details of a plot. You'll find your two hundred words all used up before your idea is expressed. Nearly all the ideas received so far that have exceeded the word limit could easily have been condensed by omitting unessential details.

Tell your idea without too much editorial comment. Merely give your slant on its treatment. And make it snappy! Avoid too obvious sermons. Great pictures, of course, have great messages. A big picture must have a big theme. But its treatment must be vivid and dramatic, not dry.

With one month left, there is still a chance for everyone. If you learn that, for some disregard of the rules, your first manuscript isn't eligible for a prize, you still have time to make good your mistake.

There is still plenty of time. Put a new ribbon on your typewriter and set your brains to work. And good luck!

Ladies in Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

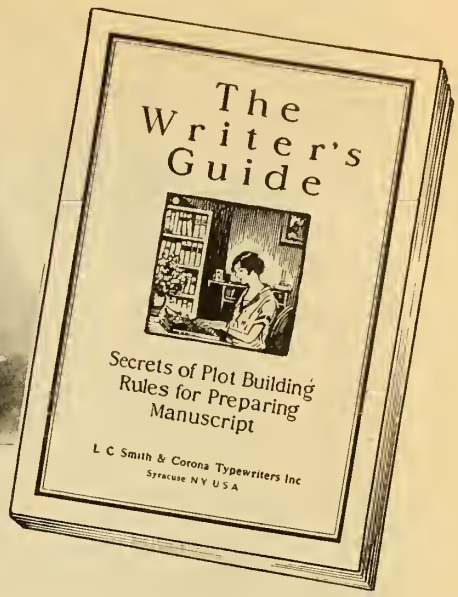
laughed. "I've never seen you so excited."

"I have reason to be. These poor wretches think that in having sinned, as they called it, in having renounced their hope of Heaven for the sake of some women, they have sacrificed themselves on the altar of Love. What do you suppose would happen, if I were to let you undeceive them? I'd have a revolution on my hands before morning."

"Then you think they really believe in women?"

"Of course they do. Why knock all the props from under them? Only a woman could suggest it. Instead of being able to blame their downfall on what you and





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Adam did, they would be forced to admit that the fault was their own."

"Well, why not tell them the truth?"

"Tell them the truth! My dear child—if I did that, the place would soon become so much like Heaven that there would be no point whatever in keeping up both institutions. Please remember I am known as the Father of Lies. Form all the women's clubs you please. Tell each other the truth, if it amuses you. But if you ever attempt to make your insidious discussions public I shall certainly have them suppressed. Good morning!"

"If that is a threat, old dear," Eve called after him, "it is the nicest thing you have said to me today. Run along now and make your speech in favor of more and better bootleggers, or whatever it is, but don't forget to send me that list. I have decided on twelve charter members—" Satan, however, had already disappeared in a cloud of brimstone.

THE first meeting of the Club was held at Eve's house, overlooking the Styx.

It was a large and rather imposing mansion in the early Babylonian style which she had persuaded Satan to have the under-demons build her while waiting for a fresh crop of sinners.

It was stupid, she said, to have them sitting about doing nothing, and thought that as the first lady in Hades she deserved a little consideration.

"Will someone please turn off that radio," she announced, as she took the chair. "I can't hear myself think."

"Sorry, my dear," laughed Salome, who had started the thing. "Just trying to get the latest details of that sash-weight murder."

"Such an affair *would* interest *you*," Lucrezia Borgia said, her patrician nose in the air. "I call it disgusting. So crude. In my time ladies were much more particular about their murders. There was a little shop in Rome, I remember, not far from the Colosseum, where you could get the most delicious perfumes. Absolutely deadly, my dears. One drop on a rose, a lace handkerchief, and the thing was done. Husbands were no more trouble to get rid of in those days than old shoes."

"Order—order!" Eve cried, "while I read the list of charter members. Sappho, The Queen of Sheba. Mrs. Potiphar, Lucrezia Borgia, Delilah, Salome, Cleopatra, Phryne, Thais, Helen of Troy, Scheherazade—twelve in all, including myself. It is a pleasure to find everyone here. I suggest that we first elect officers, and decide on a name for the club."

Cleopatra, having caught the chairwoman's eye, rose. As the best dressed woman in Hades she made a charming figure.

"I think Eve should be our first president," she said, "because she started the idea. Sappho, with her literary experience, would make a good secretary, and as for treasurer, I am told that Phryne, in her day, was the richest woman in Athens, so I guess she ought to be able to handle our funds."

"As for a name," Thais added, "it seems to me that 'Ladies in Hades' is a good snappy title. It carries the address as well, you see, which would make it handy for our private correspondence. I have a couple of friends in Heaven who occasionally write—"

"Move it be adopted," cried Salome. "Also the officers as named." The motion was carried without a murmur.

"Just the same," Helen of Troy whispered to Mrs. Potiphar, "Eve needn't think she is the whole show. Most women start arguments of some sort, I suppose, but I am the only one in the place who has had a war fought about her."

"Since we are going to be perfectly frank about our love affairs," said Eve, once more calling the meeting to order, "I suppose I may as well start out by telling you girls what really happened in the Garden of Eden. There has been a lot of talk about apples, and snakes and things like that, but I'm sure you will all be interested to know what actually occurred. I speak, of course, in confidence.

"In the first place, I may as well confess I never really liked the Garden. It was pleasant enough, for a while, sitting around doing nothing, but I hadn't a thing to wear, and life was dreadfully unexciting. There was something lacking, if you see what I mean."

"Another man, of course," Thais murmured. "We all get that way, at times."

"Adam," Eve went on, ignoring the interruption, "said he wasn't at all surprised. Being a woman, he said, it was perfectly natural that even Paradise wouldn't satisfy me. So far as he personally was concerned he liked the place, and enjoyed looking after it, he said. Just the same, I never saw him do anything but sit around and play with the animals. I couldn't even get him to cut the grass.

"In the daytime, that is. But he seemed to be very busy, nights. The first time I asked what kept him out so late he said he had been sitting up with one of the dinosaurs, who was sick.

"THAT went, for a while, but when I pointed out that the dinosaurs couldn't be sick all the time, he said he was looking after a tree. It was a very particular kind of a tree, he said, and had to be pruned, and dug around and watered a lot or he would never get any apples off of it.

"I told him if he had to be wet nurse to an apple tree he had better arrange to do it in the daytime instead of staying up till all hours of the night, but he said no, this tree was a very unusual sort of a tree and could only be cultivated at night. He was sorry, but it wasn't his fault if it was that kind of a tree.

"I couldn't understand why he should want to bother about apples, anyway, with all the other fruit we had on the place, but when I told him so he acted very mysterious, and said these apples he was raising were something very special and if they turned out as well as he expected he thought seriously of going into the apple growing business on a large scale. There was a demon he had met, he said, who had very kindly offered to explain everything to him, but there wasn't any use in trying to discuss it with a woman, and it was a business matter anyway, and no woman could be expected to understand anything about business.

"I told him there was one kind of business I could understand and that was monkey business, and if he thought I was going to spend the rest of my life sitting

around waiting for him to come home he was very much mistaken.

" 'I would like to taste one of these apples you are always raving about,' I said, but he only got more mysterious at that, and said they weren't ripe yet, and anyway you weren't supposed to eat them even if they were.

"This struck me as peculiar, to say the least, so when Satan stopped by after supper to see how we were getting along I told him what Adam had said.

" 'Do you know anything about this apple tree?' I asked.

"Satan said he certainly did, and if I hadn't any engagement the next evening he would be glad to show it to me. So I told him to stop by for me around eight.

"When Adam got home that night he seemed all tired out.

" 'Tough job, this apple raising business,' he said.

" 'Are you sure that is all you are trying to raise?' I asked, picking a blonde hair off his shoulder. 'Where did this come from?'

"He seemed very much surprised at that, and said it looked like an elephant's hair to him. The blonde kind of elephant, he said, with the long curls. He had met a couple on the way home, he explained, and stopped to play with them.

"I DIDN'T say anything more at the time, but when Satan came around the next evening, I told him about it.

" 'Blonde elephants, eh?' he laughed. 'The boy is learning.' But he would not tell me what he was laughing at.

" 'Suppose we go and take a look at that tree,' I said. 'I am anxious to taste one of these apples of Adam's. They certainly do have a wonderful effect on the imagination.'

"So we took a long walk about the grounds, and presently we came to a big tree all surrounded by bushes.

" 'Look through,' Satan said, pointing. I did. There was Adam, with a creature I had never seen before, sitting on his lap. She was kissing him.

" 'Well,' I told Satan. 'So this is the way you raise apples, is it? Who is this bobbed-haired hussy and what is she doing here with my husband?'

" 'She is a particular friend of mine named Lilith,' Satan whispered, 'and she is teaching him the art of making love.'

" 'Is that so?' I said, feeling very angry. 'And why, may I ask, is Adam getting all this attention? I should like to know something about this art of making love myself.'

" 'Come along,' Satan laughed, 'and I will teach you all about it on the way home. I am sure you will find it interesting.'

"I did. Very interesting indeed. And every time I thought of Adam and that Lilith creature I got more angry.

" 'Shall I say anything to Adam about this?' I asked Satan, when we got home.

" 'Certainly. For then I feel sure he will stop running after Lilith and the rest of my cute little demons. But please keep my name out of it.'

"It was rather late when I got in, but luckily Adam hadn't come back yet. So I pretended I'd been asleep.

" 'Look here,' I said, sitting up in bed, 'this apple raising business is all very well, but I have decided that from now on you



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are going to conduct your horticultural experiments at home. And to pay you back for the terrible lies you have been telling me I have made up my mind that instead of apples, you had better devote your spare time to raising a few beans and potatoes and cabbages and things like that. I am getting pretty sick of a fruit diet anyway, and it will keep you out of mischief to practice your daily dozen with a hoe.'

"SO I put him to work, and he has been at work ever since. He raised quite a nice kitchen garden that summer. Satan and I used to sit on the grass and tell him how to do it.

"He asked me once, after we had moved away from the Garden and bought a nice little place of our own on the Euphrates, how I came to know so much about the art of love making. He had been thinking about that a great deal, he said. I told him I had met a wise old serpent who had given me lessons, which wasn't a bit worse than his story about the blonde elephants."

"My dear Eve," Sappho laughed, running a comb through her bobbed hair, "your story interests me deeply. I have always wondered what the first man did nights. Now I see he was just like every other husband. Aren't men the limit? How about supper?"

"It's all ready," Eve said. "And Satan has very kindly sent over a case of champagne."

"Oh, boy," the Queen of Sheba murmured. "Solomon used to say that wine was a mocker, but I'll tell the world it has helped me to grow old disgracefully."

"You said a mouthful, queen," Salome glanced at her silver mirror. "Age will tell. I am not the woman I used to be, a couple of thousand years ago. Let's eat."

Marie, Eve's French maid, threw open the dining room door. She had been listening at the keyhole, her eyes like gooseberries, and what she had heard had upset her. It would upset anybody, she reflected, to be sent to Hell as the result of a passionate love affair with a young American aviator in Paris, and then to learn that love was after all not precisely a sin. She began to feel that she had been treated unjustly, and wondered if any of these great ladies could tell her what she ought to do. But none of them paid any attention to her.

IT was perhaps a week later that Cleopatra, who had been doing a little shopping, ran into Helen of Troy in front of Anne Boleyn's Waffle Shoppe.

"I hear," remarked the famous Egyptian headliner, "that our friend Scheherazade is going to give us a little talk at our next meeting on the question, 'Should Wives Be Padlocked?' "

The lady who had had a war fought about her, laughed.

"That dame ought to know," she said, "having kidded her husband by telling him bedtime stories for a thousand and one nights. It certainly takes the long distance broadcasting record. What do you say to a cup of nice hot tea?"

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

"Do you know if anybody had told me twenty years ago that I was ever going to be worth as much as a hundred thousand dollars I would have known he was crazy? I have been fortunate. I got into a new business that I did not know anything about, and neither did the public. The business and I grew up before things got violently competitive. And I have had the help all the way along of a great many very capable men. Also I have had luck—there is a great deal in luck."

The *Caroline* slackened her express speed softly and came to an imperceptible stop in the home slip. A motor truck with supplies stood on the dock. Loew pointed at the name painted on the truck, spelling it out: "P-E-M-B-R-O-K-E."

"That was the name of the estate when I got it three years ago, and I left it that way," he explained, "so that, if anything serious should happen to me over on Broadway, all I would have to do would be to paint out the P-E-M."

Loew likes his mild little jokes and he sprinkles them through his conversation.

The lavish wide expanse of Pembroke with its Georgian palace surmounting a landscaped velvet green hill above the Sound was spread before us, a curious setting for its grey little city-bred master, the newsboy from Avenue B. This day and Loew's ownership is in itself a strange aftermath in the history of Pembroke and the man who built it, a complete antithesis of the ordered career of Loew.

Acquisition of Pembroke's grandeurs has been the only spectacular gesture, if one may call it that, in the life of Loew. Also Pembroke became the final chapter in the high drama of the life of that DeLamar who built it as a dream Eden in futile attempt to make quick won riches make dreams come true. DeLamar came, so the tradition goes, from somewhere in Europe, an unhappy, twisted, homely little man, seeking opportunity in America. He accumulated a hard won twenty-five hundred dollars.

Somewhere west was a lost hope of a silver mine into which fortunes had been poured in vain. Somehow propinquity brought DeLamar a chance at the hopeless mine and he put all of his twenty-five hundred into it, and made a strike that brought him millions. Through his life he, the homely one, had carried a vision of a fair woman, an idealization, so the story runs, built on a glimpse of some old master's painting in a European museum. He found and won the fair woman of his vision and built Pembroke to enshrine her loveliness.

But the dream, so valiantly pursued,

crumbled and faded like a mirage, in spite of all the materiality of elaborated stone and begilded acres, leaving DeLamar disappointed and disillusioned to death.

So for years Pembroke stood, the ghost of a dream, shuttered and dark above the Sound, with a handful of caretakers on monotonous routine rounds through its echoing halls, while exotic gardens, undisciplined, ran riot outside and the dust deepened within.

Now and again there were interludes of a strangely artificial gaiety to break the silences there. Pembroke's millions in imposing architecture made a setting especially attractive to the makers of motion pictures. It was a perfect set and symbol of extravagant wealth, a fact in realization of those fantasies of luxury which can be labelled as of the De Mille school. So motion picture companies now and then made Pembroke a location.

Some years past a Metro company went to Pembroke to film "A Society Scandal," which was the first independent starring vehicle for May Allison, after the dissolution of the once famous Allison-Lockwood screen duo. When chance and the hectic evolutions of the motion picture industry delivered Metro into the hands of Marcus Loew, he saw the picture and, in it, Pembroke.

Loew was fighting his way into the security of his present position then, and when he attained it he also attained ownership of Pembroke. It is said that he paid five millions for the place, which is but a fraction of what DeLamar poured into its magnificences of architecture and gardens with their collection of priceless shrubs gleaned from all over the world.

FOR three years Marcus Loew has lived in this palace at Pembroke, adventuring through and exploring its magnificences, delighting boyishly in his discoveries, in a sense of possession and in the delights that it gives to his unceasing succession of guests. Slowly he has converted it from a palace into a residence, and in time he will make it a home.

"When I first got this place three years ago I used to stand at my bathroom window up there and look at what I had here for twenty minutes at a time, every morning," Loew remarked, as we cut across the lawn to a new vantage of view. "But I've got over that now and I can only see the place through the interest that other folks take in it. That's the way I enjoy it, through my guests. And I like especially to have my old friends enjoy it."

Loew just automatically has no swank about either his success or Pembroke. He knows most exactly all about himself, and he knows also precisely about the status and character of Pembroke. So at once he disarms the gesture as a gesture. Even against all this improbability he is quite himself.

A conservatory a city square long and with its walks bordered with towering palms and tropic plants, here and there drooping into pools and fountains, housing too a vast tiled bathing pool, is one of the most ornately pretentious details of Pembroke.

Loew pointed to a dismantled fixture high above the swimming pool.



The OFF SEASON FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



In the fast and frivolous nineties! How the original Gibson girl rioted about the croquet lawn! High collars and petticoats—yes, my dear, *actually* petticoats! But the poor thing had some compensations—

At least, a little superfluous hair could be forgiven.

But, now—

One's friends see so much of one these days!

This summer is certainly the OFF Season for superfluous hair. In 1927, superfluous hair amounts to an indiscretion—the sort of thing they take you out of the Social Register for.

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"I found a revolving spotlight up there," he said. "It was designed to sweep the pool, cutting through a moonlight effect from the side lights. I took it down. That might be all right for some people, but if I had it people would say 'Look at Marcus Loew and his movie stuff.' "

Every now and then Loew finds something new about Pembroke. First among his discoveries were two considerable dwellings on a remote side of his forty acres. He did not know that he owned them until the occupants approached him as the new owner.

"That's nothing," remarked Loew with a grin at the story. "I have a waterfall, too, that I didn't know about until Buster Keaton climbed the rocks at the end of the conservatory and found the tanks."

Loew pushed a button in the wall and a moment later the babble of a cataract tinkled among the palms. At the end of the conservatory the water came pouring from an arched grotto, cut entire from a mountainside in France and imported to Pembroke, with all its stalactites and mosses.

The new master of Pembroke professes no close familiarity with these things. "I am always learning about this place from my visitors," he observes. There may have been just a tinge of banter in that because of a certain happening of three years past. It seems that Howard Deitz, of the Metro-Goldwyn organization, was making Loew's acquaintance at close range and went to Pembroke for a week-end.

Together on Sunday morning they explored the conservatory and gardens, while Deitz kept Loew in constant surprise as he exclaimed and pointed to rare exotic specimens.

"Magnificent *cypripedium!*" And, excitedly: "Why here's the finest *odontoglossum* I have ever seen. Marvelous!"

This naturally deeply impressed Mr. Loew with Mr. Deitz's erudition in general and his botanical knowledge in particular.

LOEW stayed impressed until he later learned from a caretaker that Deitz had been up at the still hour of dawn carefully studying the tiny label tags affixed to the plants. He continued to be impressed with Deitz, but on new grounds, not as a botanist.

"After all, it looks just as though this place had been built for me," Loew went on whimsically, pointing to a stained glass window at the conservatory entrance. The center of the design in glass portrayed a parrot in a ring-perch, a precise presentation of the famous Metro trademark, but fabricated many years before it.

"And that is not all," continued Loew leading the way below and opening the door on a room that proved to be a miniature motion picture theater, with its walls frescoed with representations of many famous players.

"This was just made for my purposes," Loew said with a wave at the big screen. "I get the estate staff in here and try out pictures on them and they give me a better slant than all the experts can. I get my department heads about the place here and the superintendent to tell me how the pictures go with the help—because they might try to 'yes' me if I asked them direct."

The landscaped grounds about are as rich with ornate surprises. A wealth of copper beeches, most ornamental of trees, lines the drives, with interspersed magnolias, ginkos, holly and all manner of rare shrubs. Single specimens in that vast planting cost the builder of Pembroke as much as sixty thousand dollars, in his endless world wide quest for rarities. A system of picturesque little waterways and lakelets bright with lilies gives variety to the vistas, and home to a colony of what Mr. Deitz would call *Rana Catesbiana*, but designated by Mr. Loew and other laymen as bullfrogs.

PEMBROKE in its vastness is operated with a businesslike system, with a general manager and many departmental organizations, from carpentry to gardens. Loew is interested in the business below-stairs with its intricacies of heating and cooling systems, electrical plants and boilers.

The staff numbers some forty servants, laborers and overseers.

Loew keeps a business eye on some of his costly farming operations, with large areas under glass, producing out of season fruits, flowers and vegetables. His favorite flower is the cantaloupe.

"One thing," he remarked while inspecting an arbor covered with vines and ripening fruit, "I can 'cut a melon' any time I want to. That means a great deal to a picture man."

Ahead was a long, glass covered gallery of peaches and nectarines, trained against a wall like vines.

"See that orchard?" he motioned. "We used to keep steam heat on that and we had peaches as big as a tea cup in May. I kept figures on them and I found that those peaches averaged about ten dollars each. From now on those trees will just have to struggle along and do the best they can on plain sunshine. I can trim them, but they can't trim me."

Two years ago Loew strolled into his greenhouses one morning to find a scene of devastation. Thousands of panes of glass had been knocked out and the ground was dotted with huge hail stones. He picked up one of them and went back into the house to see Mrs. Loew.

"Look at that," he said, holding out a dripping hailstone. "They used to sell shaved ice snowballs as big as an egg to the kids on the East Side for a penny apiece. Now see what I get for nothing—thousands of them as big as baseballs. One more present like this and we move back to town."

Pembroke is also home, for at least part of the year, for Loew's twin sons, Arthur and David, and their families. The sons are twenty-nine years old and engaged in their father's business. Also they take their turn in line at the office when they want to talk business affairs with their father. Arthur Loew married Mildred Zukor, daughter of Adolph Zukor, president of the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

So it comes that Arthur Loew's children have two rather wealthy grandfathers. This joining of the families in marriage has given rise to a considerable impression that the Loew enterprises and the Zukor

concerns were at a commercial understanding, whereas in fact it has likely served only to accent the rivalries.

Adolph Zukor is an occasional visitor to Pembroke and there is a nice neighborliness with an exchange of fruits and flowers between Zukor's New City estate and Pembroke. But when Farmer Loew and Farmer Zukor sit on the verandah and talk, they studiously avoid the affairs of Broadway. They can agree on crops, but on pictures, never.

Once not long ago pictures did creep into a Pembroke conversation for a moment. Zukor was in a spoofing mood and, referring to a conspicuously unsuccessful Metro picture, suggested: "You might have a revival of 'Old Lady 31'."

"Yes, Adolph," responded Loew, "and that would be a good time to run a double bill and put on Caruso in 'My Cousin'" —which was probably the most complete failure in Famous Players history.

MARCUS LOEW'S business career began in his early boyhood when he graduated himself from the third grade of the public school. He rented the right to vend newspapers on the corner in front of Bill McGurk's saloon on the Bowery. It was a percentage contract with half a block protection on both sides. Young Marcus early decided to expand the business and sub-leased the corner to another boy. He took in other corners, by conquest and purchase and developed the chain idea.

He made his first contact with the show business in this period by a handsome deal whereby he got a free admission to the National Theater in the Bowery in exchange for sweeping the house after the day show.

Presumably working for admissions then founded Loew's present conservatism about issuing passes. Every annual pass to every Loew theater is signed by Marcus Loew himself. It is the one minor detail of his business with which he concerns himself.

"I'd rather hand out the admission price out of my pocket than issue a pass," Loew said to one of his theater executives. "Our business depends on friends. If a man gets a pass this year and next year for some reason he does not, because of a change of job or something, he gets offended and we've made an enemy. After years of that we would get a lot of them." Members of Loew's own family cannot break the anti-pass rules for Sundays and holidays.

Young Mr. Loew became a newspaper publisher at the age of sixteen. He was a printer's devil on the East Side when the notion infected him. He persuaded the boss to let him launch the East Side Advertiser. Then Marcus forthwith traded advertising space for a suit of clothes and a derby hat. After that the lad became an office boy in a fur concern and in time a partner in a fur business.

Last year Loew was in Dayton, O., looking over theater properties when he diverted the party into a sordid, rundown street of shacks. "Looking for a hotel," he explained.

"The good hotels are up this other way," his companion insisted. But Loew kept on. In front of a dismal, dingy rooming house he stopped and stood, looking thoughtfully.

"That's the one," he said. "I just

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wanted to see if it was there. One day, years ago, when I was selling furs I stopped there, and I didn't have the price to get out. Then that day I got a big order. That was real luck."

A chance acquaintance with David Warfield was to prove the determining factor that influenced all of Loew's subsequent career. Warfield through a friend had become interested in the possibilities of the Mutoscope, the old peep show device on which the later famous Biograph company was founded. Loew and Warfield went into arcade peep show enterprises, becoming partners and lifelong friends. The only argument they ever had was over a nickel in settlement of a pinochle score. Also Adolph Zukor emerged from the fur business into the arcade amusement field and was for a time connected with Loew in his enterprises. It was the foundation of fortune for both of them.

LIFE has been just one thing after another for Loew. The arcades developed into nickelodeon theaters and they prospered. Loew extended his nickelodeons into many neighborhoods in many cities. Then he took, most unwittingly, the plunge that opened his larger career. Over in Brooklyn he acquired a long dark and neglected theater, a much more pretentious establishment than any motion picture nickelshow. He proceeded to open the house in nickelodeon fashion which meant installation of a projector and a piano, and putting a pair of one-sheet posters out front announcing the films.

This house, the Royal, was on a side street where traffic was light. Few passed and only one man stopped. He paid a dime and got the exclusive benefit of the show. Marcus Loew counted the house, and then stopped the lone patron at the door, offering back his dime.

"It was a mistake. They should not have sold you an admission. This was a dress rehearsal." Loew explained, eager to alibi the failure.

"Never mind, I got my money's worth," the patron replied and walked on.

That day a stage hands union representative called and explained to Loew that he would have to have five men back stage.

"No," said Loew, "one eight dollar a week boy can raise the curtain."

There was a hot argument which Loew closed.

"I'm running the house. If you'll put up half the money I'll let you run the backstage."

The next day the vicinity of the theater for blocks was picketed and patrolled by union sandwich men who bore banners proclaiming that Loew's Royal was unfair to union labor. The theater immediately picked up an astonishing business. Everybody now knew it was open and where it was.

The union pickets put the house over for Loew. Also it made an advertiser out of him, and that week he began using space in *The Brooklyn Eagle*. He has been an advertiser ever since. Further, it taught him something about the habits of people and traffic movement. To this day he will let no one decide on the location of a theater for him.

Loew is a student of crowds. He adheres to a proven policy, unmoved by spectacular competition. His New York Theater in Times Square, unpretentious and apparently inconsequential in comparison with the grandeurs of the Paramount, the Capitol and the Roxy, is one of the most profitable theaters in the world.

It makes an annual profit of a half million a year, without fuss, stress, noise and effort—because he has made that theater a habit with the patrons.

If you chance by that theater you will observe a frame on the Broadway wall in which are displayed current news photographs that have nothing at all to do with the show inside. It is there to stop the casual strollers long enough to let them yield to the impulse to enter the theater. That's a Loew idea. Also when weather permits the theater door is open enough to give the people passing on the sidewalks a glimpse of the screen and an echo of the music. Which is another Loew idea.

Marcus Loew controls the Capitol, the first of the super-theaters on Broadway. It is profitable and it goes its own way under its own management. It has a value to the prestige of Loew pictures, but Loew's name is not on it or permitted to be used with it. "The name would not do the Capitol any good, and the Capitol would not do the name any good," observes Loew. "It is not representative of the policy that the public associates with the name of Loew."

LOEW is not in the market for glory for Marcus Loew. Once upon a time there was an imposing function on the statehouse steps at Indianapolis in connection with the dedication and opening of a Loew theater. There was an august array of officials and bedecorated Elks and leading citizens. Marcus Loew got lost in the back row of the crowd when the governor began his address of welcome and congratulation.

Terry Turner of the Loew theater organization, dismayed, rushed to the rescue and sought to bring Loew forward in range of the address.

"Come on, Mr. Loew, the governor is congratulating somebody else."

"Never mind," responded Loew, standing his ground. "We will probably get the theater open just the same."

When Loew attended the party which signalized the opening of the Loew-State theater in Cleveland he discovered that the doorman at the Statler Hotel ballroom was an old friend from his fur shop days. Terry Turner relieved Mike, the doorman.

Then Mike and Marcus sat down on the red carpeted steps and talked old times half way through the ball.

Aboard the *Caroline* at breakfast, office bound, I ventured to ask him if he had noticed any difference between one million dollars and a lot of millions.

"There isn't any—except this," he replied. "With a million or two a man can be independent. When he gets more it bosses him and he has to work for somebody else. About ten thousand people own stock in Loew concerns. I'm working for them now. It was easier when I just worked for myself. Now I have to make good for them."

Jetta Lives Down Her Past

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

people know all about you, they aren't interested any more. This business of letting everyone share in your private life is silly and cheap. It is like being photographed in one's bath-tub.

"Nevertheless, I read everything that is written about me. If I were a big star, I should ignore criticisms and go my own way. But I am not a big star and so I read my criticisms and try to profit by them.

"I READ all my 'fan' letters—yes, and check up, through them, the success of my pictures.

"I am not temperamental, I am merely particular about my work. I want to do my best and I want everyone around me to do his best. Perhaps I am living down my bad reputation. I hope so. But when I read of others—of Greta Garbo, for instance—I am very sorry.

"No one realizes what damage such stories can do. No one, that is, but the players who suffer from them. Unfortunately, in the movies, one's reputation can overshadow the merit of one's work.

"Perhaps I take myself too seriously. But I feel very strongly that I cannot work and play at the same time. So I choose to work. I live a quiet life—almost a recluse. I like to enjoy myself, but I give up many pleasures because I feel that I cannot eat my cake and have it, too.

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"The least we can do, in return, is to be honorable and conscientious about our work.

"If that is temperament—make the most of it!"

Hoot Mon! He's the Best Guy in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

swims perfectly. He is a tennis ace. At the parlor sport of wise cracks he is triumphant.

The stories about him are multitude. One concerns his biting the dog. He had evidently read the newspaper rule that if a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is.

It is told that Norman attended a party where a yapping poodle kept nipping at his ankles. Finally the actor could stand it no longer. He picked up the beast and bit it on the leg.

"Now that you have learned how disagreeable biting is," Norman told the dog, "go and repent."

Probably he did it in the spirit of a father who spanks a child, for love of

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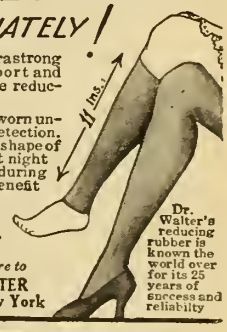
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animals is his predominant trait. At his home, he has a heterogeneous collection of pets—birds, monkeys, dogs, and a cat that swims. Norman insists it's the only swimming cat in the world.

Minnie, the elephant, to whom he is devoted, was first brought from vaudeville to play with him in "Lorraine of the Lions" and for weeks he fed her peanuts, making friends with her before they began working on the picture.

THAT was three years ago, but since then he has visited the pachyderm every week with gifts of peanuts and bananas. She will probably never appear in another film with him, but that makes no difference. He and Minnie are pals.

He claims he can tame any animal. While playing in "The Acquittal" he tried to get chummy with a wolf at the Universal zoo. The animal bit him, sending him to the hospital with an infected hand. But as soon as he was released, Norman hurried back to the zoo, to talk to the wolf again. Now it has a dog-like affection for him.

Norman had proved he could pick screen material. He started many players, including Rudy Valentino, on the road to success. He advised Richard Dix to take up the new motion pictures. He took a little of his own advice and headed for Hollywood. Landing he went down to the Universal studio to visit his friend, Art Acord. As he crossed the lot, he was spied by James Young, the director. Young declared he was just the type for the lead in a film then in the making. Norman had never seen a movie camera, much less faced one. But when he saw Young was not joking, he argued he was worth $125 a week, and got it.

He strolled into the dressing rooms and beheld Kenneth Harlan, a dancer, whom he had known on Broadway. "Make me up, Ken," he ordered. "I'm this company's new leading man."

That started him. Though he has occasionally made pictures for other companies, he has always remained loyal to Universal. "I hope to stay with them always," he says. "When I get bored acting I can go play in the zoo and besides, they spoil me and let me have my own way."

Kerry probably has less conceit than any living actor. While he enjoys the praise "Annie Laurie" is winning, he hasn't seen it. He rarely sees any of his productions and never views rushes. He has no publicity agent. Neither does he read his press notices. Still, when Jack Pickford tried to tease him by saying he didn't think his Scotchman in the Gish picture was half what it was said to be, Norman murmured, "No? And what have you been so good in lately?"

Kerry is not a person who likes change. He has stayed in California ever since he returned from the war. His wife goes to New York every few months, Norman never. He once loved Broadway. His people, whose name is Kaiser, are still there. But he never goes back.

"SO many of the boys I knew there have died," he explains. "That keeps me away. It's the only thing I can't face in life—the thought of death. It's uncomfortable and I love life too well."

He has one ambition. He wants to do a story of the Vikings discovering America. "They were great people," he declares, "people full of enthusiasm, daring, and they were beautiful two-handed drinkers. I'd enjoy doing such a characterization, particularly the latter part."

No Convent Belle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

"All the publicity that went out about you before you made 'Stella Dallas.' The stories that you were a shy and retiring violet of a girl, a fragile blossom of a thing who knew nothing of the world, whose contract would be cancelled if Sam saw you rouging your lips, blooming your cheeks. You rode a bicycle to and from the studio, even, and scorned the cushioned splendor of limousines."

Lois laughed.

"THE only convent I attended was one in Pittsburgh. I was dancing in the ballet at l'Opera in Paris when Mr. Goldwyn came to town. He was looking for a *Juliet* for Ronald Colman's *Romeo*. I read the advertisement in a Parisian paper, and answered it.

"Mr. Goldwyn talked *Juliet* to me, but he really had in his mind the part of *Laurel Bud* in 'Stella Dallas.' It was then I signed the contract and came to Hollywood."

"Yes, but how about the minus-the-paint clause and the bicycle riding?"

Beneath the black felt hat, rather large, that Lois wore and above the black taffeta dress, flower-sprigged, and dainty with tiny puffed sleeves and velvet ribbons, her face was as innocent of artificial coloring as Mother Eve's. A faint dash of powder, yes. No mascaro frilled her eyes.

"I don't use any make-up to speak of, really. And bicycle riding—that's splendid exercise. Everyone does it abroad. Especially in England, where they ride to and from work. It's awfully good exercise, you know."

That's where the convent legend started. With the first picture of Lois pedalling to the studio grew the story that she was just a little convent bud. It was watered with the paint and rouge abstinence story and Lois grew into the Lady Galahad of Hollywood.

THE fact that she had danced a couple of years in Paris, had made two motion pictures abroad, had traveled the length and breadth of the continent by the time she was sixteen was submerged in the swath of publicity about the "sweet old-fashioned" girl who had come to astound the motion picture colony.

She did astound it, because it was soon discovered that Lois Moran was a most amazing contradiction. And she still is.

She rarely goes to film parties when she

is working, because she must be in bed by nine o'clock in order to be thoroughly refreshed for the next day's work.

She does not drink nor smoke, and the lipstick container in her vanity is still empty.

She is not priggish. She is tolerant.

I have seen her spellbind a cavorting crowd by doing the Charleston. And doing it so well, with such spirit and abandon, that they stood about in little silent, gaping groups.

I saw her, one night at a party, completely ensnare the brilliant John Barrymore, while languishing, more exotic ladies of the screen patted marcels and looked annoyed.

"And the next morning's paper said you were to be John's leading lady."

"We didn't even mention pictures," laughed Lois.

They probably talked stage, although I didn't ask her, and Lois by that magic charm of hers had John telling about his experiences on the boards. That's one of her flattering secrets. To direct the conversation to you—to things you are interested in. John undoubtedly found himself discussing Pirandello with her, for he knew that she did not think the Italian playwright a hair tonic. He found himself chattering in French with her. And it was by sheer force of her own personality and not by matching cocktails with him that set the other women's teeth to gnashing.

There are darned few actresses in Hollywood who can do it.

To begin with, Lois Moran and her mother are inseparable.

"She understands me," says Lois, with a bright little jerk of the head. "It's nice when mothers do."

THEY are from Pittsburgh, those two who look and act so much alike. After leaving the convent which accredited her with high school honors, Lois and her mother went to Europe. They made their way, lazily, through England, through France, Germany—"you must see Munich," a pretty pink flare of excitement came to Lois' cheeks, "and its open air concerts, its galleries. It's a perfectly joyous town."

In Paris the two hesitated. This was the place for Lois to perfect the things she wanted to express.

"First came dancing." Lois' small left hand was official scorekeeper. The index finger bowed.

"Second came the stage." The middle finger was crooked.

"Third came the screen." Down went the ring finger.

"Fourth came the violin." The little finger sank.

"For two years I danced at l'Opera. Not with the large chorus of a hundred or more who are used in the older operas, but in the newly formed group of thirty who dance in the modern operas. Our technique was different—interpretative, emphasized by soft flowing chiffons, instead of the tulles and fleshlings and routine toe-and-dip of the classical ballet."

Dancing, her first aspiration, was fulfilled.

It was then that a French motion picture concern offered Lois a contract for three pictures. The first was made in Italy—"The Gallery of the Monsters,"

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a story of a circus sideshow with Lois, not fifteen, in a black wig, as a forlorn little mother with a baby. It smacks of the pioneering hardships of the Gish girls and Mary Pickford, pigtailed kids in smocks off-screen, who, by the direction of Griffith, were matronly martyrs in early motion pictures.

In France, as in America, it is hard to raise money for the cinema. A year passed before Lois and her mother went on location to Spain where "The Living Dead Man" was made. The little company could raise no more money. The third picture was not made and Lois wrote her letter to Sam Goldwyn. Not as a shy little maiden seeking freedom from her cloistered garden, but as an independent person who knew just what she wanted and how to go about getting it.

"Why did you neglect the stage? That's second on the list."

"I've juggled them a bit," smiling, then with that flattering, confiding bit of charm—"I think it's better, don't you, to have screen experience first? It's really valuable to the stage."

Of course I said yes. One does. You would have declared, while looking into the blue frankness of her eyes, that toe-dancing was the only training on earth for missionary work, if she had asked you.



Francis X. Bushman has always been considered one of the tallest men on the screen. But ranged up besides Francis X., Jr., he looks small. So the younger generation scores again. Both Bushmans are working at the Universal Studio

Does It Pay, Girls?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

He pointed straight at me.

"Look! There's an example. Rouge, curled hair, rolled stockings. Blasé. Nicotine on one finger and lip-rouge on the other. Giddy moth. Looks like a chorus girl. Probably sell her soul to get a leading rôle. Bah—I'm going to the beach tomorrow and think. I want to be alone."

And with a look at me that woulda curled up the flowers on the wall paper, he walks off.

Wouldn't that slay you? That was the thanks I get for looking the way I thought they wanted me to look. Here me and the rest of the girls made up like vamps because we'd been told it takes sex appeal to get a job. I was sore—through and through. It's just like when you go out with a man. He tells you he likes you because you're a regular fellow. Because you can play the game and laugh. So you laugh and play the game. You're regular and a good pal. And then what happens? He marries the girl with glasses and stringy hair whose father owns a buttonhook factory in Grand Rapids.

THAT night when I got home I looked at myself steady in the mirror. So I was a giddy moth, was I? I looked like a chorus girl, did I?

Well, I'm not going to make no references to chorus girls. They don't need no references.

After I calmed down a bit I remembered there was a dance at one of the bungalows that night. So I put some cold cream on my face, and while I was rubbing it in, and looking at myself, all of a sudden I got the Great Idea.

I'm like that. Psychic, I suppose you'd call it. Just out of a clear sky I get ideas. Like the time of the beauty contest. All the other girls in my crowd back home sent in pictures of themselves made up like a Broadway leading lady, and I put on my bathing suit and won the prize.

It was still early, so I dashed out to a store and bought a lot of things. When I came back I hid them under the bed, and when my roommates trooped in I said I had a headache and they should go to the dance without me.

Mimi borrowed my evening wrap and Flo took my string of pearls and they went off. It was nine o'clock—and the first time I'd ever gone to bed in the middle of the day like that since I'd come to Hollywood. But I needed the beauty sleep and by the time I'd dozed off, I had the idea all set.

Came the dawn, as they say in the subtitles. The girls had already gone for the day, so I got outa bed quickly and dragged out the props. There was a white muslin dress, a big floppy straw hat with flowers, some heavy face cream, heavy white powder, low heeled patent leather slippers, lisle stockings and a book.

I spent half an hour brushing my hair to get the waves out, and when I was through it was as straight as a censor's idea of morals.



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Dr Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner

And when I got through dressing, honest, I didn't know myself.

The dress was perfectly plain, with a high neck, and woulda come down to my shoe tops if I'd had high shoes on. There was a wide blue sash around the middle, and the slippers were like a kid's. I took off my rings and scrubbed my hands to get the nicotine stains off. And then I put on the hat which was a big panama with a blue ribbon hanging down the back.

And my face, dearie, my face! No mascaro or lip rouge. I only put on the heavy powder over the vanishing cream, and my eyes looked bright after the long night's sleep.

I WALKED over to the beach, very slow, so as not to get any color in my cheeks. After a few minutes I see Rudyard walking with his head down, deep in thought. So, picking out a nice cool looking spot I sit down and open the book I'd brought along.

The place I was sitting he had to stumble over me, and when he looks up he says, "I beg your pardon."

I look up too, slowly. I open my eyes wide and give him a close-up to mean I'd never seen him before and don't care much about a encore. Then, just as slow, I cast my eyes down again and concentrate on literature.

He starts to walk on, but from the corner of my eye I see he was going to come back. He does.

I keep on pretending to read. He walks around me, and then sits down with another, "I beg your pardon."

I try the slow look again. He stares at me and I move away from him with my hands fluttering like I was the frightened bird you read about that lives in a gilded cage.

"Please," says Rudyard, "I'd like to talk to you if I may."

I shrinks away. "But—but I don't know you," I gasps. "I've never met you and I do not speak to strangers. It is not the custom in my country."

That settles him. "Who are you?" he asks eagerly.

"I am the Senorita Esmeralda de Conti," I answers, looking proud but still frightened, see? The heroine in a picture I played in once had that name.

"Spanish!" he breathes.

"Si si," I replies, hoping he didn't know the language because that's all the Spanish words I know.

Rudyard stares some more. "I am sorry I do not speak Spanish. But your English is perfect. Do you live here?"

"No, senor," I checks. "I would not live where it is the custom for strange men to accost unescorted ladies."

"I am sorry," he palpitates. "I am sorry if I have offended you, but I have a reason to wish to talk to you. I will explain, with your permission. Where do you come from, Senorita?"

"I just left the convent in my so dear Spain," I gurgles. "My aunt—my duenna—she lives in Mexico and she had to come here on business so she left me alone on the beach for a few minutes, where I could read and commune with the beauties of nature."

"Oh," he gasps. I could hear him say "The perfect type" under his breath, and when he leans closer to me I draw away. I didn't want him to get the white make-up.

"Please," he then says gently. "You are wonderful. You—you're like a dream I never expected to come true." He looks at the book in my lap. "Essays by Emerson," he reads. I was glad he told me what it was because I hadn't had a chance to look at it. I'd asked the clerk at the store for something high-brow, and this is what she gives me.

"Do you like Hollywood?" he questions in the same tone of voice.

"Senor," I murmur sadly, "it is a den of wickedness. My duenna, she tells me how wicked it is. I do not even want to see any of it, or know of it. The picture people—they are—she says they are impossible."

Rudyard nods. "They are."

"Who are you?" I insinuates, batting my eyelashes innocently.

"I," he admits, "am Rudyard Crane."

"Rudyard Crane?" I repeat softly. "That is a nice name. But what is it that you do?"

He looks at me for a minute like I was crazy. Imagine anybody—even a girl in a convent—not knowing who Rudyard Crane is. If anybody in the studio had pulled that line on him, he'd thought he was being kidded or something and let loose the temperament. He's got the idea that there isn't a person in the world that doesn't know his name or hasn't seen his picture. And that's true—there isn't.

So, not knowing exactly what it was all about, he hesitates and then comes out with,

"I—I am a motion picture star."

At that I sit up straight and register contempt and scorn. "An actor!" I ejaculate. "Senor—and you dare to talk to me!"

I flash my eyes to go with the purity of the white muslin dress, and clasp the book close to my heart.

"Please," he begs, "please don't run away. You are wonderful. I want to talk to you. You are an ideal I have been seeking almost in vain."

WE was both still for a moment. In back of us the waves was beating on the shore, and I'd bet there wasn't a girl in Hollywood—or in the entire country at that—who wouldn't have sworn off smoking for a year to have been in my place.

"Senorita," he finally breaks the silence. "I would like to ask you something. Please do not misunderstand me. If your duenna was here, I am sure she would not object to my question."

This was my cue.

I give a good imitation of a lady thinking and nod my head.

"Thank you," he says, as grateful as if I'd been the G. M. giving him a new contract.

"Senorita, I have had for a long time a wonderful idea. It is a story by a famous French author. I would like to film it. It is the one ambition of my life."

"Then why do you not, as you say, film the story?" I nifties with an ingenue stare.

"Because I have never seen a girl who could play the principal rôle, and not only look the part, but also feel it through and through. I despaired of ever finding a girl like that—until today."

"Senor!" I gasps.

"I am sorry," he apologizes again, almost ready to burst into tears. "I do not want to hurt your finer sensibilities. You are to me an incarnation of an ideal—a Cecilia come to earth."

I didn't know who Cecilia was—that Follies girl he was supposed to have been mixed up with was called Maybelline—so I didn't say nothing.

"Would you—that is, could you—be persuaded—if I talk to your duenna—that is, would you consent to play in a picture?" he asks humbly.

I stand up. "You forget yourself," I replies, and I was so full up with the part that I almost meant it. "You are presuming."

"I know," he admits. "I realize. But listen—please listen to me. This girl I have in mind is of an unworldly purity—beautiful—virginal, unsophisticated. The story will show her coming into the midst of our hectic civilization, and with her purifying presence, make the world better and more beautiful. By playing that part you will shed light and beauty, and the world will thank you."

"Senor," I ad-libs, "what you say is impossible." An extra girl would sell her soul to get a leading part in a picture? "I am the Senorita Esmeralda de Conti. In my blood is the blood of a long line of aristocrats. If my duenna knew I was talking to you, she would put me on a diet of bread and water. You say I am beautiful and good? So be it. You want me to contaminate myself then in the studio of which I hear there is such a wickedness?"

"Think it over, please—please," raves Rudyard. "If you should change your mind and realize you will be helping to make the world more—"

"Adios, senor," I says. "You are mad."

And with that for a curtain speech I went away before he was able to say anything or follow me.

WHEN I got back to my room, I locked the door and did a couple of cart wheels. It worked, dearie, it worked so far! The first part of the Great Idea had come out perfect. Now all I had to do was clinch the argument. I put the props in a suitcase and didn't go out that night because I wanted to think and rehearse the finale.

The next morning I take the suitcase and go to the studio. There I make a dash for Rudyard's combination dressing room and office.

I know his personal secretary—she's been out on a couple of parties with the gang, so I tells her I want to see Rudyard.

"Tell him," I direct her off-hand, "that the Senorita De Conti wishes to speak to him. She has reconsidered."

The secretary looks at me strangely, but she's used to all forms of insanity, having been around the studio for five years. So she says,

"Sorry, dearie, but Crane's gone."

"Gone?" I echoes.

"Yeah. He's sailing for Spain. Took the train for New York early this morning."

My knees was weak. I sat down.

"I'll tip you off why he went if you won't tell," she offers. "I heard him and Royce talking just before he left. It seems that yesterday he met a girl he thought was perfect for this film he's been raving about. But she sold him the idea that movies are all wrong so, with a rush of conscience to the head, he broke his contract and said he was going to quit acting for a year at least. He's heading for Spain to read and rest and think things over in the right kind of atmosphere.

"I got the idea he thinks he'll see her there again, and said she's too wonderful for him to think of ever getting anybody like that to ever act."

I sat and stared at her dumb-like for about five minutes. Then I got hysterical. I took my suitcase and threw it out of the window. I asked her for a cigarette and smoked up.

And somehow I managed to stagger back to the club.

Good? I was so good I talked myself out of a job. Does it pay? Go on—ask me!

I WENT to the studio the next morning in a tight fitting dress of black sequins. The moment the director got an eyeful he gave me a bit in the picture because he said I was just the type. And when that super-special production, "Galloping Grandmothers" comes to your town, you'll see me. The Babylonian model that's the life of the orgy and acting like she's got a jag on is me. Only it wasn't acting, dearie, it wasn't acting!

The Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

to the ever-present spiritual hunger, the desire for the good-in-man that dwells in every heart. Because of the very modelling of her face, because of some line in the setting of the eyes, because of the aura of pale-gold curls, there was in her face that fine and spiritual something that the mob will always follow, usually without knowing why, and often in the end only to burn and crucify.

Upon her sweet lips platitudes became truths. Her sincerity gave life to old fashioned and fundamental things such as virtue and honor and made them more than subjects for wisecracks.

"Hi—Marilyn," said Peppy, and the girls rose and clustered around her, sweetly, beautifully, softened somehow by her presence. "D'you want to play *Juliet* in the class play?"

"I'd love to," said Marilyn, in her sweet, gentle voice.

She might look like an idealized Joan of Arc, but she did not act like one. Otherwise, no doubt, they would have cast her forth into outer darkness. She had a sweet, ready laugh. Played a good game of tennis. Drove her own roadster with speed and efficiency. But there is no denying she was different. You had



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a feeling with her always that she trod not upon the earth but upon clouds.

"That settles it," said the little blonde. "Darling, if you want a balcony, you shall have a balcony."

"I like the tomb better," said the orange sweater. "'Member about bloody *Tybalt* in his shroud—no—festering in his shroud? That's what I call language."

Marilyn laughed and left them. They watched her, silently, with adoring eyes from which all precocious knowledge had strangely fled. They were very sweet just then, like young quails in the sunshine. Maids adoring their shy young queen.

"D'you know what she always reminds me of?" Peppy burst out. "Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astalot. I hated that dumb poem in English third, but—I don't know. She's like that. Funny, ain't it?"

"I tell you what it is," said the dark girl, who had been most silent. "Marilyn's got ideals. We haven't. You know how her folks are—all that money and that big house and she's the only child and her mother writes poetry that gets published and her father has something to do with stars. Not movie ones. Real ones, in the sky. What'd you call 'em—astronomers? They've got her chucked full of ideals."

"Yeth," said the medieval page, "but my mother thath that ideals are dangerous nowadays. What do you do with them, anyway?"

"Gosh, I wish you wouldn't lisp like that," said Peppy. "You only do it because you think the boys think it's cute."

THE night of the class play.

Everything was gay, very tense. The lovely big auditorium, classic in its lines and severity, buzzing with many voices. Young things everywhere, coming and going. Youth rampant. Hurried whisperings and sudden shouts of laughter. Restless feet, shuffling on cement. Excitement and disorder.

An undercurrent of older voices, slow, heavy, like the muffled drums in a symphony.

Music, fighting the noise with pretty melody.

Through it all, something deep and very sweet—a feeling. Because they waited for Marilyn. For Marilyn as *Juliet*. Young things, waiting for the great child-lovers, *Romeo* and *Juliet*. But above all, waiting for Marilyn as audiences used to wait for the Duse, with reverent awe mixed with their pleasure.

Nothing could well have been more innocent, more charming than that scene. There was not one thing to suggest anything dark, anything evil, moving to menace the idol of that gay hour.

How he came to be there at all, nobody ever quite knew afterwards. Except that, as he himself said, he loved youth. Hated feeling youth slip from him as few men have hated it. For that matter, they were all glad enough to find him there, felt honored by his presence.

Never lovelier, their Marilyn, startled by love in the mazes of the dance, sighing upon her moonlit balcony, the pale-gold caught in a little cap of pearls, awakening from her bridal night as whitely innocent as a vestal virgin.

A strange *Juliet* she gave them, tiptoe with adoration true enough, but hardly of *Romeo*, hardly of anything human as a dark-eyed boy. Tiptoe and starry-eyed for love's self, she seemed. And read the matchless lines with music in every syllable.

Her talent showed to its best that night. Some of the greater moments, the tragic moments, she knew to be out of her reach, was wise enough for that. And she did not attempt them in the tragic manner, did not give them depths, but played them rather as a distraught child, who scarcely knows the meaning of the words horror and death have called to her lips. Grace she certainly had, moving sweetly through another age. Her pathos was very moving, she brought tears easily. Died like a young martyr.

The Walrus, sitting in the very back row, was pleased beyond her expectations. She had been right. The girl really had talent. Genius, perhaps, if the depth of soul was there.

Watching her favorite pupil take the fatal potion with lips that quivered though her hand did not, she mused how strange it was to find this passion for acting in so young and sweet and dreaming a girl as Marilyn. Passion of any kind seemed so far removed from her. Perhaps the very placidity of her own life stream, its narrow if beautiful confines, had turned her whole mind upon expressing the joys and loves and tragedies of others.

NOT St. Cecilia or Joan the Maid, her idols. The Walrus, herself burning with a secret fire behind her dark, thin, undesired face knew the idol and whose shrine they both worshipped. The Duse. Every word of the great actress's life, every smallest detail of her existence, Marilyn had read, only half understanding the tragic, violent chapters of d'Annunzio's appearance. She and the Walrus had sat spell-bound before Duse's last great performances, had seen that frail, dying woman surmount every physical obstacle, every betraying handicap of age and weakness, and stand before them in triumphant glory, a supreme artist, able still to create her great illusions.

And from her, Marilyn had caught some torch, some dream of acting as an art worth working and bleeding for. A higher vision than the stage wins from most devotees today.

After it was over, triumphantly over, after the applause and the flowers had literally swamped the stage and Marilyn had stood before them for half an hour, making her swaying bow over and over again, the Walrus came to her behind the scenes.

The noise was still going on in the auditorium, they could not seem to stop. Bursts of applause, excited voices in wild conversation, stamping feet, whistling. It drifted back through the drawn curtains.

With the dramatic teacher was a tall, dark man, lithe as a drawn sword, swift as the wind in the willows, afire from within. Lancelot in his face, it might well be—Lancelot, that Judas of idealists, Lancelot, the great knight, the great lover, stained with guilt. Oh yes, he might well play Lancelot to a lily maid, his Guinevere inevitable.

Remember, she was still tiptoe. It was

her great night. The flame had been alight all evening. Upon her lips had been words of love, words of passion. She had given herself, her imagination, her soul, with all her virgin best to the part of a lover. A harp in the wind.

Presentations were commonplace enough. The sort of thing usual enough among well-bred people. Her mother was there, in tears of joy. Her father, little better. People crowded her on every side, the flowers in her arms and those massed about her feet sent up waves of perfumes.

The Walrus introduced the great motion picture director, Noel Sand. She was all a-flutter, with the compliments he had paid her star pupil. She saw doors opening ahead.

She said to Marilyn some trite words that seemed hardly to register. "Mr. Sand has a sequence in his new picture that shows the story of Lancelot and Elaine, you know, dear."

"And you must come and be my lily maid," he said, looking straight into her eyes as no man had ever done before.

"I will be your lily maid if you want me," she said.

HOW deep he led her into love's mysteries no one will ever know now. It does not greatly matter.

At least, she loved him with that rarest of all emotions, a pure and perfect passion. No weak nor sentimental girl's adoration. But the burning brightness of a woman's one real love.

And from the very first. He was to her Galahad and Lancelot—all the knights of her dreams, and they had been many.

Hollywood, that knew him, found it strange that the lily maid could have loved Noel Sand like that. But you must remember that she did not see him as they saw him, tied to his deeds, inseparable from his life.

She knew only the Noel Sand Hollywood had always forgiven for everything. The dark, flaming, swift Irishman, with his gay, sweet words, his dreaming eyes, his contagious laughter and his responsive tears. She saw the sheer Irish poetry of his soul, for that he had and no one can deny it. She had of him the quick response to beauty, the gorgeous emotions that could lift one clear away from earth.

There was no way for the lily maid to know that he trampled his dreams beneath filthy feet, that his visions were more often defiled than honored, that he had words as gay for any harlot and tears as hot from too much whisky. There was not time for her to see, before she loved him utterly, that the poetry of his soul had never found its way into his life. Lily maids know nothing of the coarser, earthy passions that make of Lancelot a great sinner rather than a great saint.

They hadn't been working on the set two days, until everybody in the company knew the state of things. Marilyn had no wisdom with which to hide the cuckoo-note in the voice, the caress of the eyes in every fleeting glance, the love-shades and love-tones. And if she had had the wisdom, would have seen no occasion to use it. And when had Noel Sand ever checked or harnessed an emotion, ever denied himself a second's pleasure in all his rotten, selfish life?

Because she had won every soul on the set, as she had won the boys and girls of her high school days, there was much protest among them. It wasn't fair. She was so young, so strangely innocent. She was the lily maid. They knew Noel Sand. This adoration of his was a thing of the moment. They had seen so many of them.

Very lovely she was, in the pearls and white satin and lilies of Elaine, the fair, Elaine, the lovable. Magic was in her, too, because of her love. A woman in love has always a strange power over men. Everything of the world seemed to fade away from her presence. Noel Sand, with that great genius of his for things of the moment, for the unreal, became for the moment, part of her dream-world.

And then Lenore Springs came back.

That dark and queenly and disillusioned lady, with the unforgettable face. A haggard beauty. Her eyes ceaselessly tormented, ceaselessly watchful beneath her contemptuous brows. Her strange, lovely mouth half open between a smile and a sneer. Tortured, scornful, vivid as lightning and as dangerous. Greatest of the emotional stars, and aware of it. Slave to that undying love of hers for Noel Sand, yet queen of everything else she touched, by sheer brute strength of will and self-control. A strange woman.

She had not been in the Lancelot and Elaine fairy tale that was to break the modern part of her story.

COMING back, in the middle of those days of white magic, she looked once upon the lily maid, once upon her lover. Her lip curled. It was plain enough that she knew all there was to know. It may be, that knowing him as she did she did not even need to look.

But she watched Marilyn.

Jane Seabury—fine old soul that she was, a character actress with a heart as big as all outdoors—said to that universal confidant, Eddie Symons: "Something must be done about that girl. She's a baby. She'll get badly hurt."

"I daresay," said Eddie, who was an excellent scenario writer and took most things calmly. "Girls usually get hurt. If you don't mind a bit of a paradox, it won't hurt her to get hurt. Make a woman out of her. She wants to act—she has talent. We need girls like her in the movies. She's all right."

"I don't know," said Jane Seabury. "I was a girl once."

"You stole that line from Mrs. Tanqueray," said Eddie.

"Why not?" said Jane. "Everybody else has. Seriously, she's a sweet and lovely thing. Most unusual. I've not seen a girl just like her in these parts. Girls who are too rudely disillusioned sometimes do strange things. Noticed that? They don't find life worth living. And Noel is—really—of course, personally, I adore him, how can one help it? But it's quite safe for me. He wouldn't have me on a bet. It isn't safe for that child. Do you suppose she knows about Lenore?"

"My dear, you'll be asking me next if I think she knows where babies come from," said Jack. "My answer in both cases would be no, I don't. She is probably the only person in the world today who doesn't know about Noel and Lenore



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and who doesn't know where babies come from. But there you are. She is so darn sweet that I forgive her. I sent her lilies of the valley the other night and I respect any woman who can make me as sentimental as that."

Jane ignored that. "A girl like that ought not to be in motion pictures," she said. "It's no place for them."

Eddie Symons, the universal confidant, was suddenly serious. "My dear, good Jane," he said, "there are men like Noel Sand in every business in the world. Things like this happen in Limehouse, they happen in Paris, they happen in Minnesota. Life is life. I think you are right—we don't want girls like Marilyn in motion pictures. They are too innocent. And pictures are too swift—they are too tense. With us everything is brought to the surface, intensified, magnified. We are an emotional colony. No one can come to Hollywood and not be changed in some fashion, either by being caught in the maelstrom of its emotions, or by being bored to death intellectually. A girl like Marilyn shouldn't be thrown into violent contact with life in any form or any place. She isn't prepared for it. A girl nowadays shouldn't be brought up like a—a lily maid in a tower."

"The funny part of it is," said Jane, "that of course Noel really loves Lenore."

"I shouldn't go so far as to say that," said Eddie, summoning the waitress and demanding a check, "but she is the only woman who will ever satisfy him and hold



Just one of those sea scenes that look so simple on the screen. William Boyd and Louis Wolheim are in the foreground and Director Lewis Milestone is back of the camera, at the left, perched on an improvised platform. They are working on a film called "Two Arabian Knights"

him. Noel loves nobody but himself, if you will forgive an ancient platitude."

"Somebody ought to tell that child," said Jane.

"I'd as soon murder a baby," said Eddie, as they started back on the set.

And because she too felt like that, Jane waited. Waited and hoped that the thing would end somehow. But it did not. She hoped that painfully infinite look of shy, hungering, pure passion would fade from Marilyn's eyes. She hoped that Noel would draw back, now that Lenore had returned. But he did not.

It was the knowledge that Lenore was getting ready to act that drove Jane at last. For Lenore was as brutal as—as Guinivere herself.

"You mean," said Marilyn, "that they are in love with each other now? That they—they belong to each other in a kind of way?"

"Yes," said Jane. "He loves her. I thought you knew. Everybody knows. It is one of the recognized things in Hollywood. He strays away. But he always comes back. He loves her. He has for years and years."

"But she is married to Mr. Frantz."

"Yes."

The girl put one hand to her breast in a gesture infinitely childlike, infinitely pathetic. Oddly enough, she did not doubt. She looked into Jane's honest old eyes—and perhaps there was a lodestone of truth within her own soul. Perhaps she knew truth for truth when she heard it.

"I see," she said.

On the set that afternoon she went to him quietly. "You won't need me after today," she said, smiling at him.

"No," he told her gaily. "But you've made good, Marilyn. Your work was lovely—lovely. You've added a great deal to my picture, dear."

His heart was warm toward her. So sweet—so sweet. Why, he felt young again with her.

"You are so sweet," he said.

"Will you come to see me tonight?" she asked simply. "There is something I want to ask you."

He made some rapid calculations. "I'll come," he said.

HE had expected to find her in the garden, where she usually waited for him.

She was not there.

He found her in the music room—a long, low, gold room, with stained glass windows half hidden by curtains of yellow velvet. There were great pots of cyclamens in the corners.

The cyclamens reminded him of a poem, and he sat down beside her and took her hand and said it to her, very beautifully—

"Fair Eve knelt close to the guarded gate in the hush of an eastern spring,
She saw the flash of the Angel's sword, the gleam of the Angel's wing—
And because she was so beautiful and because she could not see,
How fair were the pure white cyclamens, crushed dying at her knee,
He plucked a rose from the Eden Tree where the four great rivers meet,
And sheltered her bosom's thorny pain with its petals dewy sweet.
And though through many a cycle past that Rose in the dust hath lain
With her who bore it upon her breast where she passed from grief and pain,
There was never a daughter of Eve but once, ere the tale of her years be done,
Shall know the scent of the Eden Rose but once beneath the sun!
The years may bring her joy and pain, fame, sorrow or sacrifice.
The hours that brought her the scent of the Rose, she lived it in Paradise."

HER eyes had never left him. They looked almost black. They were burning black. But her lips were gentle and the soft curve of her cheek was as white as the Angel's wing of which he had told her.

"I love you," she said, gently.

There is, of course, no pride in real love, no modesty.

All those things are of self, and must be burned up completely in the divine fire.

It stopped him, though she had said it before, and he kissed it back to her.

For there was something in her eyes that he had never seen before in all his life and was never to see again.

"Will you tell me the truth, please?" she said.

"Of course."

"Do you love me?"

He looked at her. That child. Why, she was only a child. The slim, little-girl body, that had caught his fancy because it was just that.

The pale-gold curls, caught with a ribbon at her neck.

The face of a Botticelli angel, turned to him. Hands laid palm against palm in her lap.

A wave of pure nausea swept him.

"Child—child—" he said, and could not take his eyes from her though his voice broke.

"You love—her?"

Truth was dragged from him. Yes, truth was dragged from him. That much her god did for Marilyn.

It dragged the truth from Noel Sand when no human being would have thought it possible, for he was not yet tired of the lily-maid.

It dragged the truth from him and saved her the unspeakable humiliation that might have been hers had he lied—the ignominy that he would have heaped upon her had he had time to tire of her, the crawling in the mud, the defamation and bitterness and broken pride of womanhood.

"As much as I'm fit to love anybody, I suppose I love Lenore," he said. "I don't think I know much about love. But—we belong. She belongs to me. I belong to her."

"Then why did you want me to love you?" said Marilyn, piteously.

It was the only time she cried out.

"Dear Heaven," said Noel Sand, "because you are so sweet and young and pure and beautiful.

"Because I'm rotten enough to desire innocence, and a man doesn't go deeper than that.

"Because you are everything in the world I've thrown away and can never have because I've gone too far even to want them for long.

"Because I'm in hell where I belong and you're a star in the sky.



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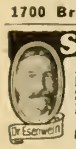
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"Because I'm a man and you are—a lily maid."

She moved near him, and took his face between her hands. Little cool, slim hands, like the pointed hands of a plaster saint.

Strange look, that, from a girl of seventeen, a girl such as Marilyn, to a man who had just laid bare before her the depths of his degradation. It was more like the strong, pure look of a woman of thirty to the one man of her life, the man whose every fault and failing she knows and still loves.

"So life is like that," she said, looking—looking at him. "I am sorry it was too late for you and me, Noel."

She had the courage to go and leave him there.

THEY could tell only a little of what she had done, afterwards.

Evidently she had washed her hands very carefully, and dried them on a fine linen towel of exquisite embroidery. Touched them with the sweet perfume she always used.

Then she had laid out her books—her few favorites—on the little table at the head of her bed. The Life of Duse, Romeo and Juliet, Keats, the story of Launcelot and Elaine—open. She had taken off the little white dinner frock she wore and put on a kimono of pure white silk. She had taken the ribbon from her curls and combed them out, so they lay like a frame upon the pillow.

She had knelt, too, before a little ivory crucifix, knelt long, for the print of her knees was still in the velvet cushion.

And there must have been one ghastly heart-broken moment of weeping, for the blotting pad on the desk where she sat to write was wet, wet with tears, and the little letter was sadly blotted.

Little she had to say—

"I am not brave enough to go on without love, now that I have known love. I am not brave enough to live in the same world with him, when I know he does not love me, nor ever could have loved me. I came too late for him to love and he lived too long before I came to be what I most dreamed to love in him. I thought life and love would be so different. So let me go. God will understand."

Peppy found her.

CAME in, casually smoking a cigarette. Said, "Hi—Marilyn," and then saw her.

She went in one dash to the bed. Touched the cold little hands laid palm against palm, in that last awful, heart-broken prayer.

Touched the pale-gold hair spread on the pillow.

Saw the one great burn, across the gentle lips and the curve of the cheek.

"No—" said Peppy, in a whisper. "No—Marilyn—not Marilyn."

But Peppy was game.

She powdered over the burn, with her own powder puff. Smoothed the silken coverlet. Read the note carefully, to be quite sure it would not hurt more than necessary.

"Well," said Peppy bitterly, "only the good die young."

But that night when her sobs had gotten beyond control and rang in agony through the house and her mother went and took her once more into her arms and held her against her breast, Peppy could only say,

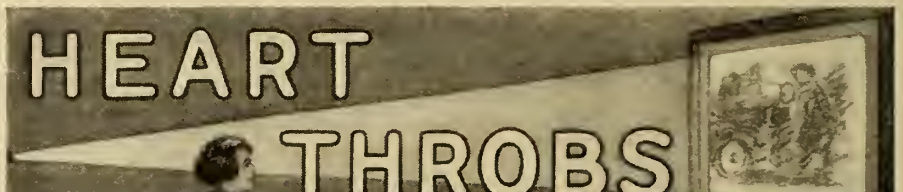
"Oh Mama—not Marilyn. Not Marilyn."

"Hush—my darling."

"Mama," said the godless Peppy, "do you think God wanted her?"

"Maybe he did, my darling," said her mother.

"Well," said the hard-boiled Peppy, and wept as only a child can weep, "she'll make a beautiful angel."



Philadelphia, Pa.

So many unkind words about the movies and not a little scorn! But let me show you another side of this question.

Six years ago my ten year old son was pronounced a diabetic. Insulin was unknown and that terrible disease was fatal to a child. Loss of strength soon made it impossible for him to share the sports of his comrades and the one thing that made him forgetful of the miserable sugarless diet was moving pictures.

My prayers during that year held the names of many an actor and actress and a heart-broken father and mother blessed them and wished them well.

On a never-to-be-forgotten evening we witnessed Mr. Harold Lloyd's "A Sailor Made Man." My darling laughed and chuckled throughout the performance. He would turn to me a thin, white little face and whisper, "Oh, mother, isn't he funny?"

I laughed with him.

At midnight, he became very ill and the next night passed away.

Since then there has been little laughter in our desolate home, but we always make a pilgrimage to the pictures of Mr. Lloyd and our love and gratitude go out to the one who gave our dear child his last happy evening.

Mrs. H. W.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lajos Biro and Jules Furthman. Continuity by Jules Furthman. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *August Schilling*, Emil Jannings; *Mrs. Schilling*, Belle Bennett; *August, Junior*, Donald Keith; *Mayme*, Phyllis Haver; *Little August*, Philippe de Lacy; *Little Evald*, Mickey McBan; *Charlotte*, Betsy Ann Hisle; *Elizabeth*, Carmencita Johnson; *Karl*, Gordon Thorpe; *Heinrich*, Jackie Coombs.

"UNKNOWN, THE" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Tod Browning. Scenario by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by M. Gerstad. The cast: *Alonzo*, Lon Chaney; *Malabar*, Norman Kerry; *Estrellita*, Joan Crawford; *Zanzi*, Nick de Ruiz; *Cojo*, John George; *Gypsy*, Frank Lanning.

"CRADLE SNATCHERS" — WILLIAM FOX.—Based on the stage play by Russell Medcraft and Norma Mitchell. Scenario by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Susan Martin*, Louise Fazenda; *Ann Hall*, Dione Ellis; *Joe Valley*, Joseph Striker; *Henry Winton*, Nick Stuart; *Oscar (Swede)*, Arthur Lake; *Ike Ginsberg*, Sammy Cohen; *Ethel Drake*, Ethel Wales; *George Martin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Kitty Ladd*, Dorothy Phillips; *Roy Ladd*, William Davidson; *Howard Drake*, Franklyn Pangborn.

"WORLD AT HER FEET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Georges Berr and Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Doris Anderson. Directed by Luther Reed. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Jane Randall*, Florence Vidor; *Richard Randall*, Arnold Kent; *Alma Pauls*, Margaret Quimby; *Dr. H. C. Pauls*, Richard Tucker; *Detective Hall*, William Austin; *Client*, David Torrence.

"MAN POWER"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ray Harris and Sam Mintz. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Tom Roberts*, Richard Dix; *Alice Stoddard*, Mary Brian; *Randall Lewis*, Philip Strange; *Judson Stoddard*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Ptomaine*, Oscar Smith; *Henry Van Berg*, George Irving.

"WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Elsie von Koczian. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: *Julie*, Pola Negri; *Pierre Bouton*, Einar Hansen; *Gaston Napier*, Arnold Kent; *John Morland*, Andre Sarti; *Henrietta*, Valentina Zimina.

"MR. WU"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Henry Maurice Vernon, Harold Owen. Continuity by Lorna Moon. Directed by William Nigh. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Mr. Wu*, Lon Chaney; *Mrs. Gregory*, Louise Dresser; *Nang Ping*, Renee Adoree; *Mr. Gregory*, Holmes Herbert; *Basil Gregory*, Ralph Forbes; *Hilda Gregory*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Ah Wong*, Mrs. Wong Wing; *Mr. Muir*, Claude King; *Loo Song*, Anna May Wong; *Little Wu*, Sonny Loy.

"A MILLION BID"—WARNER BROS.—Story by George Cameron. Scenario by Robert Dillon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Dorothy Gordon*, Dolores Costello; *Geoffrey Marsh*, Warner Oland; *Dr. Robert Brent*, Malcolm McGregor; *Mrs. Gordon*, Betty Blythe; *George Lamont*, William Demarest; *Lord Bobby Vane*, Douglas Gerrard; *The Gordon Maid*, Grace Gordon.

"SERVICE FOR LADIES" — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ernest Vajda. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Albert Leroux*, Adolphe Menjou; *Elizabeth Foster*, Kathryn Carver; *Robert J. Foster*, Charles Lane; *King Boris of Lucania*, Lawrence Grant.

"TILLIE THE TOILER" — METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Agnes C. Johnston, Ed. T. Lowe, Jr. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photography by Williams Daniels. The cast: *Tillie Jones*, Marion Davies; *Mac*, Matt Moore; *Pennington Fish*, Harry Crocker; *Mr. Simpkins*, George Fawcett; *Mr. Whipple*, George K. Arthur; *Sadie*, Estelle Clark; *Bill*, Bert Roach; *Bubbles*, Gertrude Short; *Mr. Smythe*, Arthur Hoyt; *Ma Jones*, Claire McDowell.

"CIRCUS ACE, THE"—WILLIAM FOX. Story by Harry Shumate. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: *Tom Terry*, Tom Mix; *Millie Jane Raleigh*, Natalie Joyce; *Kirk Mallory*, Jack Baston; *Job Jasper*, Duke Lee; *Gus Peabody*, James Bradbury; *Boss Canvas Man*, Stanley Blystone; *Durgan, the Killer*, Dudley Smith; *Sheriff*, Buster Gardner; *Clarence*, Kangaroo.

"WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Photography by G. O. Post. The cast: *Nancy Hawthorne*, Lois Moran; *Heloise*, Vera Voronina; *Bob Whittaker*, Donald Keith; *Cornelia Evans*, Alyce Mills; *Lloyd Evans*, Larry Kent; *Curley*, Gareth Hughes; *Jim Hawthorne*, Charles Lane.

"SUNSET DERBY, THE" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the story by William Dudley Pelley. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Mollie Gibson*, Mary Astor; *Jimmy Burke*, William Collier, Jr.; *Sam Gibson*, Ralph Lewis; *Mike Donovan*, David Kirby; *Jock McTeague*, Lionel Belmore; *Bobby McTeague*, Burt Ross; *"Lucky" Davis*, Henry Barrows; *Skeeter Donohue*, Bobby Doyle; *Peddler*, Michael Visaroff.

"SILVER COMES THRU"—F. B. O.—Story by Frank M. Clifton. Adaptation and continuity by Lloyd Ingraham. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: *Fred*, Fred Thomson; *Lucindy*, Edna Murphy; *Zeke*, William Courtright; *Stanton*, Harry Woods; *Mrs. Bryce-Collins*, Mathilde Brundage; *Silver King*, Himself.

"ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE" — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Nunnally Johnson. Adapted by Max Marcin. Directed by Frank Strayer. Photography by James Murray. The cast: *Rosie O'Reilly*, Clara Bow; *Joe Hennessey*, Reed Howes; *Kid Farrell*, Arthur Housman; *Ruth*, Doris Hill; *Arthur Russell*, Douglas Gilmore; *Lew McKay*, John Miljan; *W. S. Davids*, Henry Kolker.

"WEDDING BILLS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Grover Jones, Keene Thompson and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Erle Kenton. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Algernon Schuyler Van Twidder*, Raymond Griffith; *Miss Bruce*, Ann Sheridan; *Tom Milbank*, Hallam Cooley; *Miss Markham*, Iris Stuart; *Mlle. Mimi de Lyle*, Vivien Oakland; *Mr. Markham*, Tom S. Guise; *Judson (Valet)*, Louis Stern; *Detective*, Edgar L. Kennedy; *District Attorney*, John Steppling.

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Meeting the World With a Smile

How easy it is to do this if good health is our companion. With the step elastic, the spirits buoyant and the pulse-beat full and strong every breath is a delight, and existence an ecstasy and how easy it is to enjoy good health. If we are only careful to correct at once anything that interferes with the normal functioning of nature. If you have a feeling at times of dizziness, or foul breath, a sallow complexion, inertia, headaches and a sense of undue fullness, remember, these are nature's signals of distress. It shows that there is not complete elimination of waste, and the system is becoming poisoned. This is a serious matter which no one can afford to neglect. This is why so many women are safeguarding their health by drinking Pluto Water.

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"LOST AT THE FRONT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Del Lord. The cast: *August Krause*, George Sidney; *Patrick Muldoon*, Charlie Murray; *Olga Pietroff*, Natalie Kingston; *Von Herfiz*, John Kolb; *Adolph Meyerburg*, Max Asher; *The Inventor*, Brooks Benedict; *Captain Kashluff*, Ed Brady; *Captain Levinskey*, Harry Lipman; *Two Russian Girls*, Nita Martan, Nina Romano.

"FIGHTING LOVE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORPORATION.—Story by Rosita Forbes. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Nils Olaf Chrisander. Photography by Henry Cronjeager. The cast: *Donna Vittoria*, Jetta Goudal; *Gabriel Amari*, Victor Varconi; *Filipo Navarro*, Henry B. Walthall; *Dario Niccolini*, Louis Natheaux; *Princess Torini*, Josephine Crowell.

"SIMPLE SIS"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Melville Crosman. Directed by Hermon C. Raymaker. Scenario by Al Kenyon. The cast: *Sis*, Louise Fazenda; *Jerry O'Grady*, Clyde Cook; *Edith Van*, Myrna Loy; *Oscar*, William Demarest; *Buddy*, Billy Kent Schaeffer; *Mrs. Brown (Buddy's Mother)*, Cathleen Calhoun.

"IRISH HEARTS"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Melville Crosman. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Byron Haskin. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Patsy Shannon*, May McAvoy; *Tim O'Shay*, Jason Robards; *Emmett*, Warner Richmond; *Clarice*, Kathleen Key; *Patsy's Father*, Walter Perry; *Restaurant Proprietor*, Walter Rodgers; *Taxi-driver*, Les Bates.

"TENDER HOUR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Carey Wilson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Marcia Kane*, Billie Dove; *Wally Mackenzie*, Ben Lyon; *The Grand Duke Sergei Sergeivitch*, Montague Love; *Gorki, the Kalmuck*, Constance Romanoff; *Vicomte Rene Laguaste Chinilly*, Alex. B. Francis; *Tana, the Maid*, Laska Winter; *Rough-house Higgins*, T. Roy Barnes; *Pussy-finger*, Buddy Post; *The Wrestler*, George Kotsonaros.

"SLAVES OF BEAUTY"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Scenario by William Conselman. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Leonard Jones*, Holmes Herbert; *Anastasia (Tacy) Jones*, Olive Tell; *Paul Terry*, Earle Foxe; *Goldie*, Margaret Livingston; *Bob*, Richard Walling; *Dorothy Jones*, Sue Carol; *Irish Woman*, Mary Foy.

"CLOSED GATES"—STERLING.—Story by Manfred Lee. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *George Newell, Jr.*, Johnny Harron; *Alice Winston*, Jane Novak; *Mary Newell*, Lucy Beaumont; *George Newell, Sr.*, Sidney De Grey; *Harvey Newell*, Leroy Mason; *Martha Roberts*, Rosemary Cooper; *Bridget*, Ruth Handforth; *Pat*, Bud Jamison.

"GOOD AS GOLD"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Murray Leinster. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Scott Dunlap. The cast: *Buck Brady*, Buck Jones; *Janet Laurier*, Frances Lee; *Sheriff John Gray*, Charles French; *Thomas Tilford*, Carl Miller; *Timothea*, Adele Watson; *Henchman*, Arthur Ludwig; *Buck Brady (as a boy)*, Micky Moore.

"SURRENDER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Alexander Brody. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Lea Lyon*, Mary Philbin; *Constantin*, Ivan Mosjoukine; *Joshua*, Otto Matiesen; *Rabbi Mendel*, Nigel de Brulier; *Tarras*, Otto Fries; *Russian General*, Daniel Makarenko.

"STOLEN BRIDE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Carey Wilson. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Sari Thurzo*, Billie Dove; *Ferenz Pless*, Lloyd Hughes; *Capt. Von Heinberg*, Armand Kaliz; *Franz Thurzo*, Frank Beal; *Ilona Tazmadi*, Lilyan Tashman; *Lieut. Kiff*, Cleve Moore; *Papa Pless*, Otto Hoffman.

"DEARIE"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Carolyn Wells. Adapted by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Sylvia Darling*, Irene Rich; *Stephen (Her son)*, William Collier, Jr.; *Ethel Jordon*, Edna Murphy; *Samuel Manley*, Anders Randolph; *Luigi*, Richard Tucker; *Paul*, Arthur Rankin; *Max*, David Mir; *Manley's friend*, Douglas Gerrard; *State Manager*, William Demarest.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

PARAMOUNT FAN, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Nita Naldi is in Europe—Vienna, I believe. Samuel Goldwyn has no connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Gilbert Roland is twenty-one years old and his real name is Luis Alonzo.

"CELERY-FED," SANFORD, FLA.—Now just what does *that* mean? Since I have kept you waiting, I'll rush the news to you that James Hall is not engaged to Bebe Daniels. His first picture was "The Campus Flirt." His latest is "Rolled Stockings." Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. To continue with these important matters: Ralph Forbes is married to Ruth Chatterton, the stage star. He is twenty-five years old. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Am I forgiven?

W. H., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Blanche Mehaffey was born July 28, 1905; address her in care of Tiffany Productions, 1328 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Billie Dove's birth date is May 14, 1903, and you can reach her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Madge Bellamy was born June 30, 1903, and she receives her mail at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. None of your favorites is married.

MISS E. B., GERMANTOWN, PA.—Molly O'Day is Richard Barthelmess' leading woman in "The Patent Leather Kid." Alan Forrest is married to Lottie Pickford. He is thirty-six years old and has black hair and brown eyes.

LOVER OF WESTERN PICTURES, WEST POINT, NEB.—Address Fred Thomson at the Paramount Famous Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Reginald Denny's most recent picture is "Fast and Furious." Reginald has been recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

HELENE HAAS, IRVINGTON, N. J.—That's a good girl! Marion Davies' real name is Marion Douras. She is an American, with a touch of Irish. Virginia Lee Corbin is not "forty or fifty." What a terrible thought! Virginia was born on December 5, 1909, and only a few years ago she was a child star.

G. S., RICHMOND, VA.—Allene Ray and Walter Miller are married—but not to each other. Address them in care of Pathe, at the Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the addresses you want.

RITA, EL PASO, TEX.—So you want me to tell you who I think is the most beautiful girl in the world! Do you want to start another war? I'll pass on to your safer questions. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. Bebe Daniels is an American. At present, Jack Dempsey is a gentleman of leisure. He's training for another chance at Mr. Tunney.

Have All Actors an Inferiority Complex?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

into detail in this case to show you how psychoanalysis works, how one resurrects buried memories that motivate us without our conscious knowledge.

Every actor whose mind I probed had some such similar conflict in childhood. In every instance the conflict led to secret feelings of guilt or self accusation or even shame. Always it led to disguised inferiority fears in later years.

One man through the psychoanalytic process was able to recall that his mother neglected him as a child, preferring society to the care of a youngster. This made him feel that he wasn't wanted.

Another was an orphan. In the orphan's home all self-confidence and pride were crushed out of him.

A third, a woman, was continually scolded until she became convinced that whatever she did was wrong.

The list could be extended indefinitely. I found inferiority specially marked in all actors.

But why should inferiority make people want to act?

Because in all acting people pretend and make believe!

When you act a part you are that part!

Besides, acting singles out the individual, makes him feel important, gives him the opportunity of drawing attention, even praise.

Acting, in short, is the most likely job that will actually make an individual feel superior as an antidote for any inferiority fears he may suffer deep down inside his emotional self.

Inferiority also explains why the "acting bug," when once it inoculates a person, takes hold of him like the fever of a disease.

Contrary to what they appear to be, actors at bottom lack self-reliance and individuality. To try to be something which actually they are not—an acting rôle of importance—is for them a means of escape from themselves. To submerge themselves into a part gives their inner character the support and kick it so strongly craves. Their system demands such comfort as much as the parched throat of a fever patient demands water.

I was also able to work out two other interesting emotional mechanisms in my actor subjects.

Actors are, in reality, children at heart!

Their inferiority carries with it what psychoanalysts call "an infantile fixation."

Have you ever noticed how children like to act when at play? Have you observed their strong imitative tendencies?

Well, actors are grown-ups who have never lost that. They probably have a stronger imitative instinct than most people to start with. And whereas in the average it largely disappears with the passing of years, in the actor type of mind it persists strongly and hitches up in collusion with their inferiority fears.

The other mechanism I brought to light in each of the groups I psychoanalysed was also a kind of infantile fixation.

Children like to show off, to strut about proudly, to pretend.

So does the actor when he plays in a picture.

Children like to run around nude or with very few clothes on.

Cannot that exhibitionistic trait be said to exist in many of the female members of the acting profession?

My studies likewise emphasized the strong "narcissistic" or self-admiration habit that most actors fall prey to.

This worship of self operated as a conscious defense reaction or compensation to the unconscious inferiority fears.

And strange as it may seem—but perfectly reasonable and logical when you come to consider it—the stronger the inferiority was on the unconscious level the stronger was the narcissism on the conscious!

Incidentally, the characteristic unconscious inferiority and the infantile emotional make-up of actors also throws light upon their fickleness in love.

Stage people have been noted for marital unsteadiness and boldness in breaking ordinary moral standards for centuries.

Rigid observance of codes and customs means emotional control and emotional adjustment. But this latter, it is plain, the actor type of mind specially lacks.

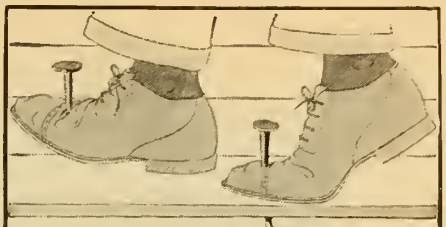
The actor is never absolutely sure of himself! He cannot always depend upon himself! He is unable to fix his emotional desires upon any one single object and gain lasting satisfaction from it!

Hence the actor changes his jobs or his wife or husband, as the case may be, with much less fuss than most of us do.

The actor, first and last, is suffering from unconscious inferiority fears!

This, in conclusion. is my scientific contribution to solving the riddle of the actor.

I am rather afraid the actors themselves will not like it!



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Brush your teeth and gums with it, twice a day, for thirty days. You'll have cleaner, whiter teeth and firmer, healthier gums.



To guard the health of your gums there is no more effective measure than to massage them twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

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THEY'RE in again! Beery and Hatton, the goofy gobs of "We're in the Navy Now." This time they're fighting fires but it's just as much fun! Edward Sutherland Production with Josephine Dunn and Tom Kennedy.

Clara Bow in Hula

A South Sea Siren with "It"

VICTOR FLEMING Production from the novel by Armine von Tempski, with Clive Brook and Arlette Marchal.



Adolphe Menjou in Service for Ladies

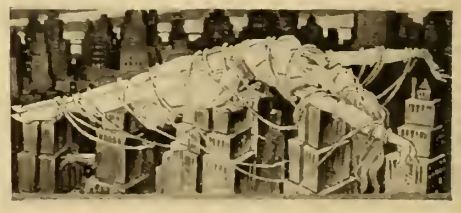
A Head Waiter with a Heart!



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Metropolis

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXXII — Contents, September, 1927 — No. 4

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Last Minute News from East and West

As we go to PRESS



MR. and Mrs. King Vidor (Eleanor Boardman) are looking forward to the arrival of a Prince.

IT'S all off between Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell. In the divorce courts, Claire will charge mental cruelty.

THOMAS MEIGHAN came to New York to see the Dempsey-Sharkey fight. Then he sailed for Europe.

ELINOR GLYN is back from a short trip to Europe.

SHIRLEY O'HARA, newcomer, who was given a chance as Adolphe Menjou's leading woman, gets long term contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

JOHN GILBERT and his bosses not on speaking terms. John threatens to retire from the screen.

FIRST NATIONAL will make "Ladies' Night," Turkish Bath farce. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill leads.

ROD LA ROCQUE going to New Haven to make a college story, "Hold 'Em, Yale."

BEBE DANIELS to do "She's a Sheik," in which she kidnaps her man.

MARY CARR and Montagu Love added to cast of "Jesse James," first Famous Players film starring Fred Thomson.

ANN CHRISTY, nineteen years old and exactly five feet high, selected to be Harold Lloyd's new leading woman.

W. C. FIELDS arrives in Hollywood after driving across country. Fields never travels by train. All his migrating is done by motor.

KEN MAYNARD visits President Coolidge at the Summer White House, Rapid City, S. D.

D. W. GRIFFITH abandons plans to film "La Piava." Will do "A Romance of Old Spain" instead. Estelle Taylor, Gilbert Roland and Lionel Barrymore probably will have leading rôles. The new story is one of medieval Spain, written by Jack Lloyd.

BEN LYON taking a European vacation.

THE Duncan Sisters are planning to do "Sis Hopkins" as a musical comedy and later as a film.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS to make "The Noose" after "The Drop Kick," postponing "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" until later. Alfred Santell will direct all three.

LEWIS STONE will play *Menelaus* to Maria Corda's *Helen* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

TIBOR MINDZENTHY, Hungarian youth who came to this country as Valentino's double, badly injured when his motor car jumped off a three-hundred foot cliff along a highway near Los Angeles.

HENRY MENJOU, brother of Adolphe, decides not to go into pictures. Instead he is going to study to be a doctor.

MARION DAVIES will appear in screen version of "Her Cardboard Lover."

MARIE WALCAMP, former serial queen, will return to the screen in "A Moment of Temptation." It's a Laura Jean Libbey story.



Herbert Brenon sails for England to get scenes for "Sorrell and Son." Carmel Myers is added to the cast, which includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner

REGINALD DENNY goes to England for a six weeks' vacation. Mrs. Denny and their daughter Barbara went along.

NORMA SHEARER to be starred in a film version of the Pinero play, "Trelawney of the Wells."

GEORGE O'BRIEN, having completed "East Side, West Side" at the William Fox studios in New York, is going abroad for a long holiday.

F.B.O. elevates Pierre Collings from scenarist to director.

JANET GAYNOR'S stepfather, Harry Jones, dies in Hollywood.

BUSTER KEATON building a bustling river town along the Sacramento for his new comedy, "Steamboat Bill." "Chuck" Reisner is directing and Ernest Torrence heads the cast.

WHO ARE THEY?
WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE
SEE PAGE 127

The Big Parade of Stars
in the year of
THE BIG PARADE *and* **BEN HUR**



The LION LEADS THEM ALL

STARTING WITH SEPTEMBER

Your leading theatre will show these pictures:

3 LON CHANEYS	1 RAMON NOVARRO	4 WILLIAM HAINES
6 TIM McCOYS	2 JOHN GILBERTS	3 MARION DAVIES
1 LILLIAN GISH	3 NORMA SHEARERS	2 JACKIE COOGANS
2 GRETA GARBOS	5 COSMOPOLITANS	and MORE, MORE.

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"Napoleon" "Body and Soul"
"In Old Kentucky"

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BEN HUR

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (*May.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (*May.*)

***ANNIE LAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (*July.*)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (*May.*)

AUCTIONEER, THE—Fox.—A slow motion version of the Belasco stage play. With George Sidney in the Warfield role. (*March.*)

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (*July.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE — United Artists. — John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BERTHA, THE SEWING MACHINE GIRL—Fox.—The old stock company thriller brought up-to-date and made into a jazzy tale of a modern working girl. With Madge Bellamy. (*March.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (*July.*)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (*May.*)

***BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—Paramount.—A sparkling and sophisticated comedy, charmingly played by Adolphe Menjou. The presence of Greta Nissen helps a lot. (*March.*)

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (*July.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (*July.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (*July.*)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (*May.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"The Way of All Flesh"
"The Big Parade"
"Old Ironsides"
"What Price Glory"
"The Rough Riders"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (*July.*)

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (*July.*)

CIRCUS ACE, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (*August.*)

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (*July.*)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (*July.*)

CLOSED GATES—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (*August.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

***CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (*August.*)

DEARIE — Warner Bros. — A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mamma in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (*August.*)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (*May.*)

DENVER DUDE, THE — Universal. — Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (*April.*)

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show with plenty of excitement. (*July.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (*April.*)

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS—Preferred.—The pardon comes from the Governor in time to save the hero—but not in time to rescue the audience from boredom. (*March.*)

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (*July.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (*August.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

What Price Glory

Based on the Stage Triumph *by* Laurence Stallings *and* Maxwell Anderson

AS a stage play "What Price Glory" was a sensation. As a motion picture, foremost critics of both stage and screen have unanimously proclaimed it "greater than the play" and one of the great screen masterpieces of all time. Even the piquant atmosphere of this powerful drama—so widely discussed by press and public—has been successfully preserved in the screening.

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HENRY TUCKER, Washington, D.C., writes: "Received my 'President' Model Studebaker Watch. I set it with Western Union and it has not lost ten seconds in nearly three months. It is the best timekeeper I ever owned."

CAPT. WILLIAM J. TAYLOR, Anderson, Indiana, writes: "I took my Studebaker Watch to a local watchmaker. He said it should retail at not less than $100.00. The watch cost me only a fraction of that. The jeweler could hardly believe it when I told him that."

Brickbats *and* Bouquets



LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters— $25, $10 and $5

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

JAMES R. QUIRK'S editorials in the July issue aroused the biggest discussion of the month. Obviously, from the comments, ninety-nine per cent of the "fans" want their movie entertainment straight.

Mrs. H. Johnson's assertion that Greta Garbo is "soapy-eyed" brought down an avalanche of brickbats.

The most popular of the newer pictures are: "The King of Kings," "Resurrection," "Captain Salvation" and "Seventh Heaven."

Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Dolores del Rio are the most discussed feminine stars, with Olive Borden and Laura La Plante making the largest number of new friends.

John Gilbert and Ronald Colman are still on the crest of the wave, although such newcomers as Gilbert Roland and Charles Farrell are beginning to be heard from.

Colonel Lindbergh was highly praised for refusing all offers to go into the movies. The cheaper sex plays are being badly razzed, with no defenders. And the younger players on the screen are stealing the honors—and the bouquets—from the longer established stars.

Now step right up and speak *your* piece.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

$25.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

Recently I went to a meeting held by a world-known evangelist. I entered that building with an undoubting mind. After an hour of agony, I fled, my mind in a turmoil. There was nothing there, for me, of the Church. To me it was a show, with a barker enticing ignorant people into believing glib monstrosities. I spent a sleepless night. Next day I decided to return to see if I could regain my peace of mind.

Blocks away from my destination, an electric sign told me that "Beau Geste" was being shown. I walked into a quiet, beautiful theater. The overture ended and, as the picture was shown, my doubts disappeared. The world was all right again. There before me I could see a true picture of unsurpassed brotherly love. There was refinement and intelligence in the faces of the brothers. They seemed a symbol of everything good and clean. I felt that I walked with *Digby* into the sunset and there found my Faith again.

H. L. JOHNSON.

$10.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

The editorial in July's PHOTOPLAY was great! I pick my picture according to my mood. Supposing I am a bit dispirited and select a rollicking farce. I am eager to laugh off the blues, but the meaningless dirge with which the orchestra starts doesn't help any! Next comes a smug singer with a "sob" repertoire—then a two-reeler on the romance of the nutmeg industry. By the time the feature film emerges I am disgusted and wearied beyond hope!

Why won't theater owners realize that people would rather have one hour of unmitigated entertainment than two or three as described above?

Our maestros go far afield selecting wearying compositions with bizarre names when thousands of pleasing pieces are at hand. Just because a composition is of the so-called classical variety doesn't guarantee its worth by any means.

A poor feature film can never be successfully bolstered with *quasi* vaudeville and an unmelodious overture with a bombastic name. A good film is seriously handicapped by these elements. By all means, however, let the characteristic music accompanying be the best possible.

After all, "the play's the thing!"

BLANCHE BENNETT.

$5.00 Letter

Colorado Springs, Colo.

I sincerely hope that the beauty and reverence with which the story of the Life of Christ has been filmed will tend to create a better understanding between the churches and the motion picture industry.

Heretofore there has been a bit of intoler ance on both sides. The clergy has been inclined to say "unclean" and charges of hypocrisy have been hurled at them from the camps of the picture people.

There is an element of truth in both assertions. But to judge many by the conduct of a few is an injustice. To gauge the masses of God-fearing ministers by the Rev. Frank Norris, the late Dr. Hall or Mrs. McPherson is as unfair as to judge the whole motion picture industry by those of their number who furnish headlines in our newspapers.

The story of Divine Love is too infinite to be confined in its telling to the pulpit, and in the future any minister or church that, through narrow prejudice refuses to use the motion picture as an added medium, will do so at the cost of its usefulness to the com munity in which it works.

M. M. BRYAN.

Back to Flannel Petticoats

Appleton, Wis.

I used to be a movie fan, but now I've got ocular indigestion. The female form divine on the screen gives me a pain. I'm sick of coy curves, good looking women, and dresses that would make a clinging bathing suit look like a folk dance at the Woman's Club. I don't give a darn about the morality of the thing—but oh, the monotony! Henry Ford and not the Creator might have turned out the female figures I see on the screen. They're all alike.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

FINGER PRINTS—Warner Brothers.—It's a comedy mystery. The comedy is furnished by Louise Fazenda. The mystery is why the picture was produced. (*March.*)

***FIRE BRIGADE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best thrillers ever produced. A real picture of the heroism of fire-fighters and fine entertainment for children. Charles Ray scores a big come-back in this one. (*March.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—. Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (*May.*)

***GENERAL, THE**—United Artists.—Buster Keaton spoofs the Civil War most uncivilly. Good satire on war melodramas and excellent comedy thrills. (*March.*)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (*April.*)

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (*August.*)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (*July.*)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light role, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (*July.*)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (*June.*)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (*May.*)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (*May.*)

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date, but Harry is funny. (*July.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (*May.*)

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (*August.*)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (*July.*)

IT—Paramount.—Clara Bow in Elinor Glyn's snappy story of a modern working girl. Good popular stuff with little Clara making the hit of her life. (*March.*)

JIM THE CONQUEROR—Producers Dist. Corp.—Another version of the old feud between the cattlemen and the sheepmen, with William Boyd as its chief redeeming feature. (*March.*)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (*April.*)

***KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (*July.*)

***KID BROTHER, THE**—Paramount.—A top-notch Harold Lloyd picture. It's a comedy version of "Tol'able David" and one of the best of the current releases. (*March.*)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (*May.*)

LADY IN ERMINE, THE—First National.—This film tries hard to be haughty but, dear me, how times have changed! Corinne Griffith's vaunted beauty fails to register and the acting is very ham. (*March.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (*April.*)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (*May.*)

LIGHTNING LARIATS—F. B. O.—Our old pals, Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro, step forward with *their* version of the Mythical Kingdom yarn. (*March.*)

LITTLE JOURNEY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An airy, inconsequential story, deftly directed and charmingly acted by William Haines, Claire Windsor and Harry Carey. Nice amusement. (*March.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (*August.*)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (*May.*)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (*May.*)

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (*July.*)

LOVERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (*April.*)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (*April.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN — Fox. — Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (*June.*)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—F. B. O.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (*April.*)

***MAN POWER**—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (*August.*)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp. — Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (*April.*)

MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (*April.*)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (*June.*)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National. — A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (*April.*)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (*June.*)

***METROPOLIS**—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (*May.*)

MILLION BID, A—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (*August.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



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Sure, he's a nice boy. But lately has he been getting unruly? Not vicious, of course—but, you know, grumpy, sullen . . . Doesn't seem to appreciate even your most cooing comforting . . . sits there . . . says nothing . . . never cracks a smile.

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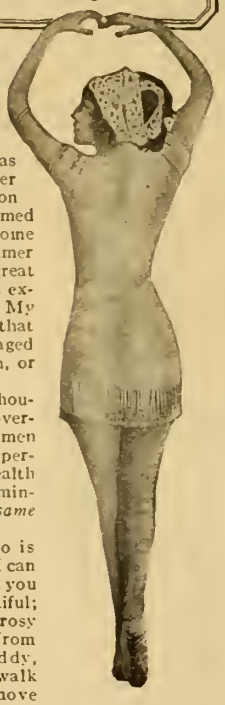
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Will you give me ten days to prove I can make a new woman of you

By Annette Kellermann



When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged. I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion.

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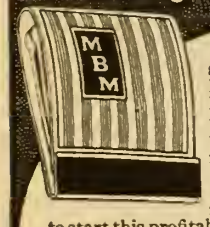
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (*July.*)

*MONKEY TALKS, THE—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (*April.*)

MOTHER—F. B. O.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (*May.*)

MR. WU — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (*August.*)

*MUSIC MASTER, THE—Fox.—An exquisite version of the much-loved stage play, told with charming sentiment. Lois Moran, Alec Francis and Helen Chandler head the cast. (*March.*)

NEW YORK—Paramount.—The story of a Tin Pan Alley genius who marries a society girl. Who can they mean? A trite and obvious picture with Ricardo Cortez and Estelle Taylor indulging in some bad acting. (*March.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOBODY'S WIDOW—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good little comedy, starring Leatrice Joy. But Charles Ray is the whole show. You'll like it. (*March.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE—Fox.—A slow moving and diffused story made fairly interesting by the acting of Edmund Lowe, May Allison and Lila Lee. (*March.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

OVERLAND STAGE — First National.—Ken Maynard takes a hand at making American history. And he does a good job of it. A rousing Western and good for the whole family. (*March.*)

*PARADISE FOR TWO—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gayety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (*April.*)

PERFECT SAP, THE—First National.—An amusing tale of a rich boy who tries to be a Sherlock Holmes. Ben Lyon's best picture in a long time. (*March.*)

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (*July.*)

PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (*April.*)

POPULAR SIN, THE—Paramount.—Modern marriage and divorce, as observed, none too originally by Mal St. Clair. Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are the principals. (*March.*)

POTTERS, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields in a middle-class, middle-aged comedy, adapted from the popular newspaper comic series. Pretty fair entertainment. (*March.*)

RED HEADS PREFERRED—Tiffany.—Raymond Hitchcock has his own way in this one. But Raymond doesn't know his film groceries. Pretty awful. (*March.*)

*RED MILL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (*April.*)

*RESURRECTION — United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (*May.*)

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (*July.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (*July.*)

ROUGH AND READY—Universal.—Jack Hoxie is the honest cowboy who protects the gal's ranch from the villain. Ouch! (*March.*)

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (*August.*)

*ROUGH RIDERS, THE—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (*May.*)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (*May.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (*July.*)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (*August.*)

*SEVENTH HEAVEN—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (*July.*)

*SHOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too *macabre* for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (*April.*)

SILVER COMES THRU—F. B. O.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (*August.*)

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (*August.*)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (*August.*)

*SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (*May.*)

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (*July.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

STAGE MADNESS—Fox.—Palpitating yarn of an actress who gives up marriage for the stage, only to be confronted by her own child later in life. Well, if you like this sort of thing— (*March.*)

*STARK LOVE—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (*May.*)

STOLEN BRIDE, THE — First National. — A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer —there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (*August.*)

SUMMER BACHELORS—Fox.—A hotsy-totsy Warner Fabian story of cheating husbands and wily flappers. Silly material but good direction and snappy acting by Madge Bellamy and Leila Hyams. (*March.*)

SUNSET DERBY, THE — First National. — A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Aster. (*August.*)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (*August.*)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—F. B. O. —The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (*May.*)

TAXI DANCER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (*April.*)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (*April.*)

***TELEPHONE GIRL, THE** — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

***TELL IT TO THE MARINES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The adventures of the Devil Dogs in China. Grade A entertainment, with Lon Chaney and William Haines adding further glory to their reputations. (*March.*)

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (*August.*)

THIRD DEGREE—Warner Brothers.—Dolores Costello wasted in a dreadful mess. Dizzy camera work and poor direction only add to the confusion of the story. (*March.*)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (*May.*)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (*August.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (*July.*)

UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (*July.*)

UNEASY PAYMENTS—F. B. O.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn —comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (*April.*)

***UNKNOWN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (*August.*)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (*April.*)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National. —Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (*May.*)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (*April.*)

***WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (*August.*)

WEDDING BILLS—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (*August.*)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (*May.*)

***WHEN A MAN LOVES**—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a hectic movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (*April.*)

WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE—Paramount. —A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (*August.*)

BIG NEWS FOR THE FANS



HARRY POLLARD
who directed Universal's Spectacle
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Universal's magnificent production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** is destined to create a sensation throughout America, if not the entire world. Unless it does so, then I am no prophet. It will have its premier in New York City this month and if you or your friends are in New York at that time I feel certain it will be one of the big treats of your visit.

The production has been almost two years in the making and has already cost over two million dollars. I mention the amount to give you an idea of the elaborateness and immensity of the production.

Another Universal picture which I am confident will win the plaudits of the fans is ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** adapted from the stage play by John Willard, with LAURA LA PLANTE and a perfect cast of stars: ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, FORREST STANLEY, CREIGHTON HALE, TULLY MARSHALL, FLORA FINCH, GERTRUDE ASTOR, GEORGE SEIGMANN, MARTHA MATTOX, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD and JOE MURPHY. It's a Paul Leni Production.

Still another is ***"The Irresistible Lover,"*** featuring NORMAN KERRY and LOIS MORAN, supported by these sterling players: MYRTLE STEDMAN, GERTRUDE ASTOR, PHILLIPS SMALLEY and LEE MORAN.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City

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Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "coverups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing discovery in the history of the beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "Beautiful New Skin in Three Days." Learn how to do what eminent doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends. They come out with a new soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address Marvo Book, Dept. 31-P, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,
269-C Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (*May.*)

WINNERS OF THE WILDERNESS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Three cheers for Colonel Tim McCoy, the new western star! He knows the ropes and he has a great personality. Unfortunately, Roy D'Arcy is also in the cast. (*March.*)

WOLVES' CLOTHING—Warner Brothers.—A feeble attempt at comedy. It is more likely to annoy you than make you laugh. (*March.*)

*WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (*August.*)

*WORLD AT HER FEET, THE—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (*August.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

That big parade of expensively revealed perfect twenty-sixes in "Don Juan" might be justified, but when *Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl* wears a gingham dress that might have been sculptured by Paquin, realism gets a poke in the eye. The clothes of *Tillie the Toiler*, and the *Notorious Lady, Sally Levy*, and *The Taxi Dancer* reveal their forms with the fidelity and the glamour of a rib-cotton union suit. And what do they reveal? The same. The same. The same. Heaven help woman and her claims to mystery if the movies keep up the good work.

And may heaven bless Louise Fazenda whose funny, swathed bulk in "The Gay Old Bird" was as pork and beans after a six month diet of charlotte russe.

M. JOSLYN.

They Grow Old Gracefully

Indianapolis, Ind.

While working in a branch library one has a chance to see what magazine is called for most. I find that I have more calls for PHOTOPLAY than any other magazine of its kind—or any other kind. Our old copies of PHOTOPLAY are badly worn and some are hardly readable, still they continue to circulate.

ESTHER AGNEW.

Oh, Mrs. Johnson!

Los Angeles, Calif.

People like Mrs. Johnson make me sick. For instance: "Greta Garbo is a soapy-eyed vampire who totters and sways like an old woman." Everyone is entitled to her own opinion, but voicing it in such a way certainly does no good.

MRS. HELEN FREEDBERG.

For Mr. Rinaldi

Mobile, Ala.

I think Mr. Gina Rinaldi is all wrong and Mrs. H. Johnson is right. Greta Garbo is not to men what Valentino was to women, because she is passed one hundred times by Clara Bow and Vilma Banky. The gentleman from Green Bay, Wis., should see some of the big pictures or move to a larger town.

E. G.

Pictures for Children

Berkeley, Calif.

In July's "Brickbats and Bouquets," one reader stated that she hadn't seen a picture in a year that she'd care to have a child remember. I have listed some of the pictures of the last three or four years which I think any child of a reasonable age should remember: "Abraham Lincoln," "Janice Meredith," "Old Ironsides," "The Covered Wagon," and "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

RUTH L. WARD.

Paging Mr. Chaplin

Miami, Fla.

Where is Charlie? If it were not for the fact that I have not yet received an invitation to his funeral, I would believe that he had shuffled off this mortal coil. I believe these 'ere wimmin are at the bottom of it all. Ever since Charlie got mixed up with 'em he's been fading out. Maybe he is suffering from a superiority complex and imagines he is a prize fighter on the retired list. They are the only gentlemen I know of who retire in their thirties.

W. HEWITT.

Advice to Romeos

Dorchester, Mass.

"Why," asks PHOTOPLAY, "do great lovers fail as husbands?" Well, that's easily answered. It's because their wives won't allow them to be successful in the matrimonial halter. Far be it from me to discourage the dashing Romeos from carrying a wee wisp of a girl to the altar, but if they intend a stage or screen career my husky whisper from the wings would be, "Don't do it."

No she-woman with an atom of affection from friend husband could stand around and see him murmuring sweet nothings in the ears of every Greta, Dolores or Clara, especially if said wife's appellation is Flo or Mary combined with the facial attractions of a turned up nose and freckles. No sir-ree! There'd be some hair-pulling or ear-roasting in the old fort after a while. Leave matrimony for fellows like me that intend to let the ceremony be a thing of the past, present *and* future.

CHARLES E. EMERY.

Will Someone Tell Him?

London, England.

I Would Like to Know:

Why Elliott Baxter makes so few screen appearances?

Why Clara Bow affects such strange coiffures?

Why Edward Earle and Laurence Wheat are not given better rôles?

Why casts of players are *still* given at the beginning of a picture rather than as the players appear?

CECIL KITSON.

Our Hat Is Off

Los Angeles, Calif.

Hats off to Olive Borden! She is so different and so likeable on the screen—the regular girl-friend type. No wonder she has gotten the breaks and is now on the doorstep of stardom in so short a while. Any girl with her personality and her originality deserves the breaks.

RALPH KASH.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]

YES, IT IS COLLEGIATE!!

Sappy — Daffy — Batty — Blah! . . . .

The only power he had over women was to make them run a mile—the other way. . . .

The Co-eds of Belford U. had already given him his L. L. D.—"Looks Like a Dud". . . .

And then overnight he turned from the Belford Boob into a Campus Casanova . . . . his picture on every female slicker in town!

WHO DID IT?—WHAT DID IT?—HOW DID IT HAPPEN?....

Better reserve a box seat for the big Belford-Weston track meet and end the suspense!



Now you can see this famous $3.00 Broadway hit at Movie prices . . . !

JESS SMITH presents

The Poor Nut

with **JACK MULHALL**
and **CHARLIE MURRAY**

ADAPTED BY . . . . . PAUL SCHOFIELD
From the play by J.C. and ELLIOTT NUGENT
A RICHARD WALLACE production

Starting a year of the Greatest Movies Ever from

First National Pictures

Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

First National Pictures

At THE RITZ-CARLTON in New York City

Distinguished Women Guests

find this soap "superior to any other" for the skin



Standing, elegant and aloof, among towering skyscrapers, the RITZ-CARLTON *draws to itself the loveliest women of New York's younger set*

IT is the hotel especially beloved by women —the Ritz-Carlton of New York.

There is something feminine even in the suggestion of its architectural lines, as it stands, elegant and aristocratic and aloof, among towering skyscrapers.

It is the favorite rendezvous of the younger set; and society offers no more charming sight than a debutante tea- or supper-dance at the Ritz.

Slim, supple young creatures, their sophisticated poise melting into the naive grace of childhood; shimmering Paris frocks; sleek bobbed heads, golden and dark; and that wonderful complexion of youth, which can be compared to a flower, a fruit, but which has a dazzling, mysterious charm of its own unlike anything else in nature. . . .

How do they care for their skin, these beautiful girls and young married women who frequent the Ritz? What toilet soap do they find safest for that delicate, soft, fine texture that makes the special beauty of their complexion?

Among the women guests whom we asked this question, more than half said, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap.*"

"*Delightfully soothing,*" they said. "*The only soap I can use with comfort.*" "*Superior to any other for the skin.*"

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients, it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Begin using it daily—see how perfect it is for a sensitive skin!

A twenty-five cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the famous booklet of special Woodbury treatments for overcoming common skin troubles.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use the right Woodbury treatment you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake today — begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Your Woodbury Treatment *for ten days*
Now—the large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2217 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch,*" and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2217 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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NEW PICTURES

BACK in the Vitagraph days, it was considered bad form for a movie idol to be married. So Maurice Costello was officially a bachelor and little Dolores and Helene played kid parts, denying their relationship to the then great Maurice. They are now being rewarded by more electric lights than father ever enjoyed.



Alexander

CINEMA astrologers say that this star is in the ascendant. Not so long ago, Joan Crawford was merely a dancing girl, with ornamental legs. Recent pictures prove that she is acquiring a vivid and distinctive quality in her acting.



WHEN Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque were married recently in Hollywood, the bride—as usual—got all the attention. Well, just to even things up a bit, here is a picture of the lucky bridegroom.



Ball

MARK these two events on your Fall Movie Calendar: Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg" and again Mr. Novarro in Joseph Conrad's great story, "Romance," now being produced under the sympathetic direction of John Robertson.



PARAMOUNT thinks so highly of the team of Dorothy Arzner, as director, and Esther Ralston, as star, that it has told the two gals to make some more pictures. The newest of these ultra-feminine concoctions is called "Ten Modern Commandments."

CREDIT Emil Jannings with a discovery. After a survey of Hollywood's feminine talents, Jannings selected Phyllis Haver to appear with him in "The Way of All Flesh." The erstwhile comedy beauty justified his choice by giving one of the best dramatic performances of the season.



Chidnoff

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

THE quality of a foundation garment can be measured only in its achievement on the figure. Subtly molded lines, subdued, graceful curves, a certain indefinable suppleness of the silhouette marks the appearance of the perfectly fitted figure—accompanied by a buoyant poise and distinctive carriage which naturally come to the woman who successfully chooses her foundation garments.

Unfailing quality of fashionable design, exquisite tailoring, smart durable materials mark Gossard garments as being superbly distinctive in their field. She who is Gossard corseted is well on her way to a truly smart appearance.



Note the ease with which this Gossard step-in of satin brocade molds the figure! The softly fitted smoothness of the waistline, the sloping hip line, the curving line at the thighs —all features which proclaim it a perfectly designed and tailored garment. Model 1398, $12.50. Also Model 898—same style but made of fancy brocade at $8.50.

The H. W. Gossard Company, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Keeping her clothes like new no longer worries

May McAvoy

"I used to find it difficult to have the right costume always ready. Now my frocks, sweaters and tailored things are easily kept fresh and new-looking."



The lovely soft frocks so becoming to May McAvoy's piquant beauty as well as the jaunty tailored things she wears for sports and travel, Lux keeps exquisitely clean and like new

"THE demands upon my wardrobe are so varied and subject to such changes, that I used to find it almost impossible to have the right costume always ready," said May McAvoy.

"If I start the day's work in the studio wearing a lovely dance frock it often happens that before the end of the day, costume changes require me to appear in a riding habit or a luxurious tea gown. This of course means that an enormous wardrobe must be kept always in perfect condition.

"My maid and I struggled with this problem for months. When we sent things to the dry cleaners, they frequently didn't get back in time. We were fearful of the hazards of home laundering yet there seemed to be no other answer to the puzzle!

"So she set out to test what washing would do to my clothes.

"And the results were marvelous.

"For naturally she used Lux, first testing a bit of the fabric in water to make sure it was washable. She has been using Lux ever since for practically all my clothes. Nothing else is used on them. My maid says she won't take any chances."



MAY MCAVOY *delights to be cast for a part where she drives a car as in "The Fire Brigade," the recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer success. Her own gray roadster is often seen on the roads around Hollywood*



"If it's safe in water . . it's just as safe in Lux"

Now the big convenient package

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



ONCE more I am visiting Hollywood, the strangest town in the world.

I have seen some fantastic goings on here, but this time I witnessed the most grotesque spectacle of all my cinema pilgrimages.

The lunatics were again in charge of the asylum, and I beheld half a dozen keepers sitting solemnly, trying to act like an audience, while fifty inmates delivered speeches at them simultaneously.

When the inmates tired of this diversion the keepers locked them up again, and the normal routine of the asylum was resumed.

THE producers had invited the directors, actors, and writers to tell them how to run the motion picture business, and there was not a single slacker. It was settled in fifty different ways within three days. The sacred walls of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences echoed and trembled. It was like the man who jumped on horseback and rode off in all directions.

IT all started with a great *pronunciamiento* of the producers, an efficiency idea conceived and executed with all the diplomatic subtlety of Captain Kidd boarding an unarmed clipper ship.

The bankers back East, it seems, had become uneasy about the high cost of production of pictures and subsequent low earnings. It was up to the producers to explain, and naturally enough, they could not very well explain that waste began at the top as it does in most every other business and permeated the entire manufacturing process. It was much easier to regret the high salaries paid stars and directors.

Any president of a big New York bank, limited to a salary of fifty thousand a year, could be depended upon to understand that it was regrettable that a mere actor should be paid half a million.

So, on the bankers' suggestion that it would be business-like to start to correct this with a horizontal cut of ten per cent in the salaries of all studio employees receiving over fifty dollars a week, the edict was promulgated.

THEN started a display of fireworks that made it seem like a national concentration of the Fourth of July in one town.

And in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after, the executive offices of our fourth—or fifth, or tenth, or whatever it is—largest industry were full of headaches, wrinkles, alibis, and flying boomerangs.

OUT on the studio lots the actors found their long unused voices and the writers mounted soap boxes. Electricians dropped lights. Cameras automatically went out of focus. Sympathetic property boys couldn't find an orange in all California. The overhead—that's a mysterious charge of from twenty-five to one hundred thousand dollars placed against every production before it starts—jumped about like the ghost of a wild kangaroo.

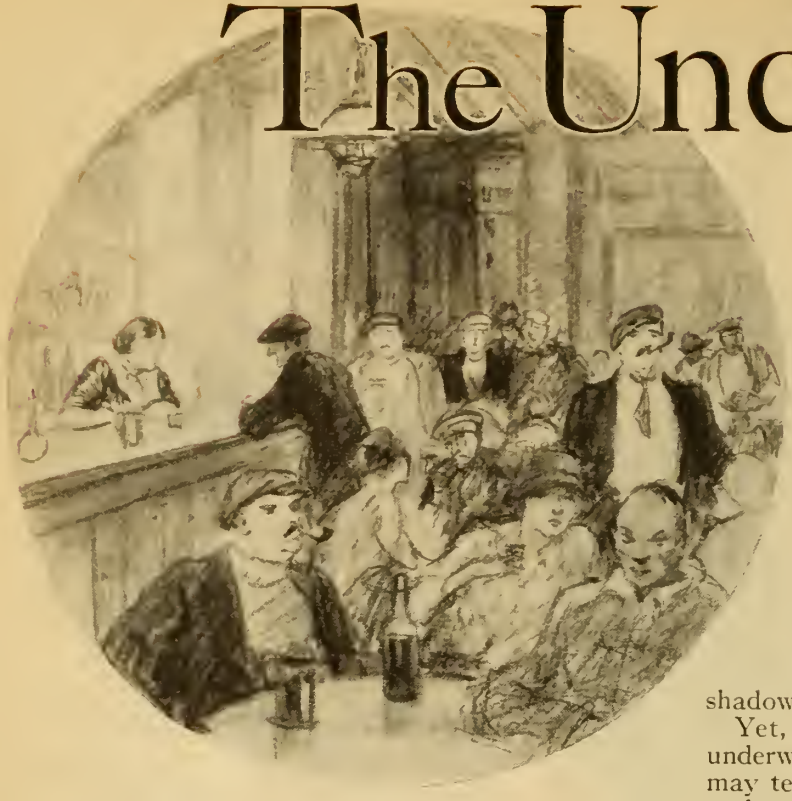
Studio efficiency dropped fifty per cent that day. Salaries total twenty-five per cent of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

The Underworld

Its symbol is the gold. Its trade—

By
Ruth Waterbury



London's Limehouse, down by the rotting docks, where yellow and white skins mingle so closely that both are tainted and the sane mind becomes dream-fogged with opium

EVERY great city has its underworld. New York, Paris, Chicago, London, Berlin, Vienna. Each and all of them have districts where men live in the shadows and plot and prey.

Yet, even here, Hollywood is original. It has its underworld, no matter what its Chamber of Commerce may tell you. But it is a new underworld, a younger underworld, brash and brazen, like a flapper rouging her lips to go to a funeral.

Its underworld is not the Montmartre of Paris where hags leer from turgid hell-holes, where Apaches flash their fatal knives and young men live from the purchased beauty of frail girls.

It is not the underworld of London's Limehouse, down by the rotting docks, where yellow skins and white mingle so closely that both are tainted and the sane mind becomes dream-fogged with opium.

It is not the swift underworld of New York with its fifty-dollar murderers, its gunmen with their personal lawyers, its blackmailers, the crew of whom slide by night from the murky shadows of the Bowery to the aurora borealis of Broadway.



Montmartre in Paris where hags leer from turgid hell-holes, where Apaches flash their knives and young men live from the purchased beauty of frail girls

These cities boast their underworlds and garner gold from sight-seeing yokels who are guided through the stench and horror of them. Here darkness and silence are the swift-footed partners of crime and members of the bloody brotherhoods live in obscure houses and move with stealth. The symbol of these lower depths is the woman of the streets, creeping out at midnight, her eyes vacant and bright, her smiles empty.

The symbol of Hollywood's underworld is the jazz baby, gold-crazy, sex-crazy, hard-boiled, bitter and childishly abandoned to fate.

It's a jazz and gin underworld. Its denizens know no slums. They live in the sunshine, amid the scent of flowers and the light-hearted laughter of little children.

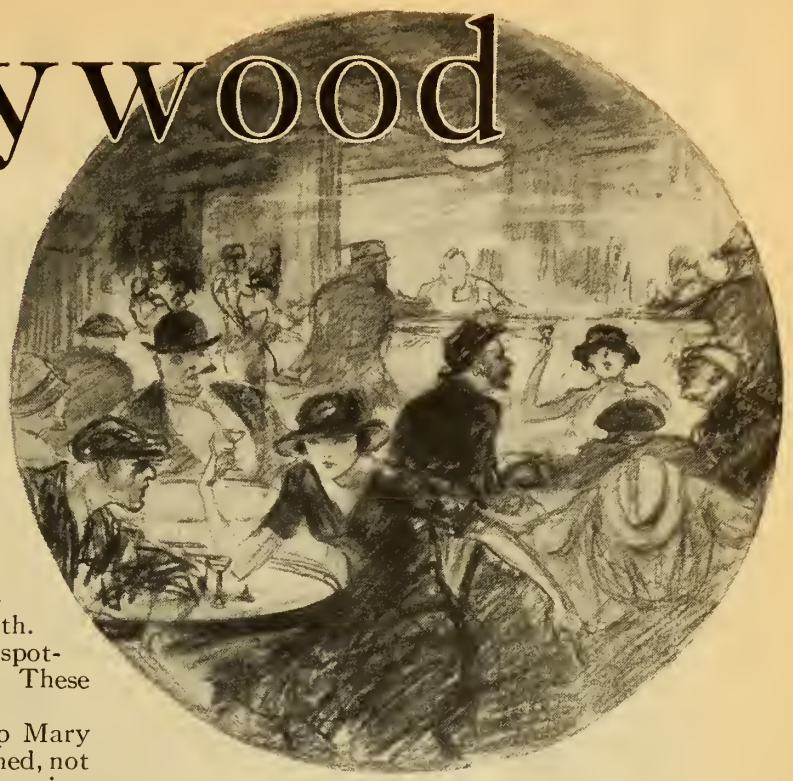
Hollywood's underworld is guilty of murder. Of seduction. Blackmail. Theft. Suicide. Dope. Yet it is an underworld essentially as young and unreal as the dreams of an extra girl and its greatest viciousness lies in the world's imagination.

Distinct from other cities, Hollywood tries to suppress news of its criminals. But the film capital has become the pulse

of Hollywood

flapper. Its lure—gin and sex

Illustrations by
Harley Ennis Stivers



New York of the Speakeasies, with its fifty-dollar murderers, its gunmen with their personal lawyers, its blackmailers, its mingling of the dark Bowery with bright Broadway

of the world's consciousness and no act committed there can go unnoticed anywhere on earth.

The greatest aids to Hollywood's felons are the spotlight of publicity and the roar of the crowd. These factors mean just so much cash to its crooks.

Publicity was what made the plot to kidnap Mary Pickford seem worth while. This deed was planned, not in a dank cellar as it would have been in any other city, but in a shiny bungalow dressed with new monotonous furniture, in a garden spot where green lawns and the blue sky made a strange frame for muddy imaginings. The boys who plotted to abduct Mary were young men, more stupid than vicious. The fault of their scheme was Mary's wealth and prominence. San Quentin now houses them.

Its apparent respectability is the most sinister aspect of this underworld.

IN an ordinary frame house in one of Hollywood's quietest streets, where the pepper trees swept the paths with their lacy fronds, lived two women who took a desperate chance at blackmail. A mother and daughter conspired to frame the Central Casting Agency with a tale of the girl's seduction by one of Central's officials. Adela Rogers St. Johns used the plot as the story of *Judy Keene* in PHOTOPLAY'S series, "The Port of Missing Girls." Just as Mrs. St. Johns concluded her story, the real plot ended. The girl confessed she had lied at her mother's bidding.

It was from some commonplace group, strolling before the open markets that line Hollywood Boulevard that there crept the gang who murdered William Desmond Taylor, the director. A silent man of mystery, Taylor gave his life for trying to save a girl from the curse of the drug habit. She was a lovely thing, a girl outside the movie profession. Taylor's heroism, for no greater deed can any man do than give his life for a friend, was lost sight of beneath the avalanche of dirty linen his death disclosed. And his death was likewise the death of Mary Miles Minter as an actress.

All professions have their charlatans. There

[CONT'D ON PAGE 113]

Hollywood's underworld lives in shiny bungalows amid the scent of flowers. Its denizens know no slums. But here is seduction, blackmail, dope, theft, suicide, murder



What Makes Us



"THE NIGHT OF LOVE"

We hold ourselves in check. At pictures the man or woman whose love has been checked can feel the thrill of love triumphant

We always like pictures which fulfill what we consciously or unconsciously have wished to be

"IF you don't like the movies there is something wrong with you!"

I can recall distinctly the first time I made that statement. It was during a lecture I was giving on the psychology of amusement.

For a moment or two the audience seemed a trifle stunned by the boldness of what I had said. Then, as if responding to a truth they had never quite realized before, they burst into spontaneous and prolonged applause.

This incident illustrates so well the striking and remarkable hold that motion pictures everywhere have taken of the human mind.

Nothing in the history of entertainment has ever blazed a path of popularity for itself as have the movies.

The silver screen rouses desire with a peculiar fascination. When once it takes hold, it holds fast. Some people it almost hypnotizes!

Why?

Because motion pictures, like nothing else, gratify certain emotional cravings, common to us all.

Because motion pictures dovetail with the physiological side of our make-up better than any other form of amusement that has ever been devised.

We don't have to cultivate a taste for the movies.

To become a movie fan is not only natural—it is inevitable!

That is why I claim that a liking for pictures is the same as saying that you are normal!

You and I—everyone of us—has developed from infancy up largely through the instinct of curiosity.

It is curiosity that made you learn to read and write and do arithmetic. You wanted to find out things. As a child those funny black marks made you wonder what it was all about.

In like manner everything else you have learned since has been prompted by curiosity. Always your motivating desire has been to discover something you did not already know, something that mystified or puzzled you.

And that is the way you still are no matter what your years nor how bored with the game of life you may be. The same as in childhood, the instinct of curiosity is still egging you on.

Stop to consider how conveniently and completely motion pictures satisfy this curiosity craving.

In the movies all kinds of intimacies and privacies and secrets that we speculate about, but can never be sure about through actual experience, are revealed.

Take kings for instance. We hear about them, we read about them, occasionally we actually see one on parade or at a public celebration.

But what are kings really like? How do they talk and act when not on exhibition? Do they behave like you and me? Are kings always on their dignity, or are they regular fellows after all? What goes on inside the palace when the king dines privately with his family? How does he actually treat the queen? Do kings have love affairs on the Q.T.? How do they get

Dr. Bisch is writing a series of articles for PHOTOPLAY on psycho-analysis as applied to motion pictures and motion picture fans. He is a distinguished neurologist and psycho-analyst, at present professor of neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital.

Dr. Bisch was the organizer and director of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the New York Police Department and organizer and director of the Psychiatric Division of the Fifth Naval District.

Movie Fans?

By Louis E. Bisch
M. D., Ph. D.

Certain actors and actresses appeal because their personalities represent our suppressed desires



"THE MERRY WIDOW"

How do kings talk and act when not on exhibition? Can anything beat the movies in supplying the details you are asking yourself about?

away with it? What does the inside of a palace look like anyway?

Well, you can read about such things in books. You can even see them in some plays. Newspapers often supply information.

But can anything beat the movie story in supplying the details you are asking yourself about?

In a play, when a person goes through a door, you don't know what is happening to him after he closes that door, what he does, how he acts after he leaves the house.

In a novel, yes. But it takes words and words, hundreds of them, to do it. During the time it took to do all this wearisome reading you could have had shown to you in a picture purple patches and high lights of this same character for the next half dozen or so years to come.

The movies also possess tremendous advantages when it comes to depicting character.

We are made to realize why the heroine took a false step at sixteen because we saw the influences with which she was surrounded, how she was brought up, her temptations, her strength and weaknesses, at six and ten and twelve.

We can see her in relation to fifty other characters and situations if need be, if that is necessary to bring out the why and the wherefore of her life. Her experiences in foreign lands, in places separated by thousands of miles, are no obstacle. One minute she is escaping from the orphan asylum. The next minute she is a drug addict in an opium den in Shanghai.

Motion pictures undoubtedly cover the greatest amount of geographical and personal territory in the shortest space of time. We can satisfy more curiosity in a couple of hours in a picture show than if we spent six months trying to dig up the information for ourselves elsewhere.

A curious emotional appeal that the movies make comes of the fact that they flatter our egos and enhance our pride.

In a novel everything is explained. In a play too much must be explained to make it clear.

The motion picture, however, with its wide choice of scene and action, can give you just the number of hints necessary to make you a competent and accurate guesser of what is going to happen next. Suspense and absorbing interest can consequently be regulated with the greatest ease.

This invariably thrills. To guess correctly makes you feel intelligent and capable. You pat yourself on the back. Your ego gets a kick. You feel sort of good all over.

Says Dr. Bisch:

"Motion pictures gratify certain emotional cravings, common to us all."

"To be a movie fan is not only natural, it is inevitable."

"Everyone of us has developed from infancy up largely through the instinct of curiosity. Motion pictures gratify this curiosity craving."

"In the movies all kinds of secrets we speculate about are revealed."

The laws of physiology also play an essential rôle in making pictures so popular.

Everybody has an imagination, but everybody does not imagine in the same way.

If you are a musician, for example, your mental images are mostly sounds. The imagination of sound gives you the greatest pleasure.

But not so with the vast majority of us. Most of us are distinctly visualizers.

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CLARA BOW flies to Hawaii—filmally speaking—and goes native. Clara is the latest member of the Royal Order of the Grass Skirt and she is taking dancing lessons so that she can do justice to the title rôle of her newest picture—"Hula."

The Vacation Complex

By Tom Mix



Tom

There is no place like home except Paris and a few other cities, says Tom



Victoria

JUST now a lot of folks are hittin' or have hit the trail for the old home shack, vacation days bein' about over. An' rich or poor, they're all a comin' with the feelin' that about the best bed in the world is the one they're a aimin' to sleep in the first night they get back home.

In the expensive hotels—there bein' no cheap boardin' houses aroun' vacation time—the beds are good to look at, but not, accordin' to my way of thinkin', made for sleepin' purposes. I've slept many a time on a Navajo blanket, with prairie for a carpet, sage brush for furniture, a nearby creek for the bath room an' the stars supplyin' the lightin' system and got a fine, satisfyin' night's rest. But if any bird ever got anything like a good night's sleep in one of these new fangled hotel beds fitted out with silk sheets that skid you all over the place an' a "hygenic" mattress harder to lie on than a sun-dried Oklahoma buffalo waller, I'll buy the bed for this bird an' give it to him as a present, providin' he'll agree to keep on sleepin' in it.

The vacation idea has gone through a lot of overhaulin' in recent years. As a nation, we seem to have a vacation complex. I like that word complex, because I can spell it without resortin' to the dictionary.

IN my younger days and in a time when I really got a vacation, a vacation meant a coupl'a weeks' rest—now it means four weeks of unrest. The more unrestable the time, the finer vacation you're supposed to have had. I remember when I used to get a vacation now and then an' thought nothin' of ridin' horseback 250 miles a goin' and 250 miles a comin' just to see a girl. You don't have to go away to enjoy a vacation. Many a time, I've seen cowhands get a week or so off an' have a fine time a ridin' over the ranch, visitin' some of the boys stationed out in the line camps an' even helpin' them work. Any kind of hard work is a fine vacation providin' you don't get paid for doin' it.

Since I've been makin' pictures, I've only had one real vacation, personal, the time I spent eight weeks in Europe. Then I came home an' plunged into a lot of wild ridin' an' makin' western thrillers to get my nerves quieted down a bit.

Bein' somewhat of a busy man, I don't know much about vacations any more except as they are framed up an' indulged in out here in Hollywood.

It seems that Paris is the only real spot.

NOWHERE else in the world is there any chance for rest, at least, accordin' to the women folks. I know a lot of good hideaway spots an' a few quiet ranches where it seems to me 'most anybody could sure have a good time, pick up some weight an' come home feelin' fine. But that's just what they ain't a lookin' for. It's Paris or bust!

There ain't a girl out here in Hollywood who wouldn't give her right eye, or what have you, to get into Paris. But with a few exceptions here an' there, they haven't got the price. To them, Paris represents the greatest bargain sale of window shoppin' the world has got to offer. One of the principal reasons why most of 'em want to reach Paris is to mail picture postals of the Eiffel tower an' Napoleon's Tomb back to the old home town in Iowa and Kansas. Hollywood girls think Paris, talk Paris an' dream Paris, but go on a livin' in California, due to the high cost of ocean travel.

Then on the other hand there are the wives of a few picture stars, directors an' prosperous business men who can afford the trip—or their husbands can—it bein' the same thing. These girls really have no reason for seekin' Paris, except that the folks who can't go would consider them saps if they stayed at home. So, just to prove that they ain't saps, an' know what's good for 'em, they

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



"In expensive hotels, the beds are good to look at but not, accordin' to my way of thinkin', made for sleepin' purposes"



AT the left is Vivian, who drives a sky-blue roadster and parks three hours by a fire plug. At the right is Rosetta, who promised a black eye to a woman reporter who called her temperamental. Both Duncans live in Hollywood's Haunted House—and like it

The Song and Patter Kids

Presenting those Duncan girls, the delight of Kings and Princes but terror of traffic cops and directors

By
Dorothy Spensley

I'VE just been lunching with the Duncans. The delectable, delicious, adorable Duncans. Rosetta and Vivian, you know. Jake and Hymie to their friends.

The licorice and marshmallow children of "Topsy and Eva." The darlings of the American boards. The girls who knocked the Prince of Wales for a row of bowler hats. Who taxi-cabbed with Alfonso, King of Spain, through darkling London streets, with gray dawn plucking at the skirts of night.

Those native-born Los Angeles kids, unspoiled, unselfish, who have turned the theatrical world into two cocked hats and gone smartly marching on.

The song-and-patter darlings of the stage. The jazz-mongers of the two-a-day. The melody girls of the theatrical world.

Vivian came to the door, all blonde of curls in a green jersey dress. All smiles and one sly dimple. Blue eyes, like a wise angel's. A voice as tinkling as a golden harp.

This is the girl who danced with the Prince of Wales. This is lil' Eva, who harmonizes with Topsy in their famous songs. Who spanks a mean piano, and gurgles softly and then louder, to the wisecracks of the licorice one.



The licorice and marshmallow children who jazz and gag the old story of "Topsy and Eva"

"Do you think I look too worldly with my hair bobbed?" questions Rosetta of the thousands at the Hollywood Bowl Flood Relief Benefit. It was two days after Aimee McPherson's shingling. The audience howls, but high above their glee is the golden laugh of Vivian. Spontaneous laughter, honest admiration at the cleverness of her sister. That's the way it always is.

It is Vivian who drives the sky-blue sliver of a Roadster sixty miles an hour, turns in one-way streets and parks three hours by a fire plug. Who gathers traffic tags and hearts in one small fist, shoves them in a crowded vanity case, and promptly forgets them.

"Where do you girls get your pep?"

Vivian's nose, small and pert, wrinkled when she laughed.

"From pop." A joyous gurgle spiralled to the ceiling. "He's the peppiest person in the world. Gosh! He's suing everyone but the mayor." The gurgle hung itself on the chandelier.

"I'm sorry Rosetta is ill today. She's down at the beach house. Took cold, I think. Now she's taking aspirin. She's much more interesting than I am."

The telephone at her left jingled. "Hello," answered Vivian. Her voice was *basso profundo*. "Do you wish to talk to Miss Vivian?" Chaliapin's tones could not have been deeper. "Just a moment, please."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

Old Jobs

Today they're stars, but yes-men, grocery boys

By Agnes Smith



Victor McLaglen went into Bagdad with the British Army. He was so big and strong and fierce that they made him Chief of Police—tata-ta-ta-ta. And, oh Fatima, what a job *that* was!

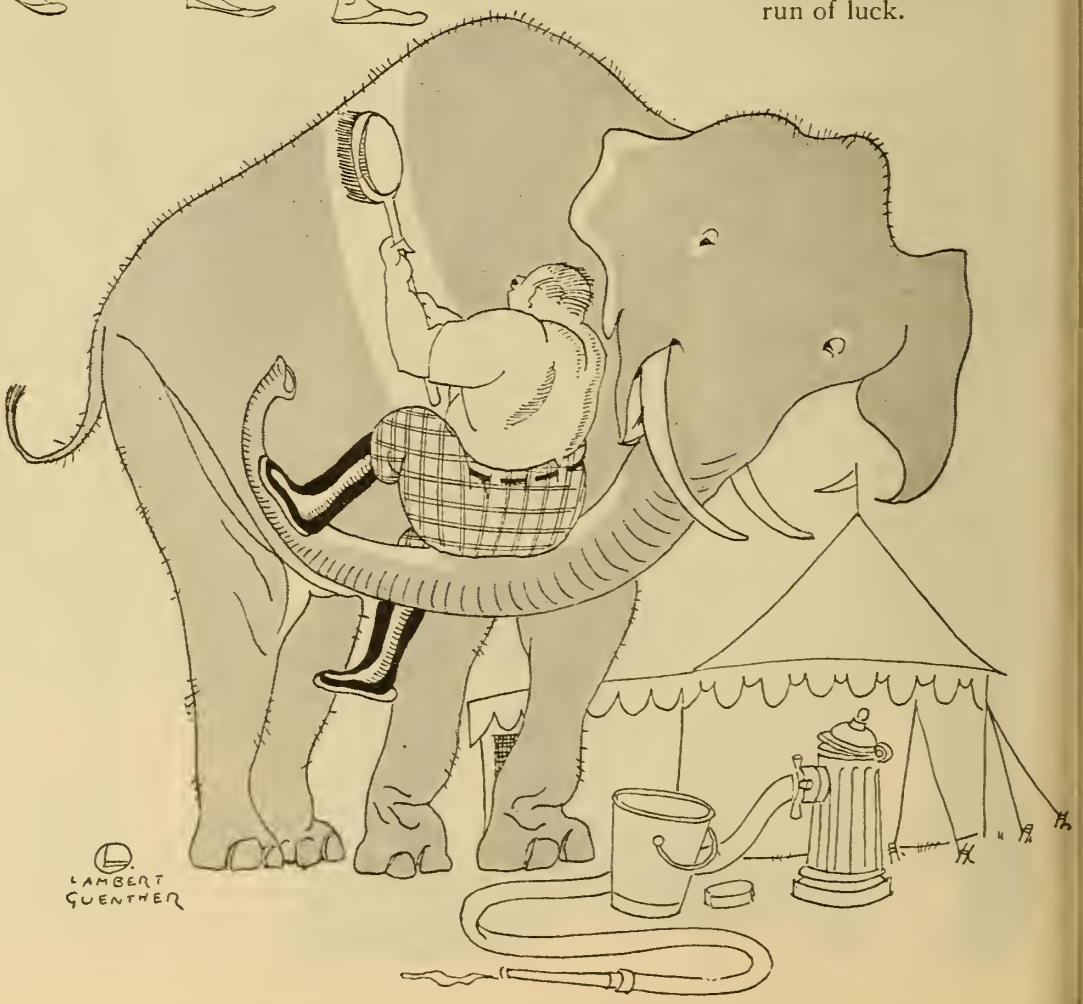
COULD John Gilbert persuade you to buy tires for your automobile? Or could William Haines sell you a bond? Or would you like Adolphe Menjou to trim the shrubs in your back yard? Or how about taking piano lessons from Ramon Novarro?

Don't all speak at once.

This is the story of the boys and a few girls who did some tall hustling at odd jobs—very odd jobs—before they struck gold in Hollywood. It's a story of the stars before they had to worry about income taxes, before they knew where their next Rolls-Royce was coming from.

It proves nothing at all, except that life is sometimes directed by a celestial Mack Sennett.

All Hollywood knows the story of Jack Gilbert's venture into salesmanship. Jack had tried the films, as director, scenario writer and actor. He was a clever fellow, even in those days, but he had a bad run of luck.



Wallace Beery told the circus manager that he wanted to do something big and clean in this world. The circus manager told him to go wash an elephant. That's how he earned *his* honest dollars

for New

terday they were sales- or gardeners

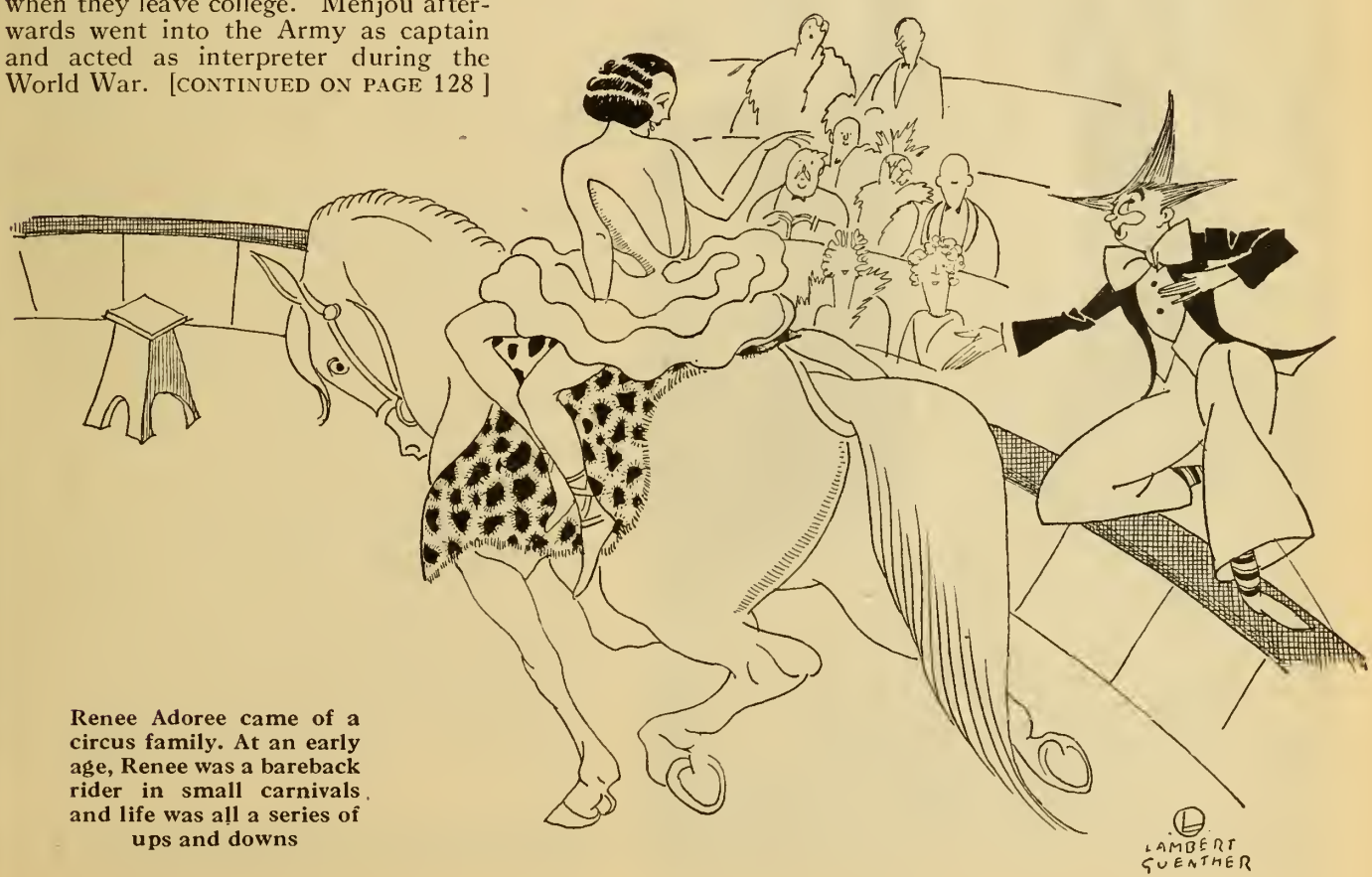
Gilbert had an offer of a film job in New York, but he refused because Leatrice Joy, then his wife, was working on the West Coast. To fill out a spare season, Gilbert took a job with the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company. He was through with the screen forever—so he thought. But he changed his mind and Mr. Goodrich lost a so-so salesman.

Down in Durango, Mexico, not so many years ago, an artistic boy, who hoped to be an opera singer, thought he would make a little pin money by giving lessons in piano and singing. Mr. Samoniegos guided stumbling fingers through Czerny's exercises until he had saved enough money to join the Marion Morgan dancers in Los Angeles. These days, he is Mr. Novarro and he's taking singing lessons himself.

All one summer, Adolphe Menjou annoyed the weeds on the Astor estate. It was only an episode in an eventful career that began when Menjou graduated from Cornell University. It was one of those things that boys do when they leave college. Menjou afterwards went into the Army as captain and acted as interpreter during the World War. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



The A. E. F. needed two-fisted, fighting chaplains, so Fred Thomson joined up and went to France, where, you may be sure, there was a preacher's work to be done



Renee Adoree came of a circus family. At an early age, Renee was a bareback rider in small carnivals, and life was all a series of ups and downs

LADIES in HADES



By
Frederic Arnold Kummer



Illustrated by Gordon Ross

Scheherazade discusses padlocked wives

QUEEN SCHEHERAZADE arrived at Eve's house for the second meeting of the Hades Ladies Club somewhat out of breath.

She had been held up at the door, it appeared, by Mr. Casanova and Captain Potiphar, both very much the worse for liquor, and had experienced great difficulty in getting away from them.

"I hope I'm not late," she gasped. "Fancy those two old birds, so tight they could hardly stand up, insisting on crashing the party! Mr. Casanova is terrible—runs after every girl in Hades. He certainly did look funny in those eighteenth-century barberpole pants of his, trying to make love to a lamp post. As for Captain Potiphar—well—the uniform of the Memphis Mounted Marines may have been impressive in King Tut's day, but when you are sitting in an ash can—"

"The wretch!" Mrs. Potiphar cried. "And he told me he was going to a lodge meeting! Wait till I get hold of him!"

"Ladies—ladies!" Eve pounded on the table with her golden apple to bring the members to order. "We have been promised a little talk tonight by Queen Scheherazade, the well known author of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Her subject is, 'Should Wives Be Padlocked?' I feel sure we are going to have a treat."

Scheherazade leaned back in her chair with a smile.

"Don't get nervous, girls," she said. "I'm not going to bore you with the history of my life. But since our worthy president has mentioned my record as a long-distance bedtime entertainer, I know you will be interested to learn how it happened that I had to lie awake telling my husband stories for a thousand and one nights. It certainly wasn't just to hear the sound of my voice.

"My husband, Shariar—he wasn't my husband then, although he had had enough wives to know how to treat one—was Sultan of Arabia at the

"Isn't that like a man?" said Lucrezia Borgia. "My second husband was always dashing off and leaving me at home"

Eve calls the second meeting of the club to order and another siren of history tells her story



"The bobbed hair cutie took the two Sultans into the bushes"

time of which I speak, with headquarters at Bagdad. And his brother Shahzenan held down the same job in Persia.

"One day Shariar, who hadn't heard from his brother for some time, decided he would like to see him. So he wrote him a letter and invited him down to the Big City for a couple of months, to take in the sights. There were some nifty new shows in town, he said, and one of the night clubs had just put on a nautch girl dancing act from India that was the limit.

"When Shahzenan read the letter he decided that a trip to Bagdad was just what he needed. He had been working very hard at the sultan business all winter and felt that a change would do him good. So he wrote back telling his brother he would take the next caravan. He did not think it best to bring Mrs. Shahzenan, he said, because she didn't care for night clubs and anyway she wasn't much of a traveller, and the motion of a camel made her sick."

"Isn't that just like a man?" Lucrezia Borgia interrupted. "My second husband was the same way. Always dashing off somewhere and leaving me home. That's why I had to get rid of him. But I gave him a beautiful funeral."

"Ladies—ladies!" Eve exclaimed. "Please do not interrupt."

"So one afternoon a couple of weeks later," Scheherazade went on, "Shahzenan kissed his wife goodbye and promised to write and climbed on his camel. But he had no more than reached camp the first night, when he discovered that his Head Valet had forgotten to pack the new silk pajamas he had ordered especially for his trip to Bagdad.

"This made Shahzenan very sore, and after having cut the valet's ears off and given the rest of the servants a good bawling out, he said the only way to get anything done right was to do it yourself, and he would ride back to town and get those pajamas before he went another step. It was necessary, for the sake of the family, to make a good impression in Bagdad, he said.

"When he got to the palace and sneaked in the back way so as not to disturb his wife, he was considerably surprised to find a party going on in the harem. It was not a large party—just Mrs. Shahzenan and the palace gold-fish polisher—but it was a snappy one. The wife was all dressed up in a pink chiffon handkerchief and was teaching her boy friend how to do the Samarcand Slide. There was also a jug of Shahzenan's best private stock on the table. Naturally he was peevish.

"'It is bad enough,' he said to the young man, drawing his scimitar, 'to find you making love to my wife, although I can get another wife without much trouble. But where do you think I am going to get any more of that pre-Babylonian liquor?' So he carved up Mrs. Shahzenan and her boy friend as neatly as possible and threw them out of the window.

"When he got back to the caravan he did not say anything about what had happened, but his spirits

How the Arabian Nights really got their start

were low. It hurt his feelings to think how he had trusted that woman, giving her the key to the royal wine cellar and everything. Women, he said, are a deceitful lot, and he was through with them.

"Shariar, who came down to the Bagdad caravan station to meet him, saw that his brother was not feeling so peppy, but he did not ask any questions, thinking maybe Shahzenan might have got hold of some bad stuff on the way down. He had arranged several big parties for the first week, but Shahzenan wouldn't go to any of them. He was tired out, he said, and wanted a few days' rest.

"One night, not long after his arrival in Bagdad, he was sitting in his room reading the evening paper and reflecting on the general worthlessness of women, when he heard quite a racket outside his window.

"Everybody in the palace supposed he had gone with the rest of the bunch to see the new Senegambian Scandals, so of course the place was very quiet.

"Hearing the noise, Shahzenan took a peep through his window lattice and almost fell into the rose bushes. There was Mrs. Shariar, tastefully enveloped in her birthday suit, taking a swim in the big marble pool.

"She was not alone, either. There was quite a bevy of boys and girls with her, and Shahzenan decided he had not missed a thing by staying home from the show. Bagdad society, he said to himself, was certainly *ne plus ultra*, not to say modern. Mrs. Shariar and her friends were acting as though husbands were something no lady ever bothered about, until the rent came due. When they began some serious petting, Shahzenan fell back into his chair with a groan.

"'This marriage business,' he said, 'is like Santa Claus. You've got to be in your second childhood to believe in it. Here I've been looking on myself as the only original easy mark, and poor brother Shariar is getting the same sort of a deal. Can you beat it?'

"When Shariar came in about four A. M., feeling somewhat the worse for wear, and began to frame up a story to tell his wife about his chariot having developed tire trouble, Shahzenan sprang the glad news.

"'You could have knocked me for a row of Turkish tabourets,' he said, 'when I saw you were in the cuckoo class too. What's the answer?'

"Shariar took the royal battle-axe off its hook behind the door.

"'Well,' he said, 'I suppose I have got to do what every husband ought to under the circumstances provided his wife doesn't beat him to it. I have not slept well since I took out that last life insurance policy.'"

Mrs. Potiphar, who had been trying vainly to catch Eve's eye, sprang to her feet.

"I do not wish to appear hypercritical," she exclaimed, "but it seems to me that the wives in this story are getting a very raw deal. If I had been Mrs. Shariar, and my husband had—"

"Sit down—sit down!" came in chorus from the other members. "You're out of order!"

"After the obsequies," Queen Scheherazade went on, "the two brothers had a talk.

"'As Sultans,' Shariar said, 'we are certainly a couple of false alarms. We shut our wives up in their harems, thinking they are having a big time darning the royal socks, and the moment our backs are turned they make monkeys of us, just like anybody else. All women are deceivers. I'm off them for life.'

"'What do you say,' Shahzenan suggested, 'if we give up being Sultans for a while and go on a pilgrimage? As far as I am concerned I feel like travelling. And I am not coming back until I find a husband who has been given a worse deal than I have. How about it?'

"Shariar said he thought it was a great idea. Women no longer interested him. He didn't care if he never came back.

"'Look here, Ali Baba.'

[CONT'D ON PAGE 133]



Shariar and Shahzenan were afraid that the lady would wake up her husband and that he might fail to understand

BEFORE *and* AFTER Using



Here and in the center picture you see the weak, wan Greta before she discovered Cod Liver Oil





Revealing what fresh vegetables, plus milk, cream and plenty of fruit did for the languishing Greta

WHEN late in the spring Greta Garbo, during the filming of "Love," taken from Tolstoi's masterpiece, "Anna Karenina," became suddenly ill and left the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, it was not temperament. It was anemia and very nearly pernicious anemia at that.

Greta was very, very sick. Intestinal flu complicated the diagnosis. For five weeks her doctors kept her under constant supervision. They forced her to rest. They forced her to get plenty of fresh salt air and sunshine and vigorously they made her follow a diet.

Six weeks on the diet and Greta returned to the studio, a radiant, vital Greta. She had gained nearly fifteen pounds in weight and had acquired pep. Fancy the languid, cool Greta with vitality and a joy of living! That was the Greta who returned to work.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials were worried. Would this sparkle affect the torrid Garbo box-office appeal? Frightened they watched a laughing Greta face the camera. And then they relaxed.

For, from far across the big lot Mr. John Gilbert hurried. Production plans stopped immediately. Mr. Gilbert announced in no uncertain words that star or no star he was going to be Greta's leading man in "Love" or he just wouldn't play.

The officials watched. But Greta didn't say she thought she would go home now. Instead she announced to Ruth Harriet Louise, the studio photographer, that she wanted some romantic pictures taken with Mr. Gilbert.

Thus the gentle peace of a fat bank balance came to the turbulent souls of Louis B. Mayer and Irving Thalberg, and all, including Greta, was well.

Here's the diet Greta followed.

Cod Liver Oil, 5 cc—a spoonful—four times daily for supplying Vitamin A. Butter, five or six pats daily on vegetables or whole wheat bread, made with milk instead of water. At least six glasses of milk and one-half pint of cream. Three yolks of eggs, containing Mr. B. Vegetables daily, especially tomatoes in any form, for they are full of Vitamin C. Then spinach (A and B), lettuce, cabbage, fresh and raw, carrots, string beans, cauliflower, endive, peas, sweet potatoes and hubbard squash. Fruits daily to furnish more A, the best being oranges, lemons, grapefruit, raspberries and apples, preferably as apple sauce.

The meats will astonish you—liver and kidneys, and next to them sweetbreads and brains.

Bread, four slices a day. Generous helpings of vegetables were furnished and about a quarter of a pound of red meat added to ordinary servings of the liver.

Gossip of All *the*



Senor Jaime Martinez del Rio overcomes his camera shyness and poses for his first professional picture with his wife, Dolores. Senor del Rio wants to make good as a scenario writer



"Cigars, Cigarettes!" In "After Midnight" Norma Shearer is seen as one of those picturesque night club employees who charge you thirty cents for a fifteen cent package of smokes and then take the change from a dollar for a tip—after midnight

A NEW difficulty confronts Lon Chaney. There's a city ordinance in effect in Los Angeles that demands a dollar tax from anyone who in his vocation "wears disguises or false faces." And Lon is known as "The Man of a Thousand Faces." "Should I," said Lon when I met him in his make-up for "Mockery," "pay them one dollar or a thousand?"

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and Captain Alastair Mackintosh have decided to let the divorce courts make their temporary separation a permanent one.

Anita Stewart is going to cut the legal tie that binds her to Rudolph Cameron. Anita and Rudolph have been separated for years.

But Colleen Moore and First National have made up and everything is sweet and amiable once more.

EMIL JANNINGS cut his wrist during the making of "Hitting to Heaven." The accident occurred during the height of the 10 per cent salary cut agitation.

Rushing into the office of Jesse Lasky, Jannings held up his injured hand. "See, Mr. Lasky," he shouted. "I have taken the cut."

THE latest marriage in the film colony, to be recorded this month, is that of Renee Adoree to William S. Gill, Los Angeles tailor. They've both been married before, Renee to Tom Moore. They skipped to the judge's chambers with Tom Meighan and Mrs. Walter McGrail, and they do say that Renee did not tell her other swains of her plans. That should make Douglas Gilmore, Rudolph Friml and Gaston Glass sad.

AND Jane Winton, so beautiful, married Charles Kenyon, a scenario writer. It was a hurried wedding, although they have known each other for years, and Jane used her mother's wedding ring in sentiment and haste. Privately, I have a suspicion that Charles did a Lochinvar and carried Jane away from her interest in Lee Kent, who is Ruth Roland's former husband.

Then Lee Moran, the comedian, secured a license to wed Bernice Beatrice Sibeck, after which they will sail for the land of leis, Hawaii, honeymooners' delight. And isn't it?

NOW we come to the wedding of weddings, the ceremony of ceremonies, the supreme achievement of Sam Goldwyn's

Studios *By* Cal York



The trailing tea gown goes the way of other long skirts. The pajama suit is the newest indoor garb. Louise Brooks sports a chartreuse velvet jacket with jade green satin trousers



Renee Adoree de la Fonte is now Mrs. Sherman Gill. It was one of the surprise weddings of the month. Mr. Gill is a merchant in Los Angeles. Send along your congratulations

career as master showman, impresario of producers, maestro of super-productions.

The wedding of Vilma Banky to Roderick Ross La Rocque, with hundreds of fans storming the entrance to the little Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. To the bridesmaids—Monique La Rocque, Rod's sister, in Nile green, Mildred Davis Lloyd in orchid, Bebe Daniels in green, Diana Kane in orchid, Constance Talmadge in green, Frances Howard in orchid. To Mrs. Abraham Lehr, matron of honor, in peach gown and hat.

To the ushers, Harold Lloyd, Jack Holt, Victor Varconi, Donald Crisp, Ronald Colman and George Fitzmaurice. To Cecil B. De Mille as best man. To the five-tiered wedding cake, containing the legendary thimble, penny and ring. To the turkeys, which no one ate, and certainly they are not fattening.

To Lohengrin's wedding march, played twice before the bride could struggle through the waiting crowds to reach Rod's side.

And lastly to Vilma, all in white, with tulle and crepe and orange blossoms forming a bridal swirl of loveliness to frame the pale gold of her hair and the lines of her young body.

It was without a doubt the loveliest, albeit pretentious, wedding the colony has ever attended.

TOM MIX, dressed to the last minute and wearing silk hat instead of his usual sombrero of the ten-gallon variety, was the sensation of the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding when he wheeled up to the church in a mid-Victorian coach drawn by four pure white horses and with two cowboys in full regalia on the box.

As Tom was entering his coach after the ceremony he nonchalantly brushed his topper with his elbow and remarked:

"Wouldn't be atall surprised if I was the only feller here wearing his own outfit."

WHAT bothered Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque more than matching the diamonds in the narrow wedding circlet, was where to go on their honeymoon, away from the adoring but inquisitive eyes of their public.

"Oh, ve do not know where to go," said Vilma, in a white sports outfit, to me, shortly before the wedding. "Always there are people, which is nice, but not on a honeymoon." (And the silken way she pronounced honeymoon!) "Maybe



Leila Hyams and Myrna Loy feel perfectly safe in doing any kind of stunt on the surf board, because the dog guarding them is not just any old dog, but Rin-Tin-Tin. They're taking him along to the beach to act as life guard



Bebe Daniels is feeling simply slick. Gertrude Ederle greased up Bebe in this Channel swimming suit for Bebe's film, "Swim, Girl, Swim." Trudy will make her bow before the camera in this picture

ve should take one person with us to show us where there is solitude." Then, as an afterthought, and with a smile:

"Lindbergh, perhaps."

They finally decided on a motor tour of the Canadian northwest.

SAM GOLDWYN gave away the bride at the Banky-La Rocque wedding. This you have undoubtedly gleaned from the papers. But the real reason why Vilma was twenty minutes late has just come to light.

It was because Sam, we are informed, was counting the gate.

HERE'S another one on the Vilma Banky-Rod La Rocque wedding. A girl-friend asked Vilma what she was going to name her first child.

"I don't know," answered Vilma, "you will have to ask Sam Goldwyn."

"DREHER fele malatasor a legg jobb!" the sign yelled, blue letteredly, from the wall of the Hungarian bar room in "The Stolen Bride."

"Who's making this picture?" queried the first extra who had just wandered onto the set.

"George Fitzmaurice, I guess," answered the second, squinting at the last three words of the sign.

It was Alexander Korda's first American picture, but Fitzmaurice's name as a director of distinction and beautiful women had gone before him.

JAMES CRUZE'S first film for De Mille will be a special called "The Pioneer Woman." When Will Rogers made his burlesque called "Two Wagons—Both Covered" he inserted a subtitle that read: "While the women did the work, the men went down into history." So, evidently, Cruze is going to take the hint and give the feminine side of struggles of the Forty-Niners.

NICE little birthday gift, this. Frank Borzage gave his wife a yacht. It used to be called Apache, not a wild craft at all, but a neat sea-going little vessel. He's going to have it repainted, completely overhauled and will call it "The Renee," of course.

Which reminds me that Jack Gilbert's yacht is named "The Temptress." Let's be dumb and pretend we don't remember the name of the Garbo's first American picture. Shall we?

THE Greta Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance is once again in full swing and rumors of a wedding are again rife.

A NEW ailment in Hollywood. More dire than Kleig eyes. It's something like this curious "high hat" disease. A pugilistic friend of mine, gone motion picture, explained it.

"Dat guy is punch goofy," he said, thumbing to a limousined star. "Been slapped on the chin with too many powder puffs."

IN Hollywood, the hit-and-run drivers have become so expert that not even the sidewalks afford much protection, as Ruth Chatterton can testify.

While she was standing at Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue, waiting for her own car which was to take her to her home in Beverly Hills where her husband, Ralph Forbes, was waiting for his dinner, a hit-and-run driver climbed right up on the sidewalk, knocked her down and went on his merry way. The actress was not badly hurt.

WALTER WINCHELL has discovered a girl so dumb that, when the night club was raided, she thought it was a signal for a Paul Jones.

JACKIE SAUNDERS, who is Mrs. J. Ward Cohen in private life, has been cast in her most important rôle by Dr. Stork. She is the mother of a lovely baby daughter, Maryann Jane.

STOPPED for a chat with Tom Mix when he was confined to his bed following an injury received when his horse crushed his leg against a rock. Tom didn't seem to feel so bad.

He showed me his leg and remarked that this new accident had given him unusual distinction—that his leg now had more embroidery on it than any other in existence.

With the 'steen stitches that the accident had added it brings Tom's total up to well over the one hundred-and-twenty mark. Not so bad for just one leg, eh?



A chip off the old monocle. You don't need ten guesses to learn whose little boy *this* is. Naturally it is Josef Eric von Stroheim, Jr., stealing some of papa's best stuff. We wonder if he will follow in his dad's footsteps?

I WONDER what Mae Murray will say when she returns from Africa and finds that her title—"The Peacock of Hollywood"—has been usurped by Adolphe Menjou, and this by popular acclaim. Which reminds me of another.

I saw a handsome flask the other day given by Menjou to Director Luther Reed at Christmas time. On it is inscribed: "FROM ADOLPHE MENJOU to LUTHER REED." Adolphe has a sense of humor.

CREDIT another to Bancroft and Conklin.
"Did you see 'Beau Geste'?" asked George.
"No," replied Chester.
"Why not? It's been playing for over half a year."
"That's nothing," whanged back Chester. "There are rivers in Africa that have been running for five thousand years and I may never see them."

THE ten college boys have arrived, some in Filene togs, others in Sears-Roebuck, all with sheik haircuts, to spend the summer vacation as First National players, and those who are most Dix-like, or embodiments of Gilbert, will remain to dance with the girls at Montmartre. And to receive fan mail. If they are all bum actors, and they can't be, they will return in the fall to their Greek. And I don't mean a restaurant.

IT'S all settled, amicably, between Belle Bennett and Sam Goldwyn, the producer, who had her under exclusive contract. The contract is broken and Belle shall be allowed to wend her way to what she considers bigger and better parts.

THERE seems to be no limit to the versatility of some picture people.

In Hollywood, recently, rather than close a synagogue during the summer vacation of the rabbi, the congregation decided to carry on with the services in charge of John Stone, a Paramount scenarist, Sol Wurtzel, western manager of the Fox Film Corporation, and Louis Lipshitz, scenario editor of the same organization.

WIRE received by the editor—sent by Marshall Neilan: "The chap that saved Blanche (Blanche Sweet—Mrs. Neilan) at Santa Monica Beach, and left me to drown, must have had a good sense of picture values. I suggest you hire him as a critic."



Do your legs match your shoes? Rita Carewe discards her stockings and simply has her legs polished to harmonize with her shoes. It's a grand idea—in California climate—and enthusiastically endorsed by bootblacks

MACK SENNETT, since you ask, is building a new studio in San Fernando Valley, some five or six miles from Hollywood. All the dear little bathing girls will be there. It's only fifteen miles from the water.

THE houses of Hoot Gibson, Charlie Ray, and Norman Kerry, in Beverly Hills are within a stone's throw of one another, but Charlie Ray's public among the birds of the air seems to be larger than that of either of his neighbors. He has the largest bird-house. It's an exact reproduction, upon a much reduced scale, of the house in which he lives.

TO find somebody who is connected with the silent drama and who does not talk enough is an unusual experience, to say the least, but it is an experience which has befallen Evelyn Brent, according to her suit for divorce, filed recently against her husband, B. F. Fineman, a production manager for Famous Players-Lasky.

Miss Brent alleges that Fineman, to whom she was married in 1922, has been in the habit of speaking to her but seldom of late and that when he did speak to her it was usually for the purpose of telling her that she was spending too much money.

CONVERSATION eavesdropped in a Park Avenue restaurant:
"I'm going to Europe next month."
"Have you booked passage?"
"Not yet."
"Then be sure to get an inside cabin."
"But I thought the outside ones were the nicest."
"Oh, dear no! I had an outside cabin last month, and I couldn't sleep, what with the airplanes whizzing back and forth."

SOMETHING new in featured teams. Little Junior Coughlan, the eleven year old De Mille actor, and Rudolph Schildkraut, of the Schildkrauts, are going to be featured soon in "Harp in Hock."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



THE first of the youth brigade. Olive Borden was in the vanguard of the overwhelming army of youthful film invaders. And she stood her ground. Olive is now engaged in starring in "Pajamas." Which should be cause for hymns. And you know just what we mean.

I Spent a *MILLION* to Dress Up

By Charles Ray



When Charlie wore clothes like this, he averaged over six hundred "fan" letters a week

ONCE in the dear dead days beyond recall, Raymond Hitchcock used to sing a song which I would like to make the text upon which to hang a few remarks. I have forgotten the title of this lyric that Benjamin Hapgood Burt wrote, but I can never forget the refrain which ran: "All dressed up and no place to go." Nor can I forget the blended comedy and pathos with which Mr. Hitchcock sang it.

There's a reason why this should stick in my memory. In fact, there are more than a million reasons why it should so stick. For I, myself, spent more than a million dollars to dress up—and, after I had dressed up, I found I hadn't a single gol-darned place to go.

But I had a place to go when I first went into pictures for $35 a week, and I have a place to go now that, as a free-lance actor, I am drawing more than $3,500 a week. To my present goal I am going as fast as I can, but it is not of the present nor of the remote past that I would like to tell you through PHOTOPLAY. Rather, it is of the years between. Because, in the hitherto unwritten history of those years, there is much of that best kind of comedy—the kind that lies close to a tear. There is more of the stuff of encouragement which may help some other pursuer of an ideal, some other restless chaser of a dream, to keep true to his ideal and his dream and so, before the end, snatch victory from defeat.



When he put on soup and fish, his mail dropped to nothing

One thing that warms my heart in the telling is the memory that at two crucial points in my career I found doors of opportunity opened to me by men who would not have lifted a hand for me if they had not done me the honor to believe I was an artist first, a business man afterward; that my work meant more to me than money, and that though I wanted money—as who of us does not?—I wanted much more, oh, so much more, to do the best work of which I was capable.

I hope that does not sound high-falutin'. I don't mean it to be. But I'm not a professional writer, I'm a professional actor, and I'm conscious that when it comes to expressing myself in words I am not an expert. But I am sincere. And I feel I am not the only person in the world who hates to have sincerity mistaken for gush.

Certainly, neither of those two men who helped me was a gusher. Each was a hard-headed picture producer, but each showed he had—like so many other business men have—the soul of an artist. One is alive now, so I won't mention his name. He has no more use for flattery than I have. The other has gone where no words of mine can reach him. This was Tom Ince. He gave me my start. I'll never forget him or cease to be grateful.

And I'll never forget the start. I was eighteen. I'd been in a dramatic school. And then, all up and down the Pacific [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

Two Girls Who



Lupe Velez rushed right in

EVEN in Hollywood there are many kinds of luck. There is, for instance, the luck of Lupe Velez. Lupe was one of the two "unknowns" selected for a leading rôle in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Gaucho."

Little Mexican Lupe is black-haired, black-eyed, slender, small and untamed. Lupe comes from Mexico—from the seething, turbulent Mexico of incessant warfare.

Lupe took her first whirl at Art by dancing in the *cantinas* of Mexico City. She was a riot from the start.

Her fame spread over the border and Richard Bennett sent for her to play in the Los Angeles production of "The Dove." When Lupe reached Los Angeles, all set for the drama, Bennett had changed his mind.

"I don't care," said Lupe. "If I fail at one thing I have no time to cry. I'll try something else."

The "something else" was a dancing act. Several producers saw Lupe with much resultant telephoning.

FOR days Lupe made "tests" and then Hal Roach gave her a job in comedies. Lupe's stay in comedies was short because Fairbanks heard about her and demanded more tests.

Lupe prayed. Her mamma, her sister and her six Chihuahua dogs all prayed. "For," explains Lupe simply, "if I did not get the part, we did not eat."

The prayers of the Velez family were so excessively fervent that Lupe not only got a job with Fairbanks, but Florenz Ziegfeld wired her an offer to play in the "Follies" on the same day. And she picked the job with Fairbanks.

"I will never fail," she crows. "If one will not be beaten there is always a way to success. I am so happy. I make my whole family happy—my mother, my brother, my sister, my six Chihuahua dogs.

"One English word I never learn —*can't*. I can do anything—not so very good, but I do it—swim, ride, act, anything. Anything except show my feet. Those are ugly. Bare feet I stop at. Nothing else."

How are you going to beat a girl like that?

Got the Breaks

Eve Southern waited ten years

AND there is the luck of Eve Southern, so different from the sudden, whirlwind luck of Lupe Velez. Eve is the girl selected to be the heroine of "The Gaucho."

When you hear the story of Eve Southern, it almost seems as though the girl had no luck at all. For five years or more, Miss Southern has been the face on the cutting room floor, the heroine of unfinished or shelved pictures.

Ten years ago she came to Hollywood and D. W. Griffith gave her a small part in "Intolerance." Because of her accent he called her "that Southern girl." Hence her name. Griffith liked her work, but he stopped work for a time. Eve went back to Texas to cultivate her voice.

But she couldn't forget the movies and she returned. Rupert Hughes "discovered" her again and gave her a prominent part in the picture he was directing. The old Goldwyn company was suspended and merged with Metro. The Hughes picture was shelved and Eve's chances were shelved with it.

The girl with the remarkable, tragic eyes next attracted the attention of Chaplin. He gave her a rôle in Edna Purviance's picture, "The Sea Gull." Charlie never finished the film.

EDWIN CAREWE, looking about for someone to play the *Countess* in "Resurrection," selected Eve. The film had to be cut and something had to be left out. Miss Southern was that something.

"That was the greatest disappointment of those ten years," says Eve. "I could not help but believe that Fate never meant me to succeed in pictures. It seemed so hopeless. So I prayed. It was the only thing I could do. I prayed all night, prayed for a chance, prayed that all my hard work, all my experience, all my disappointments of those ten years might not all go for nothing."

The prayer was answered. While the public never saw Eve's work in "Resurrection," Fairbanks did. The morning after her prayer, Eve was called for the pure, spiritual girl in "The Gaucho."

How are you going to beat a girl like that?





Joseph Kennedy, the screen's newest executive and its leading family man



Robert Kennedy



Patricia Kennedy



Eunice Kennedy

Intimate Visits to the Homes of *Famous Film* Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"

ONE snowy day in February of last year four hurried men emerged from the Harvard Club in New York's Forty-fourth street and started to board a taxicab while porters piled luggage and golf bags about them. The hurrying four had fifteen minutes in which to catch the Havana Limited which was to bear them to Palm Beach.

A page boy dashed out as the taxi started.

"Phone call for Mr. Kennedy—they say it's important."

Kennedy stopped the cab and went back into the club. A few moments later he emerged and addressed his waiting companions.

"Sorry, but you fellows will have to go on to Florida without me. I'm going to Boston tonight. I seem to have bought a motion picture company."

Kennedy sent his bag back into the club and turned his steps toward Broadway.

Presently the trade press and newspapers announced that one Joseph P. Kennedy, mostly banker, mostly of Boston, had taken over control of R-C Pictures Corporation and the Film Booking Offices, Inc. Within the industry there was that coloration of expression which admitted that there was a touch of the extraordinary in the advent of a man of the type.

"A banker!" commented Marcus Loew in one of his waggish moments. "A banker?—why I thought this business was just for furriers."

Also, while there may not be much in a name there is a considerable atmosphere about the name of Kennedy for the older and dominant figures of the motion picture world, because of that other and unrelated Kennedy, "Fighting" Jeremiah J. Kennedy, the iron boss of the old Motion Picture Patents Company, the first to put the hand of discipline on the Industry. "Kennedy" stands for order—and punch—in the motion picture mind, no matter who wears the name.

Further in the year of 1926 there were other and special aspects of the coming of this Joseph P. Kennedy into the films. Every other important chieftain of the contemporary screen world could plead extenuating circumstances and accident to account for his presence in the industry. None of them committed cinema deliberately. Carl Laemmle fired himself from a clothing store and stumbled into the nickelodeon business while looking for a new job. William Fox made an overlap dissolve from clothing sponging to arcade operation. Marcus Loew let David Warfield introduce him to the Mutoscope. Adolph Zukor loaned money to an arcade investor and had to take the business to save his money. Jesse Lasky loaned his good name to a friend who wanted to start a producing company. But this Joseph Patrick Kennedy, in the full maturity of age, 38, with a career of business success behind him in such unrelated concerns as banking and shipbuilding, came in the amusement world and the motion pictures deliberately, consciously and with his eyes open.

REALLY something new and different had happened in the motion picture industry. It may as well be admitted that the motion picture institution is an odd, wild organism, and it knows it. It is a vast, intricate machine of costly operations, the sole final activity of which is selling the public and the theater their own state of mind about a shadow on the screen—and then taking the shadow away to sell to some one else. The motion picture is really so intangible that anything, or nothing may be true about it, and often is. Its ways have been supposed to be mysterious, controlled entirely by some deep combination of luck, magic and genius. No outsider is farther outside than in the film business. It has developed a language and a logic of its own. It has bookkeeping that has driven strong

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Kathleen Kennedy



Rosemary Kennedy



John Kennedy



Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Jr.

Joseph Patrick Kennedy, Harvard graduate and banker, brings Americanism and substantiality to the industry

auditors insane, and it has processes of mental mathematics that leave Einstein tied to the metaphorical mast.

Now comes this banking person Kennedy, and a very young person at that, with freckles on his face and nonchalance in his manner. And he comes not as a sideline observer watching a loan, nor as an angel hopefully backing a star-to-be, nor by any of the other many sidedoor entrances, but bolting in at the main gate, acting as though he knows just what he is doing. Apparently he does.

THE movie world began to size up this Kennedy discreetly and wonder. Some prophesied he would "last quick," and leave his roll behind him. But time went on and it appeared that after all it was just possible that Kennedy had actually come into the motion picture industry for the purpose of operating a motion picture concern, which is a novelty. Meanwhile the somewhat wavering and uncertain corporation, with many problems and difficulties before it, has taken its own substantial place in the industry and this Joseph Patrick Kennedy is no longer exactly an outsider.

Back of all this and leading up to it are many stories, and some of them intricate beyond the telling here. Just for instance there is the story of the Graham Trading Company of Glasgow in Scotland, which arose three centuries ago in the prosperity of the traffic in the red fruity wines of Portugal, and then all at once found itself in possession of a motion picture company in New York, just because of a bank clerk's error in London. And there is the story of the rise and fall of the once impressive Mutual Film Corporation and the passing of its relics into the hopper of sales and reorganizations. Also there is the endless saga of the adventures of Patrick A. Powers, a founder of Universal and subsequently a petrel of film finance flitting through some of the components of what is now the F. B. O. Picture Corporation.

But this is, after all, the story of Joseph Patrick Kennedy, president of F. B. O., and it begins where he began, on September 6, 1888, in East Boston, son of the Hon. Patrick J. Kennedy, banker and legislator.

In East Boston young Mr. Joseph Kennedy, somewhere about his fourteenth year, with a summer vacation from school to spend, decided to go into business in a serious way. With the indiscretion of youth he decided on an enterprise that he could put his heart into—the candy business. The S.S. Excelsior was running tourist excursions out of East Boston to points of interest about Massachusetts Bay and Boston Harbor. Kennedy went to sea on that adventurous craft as a vendor of sweets. This business would have been all right if he had merely put his heart into it. He got his teeth in, too. At the end of the season he had gained ten pounds in weight, and a careful audit supervised by the Hon. Patrick J. Kennedy revealed that all the profits had gone under the belt of the proprietor in terms of adipose tissue. About then young Mr. Kennedy, candy merchant, learned about balance sheets and their relation to what Broadway calls "heavy sugar."



Last but not least, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy

The best place to study the habits of the dollar is right where it lives. So young Mr. Kennedy began to spend his vacations from the Boston Latin School working in banks, first as an errand boy and presently as a clerk. He began to learn things about exchange and discounts and bills of acceptance and loans and accounting with all of its curious abstractions by which bankers can reduce any business whatsoever in any language to a column of figures which tell it all.

THERE was no necessity for it, but Kennedy got so businesslike that he determined to pay his own way through Harvard. He entered the university in 1908 and proceeded to finance his collegiate career by a new enterprise, again exploiting the tourist. He established a sight-seeing bus to show the classic spots of adjacent New England landscape to the visiting school marms and other travelers. This bus was handsomely christened "The Spirit of '76," operated under Kennedy management and equipped with a lecturer whose pearly words were dictated by that same ambitious student. Bunker Hill Monument and the "Minute Men" guarding the bridge at Lexington put Kennedy through Harvard.

The records indicate that while Kennedy stood well in his class of '12 at Harvard he was no grind. He spent a deal of time in the gymnasium and on the athletic field. He made the varsity [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



WINGS—Paramount

A GREAT war spectacle of the air. Thrilling airplane fights and manoeuvers in and above the clouds. Unfortunately the story is weakly built and, with the exception of several touching scenes, misses conviction.

Two youngsters, both loving the same girl, quarrel over her just before battle. One lad is brought down within German lines and is lost in the marshes. He steals an enemy plane and makes his escape toward the Allied front. His pal goes on a lone hunt for him, sights the German plane and blazes away at it. The other boy is shot to pieces and, dying, is recognized by his friend.

The two lads are splendidly played by Buddy Rogers and Richard Arlen. Clara Bow, as the girl, is too sophisticated for the part. By all means see "Wings."



THE MAGIC FLAME—United Artists

HERE is nearly everything—melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—beautifully produced and directed by Henry King with adroit charm. The lyric love of a pretty trapeze performer and a handsome clown is threatened by a sinister Italian count, who desires the girl. Decoyed to his rooms, she escapes, but the avenging clown accidentally murders the count. Faced with prison, the clown allows himself to be mistaken for the count and is made king of one of those mystical movie kingdoms. Comes *Bianca*, the girl, seeking revenge on the supposed monarch. It all becomes very muddled, very dramatic and very happily ended.

Vilma Banky surpasses all her previous work as *Bianca*. She is extraordinarily lovely. Ronald Colman in the rôle of hero heavy is superb. Happiness for the whole family.



UNDERWORLD—Paramount

A STRONG story, plus powerful direction, plus three marvelous performances combine to make "Underworld" one of the greatest pictures of the year.

It is raw, red drama, vivid as the front page of a newspaper, compelling as the bark of a machine-gun.

Bull Weed, murderer, gang leader, law defier and sentimentalist, loves his moll, *Feathers*, a beautiful queen of the underworld, and *Rolls Royce*, a bum who, on a whim, he stakes to a thousand dollars. Sobered up, *Rolls Royce* becomes *Bull's* devoted friend and the brains behind his campaigns. *Bull* thieves and kills gloriously until he sees a rival gang leader attempting to kiss *Feathers*. He promptly pumps him full of lead and is sentenced to be hanged.

The suspense from this moment is nerve tightening as the shriek of a fire engine. *Feathers* and *Rolls Royce*, knowing they love each other, pledge their loyalty to *Bull*, but their attempts to save him from the noose arouse *Bull's* worst suspicions. He breaks away from jail to hunt them. Under police fire himself, he threatens their lives, only to surrender to the law, happy, as he beholds for himself the strength of their fidelity to him and their love for one another.

Credits are due in all departments from the story by Ben Hecht, to the titles of George Marion, Jr. Joseph Von Sternberg's direction cannot be praised too highly. The photography is flawless. Characterizations of rare distinction are given by George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook. Leave the younger children at home but give yourself a treat.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

UNDERWORLD THE PATENT LEATHER KID
WINGS THE MAGIC FLAME
THE COUNTRY DOCTOR
THE LOVES OF CARMEN

The Best Performances of the Month

Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid"
Dolores del Rio in "The Loves of Carmen"
Rudolph Schildkraut in "The Country Doctor"
Jane Keckley in "The Country Doctor"
Vilma Banky in "The Magic Flame"
Ronald Colman in "The Magic Flame"
Richard Arlen in "Wings"
Buddy Rogers in "Wings"
George Bancroft in "Underworld"
Clive Brooks in "Underworld"
Evelyn Brent in "Underworld"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



THE PATENT LEATHER KID—First National

DICK BARTHELMESS, in a stirring war story that lifts him to the heights he reached in "Tol'able David." Based on Rupert Hughes' short story of the same name, supplanted with a splendid adaptation by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns and the beautiful direction of Al Santell, here is a tale that will shuffle you back and forth between laughs and tears.

Rupert Hughes went down into the East Side of New York for his character, a second rate prize fighter, with a flair for patent leather, in everything from his hair to his automobile.

A conceited young pug to whom the flag of his country means less than the towel his trainer waves in his face. A demon battler in fistic combat, but a coward under real fire.

That character is practically the story.

Unlike "Wings," the war is merely the background, and although this picture gives us some spectacular battle stuff, it is the character study which holds us.

A love story, of a sort, is woven throughout the picture, but just as "The Big Parade" is a war built around a love story, in "The Patent Leather Kid" there is presented a battle, serving as the atmospheric environment of the awakening of courage.

Minor criticisms might be made but the province of these columns is to guide you to good pictures. So why take up space carping at details? Even if they charge you top prices for it—go see it.



THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—Producers Dist. Corp.

GIVEN a story of New England, immortalizing one of that district's quieter heroes, the country doctor, Director Rupert Julian discarded all sure fire box office tricks. The result is a work of art and fine entertainment.

It is gentle drama. *Doctor Amos Rinker* loves *Abbie Harding*. They plan to marry the moment their dream of twenty years is realized—*Amos* to head *Abbie's* brother *Ira's* hospital. But *Ira* revenges himself on *Amos* because of the latter helping *Ira's* son to elope with a girl of whom he disapproved. Losing the appointment, *Amos* loses his practice, his home, his dog. Then comes the opportunity to save the son's life and gain his own happiness.

Rudolph Schildkraut's performance as the doctor is a masterpiece and Jane Keckley is perfect as *Abbie*.



LOVES OF CARMEN—Fox

NOT the opera. Not Prosper Merrimee's story. Raoul Walsh sought to pep up the old tale and merely succeeded in vulgarizing it. He extracted most of the drama and substituted gags. Dolores del Rio's portrayal of the gypsy is vivid and flashing but stamped all over with movie mannerisms. Victor McLaglen's *Escamillo* is the marine in "What Price Glory" dressed in Spanish clothes. But all the former character is there, even to the spoken but unsubtitled cuss words.

The use of a little good taste would have made this a much better picture. Mr. Walsh chose to sacrifice the fire and drama of the story for laughs. Many of the laughs are off-color. So there you are—a lively burlesque *Carmen* but not for the sensitive and not for the family trade. O dear me, no!

Photoplay's Review Department Must

THE CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS— M.-G.-M.



COMEDY, as subtle as a kick in the pants, through which George Hill, the director, has allowed Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Sally O'Neil, Lawrence Gray, Eddie Gribbon, Frank Currier and the rest of the cast to romp through with grand Irish glee. The story revolves about the love affair of *Dan Murphy* and *Sally Callahan*, but Marie Dressler as *Mrs. Callahan* and Polly Moran as *Mrs. Murphy* are the panic.

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS— First National



AN entertaining story, worthy of special comment because Sam Rork, the producer, had courage to permit the so-called unhappy ending. In it Lewis Stone plays a wealthy head waiter and finally saves his son, who doesn't know of the relationship, from the advances of Lilyan Tashman. Ann Rork is waiting for Robert Agnew, the boy, and they walk out leaving *Poppa Pierre* silent to his last filet of sole.

TOPSY AND EVA— United Artists



FIVE reels from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in slapstick. A series of gags, with little or no story, in which Rosetta Duncan as *Topsy* and Vivian as *Eva* patter through the broad burlesque of their famous musical comedy. At times vulgar, wholesomely funny in others. A Sennett comedy *de luxe*. A good vehicle for Rosetta's clowning but giving Vivian little chance to do anything but look beautiful.

SILK STOCKINGS —Universal



CYRIL HARCOURT'S hilarious stage success provides Laura La Plante with her best comedy to date. A young husband, a jealous young wife, young love and two healthy young tempers, lead to a divorce. Both discover freedom awful and plot to be compromised together, rendering their divorce void. After a series of mad escapades they are reunited to live scrappily ever after. Don't take the children.

TEN MODERN COMMAND-MENTS— Paramount



DOROTHY ARZNER directed it and Jack Lait wrote it. It's another back stage theater story in which a little slavey blossoms out into a revue orchid, thereby putting over the hero's song hit. Not so much as to story but Esther Ralston makes it into real entertainment. Miss Ralston has real possibilities and a nice sense of comedy. You'll like her immensely in this little effort.

THE FIGHTING EAGLE— Producers Dist. Corp.



POOR Rod La Rocque! He wins official stardom only to have his leading ladies steal his pictures. "The Fighting Eagle" is entirely Phyllis Haver's. A mildly glamorous story of Napoleon's time, Phyllis is a lovely spy of the French Empire and Rod a dumb devoted peasant boy who rises accidentally to high army rank. Good entertainment for the easily satisfied and nice aid for the children with their history lessons.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

ROLLED STOCKINGS —Paramount



THIS illustrates the newest trend in pictures—a small cast of young players, peppy direction and a corking story. Two brothers at a co-ed college love the same girl. The youngster gets into trouble. The senior sacrifices himself to save his brother's name, and thereby wins the girl. James Hall, Richard Arlen and the pert Louise Brooks form the triangle. Excellent entertainment for the whole family.

TWELVE MILES OUT— M.-G.-M.



HERE is a fine picture in which John Gilbert gives one of the soundest performances of his career. A romance of today that is at our very doors. It's the epic of rum-running, or the saga of the brave boys who supply the julep for our mint. The moral is that the wages of bootlegging is death or the hoosegow or maybe both. Good stuff, even if a love story isn't part of the plot.

ADAM AND EVIL— M.-G.-M.



A NEW co-starring team, and clever. Lew Cody and Aileen Pringle in a smart picture concerning twin brothers, mistaken identity and a husband and wife, each slightly erring. Lew, of course, is the whole show as the twins, one of whom is the husband, and Miss Pringle's scenes are played with exquisite appreciation of subtlety. It's cleverly worked out, and directed with usual finesse by Robert Z. Leonard.

NAUGHTY BUT NICE— First National



ONCE more Colleen Moore is a modern youth—the type of rôle to which Colleen is suited. There is nothing exceptional about this piece—it's just a cute bit of nonsense because of the charming personality of its star. Colleen's a gal from an oil town who goes to college. And what she doesn't learn about clothes and men is nobody's business. College is so educational. This is worth your time.

THE HEART OF MARYLAND —Warner Bros.



THE ever-famous story of Maryland Calvert is again revived as a starring vehicle for Dolores Costello. Most everyone knows the story of the Southern girl whose heart was torn between her love for a Northern officer and duty to the Confederacy. It is a story that will never grow old. The scene of Maryland Calvert hanging to the bell to protect her lover will always be a thrilling moment for all audiences.

PAINTING THE TOWN— Universal



A FEW more pictures like this and Glenn Tyron will be in a class with our topnotch comedians. He has a distinctive style of comedy that is refreshing. Here he is an inventor and considers himself a cross between Edison and Ford. And what invention that boy has! But his automobile is the most important factor, and how he interests the Fire Commissioner in it is where the plot comes in. Don't miss it. [CONT'D ON PAGE 100]

Four Strange Yarns From



Emil Jannings never knew that the suit he wore as the old derelict of "The Way of All Flesh" came from the Hollywood morgue. Here's the story

The Suit from the Morgue

THE last scenes and the strongest of Emil Jannings' first American production, "The Way of All Flesh," called for the characterization of a bum, a derelict, a beaten old man. No costume in the wardrobe at Paramount suited Jannings.

"No good," he grunted in German, as he waved each garment aside.

To Arnold MacDonald was delegated the task of finding a suitable costume and he, being enterprising, paid a nightly visit to those dismal streets of Chinatown with its midnight missions, cheap lodging houses and pool halls.

He had little trouble purchasing garments from these scavengers of life, but getting Jannings' approval afterwards seemed impossible. "Not in keeping," he would say.

Then, one night MacDonald saw the costume he wanted. A burly old fellow swayed into the back row of seats in a midnight mission. The minister's words, superinduced by a lot of cheap gin, caused the old man to intone noisily. MacDonald described the garments to Jannings the next day.

Perhaps they would do. He hurried back to Chinatown and located the old man's rooming house.

He had died during the night, perhaps, of too little religion and too much synthetic gin.

To the undertaker MacDonald was quick with his proposition. He would supply a shroud and pay the funeral expenses if he might have the old man's tattered rags.

But Jannings never knew that the costume he wore so successfully came from a Los Angeles morgue.

A Real Heidelberg Lad

AS typical a Hollywood story as was ever written. The story of John Kremple.

He stands on the sidelines of the "Old Heidelberg" set and listens to a mob of drug-store cowboys, shaven-headed young extras, sing the songs of his *Alma Mater*.

Watches them stomp their feet to the tune of "Drink, Drink, Drink," and swing down the *lager* in honor of "Guadaemus Igitur."

John Kremple is an electrician. He is a real Heidelberg man. Son of German-American parents. St. Louis born, with a broad hyphenated smile all his own.

And a real student of Old Heidelberg.

Does he grieve because he does not prance with them? He does not.

He wants to be a famous lighting expert, and rejuvenate aging stars by the glory of his rose-colored spotlights.

And that's why the story is typically that of Hollywood.



John Kremple, one of the electricians employed on the "Old Heidelberg" set, at the Metro-Goldwyn studios, is a real Heidelberg student, although St. Louis born

The World's Strangest Town

The Knight of the Bath

HE looks like a blond Norse Viking. And he's more handsome than most of the leading men and stars on the screen.

Perhaps—no, undoubtedly—that's why so many of the beautiful Hollywood girls are calling upon him at his little place on Yucca, just a few steps off the boulevard.

They call him "The Knight of the Bath," but his real name is Hugh Anderson—a tall, pink and white young chap with the most winsome of smiles.

Less than a year ago Anderson came to Hollywood from Atlantic City, where he gave reducing treatments to society women and taught them how to keep fit.

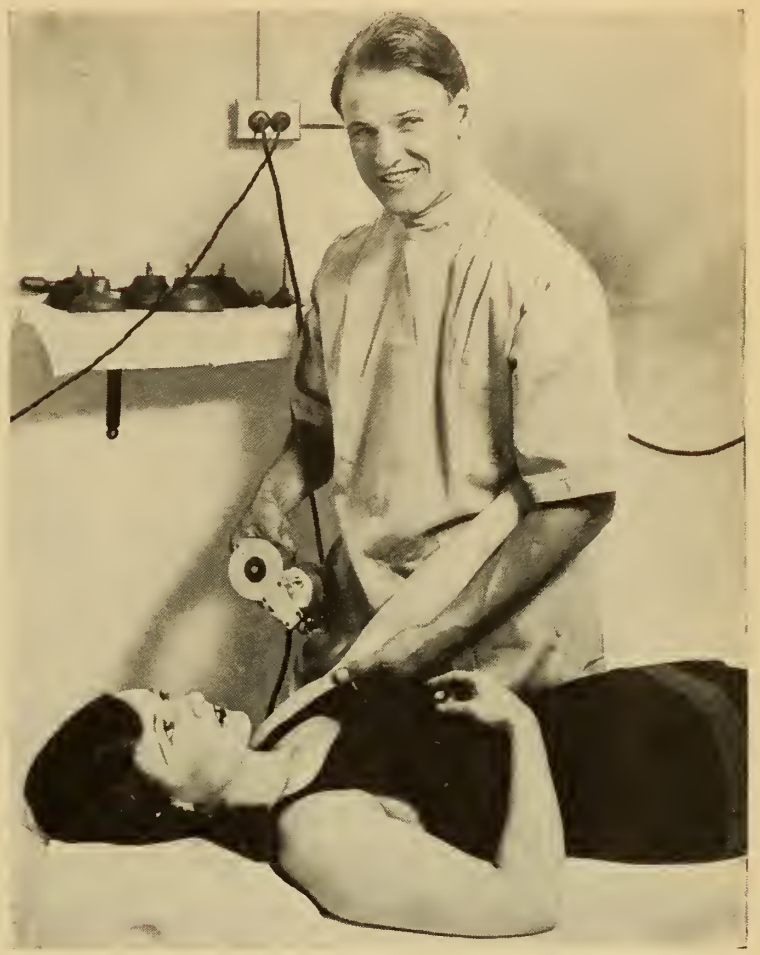
Today there is what you might call a "reducing craze." And those of the stars who are too thin to think of reducing have been seized with a sudden mania for keeping fit.

We won't tell you who his patients are—for it might cause them trouble with friend husband or the boy friend—but a list of them would include most of the big names of the screen.

His place, fully equipped with all of the latest electrical appliances, including some of his own inventions, for a successful warfare on increasing weight, is kept busy from morning 'til night—so busy, in fact, that a visitor has quite a wait before catching a glimpse of him.

And when you do see him it is easy to understand just why Hugh Anderson's reducing treatments are proving so popular.

Also they say that he is more than a little successful in keeping milady's figure just where it should be.



Hugh Anderson is called "the knight of the bath" in Hollywood. He's a Viking reducer. Here he is giving a beauty treatment to Doris Dawson of the Christie Films



Just like a Horatio Alger hero, Oscar Smith was blacking boots on the Paramount lot. Then Richard Dix discovered him and gave him a rôle in "Manpower"

Introducing Oscar Smith

EVERYONE in Hollywood knows Oscar, "the cute kid," the colored lad who was once Wally Reid's valet and who in the last five years as the official bootblack on the Paramount lot has shined the shoes of practically every star in pictures.

But who knows Oscar Smith?

Well, Smith is Oscar's last name and soon the world will know him, for he has graduated from bootblack to actor and has an important rôle in Richard Dix' latest picture, "Manpower," with his name on the cast sheet and everything.

Dix is credited with the discovery of Oscar. In "Manpower" a colored man was wanted for comedy relief and Richard suggested the bootblack.

Now Oscar is to have the chance of his life. He has been cast as the heroic Senegalese soldier, *Djikki*, in "Beau Sabreur," a melodrama of the Sahara by the author of "Beau Geste," which Paramount is producing.

Last Lap of $5,000 RACE

HERE'S your last chance to win $5,000 in PHOTOPLAY'S cut puzzle and name contest of 1927!

Of course, you are taking part. No previous cut puzzle contest appears to have aroused quite the tremendous interest of this year's contest. The new feature, the assembly of key letters into motion picture players' names has added a lot of zest to the contest.

Once more the contest editor is going to explain in detail how to work out the motion picture players' names from the key letters. Altogether 128 key letters have appeared on the cut puzzle fragments. These 128 letters are reproduced in the box on this page.

From these 128 letters you are to develop as many names of well known players as you can. Suppose you elect to work out the name of Greta Garbo. Check off two G's, two R's, two A's, one E, one T, one B and one O. These letters can not be used again in creating a player's name.

Other names will have to be created from the remaining letters only.

KEY LETTERS

A A A A A A A A A A	N N N N
B B B B	O O O O O O O O O O
C C C C	P P P P
D D D D	Q Q Q Q
E E E E E E E E E E	R R R R
F F F F	S S S S
G G G G	T T T T
H H H H	U U U U U U U U U
I I I I I I I I I	V V V V
J J J J	W W W W
K K K K	X X X X
L L L L	Y Y Y Y
M M M M	Z Z Z Z

These key letters, as noted, have appeared on the various cut puzzle picture fragments published in the issues of June, July and August, as well as the current September number. This issue concludes the contest and your solutions may be submitted up to midnight of September 20.

Do not submit elaborately assembled cut puzzle solutions. Simplicity is the thing this year. Contestants have been going to too great lengths and to too great expense in developing their solutions. This year you will win on neatness, accuracy and SIMPLICITY. And solutions will not be returned.

Here's an important item. The names of the film players developed from the key letters must be spelled correctly. Incorrect spelling will count against you. Watch your spelling. As a guide a list of names is published on page 92. You are not limited to this list, however.

But the name must be that of a recognized screen player, and must be spelled the same as the player uses it for screen purposes.

Cut Puzzle Pictures on Pages 60-61

Star Names on Page 92

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of $50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of $25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture consists of eight pieces. When cut apart and properly assembled, four complete portraits will be produced. Key letters will be noted on each fragment. These are an aid to assembling and constitute the second part of the contest. Make as many names as you can of movie players from the 128 letters appearing on the fragments during four months. A list of prominent players appears on another page of this issue. You are not limited to these players, of course. Develop as many names of well known players from the letters as you can. $5,000 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of sixteen portraits, as well as the largest list of motion picture players' names created from the letters.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. List of names developed from the key letters should be typewritten on sheets of paper using only one side of each sheet. Be sure that your full name and address is attached to your assembled portraits and written on your list of names. At the conclusion of the contest, send your solutions to CUT PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Do not send them to the New York Office of PHOTOPLAY.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the verses appearing with the pictures in each issue. They are accurate clews to the identity of each fragment. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestant's methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below. The size and accuracy of your list of players created from the key letters will play an important part in the selection of winners.

6. Elaborate ornamentation or obviously expensive presentation of solutions will not count. Simplicity, neatness and originality will count more. No solutions will be returned.

7. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

8. In the cases of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

9. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.



© Rayhuff-Richter

NO international society wedding received more public attention than the marriage of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. And no young couple ever started in married life with more sincere good wishes for their future happiness.

Last Chance to Try



Carefully Read

Upper

Who is from Iowa?
A was born there—
B has blue eyes.
He has, also, brown hair
E knew the stage
And the old "three-a-day
F has green orbs,
So the records all say!

Lower

Who has a daughter?
C has, lucky man!
D played with Bebe—
(Guess who, Daniels' fan?)
Who is unmarried?
Why G—more's the pity—
H first saw light
In Ohio's big city.



Upper

I was with Pola,
In a recent play;
Lasky, himself,
Was the one who found J—
Who was twice married?
M twice took a chance;
N was the lead
In the great Glyn romance.

Lower

Who's not yet thirty?
K's not twenty-seven,
L is from Frisco
The native son's Heaven.
O's from the state
Where the cowboys abound;
P leads a life
With which fault can't be found!

For $5,000 in Prizes

Rules on page 58



Upper

Who has a son? Q—
And by his first wife.
R knew the stage
For six years of his life.
U with Miss Bronson
Once made quite a hit;
V in De Mille's greatest play
Had a bit.

Lower

S knows a lady
Who's fair as can be—
T went to college
And earned a degree.
W played in
A picture of Russia;
X in the theater's
Been all but an usher!



Upper

Y has supported
A comedy star;
Z in two years
Has—we'll say—traveled far!
Who had a musical father?
I did—
O's just a year on the screen,
Lucky kid!

Lower

Who will be thirty
Next year? Mr. A.
E is a comer,
So all critics say.
U's wife is not of the screen—
(She's non-pro);
Who made a vivid green picture,
That's O!



YOU'VE seen her often, although her name never appears in the cast. She's Evelyn Law, Ziegfeld Follies dancer, and she has doubled for many of our best stars in the dancing scenes. Now Evelyn wants to play in Westerns and get some glory of her own.

Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

Sympathy to Tom

WE'VE heard that legs are sometimes pulled,
We've heard of doughboy's hurried marches,
That caused a lot of pedal grief,
Like charley horse and broken arches.

We've heard the well known story told
Of Mandy, struck upon the head—
Who did not get a fractured skull,
Who got a blistered sole, instead!

So now that Tommy Mix is ill
With injured legs—we figure that
He caught his trouble in this way,
From carrying around his hat!

Wedding Bells for Renee—

RENEE ADOREE of being unmarried
Has had, these last years, quite her fill;
And so she became—to the film folks' surprise,
A few weeks ago—Mrs. Gill!

Her husband's first name is as green as the isle
That is famous for shamrocks and peat;
It's Billy, begorrah—here's hoping he's nice,
For he's certainly won something sweet!

Oh, Renee had suitors—a legion in number,
In fact they formed quite a brigade;
'Tis said that the picture she made her big hit in
Was named for her beaus—"Big Parade."

VilmaBanky Marries Rod La Rocque

SHE was the prettiest girl on the screen,
And he was its greatest beau;
And when they became engaged, folk said
That Fate made it happen so!

She was a blond, and he was dark,
As brunette as she was fair—
And they were quite charming, photographed
With his head against her hair!

Vilma was Hungary's gift to men,
And Rod was of sunny France.
And so they built, in the grandest style,
An over-the-seas romance!

And now, on their marriage, we wish them luck—
(Tho they need it not a bit!)
For they have each other, and lots of love—
And—as Elinor would say—IT.

DOLORES DEL RIO *in the Title Role of* Carmen



A Sonnet Impression of a Shadow Stage Best Performance—

THE splendor of an olden, shadowed year
Is written in the romance of your face;
Your eyes reflect life's passion and life's fear,
The while your body mirrors all life's grace!
A kiss, a song at twilight, and the roses
Of deathless ecstasy upon your mouth. . .
One wonders if the heart of you reposes
Upon some breeze that dances from the south!

Your every lightest gesture holds the wonder
Of red and gold against a purple sea;
Untaught—ah quite instinctive—you reach under
The soul's veneer, to probe its mystery!
Bright as a sunset coming after rain,
With hint of storms to follow—*you are Spain!*

Hoping You'll Soon Be Well—

WILL ROGERS — best beloved of all,
Is ill and we regret to say
His smile has been less bright to see
For many and many a day!

The world's best news will be forgot,
His ropes lie idle, more's the pity;
And mayorless, now, Beverly Hills
Is a neglected, saddened city.

When illness comes to some we shrug,
And, nothing daunted, turn away;
But when Will's sick—"How is he now?"
Is all that you hear people say!

When he has left the hospital,
Quite well again, and making fun,
They'll say all up and down the coast,
The social season has begun!

Emil's Accident

EMIL JANNINGS hurt his ribs—
We are sorry for His Nibs!
(My this is a silly rhyme—
Can't be clever *all* the time!)

Announcing a New Arrival

JACKIE SAUNDERS has a baby,
Yes, she has—we don't mean maybe.
Eyes of blue like Jackie's own,
But it packs a louder tone!

HIGHER HIRE

By Stewart Robertson



"Vy not see me some efening? I lofe the black-haired men and you are so sleek. Can you seeng?" she asks

BEFORE I became a movie star I used to clerk in a haberdashery in Grand Central Station. I'm telling you this and other things on account of not wanting to hide any detail of my past, also to beat them Hollywood scandal sheets to it.

This is positively the low down on my sensational rise to four thousand sinkers a week, and while I'm not so proud of parts of it, I feel that the truth is due my public.

If you've ever been to New York the chances are that you know the shop, and, if so, you probably remember me. If you came in for a dozen of your favorite collars, you'd go out with eleven of them and one of the latest snappy style, but you wouldn't know it until you got home.

You might want grey suede gloves, but I'd sell you lemon buckskin. As I say, if I served you, you'd never forget it.

Well, one afternoon I was taking a snooze behind a rack of cravats, and that reminds me, I never yet heard a customer call a necktie a cravat. Perhaps they do over at Bottomley's, which is a swell dump over on the Avenue where all the salesmen must have an English accent and a superior look. Anyhow, this particular snooze of mine was interrupted by a perky looking guy who demanded service.

"Shirts, collars, ties and all that sort of rubbish," says the fellow, pounding on the counter. "Wake up, you're beautiful enough."

"Yes, sir," I says, "how about these lovely English foulard cravats?"

"English foulard hell," he says, feeling them. "Number two rep from Hester Street, you mean. Don't try to stick that junk over on me."

"Well," I says, cautious-like, "would you care to look at some fine English broadcloth shirts?"

"I would not," he comes back, "seeing as there's no such thing as English broadcloth, leastways not in England. No more than English breakfast tea," he says.

With that I let him have Resentment. You see, I'd been taking a course in Gesture and Expression, being dark and sheikish looking. Then I followed up with Dignity.

A Stunt Man Gives a Star the Air—and Writes his Morality Clause in the Sky

"If you've come in here to quarrel about the English," I says, very coldly, "you are picking on the wrong person, as I am an inhabitant of the Bronx."

"Stop bragging," he sneers, "and tell me how you and the other one get along."

"What other?" I asks him.

"The other Gentile," he answers, "and listen, oily, if you've got any honest American goods, drag 'em out on that basis. Joints like this help to make a nation of snobs," he says.

FOR answer I gave him Arrogance, combined with Indifference, and pointed to the door like a classical dancer. "Sir," I says, "it causes me deep regret to have you knock our goods, and as this is no place for a brawl, will you kindly take yourself off?"

Out he goes, banging the door, whereupon I assumed Well Bred Anger. Then comes the big surprise.

Another customer, a little pot-bellied specimen with a moon face, edges along the counter. "Say, younk feller," he begins, "I been watching them expressions of yours, and they could be worse, maybe. But anyhow, what I want to ask you is, would you like to go into the movies?"

"Sure I would," I tells him, "also I'd like to own Central Park so I could walk on the grass once in a while."

The little guy looks very earnest and leads me over to a corner. "I mean it," he says, hitting my lapels with the backs of his hands. "You got the face and the idea of usink it. That's all you need besides understanding English. I told that lowlifer Koffaloff when he ran out on me that I could make a bigger star as him out of an unknown. Believe me, I'm a liar if I don't give you two hundred a week to start if you pass the camera tests yet. We'll go West tomorrow. What's your name?"

I told it to him, Harold Simpkins.

"Never mind," he says, "there's always the telephone book to fall back on. Meet me here in time to catch the Century tomorrow. I'll pay all expenses. Are you on?"

"On?" I says, giving him Pleasurable Excitement, "I'm riveted tighter than the smile on a fat dame after a facial lift."

"Fine," says the little guy, "and in six months Jake Barrymore will be looking for a place to hide."

He shoves a card into my hand and rushes out in the direction of the telegraph counter while I was thinking of the hard boiled customer who had brought me luck. And that is how I came to work for Mr. Abraham Zoop of Stupefaction Films.

II

I HOPE none of my public will accuse me of boasting when I say that I knocked California bowlegged except for maybe a few cornfeds who had escaped from the Middle West in that condition. I paraded right on through the camera tests like a burlesquer through a steak and onions and was assigned small parts in big pictures. Pretty soon they began casting me as the hero's friend and several [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



I takes a squint and sees that she was a two-seater, the same as we use at the studio for fake shots

Illustrated by Russell Patterson



THE two kids of the De Mille lot are Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion. They're playing the leading rôles in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," directed by Elmer Clifton. Virginia hails from Tennessee and Frank comes from Kentucky. Frank was a kid actor of old Hollywood. Then he went to a Jesuit college and almost became a priest

Two New Kids *at* De Mille's

Watch Cecil's finds, designed to follow in the footsteps of Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque

By Myrtle West

THE girl is Virginia Bradford.

She has been longer in pictures than Frank Marion and she knows her vegetables more thoroughly.

There is something very subtle about Virginia. Like Lorelei Lee. Like Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Like all the girls who know enough just to be beautiful and to keep their mouths shut.

Virginia is very beautiful. She knows it. She is very young. She makes sure you know it. She is too wise to be a feminist. She is simply feminine instead.

Born in Brownsville, Tennessee, she grew up in Memphis and broke into the movies by way of writing a series of articles for a newspaper syndicate. But Virginia's was not the face to launch a thousand rejection slips. She preferred being a little chip off "The Ten Commandments" for Mr. De Mille.

She went from Lasky's, where De Mille was at that time, to Universal, where she played in the cow operas, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where she never played in much of anything, to the Van Bibber comedies and Monty Banks' "Atta Boy," where she played in bathing suits.

Then she came back to De Mille again.

LIKE Frank Marion, her first hit under the new contract was in "The Country Doctor." And, of course, she's Frank's love interest in "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

She doesn't like to talk. The day I saw the two of them, she let Frank do the talking, while she held his hand under the table. She looked awfully, awfully shy. Just a little girl trying to get along.

Finally she said, "All I can tell you is what Raymond Griffith once told me. He said, 'Don't worry, Virginia. Gloria Swanson was even dumber than you when she first started.'"

Now she's following in Gloria's footsteps at the De Mille studio and she'll probably end up, dumb like Gloria, at about $17,000 a week.

Virginia says nothing about what she hopes of her work.

Further, she says nothing of marriage.

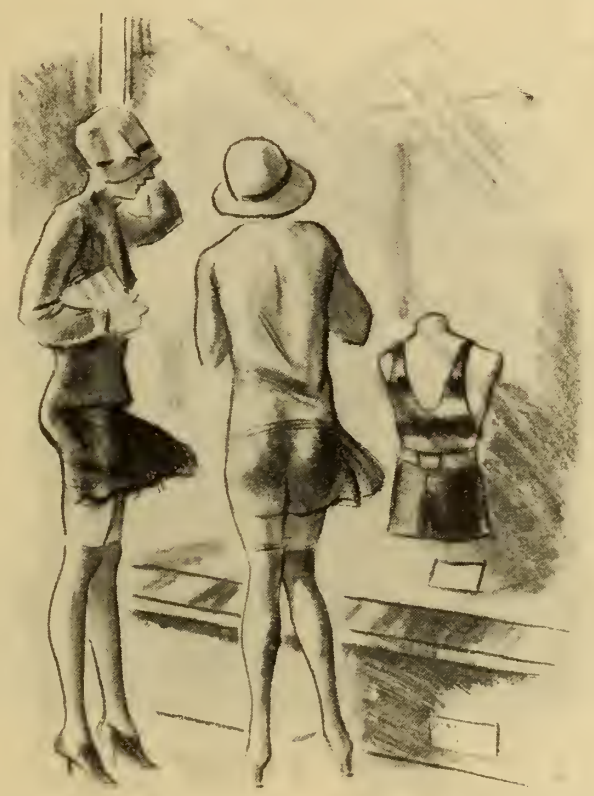
She doesn't need to. She slowly smiles.

At Frank.

At the press agent.

There's something very subtle about Virginia. Like Lorelei Lee. Like Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Men will adore her.



"My dear! How can men wear such indecent garments?"

THE boy is Frank Marion.

A very recent discovery, he's getting his chance under Cecil De Mille's direction, as Wally Reid and Rod La Rocque and William Boyd got their golden opportunities.

I prophesy Frank will make as great a success as they did. He's got so much. Youth. A handsome face. A long, lean figure. Charm. Charm of the kind that is fatal to women. Half little boy and half fatherly, a devastating combination.

HIS experience covers two widely separated periods. When a child Frank and his mother, following his father's death, came to Los Angeles from Louisville, Kentucky. His mother knew Constance Collier, the stage actress, who was making her movie debut under the direction of D. W. Griffith. A little boy was needed for her picture. Frank must have been such a handsome little boy. He got the job. Griffith put him in two more pictures and then Frank played the featured child rôle in "The World and Its Women," starring Geraldine Farrar, and later did a bit with Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

That earned him enough to pay for his schooling. He went to the grade schools of Los Angeles and on to Loyola College, a Jesuit institution. For years he forgot the movies. He came close to dedicating himself to the priesthood. Instead he made a screen test.

The test won him a five-year contract with the Lord Cecil. His first adult work was in "The Country Doctor."

Now he is playing the lead in "The Wreck of the Hesperus."

"I can hardly believe my good fortune," Frank says earnestly, in his pleasant voice, "but I believe I won't get spoiled.

"I've so much to learn and every time I feel at all important I shall remember the Jesuit fathers. They are wonderful men with fine minds, but every so often they make themselves scrub floors or do other humiliating tasks to keep themselves from growing proud.

"I shall try to follow their example."

Yet Frank, he tells me, plans to differ from his Jesuit mentors in one important particular.

"The first nice girl who gives me a chance, I'll marry," he says.

On that basis Frank will have more wives than a sultan.

For women will adore him.

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

A NUMBER of events of high interest to amateur cinematographers are on the immediate horizon. New cameras, new amateur movie appliances and new films are about to appear.

The Du Pont Pathe Film Manufacturing Corporation is about to launch a new reversal process 16 mm. film for amateur cameras. The Du Pont laboratories supply the film used in Pathex cameras. More recently, a Du Pont Pathe 16mm. negative was placed on the market. This 16 mm. negative has been sold in hundred foot lengths at a price of nine dollars, which also included the developing and the making of one positive print.

It is announced that the Du Pont Pathe reversal process 16 mm. film will sell at six dollars per hundred feet. There is an interesting feature to this film. If, after you have shot your hundred feet, you decide that you would like to retain this particular film as a permanent negative, having positives made when you wish them, it will be possible to have your request fulfilled. The film can be kept a negative, although, of course, your decision must be made before the film is put through the reversal process.

THE Du Pont Pathe Corporation is planning a 48-hour service, plus mailing time. Laboratories are to be opened in Chicago, Los Angeles and other localities. A New Jersey laboratory is now in full operation.

Amateur cinematographers will be greatly interested in the report that a 16 mm. De Vry camera is to be put on the market. This will have all the excellent features of the popular standard film De Vry.

The dream of every amateur movie fan is to be present at a national event, catching the only pictures of the incident. Everyone hopes it will happen to them some day.

Thus you can appreciate the thrill which came to Arthur Levi, when he stood on the deck of the *S. S. Mauretania*, Filmo in hand, while the Chamberlin-Levine plane, the *Columbia*, circled the ship on its famous trans-Atlantic flight.

Mr. Levi is a member of the firm of Berth, Levi and Company, of 149 Franklin Street, New York City. We will let Mr. Levi tell his story himself:

"I GOT an eighteen foot shot of the Bellanca plane, taken from the deck of the *Mauretania*.

"The ship posted the news that Chamberlin had left New York, so I thought I would be prepared for an eventuality, and accordingly shot blank the film that I had in my camera at that time. I reloaded it, and early in the morning went up on the ship's deck, adjusting the lens from time to time according to the sun conditions. I did not go down to lunch but stayed on deck the whole day and around 4:30 o'clock was lucky enough to hear the roar of a motor.

"I jumped out of my chair and caught the *Columbia* coming down the port side of the ship, until she redoubled her track and crossed our bow on the starboard side. I went over to this side then and got a fine view as she was within 150 feet, and not higher than the crows' nest. Took her until she got out of sight and the picture also shows the deck work of the *Mauretania*, as well as the passengers lined against the rail, cheering her. It was really a considerable thrill, but as a spectacle, I missed most of it, my eye being glued to the finder the whole time.

"I think this film has considerable historic value, as it is the only picture taken of any one of the three planes in mid-Atlantic. Some of the news reel companies made me an offer on it, but I preferred to retain my film." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment by taking subscriptions for PHOTOPLAY? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



Eleanor Boardman demonstrates how to make up. Clean face with cold cream and pat on grease paint No. 2. Rub in well. Treat neck similarly



When grease paint is smooth, use brown No. 2 over eyes, shading well up to the eyebrows. Note that one eye is made up and the other one is not



With small paper liner, place black line on the upper lid near the eye lashes. This is done only on upper lid. The black used is "black liner"



With puff distribute No. 12 powder over face. Should be patted into grease for at least five minutes or until grease has absorbed the powder

$2,000 for Best Amateur Films

HENRY L. MENCKEN is a pessimist when it comes to professional motion pictures. He says the present status of the photoplay is due to the fact that the making of movies is not intrusted to artists or competent artisans but to blacksmiths, pants pressers and other such manual workers.

However, he does believe that the future of the photoplay lies in the Little Theater movement now sweeping across America. Now that amateurs are making experimental pictures, the screen may be liberated. "Soon or late the movie as an art will have to emancipate itself from the movie as a vast, machine-like, unimaginative, imbecile industry," Mr. Mencken declares.

Mr. Mencken has expressed himself several times as believing that the movie amateur will have a tremendous effect upon motion picture making. Robert Flaherty, the maker of "Mona" and D. W. Griffith have said the same thing.



Jack Dempsey, caught in the act of filming Estelle Taylor with a De Vry

THE Amateur Movie Contest, now being conducted by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, may unearth the man who will have the same effect upon commercial movies that Eugene O'Neill and his early plays had upon the commercial speaking theater.

There are between 50,000 and 100,000 active, enthusiastic operators of amateur cameras in this country. All these operators are experimenting steadily with their cameras.

Believing in the unlimited possibilities of the amateur cinematographer, PHOTOPLAY created its $2,000 contest, which is now in progress and which will close on December 31st. The contest primarily was designed to teach amateurs the enjoyment of editing and cutting their films. Too many amateurs shoot films and let it go at that. The contest was mapped out to lead amateurs into the highly interesting field of editing and cutting.

In arranging the contest, plenty of time was allowed amateur movie makers so that they could take their leisure with their contest entries. Judging from the hundreds of letters from amateur cinematographers, entries are coming from all parts of this country, from Canada, from South America, from the Philippines, from Holland, from China and other lands.

THE jury of contest judges can now be definitely presented, numbering Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, S. L. Rothapfel, managing director of the Big Roxy theater, Nickolas Muray, the well known photographer, James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Every contest entry will receive careful attention and study.

Remember these essentials:

Read the rules.

Keep your film entry within the prescribed length.

Originality counts more than anything else.

Do your own editing and titling. "Store-made" titles will count against your entry. Your film must be wholly your own creation. You can submit as many entries in the contest as you wish.

It is not necessary to spend a lot of money on your entry. Put your brains to a simple, fresh and original film.



After having removed all traces of powder from eyebrows and lashes with a small brush, remove powder from face with an infant's brush



Black mascara is used on upper lashes, being placed with a moistened camel's hair brush. Use more mascara on upper than lower eyelashes



With tip of little finger, line the mouth with moist rouge. Use finger rather than lip stick. Follow the natural line of mouth carefully



Eleanor Boardman as she appears when make-up is complete. Note how the make-up accentuates the charm of her face and adds smoothness



A WARM moment in Alaska or a Klondike kiss. Ralph Forbes pauses for a moment in the Gold Rush to enact this love scene with Dolores del Rio. It is a romantic interlude in Clarence Brown's production, "The Trail of '98."

His Pop *Threw the* BULL

By Ivan St. Johns



His real name is Luis Antonio Damaso Alonso and Chihuahua his birthplace



Gilbert Roland was almost discovered by Madame Glyn, but he was several years landing an opportunity

WHAT manner of school is this that the Good Prof. Guerrero conducts in Chihuahua?

Ramon Novarro delivered a valedictory there eventually to salute the stars.

And, now comes Gilbert Roland, molded in the same academy.

Is it, perhaps, a school of hard knocks in which a boy is taught to accept Adversity or Opportunity with equal readiness?

A study of the experiences of Gilbert Roland may give some indication of the curriculum of the Chihuahua school taught by Novarro's uncle.

Roland is the son of a famous Spanish bull-fighter. For years the boy followed his father about two hemispheres searching for romance and adventure.

He has found it in motion pictures.

Roland skyrocketed to fame as *Armand*, playing opposite Norma Talmadge, in "Camille." He is now being featured in "Rose of Monterey," a story of old California, with Mary Astor, which George Fitzmaurice is directing for First National.

Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, whither his father, Francisco de Alonso, had gone to continue his exploits in the bull ring after having left Seville, Spain. The elder Alonso was a native of Bilbau, in Northern Spain. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

A Twelve Year Old JULIET



Billed as "America's Greatest Juliet" at the age of twelve, Esther was the star of her father's troupe, "The Ralstons." Four other little Ralstons played the supporting rôles, to the delight, their herald says, of senators, representatives and diplomats

The RALSTON FAMILY

Metropolitan Entertainers With Esther
"America's Greatest Juliet"

In scenes from Shakespeare, playlets, sketches, songs, dances, mimicry

Permanent Address,
Washington, D. C.

Present Address,

THE Ralstons are a bona fide family of seven: father, mother, and five children; and, for the past twelve years, they have appeared in colleges, schools, Chautauquas, vaudeville and in the pictures. Senators, representatives, members of the diplomatic corps, and many in prominent positions have seen and enjoyed their performance. It is admirably suited to audiences of the best people, those with brains and refinement.

"Not only entertaining, but full of helpful instruction," says Mr. Jefferson Smith, State Secy. Y. M. C. A., Portland, Maine. "Full of snap and interest," says Mr. Harry M. Harris, Committeeman, Portland, Ore. The costumes are gorgeous, "like scenes in Fairyland," says Mr. Chas. M. Moore, Director Educational Alliance, New York. The company is second to no other of equal size. "One of the cleverest in the business," says the New York World. "The children make a specialty of playing heavy adult roles, few if any others do this," says the Brooklyn Eagle. In general, a clean, novel and wholesome performance, and, according to the Washington Post, "With none of the fun left out."



The herald of the Ralston family and the seven talented thespians. Esther is the fourth from the left. They played schools, Chautauquas and vaudeville in performances "suited to audiences of the best people, those with brains and refinement"



All for Art—Esther at the age of six, when she lisped through the blank verse of Shakespeare, taking it all very seriously. In those days she wanted to be another Julia Marlowe. Not for her the frivolous goings-on of the movies

A Movie Intelligence Test

Can You Tell Who's Who Among the Stars?

1. What Hollywood he-mannikin started life as Lewis Joseph Cote?
2. Who shook off the cognomen, Marie Michalska?
3. Which two Valentino successors are these, Luis Alonzo? Alfred de Biraben?
4. What Black Bottom expert first strutted as Lucille Le Sueur?
5. Who won the flowery title, Sylvian des Jardins?
6. What dark gent was christened Allen Clay Hoskins?
7. Which Western star is Glenn A. Raymond?
8. What aristocratic surname does Lucille Langhanke use?
9. Whose sister is Kathleen Morrison?
10. To what name did Ernesto Guillen recently change?
11. Give the pseudonym the blonde Olga Cronk prefers.
12. When you see Patrick Fitzgerald, whom are you watching?
13. What beautiful belle bore the name of Lillian Bohny?
14. Three girls have the same screen surname Sylvester Mazetti uses. Do you know what it is?
15. This is almost too easy. Who was Gladys Smith?
16. Who are these megaphone wielders—Jay Fox? Percival Thomas?
17. Anita Dooley is a villainous vamp. What's her reel name?
18. What American is known in England as Walter Terry?
19. Under what name is Mary Gwendolyn Strible trying to stage a come-back?
20. Benjamin Greenberg is engaged to a girl who put her money in real estate. If she marries him, what will her name be?
21. How did the divorce court judge address Betty Riggs?
22. Joe Page is the latest Spanish sheik. How does he sign his pay checks?
23. Whose wife is Augusta Appel?
24. Whose box-office wow is Ernest Carlton Brimmer?
25. Can you identify Leonia Flugrath?
26. Which Paramount patootie is Brynece Butler?
27. What member of a famous group of wives is Elda Furey?
28. What screen villain was handed this gentle name, Joseph Liebchen?
29. Her family called her Jewel Baroni. What do the fans call her?
30. Who are Jack Krantz and Jack Crane?

(Answers on page 108)

The Reclining Sennett Gal

"Yes, he's a sort of cousin of mine. My brother ran off with his wife"



Shopping Tips

By

Carolyn Van Wyck

A pocketful of "dont's" for the plump girl

DON'T wear sweaters—they are for your boyish sisters.

DON'T wear light colored stockings with dark shoes—gun metal or thin black hose will increase your charm and decrease your legs.

DON'T pinch your plump hips into a tight corset.

DON'T mash your bust into a brassiere a size too small.

One's body, to be graceful, must suggest freedom of movement, no matter how much avoirdupois there is to move.

A rubber girdle—not too tight—and a brassiere that shapes one's bust without cutting off one's wind is best for smartness and health.

DON'T wear strap shoes. Pumps are better, since an unbroken line from knee to toe gives length to the limbs and an impression of slimness.

DON'T wear all snake shoes, if your feet are plump. Use it as a trimming, if you have a weakness for reptiles.

DON'T wear odd designs in hosiery.

DON'T use the "choker" strand of pearls or beads—a longer string will lengthen your throat line.

DON'T shorten your skirt above your knee—no matter if the whole world is indulging in this exhibition.

DON'T make your chiffon and print dresses in large patterns. The small designs are best for you.

DON'T fail to take your daily dozen AND don't fail to count your calories.

In these days of hectic dieting, if there is a girl who feels she is *under* weight, then realize your greatest charm is your frailty.

DON'T follow a fashion that is unbecoming to you just because it is the style. When you do this, what natural charm you have is lost and you merely become commonplace.

Accentuate your slimness—you can achieve distinction.

No athletic styles for you.

You must be ethereal. Chiffons and crepes in dark patterns for street—chiffons in flowered design for afternoon—chiffons in pastel shades for evening.

Never wear your evening gowns too short.

Do not buy a short vamp shoe if your feet are long and slender. You'll gather bunions and lose your individuality.

A long slim foot is indicative of good breeding—feature this.

Willowy, soft, clinging, dependent. This is your type—play it up.

Let Photoplay



For the first sparkling days of Autumn, a jersey dress. An ideal addition to the wardrobe of the girl who is going away to school. In a pleasing variety of colors — green, navy, copenhagen, tan, garnet and brown. Sizes 18 to 46. Priced at $7.95



The brown alligator hand purse has three separate compartments which makes it useful for the business woman. Only $4.95. The black silk hand bag has a gilt finished frame and colored embroidery. Fitted with purse and mirror. Price—$2.95



Proving that the utility dress, for wear at home, may be just as attractive as the more elaborate frocks. This house dress (below) is of figured cotton chermeuse with assorted colored figures on a white background. Sizes 36-46. And exceptionally low priced at $2.95



The two-piece wool georgette frock shown above has the new box-pleated skirt on a bodice top. The blouse is trimmed with faggoting and set off with a jaunty self flower. It comes in French blue, tan, rose, green and navy blue. Sizes 14-42. Price—$24.75



For travelers or stay-at-homes—an ideal bath robe. Of particular interest, too, to college girls. The design is borrowed from the sensible masculine lounging robe. It is made of Scotch flannel with rainbow stripes. Sizes 16 to 44. The price is merely $8.95

Do Your Shopping



A smart one-strap pump. Your choice of patent leather with black suede back, black calfskin with black suede back, or tan calfskin with matching suede back. Sizes 3 to 8 —AAA to D. $8.50

Cuban heel oxford of patent leather with matt kid piping, black suede with patent leather piping or navy blue suede with blue kid piping. Sizes 3 to 8—AAA to D. $10.50

A complete sport outfit. The crepe de chine pleated skirt on bodice top is only $2.89 and comes in navy, black and tan. Sizes 14 to 42. The slip-on sweater has a square neck line. In powder blue, green, navy, black, grey, buff and Neapolitan blue with contrasting single thread stripe. Price $2.95





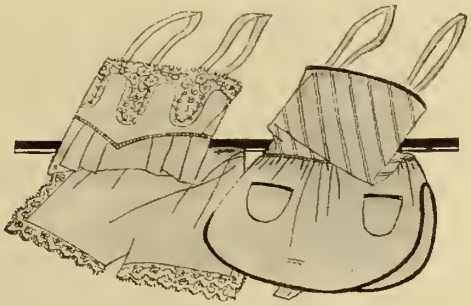
This frock (right) will appeal to the school girl. It is a tailored Cherlain dress in a wide variety of becoming colors—black, navy, copenhagen, wine, bottle green, cocoa and red with clusters of invisible stripes. In sizes 16 to 42. Particularly well made. The price is $9.95

An unusually graceful and becoming tunic frock is shown at the left. It is of crepe satin and may be had in the newest shades—banana red, copper leaf, English oak (dark tan) Carrara green, black and navy blue. Sizes 34 to 42. A good value at $16.50

A short, bright-colored negligee, very much in the modern spirit, is shown at the lower right. It is made of crepe de chine and may be had with black, red or king blue background, hand painted in gay colors, assorted designs. In three sizes—small, medium or large. For $10.95



Two dainty chemises—specially priced at $2.95 each. One a crepe de chine flapper chemise with diagonal pin tucks. Sizes 34 to 40. The other has brassiere top and is trimmed with ecru thread lace. Sizes 32, 34 and 36. Both come in flesh, peach, or Nile





Another garment specially chosen for the girl who is going away to school or college. These novelty cotton pajamas have gay checks and you may order them in pink, blue or orchid. The sizes are from 34 to 42 and the price is only $1.95



How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No articles will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.

Arlen *Loses His* Jinx

By Cal York



"You'll rise to the heights," says Jesse Lasky of Richard Arlen

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear of the jinx that chased Arlen for many a year—

And this is about as good a place as any to quit trying to write poetry. You can't rhyme Duluth with many words except uncouth. And young Richard Arlen from Duluth, who has just made a smashing success in the new Paramount picture, "Wings"—his first real success in his twenty-six years of life and his seven years in Hollywood, barring, of course, his marriage to Jobyna Ralston—doesn't rhyme with uncouth.

But, from the day in 1920 that he landed in Hollywood with $17.85 to his name, till the day in 1927 that William Wellman, a new director, put him into "Wings," Richard Arlen had rhymed consistently and perfectly with hard luck.

Despite the lucky seven in his capital of seventeen eighty-five, he was an extra for five years without getting anything that remotely resembled good luck. And then he got a part—the juvenile lead with Greta Nissen in "In the Name of Love"—and his luck got worse.

For the Nissen opera was a flop. And they cut his part out of Gloria Swanson's "The Coast of Folly," which was his second picture under his brand-new Famous Players-Lasky contract. And after he had worked for three days on his third, which was Bebe Daniels' "Martinique," released as "Volcano," he was painlessly extracted from the cast and replaced by Ricardo Cortez.

Whereupon he took his Great Dane dog and went to San Francisco and told his troubles to a policeman—Police Chief Dan O'Brien, father of his best two-legged pal, George O'Brien.

"Maybe," said Richard Arlen to Dan O'Brien, "if I could ride a horse, I might be a success in Westerns."

"Maybe," said Dan O'Brien to Richard Arlen, "if you would enroll in my Mounted Police School, you might learn to ride a horse."

Enroll Richard Arlen did. It wasn't long before he was able to mount a horse without, as somebody has said, riding off in every direction. His fellow-students were sure he would bring glory to his alma mater when he went back to Hollywood and got on a horse.

He went back to Hollywood. But he did not get on a horse. He went back to play the juvenile lead in "The Enchanted Hill." He had only eight or ten scenes and there wasn't a horse in any of them.

But his jinx still was present. For "The Enchanted Hill" was another flop. And from it Richard flopped into the water and for five weeks played in "Old Ironsides"—as an extra.

After that, until William Wellman came along to

[CONT'D ON PAGE 131]



Richard Arlen kissed Jobyna Ralston in "Wings"—and thereby kissed his jinx good-bye



Her Grace in the priceless gown of ivory lace she wore at her wedding in the historic gardens of Blenheim Palace

The Duchess of Marlborough

formerly MISS GLADYS DEACON *of* BOSTON

Tells how to keep the Tradition of Beauty



Blenheim House—the palace of the Dukes of Marlborough near Oxford

HER GRACE, the Duchess of Marlborough, is one of the first peeresses of England. An American by birth, noted for her great beauty, she is the charming mistress of historic Blenheim Palace, manor of the Dukes of Marlborough for over two hundred years.

Among the women of her exalted station traditions play a large part, and the beauty of exquisite grooming is a matter of daily etiquette, which none would dream of neglecting. The Duchess herself particularly stresses the need of a clear, fresh skin and points out how easily one can preserve this youthfulness today.

"Down to the modern woman," she says, "the social leaders of every age thought that beauty, like a delicate hothouse flower, must be sheltered. The woman of social prominence today guards her complexion, too, but not with veils and parasols. Instead she strides through wind and sun and frosty air, her skin exquisitely cared for with Pond's Two Creams."

And the Duchess adds, "For my own part they keep my complexion vigorous and healthy."

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple with Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day pat it generously over face, throat and hands. In a few moments its fine oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. For a dry skin leave some of the Cream on overnight.

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. It not only adds a smooth and glowing finish and takes your powder naturally, but it gives unfailing protection from all irritation.



The Two Creams, chosen by women of rank to protect their delicate skins

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Free Offer Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. W
114 Hudson Street, New York

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

cost of pictures. Ten per cent of that is two and one-half per cent. The medicine turned out to be poison.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, ironically enough, happened along about then, and by the time the French colony in Hollywood celebrated the falling of the Bastille on July 14th, the actors were joining the Actors' Equity Association, which is allied with the American Federation of Labor, and the writers were lining up in mass formation. For the first time the line between the interests of the companies on one side and the creative workers on the other, was definitely drawn, and the screen Paul Reveres were riding hard and fast.

SETTLING the problems of motion picture production has grown to the proportions of a national pastime. They say that everyone has two businesses—his own and the motion picture. And I would fain enjoy the unique distinction of being the only person even remotely connected with the screen, who has no solution BUT—

I BELIEVE that the whole responsibility for the great bulk of the unpardonable waste of money in the business rests squarely and solely on the shrugging shoulders of production executives, and I believe that these irresponsible and incapable chaps will eventually be eliminated.

By executives I do not mean necessarily the men at the very heads of the production forces, although they cannot escape the responsibility of having hired their subordinates, and in many instances must accept complete blame.

It is absolutely necessary to delegate authority, but it is unpardonable to continue to do so in the face of proven colossal stupidity.

The under executives I refer to are called "supervisors." Supervisors are placed in charge of one or more picture making units, and are supposed to guide, inspire, and encourage writers, directors, and actors. But with few exceptions they grope about in the darkness of limited mentalities, have not a creative cell in their brains, and do not know the difference between encouragement and bullyrag.

THERE are a few production heads and supervisors who have demonstrated by years of accomplishment that they have the necessary experience, knowledge of life, patience, fairness, open-mindedness, diplomacy, common courtesy and common sense that qualify them to direct a group of other men engaged in creative work. But unfortunately, they can be counted on the fingers of your two hands, and that is being very liberal.

When more of these men are developed we need not worry about waste.

WHEN a star or a director gets a huge salary it is generally because their pictures make money for their companies. When a supervisor gets a huge salary it is often because he was once remotely connected with a sensational box-office success for which he claims credit; because he is a high pressure personal salesman or a pal or a relative of the owner of the company. But it isn't the salary he gets that makes the bankers worry—it's the millions that such an incompetent can lose the company by his bad judgment and his utter demoralization of the creative workers.

"I JUST cannot figure out this reduction of ten per cent on my salary," said one player who has become a big box-office attraction within the past year. "They are renting me out to other companies at three times the salary they pay me, and I am supposed to give back ten per cent of what I get."

AND while the discussion of the wage cut was at fighting heat one director held up work in his studio half a day at an expense of three thousand dollars because a piano which he was merely photographing was out of tune. And one studio manager permitted a three-thousand-dollar a week star to loaf about Hollywood for twenty-two weeks because they couldn't find a story for him.

THE situation is far from hopeless. Hollywood is in the throes of a glorious washday. And after all I can imagine nothing more inane than motion pictures produced by Henry Ford's efficiency sharks. Imagine Ford trying to turn out a million cars a year, all varying slightly in power, design, and color, and you get an idea of the futility of attempting standardization methods. Look at the great pictures listed as the best six in this month's Shadow Stage, in PHOTOPLAY, and be comforted.

WE have become a nation of motion picture critics, and after all, if the screen has done nothing more than to stimulate the latent critical sense of the American people, it has performed a great service. Faced by an audience of ten million people every day, an audience with a keen sense of discrimination—of what they like, not necessarily what the critic likes—a public that is quick to detect emotional and technical shoddy, a public that takes keen delight in detecting flaws, the making of good pictures is not as simple as it seems.

It is far more than a manufacturing process. It is a fine art.

H A V E A C A M E L



Camel is as good as the sea is wide

BOUNDLESSLY deep is the quality of Camel. Its cool, smooth smoke is as tasty and fragrant, as restful and friendly as an ocean plunge. Modern smokers, educated by experience to the quality of tobaccos, have made Camel their favorite. In worktime and playtime, Camel is the most loyal smoking companion anyone ever had.

The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos tell in the smoking. Expert blending has its part in making Camel the finished masterpiece of cigarettes. In creating Camels no cost or care is too great to make them the fittest and finest, regardless of price.

If you don't yet know Camels, you are invited to complete taste satisfaction. Camel is the smoking friend that will never fail you. It's first in this modern, particular age.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927



—charm of youth

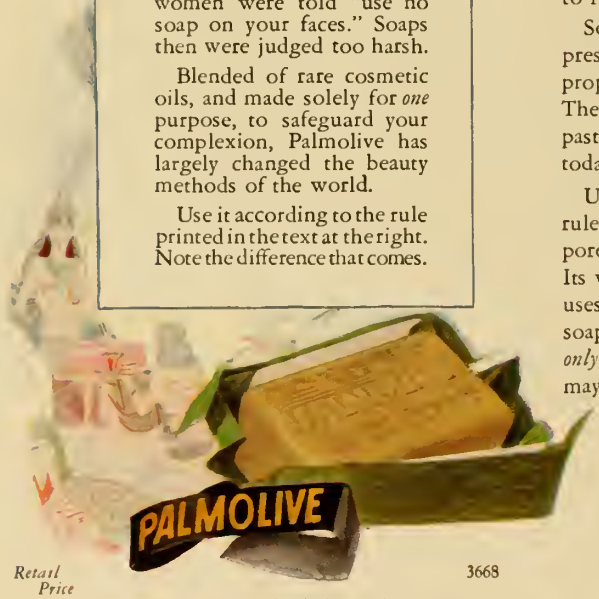
"that schoolgirl complexion"

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.



Retail Price 10c

3668

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost,* it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

Urged by leading skin specialists, that rule is based on keeping the skin and pores clean of age-inviting accumulations. Its whole secret is the KIND of soap one uses. *A true complexion soap is meant,* a soap like Palmolive, *made for one purpose only;* to safeguard the complexion. Others may prove too harsh.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



Favorite Recipes *of the* Stars

Have you received Photoplay's cook book?

WOULD you like to have your dinners cooked by the best cooks in California? Would you like to have your parties arranged by the best hostesses in Hollywood? If you look in the little kettle at the bottom of the page, you will find a magic recipe for delightful dinners and successful parties. PHOTOPLAY asked 100 stars to contribute to its cook book. On this page, you will find two of the recipes. Try the popovers for breakfast, if you want to start the day right. Serve the salad when you have guests for luncheon and want to give them something unusual.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK





Popovers—Dorothy Mackaill. 1 scant cup of flour, 1 cup of milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Sift together flour and salt and mix with milk. Add the eggs, well beaten, and the melted butter. Then beat, with egg-beater, for five minutes. Pour into hot, greased popover pans. You will need heavy iron to get the best results. Bake for twenty or twenty-five minutes in a very hot oven. Do not open the oven door for the first fifteen minutes of baking. After that reduce the heat in the oven. It is important to have the batter light and thin and to beat steadily for the full five minutes.

Irene Rich's Salad a la Philippine. Ingredients: 1 head of endive, ½ grapefruit, ½ orange, 2 halves of pears, narrow strips of green and red pepper, 2 tablespoons olive oil, juice of fruits, salt and paprika. Remove the pulp from the grapefruit and orange. Cut the pear in lengthwise slices. Cut the endive in halves, washing carefully. Dispose the endive halves on plates, set the pear fan shape over these. Back of the pears place a section of orange pulp and a section of grapefruit, just above the tips of the leaves. To the fruit juice, add olive oil and salt; beat vigorously and pour over the salad. Garnish with peppers.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 100 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

The Day *Salaries* Were Cut

As money grew shorter the faces got longer



"Ten per cent off?" asks Betty Bronson. "Will my salary do a Peter Pan and never grow up? I'm laughing out of the other side of my mouth!"



"I've always been a square fellow," says Clive Brook, "and this seems a little thick. Ten per cent off, old dears, means considerably less for tea and biscuits"



"Of course," announces Gary Cooper, "they would think of something like this, just as I got going. A couple of years ago, ten per cent of my salary would have left nothing at all"



"Pooh!" cries Elinor Glyn. "I am more syndicated than sinning. And there's always money in royalties, if you know your IT." Nevertheless, for one hour her face fell



Mrs. Pauline Siegenthaler and her three lovely children enjoying a picnic lunch at a pleasant spot near San Francisco

"'Just what you need'— my doctor said"

"IT HAD COME *almost to the point of a breakdown. Stubborn constipation and indigestion kept me continually wretched.*

"For some time I had not even been sleeping regularly. I was told I must watch my diet or I would never get well.

"Finally I asked a doctor what he thought of Fleischmann's Yeast. 'Eat all the yeast you want,' he said, 'It's what you need.'

"I began. To my surprise I felt a change for the better. Now my constipation has disappeared and with it all the other troubles. My appetite is good. I sleep well. And I have a wonderful new store of energy."

MRS. PAULINE SIEGENTHALER, Oakland, Calif.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST keeps the whole digestive and intestinal tract clean.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake are grown in a rich extract of malt and grain. They counteract the poisons of putrefaction. They strengthen the intestinal muscles.

Then your skin clears, constipation and digestive troubles vanish, the energy that is your birthright is yours again!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. You can get it at any grocer's. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 33, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

'SICK HEADACHES almost every other day. Indigestion. No appetite. I was badly run down and literally half sick most of the time.

"No wonder I want people to know what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me!

"I had read so much in the magazines about what Yeast had done for others that finally I decided to try eating it myself. I began, and in two months I found I could eat *anything*. My stomach gave me no more trouble. And my skin, too, became much clearer."

GLADYS LYNCH, Memphis, Tenn.



IRVIN S. COBB, *famous author*

"IT WAS MY WIFE who converted me to yeast cakes. Before she successfully overcame my counter-arguments, she had convinced all the other members of the household.

"I insisted that there was nothing wrong with me. She insisted that no matter how well I felt I'd feel better if I tried yeast cakes. She pointed to her own case and to the cases of several about us as evidence. So, I decided that I might as well humor the woman.

"I promised to try yeast for a time regularly—dissolved in water. I kept the contract faithfully.

"Soon I had to confess that daily yeast—or something—was giving my system a desirable stimulation. It seemed to me that my head was clearer, that I had more zest for work, I had more zest for play, more zest for everything that entered into my life. So, on my own motion, I elected to continue the treatment.

"I have continued it ever since. I expect to keep on continuing it. I do not pretend to know just what desirable effects a yeast cake produces in the body but, so far as I am concerned, I know that it does produce them—that I have greater bodily vigor, greater capacity for working at my trade, greater enthusiasm for the job of living, greater fervor for enjoyments than I had before."

IRVIN S. COBB, New York City



This Easy Way to have your rightful health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk, or just plain in small pieces. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

When *the* Doctors Disagree

Does what picture you see depend on what newspaper you read?

"OLD SAN FRANCISCO"

"The photodrama is raring, tearing melodrama." HERB CRUIKSHANK, *N. Y. Telegraph.*

"Miss Costello is required to do little but look beautiful and follow the beaten track of vanishing rancho melodrama." DONALD THOMPSON, *N. Y. Telegram.*

"This picture is recommended to those who wish to spend a quiet and romantic evening." LANGDON W. POST, *N. Y. Evening World.*

"Miss Costello is called upon to do more acting than ever she has done before. She rises to the occasion magnificently." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"

"One cannot follow the fortunes of the picture stars and not have it forced upon him that it is almost suicidal for a German actor to trust himself in the hands of American producers." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"The cinematic Americanization of Emil Jannings . . . present the rare spectacle of a foreign film actor whose genius not only thrives when transplanted to Hollywood, but who goes his UFA successes one better in screen characterization." BETTY COLFAX, *N. Y. Graphic.*

"RITZY"

"One always thinks of her (Betty Bronson) as *Peter Pan*, and it is difficult to conceive of her being any other way. The fact that she is so successfully snobbish speaks well for her histrionic ability." DON KRULL, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"Elinor Glyn is credited as being author of the 'story' that makes up the contents of 'Ritzy,' but if Elinor was paid over $1.25 for what was flashed on the screen . . . Paramount probably has a good case against her for taking money under false pretenses." TAMAR LANE, *Film Mercury.*

"Betty will always be *Peter Pan.* Her movements, her attempts to be grown up and even the twist of her head are reminiscent of Barrie's heroine." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"Mme. Glyn is customarily pilloried (in her own phrase) by the critics, but to give Madame her due, she has evolved a neat satirical idea in 'Ritzy.' . . . It is an idea that Tarkington might envy." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *N. Y. Sun.*

"THE PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS"

"Around the convincing idea of the story has been built the usual hokum about college boys on vacation in New York . . . All rather movieque." MARQUIS BUSBY, *Los Angeles Times.*

"John Francis Dillon, the director, and Jane Murfin, the scenarist, have added some of the foibles of the modern college boy, and that is good comedy." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"VANITY"

"Miss Joy is not quite as real as she usually is in her performances." MORDAUNT HALL, *N. Y. Times.*

"'Vanity' brings Leatrice Joy again to the type of dramatic rôle in which she first scored. . . . She does her best work since 'Manslaughter.'" MARQUIS BUSBY, *Los Angeles Times.*

"FAST AND FURIOUS"

"The film sets out in the usual tricky Denny vein, but as it unreels its story it becomes silly and even a little boresome." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News.*

"'Fast and Furious' is good entertainment, packed as it is with action and love interest, a pretty girl and a handsome hero." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"FRAMED"

"Natalie Kingston is beautiful in the part of *Diane Laurens.*" BETTY COLFAX, *N. Y. Graphic.*

"Natalie Kingston, in a blonde wig, goes through her insipid rôle looking like a flaxen-haired department store dummy." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News.*

"ALIAS THE DEACON"

"June Marlowe . . . looks tired and disinterested during most of the play." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror.*

"June Marlowe is attractive in the ingenue rôle." *N. Y. Telegraph.*

"MAN POWER"

"There is a sufficient combination of suspense and thrills at the finish to satisfy almost everybody." EDWIN SCHALLERT, *Los Angeles Times.*

"In other words, 'Man Power' lacks suspense." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"THE CIRCUS ACE"

"There isn't a minute when Tom isn't active and there aren't many when Tony . . . isn't carrying Tom into new adventures." *The Chicago Daily News.*

"Tom's performance is absolutely nil save for a mild stunt. . . . Even Tony doesn't do much in this one." *New York Daily News.*



What They Say While the Camera Grinds

"You dirty ham—you stole my best angle!"



When you take off your hat ...

— swan or duckling?

Just *after* you've taken off your hat, how do you feel? Like the pleased swan of the fairy-tale—or the rather self-conscious duckling? Are you *prettier* because your hair is satiny and shiny and becoming? Or not so pretty—because your hair is limp and dull and discouraged?

Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to *make* your hair lovelier:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!
2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health.

These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-I
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Olive Oil ☐ Pine Tar

(*If you wish samples of* both *types, send* 20 *cents*)

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*City*_____ *State*_____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address



Carmel Myers and her "around the clock dress." Just by shedding a few layers, it changes from a luncheon to a dancing frock



The Twelve Hour DRESS

FROM luncheon to supper—all without a change of costume. Carmel Myers designed this four-in-one dress for the girl whose dates overlap. The gown is also called the Bermuda Onion, because it can be unpeeled in layers. Carmel considers it the biggest invention since rolled stockings or the trick cigarette lighter.

In the first picture (at the top of the page), you see the frock as it is worn for luncheon—a dark blue duvetyn ensemble, embroidered in beige. The coat comes off and presto!—an afternoon frock with an apron front and skirt of dark blue and a bodice of pale blue braided in a darker shade.

The apron unbuttons and, when it is removed (as in the third picture), Miss Myers is garbed for dinner in a frock with a blue chiffon blouse and a white skirt, with a bodice of silver ribbon.

Will wonders ever cease? The sleeves snap off at the armholes (see the picture at the left) and finally we have Carmel all ready to step out for a dance.

Now don't ask us where Miss Myers parks the pieces of her costume as she leaps from date to date.

don't fool yourself



They talk about you

It's a fact that most of those who offend by halitosis (unpleasant breath) are unaware of it.

The one way of putting yourself on the safe and polite side is to rinse the mouth with Listerine before any engagement—business or social. Immediately, every trace of unpleasant odor is gone, and with it that dread fear of offending.

1/3 Had Halitosis

120 hotel clerks, 40 of them in the better class hotels, said that nearly every third person inquiring for a room had halitosis. Who should know better than they?

Face to face evidence

And the antiseptic essential oils combat the action of bacteria in the mouth which is the source of most cases of halitosis.

Really fastidious people keep a bottle of Listerine always handy in home or office to combat halitosis. It's a good idea for everybody to follow. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

FALL IN LINE!
Millions are switching to Listerine Tooth Paste because it cleans teeth whiter and in quicker time than ever before. We'll wager you'll like it. Large tube 25c.

Why Men Go Home

There's No Place Else to Go



The lonesome man strays into the Hollywood Athletic Club to shoot a little pool. And there he finds Marion Nixon, Alyce Mills and Ena Gregory parked for an all afternoon session. That lets *that* out!



"Guess I'll drop around for a haircut," says he to himself. But Marietta Millner and Marion Ivy Harris have beaten him there. And Noah Beery and Fred Kohler have been waiting for an hour



Who can blame Oscar, the bootblack, for making Gary Cooper and Jack Luden wait, while he gives an extra-special polish to the shoes of Louise Brooks, Doris Hill and Thelma Todd?



"Then a prize-fight!" says the lone man. But try and get in, with Gertrude Olmstead, Jacqueline Gadson and Fay Webb in line! James Murray, Johnny Brown and Karl Dane will soon learn the girls bought the last tickets

If you talked with Eddie Cantor about throat protection, he'd say to you:



Eddie Cantor, famous musical comedy comedian

"My voice must be in condition 365 nights a year and when I smoke, I insist upon Lucky Strikes because I found from experience that they don't irritate my throat."

Eddie Cantor

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.


Enter your favorite Motion Picture theatre and see —
MONTY BANKS
IN
A Perfect Gentleman
and you enter upon an evening of uproarious laughter, tingling thrills, and sparkling action!
Pathepicture
ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE PATHE ROOSTER
THE MARK OF MOTION PICTURE PERFECTION
DEMILLE PICTURES
PATHÉCOMEDIES
PATHE NEWS
PATHESERIALS



The Start of the Pathe Romance, over thirty years ago.

The Romance of Pathé

A pioneer in picture entertainment

Over thirty years ago in France, Charles Pathe used a primitive motion picture camera to take scenes of a woman feeding chickens, a running horse, and the like. He developed his own films, then exhibited them to a curious public through penny-in-the-slot machines—the far-off predecessors of the modern motion picture theatre. He thus became a notable pioneer in a business which has made the lives of untold millions happier, and has become one of the great industries of the world.



Pathe Produced the First News Reel, the First Drama and Comedy

From that day to this the house of Pathe has been a leader. The first news reel, the first enacted motion picture drama and comedy were produced by Pathe. It is today famous for the best news reel—the Pathe News—as well as the best in comedies and every kind of short subjects.



Cecil B. De Mille, master Producer, and his studio at Culver City, Calif.

The Genius of De Mille, The Showmanship of Keith-Albee, Make a Greater Pathe



E. F. Albee, President of the Keith-Albee Circuit of theatres and the New York Hippodrome, typical of the Keith-Albee Theatres.

Now for the betterment of screen entertainment, the best brains in production, distribution and exhibition have come together. Cecil B. De Mille, whose surpassing genius created the incomparable "The King of Kings," and who stands alone as a feature producer; Pathe, the leader in short subjects, and through the Pathe-Dupont Co., a manufacturer of film, and the vast Keith-Albee, Orpheum and allied theatre circuits, the world's greatest showmen.

For the first time there is thus associated in one enterprise every vital element of motion picture activity from the raw film stock to the perfect and lavish presentation upon the screen.

Thus is continued the romance begun over thirty years ago. The pioneer is still the pioneer. The first is still the first.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

DE MILLE PICTURES—PATHECOMEDIES—PATHE NEWS
PATHESERIALS

Watch for the famous Pathe Rooster on the screen



It means the best for your entertainment



Headaches
will go if you get at the cause

WE all know the woman who "always has a headache."

She can't make any plans. Time and again she has to disappoint her friends and family—for any minute the familiar ache is liable to start its dull throb.

Nothing is so enervating as a headache. Nothing is so aging—so nerve racking!

There are scores of ways of deadening a headache—but to really correct a headache you must get at the cause of the trouble. And the natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Most headaches are due to congestion in the stomach or intestines. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and results in dizziness and headaches. *Sal Hepatica defeats a headache by promptly and effectively removing this congestion.*

Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines that draw thousands to European Spas. It is efficacious not only in relieving headaches, but in the treatment of many other ills.

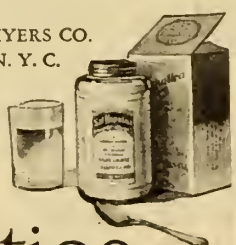
For Sal Hepatica flushes away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within us. These poisons affect different people in different ways, causing stomach disorders, bad complexions, hyper-acidity, rheumatism, and even serious organic troubles.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

For an acute headache, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica dissolved in a large glassful of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. For chronic headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in water, before breakfast.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps relieve headaches and other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. G-97, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1927

CUT PUZZLE CONTEST AID

Here is a list of prominent film players, to be used in building names from the key letters in the new cut puzzle contest:

Renee Adoree
Robert Agnew
Mary Alden
Ben Alexander
May Allison
Don Alvarado
Robert Ames
Richard Arlen
George K. Arthur
Gertrude Astor
Mary Astor
Agnes Ayres
George Bancroft
Monty Banks
Vilma Banky
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Barbara Bedford
Noah Beery
Wallace Beery
Madge Bellamy
Belle Bennett
Alma Bennett
Constance Bennett
Enid Bennett
Andre Beranger
Holbrook Blinn
Monte Blue
Betty Blythe
Eleanor Boardman
Olive Borden
Hobart Bosworth
Clara Bow
John Bowers
William Boyd
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Gladys Brockwell
Betty Bronson
Clive Brook
Louise Brooks
Edmund Burns
Neal Burns
Mae Busch
Francis X. Bushman
Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
David Butler
Eddie Cantor
Harry Carey
Mary Carr
Cyril Chadwick
Helene Chadwick
Lon Chaney
Charles Chaplin
Sydney Chaplin
Ethel Clayton
Ruth Clifford
Lew Cody
Buster Collier
Ronald Colman
Betty Compson
Chester Conklin
Lige Conley
Edward Connelly
Jackie Coogan
Clyde Cook
Al Cooke
Hal Cooley
Gary Cooper
Virginia Lee Corbin
Anne Cornwall
Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Costello
Helene Costello
Ward Crane
Joan Crawford
Dorothy Cumming
Frank Currier
Bob Custer
Viola Dana
Karl Dane
Bebe Daniels
Mickey Daniels
Roy D'Arcy
Frankie Darro
Marion Davies
Marjorie Daw
Alice Day
Marceline Day
Priscilla Dean
Marguerite de la Motte
Dolores Del Rio
Carol Dempster
Reginald Denny
Lya de Putti
William Desmond
Dorothy Devore
Elliott Dexter
Richard Dix

Jack Daugherty
Billie Dove
Louise Dresser
Dorothy Dwan
Helen Jerome Eddy
Robert Edeson
Snitz Edwards
Leon Errol
Elinor Fair
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Virginia Browne Faire
Farina
Charles Farrell
George Fawcett
Julia Faye
Louise Fazenda
Rockcliffe Fellowes
Leslie Fenton
Casson Ferguson
Helen Ferguson
W. C. Fields
Lefty Flynn
Ralph Forbes
Harrison Ford
Allan Forrest
Johnny Fox
Earle Foxe
Alec B. Francis
Betty Francisco
Robert Frazer
Pauline Frederick
Dale Fuller
Greta Garbo
Pauline Garon
Janet Gaynor
Hoot Gibson
John Gilbert
Claude Gillingwater
Douglas Gilmore
Dorothy Gish
Lillian Gish
Gaston Glass
Huntly Gordon
Jetta Goudal
Gibson Gowland
Red Grange
Ralph Graves
Gilda Gray
Lawrence Gray
Corinne Griffith
Raymond Griffith
Kit Guard
William Haines
Creighton Hale
Georgia Hale
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
Einar Hanson
Lars Hanson
Kenneth Harlan
Mildred Harris
Johnny Harron
William S. Hart
Raymond Hatton
Phyllis Haver
Holmes Herbert
Jean Hersholt
Walter Hiers
Johnny Hines
Jack Holt
Hedda Hopper
Reed Howes
Jack Hoxie
Lloyd Hughes
Gardner James
Emil Jannings
Julanne Johnston
Buck Jones
Leatrice Joy
Alice Joyce
Raymond Keane
Buster Keaton
Donald Keith
Ian Keith
Doris Kenyon
Norman Kerry
Kathleen Key
Natalie Kingston
Cullen Landis
Harry Langdon
Laura La Plante
Rod La Rocque
George Lewis
Margaret Livingston
Harold Lloyd
Jacqueline Logan
Bessie Love
Montagu Love
Edmund Lowe

Ben Lyon
Bert Lytell
Marc MacDermott
Dorothy Mackaill
Douglas MacLean
Arlette Marchal
Percy Marmont
Tully Marshall
Shirley Mason
Ken Maynard
May McAvoy
Tim McCoy
Malcolm McGregor
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Adolphe Menjou
Patsy Ruth Miller
Tom Mix
Colleen Moore
Matt Moore
Owen Moore
Tom Moore
Lois Moran
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Edna Murphy
Mae Murray
Carmel Myers
Conrad Nagel
Pola Negri
Anna Q. Nilsson
Greta Nissen
Marion Nixon
Mabel Normand
Ramon Novarro
George O'Brien
George O'Hara
Gertrude Olmstead
Pat O'Malley
Sally O'Neill
Mary Philbin
Jack Pickford
Mary Pickford
ZaSu Pitts
William Powell
Marie Prevost
Alleen Pringle
Esther Ralston
Jobyna Ralston
Charles Ray
Vera Reynolds
Irene Rich
Lillian Rich
Jason Robards
John Roche
Charles Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Ruth Roland
Alma Rubens
William Russell
Tom Santschi
Joseph Schildkraut
Rudolph Schildkraut
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Lowell Sherman
Milton Sills
Pauline Starke
Myrtle Stedman
Vera Steadman
Ford Sterling
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Blanche Sweet
Constance Talmadge
Norma Talmadge
Richard Talmadge
Lilyan Tashman
Estelle Taylor
Conway Tearle
Lou Tellegen
Alice Terry
Fred Thomson
Ernest Torrence
Ben Turpin
Tom Tyler
Virginia Valli
Victor Varconi
Alberta Vaughn
Florence Vidor
Johnny Walker
George Walsh
Henry B. Walthall
H. B. Warner
Bryant Washburn
Lois Wilson
Claire Windsor
Jane Winton
Grant Withers
Fay Wray

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

Another Scotch Yarn

Ludlow, Ky.

I think I can tell Chester Conklin as good a Scotch story as his yarn in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY.

A Scotchman who has accumulated a great deal of real estate suffered from amnesia.

His sons were afraid that during one of his spells of loss of memory he might unwittingly give away his property, so they had the deeds transferred to their names.

One day the Scotchman disappeared and when he remembered to return from his trip of wandering, the sons found in one of his pockets a ten dollar option on the Philippine Islands.

MRS. BERNICE JACKSON.

How About It, Lillian?

Utica, N. Y.

Some day I hope to see Lillian Gish play in the former Pauline Frederick hit, "Madame X."

My conviction is that within ten years, Miss Gish will be the greatest character actress of the screen.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

Cambridge Lists Its Favorites

Cambridge University, England.

It may be of some interest to yourself and the readers of PHOTOPLAY, which category no doubt includes the Stars themselves, to hear the approximate opinions of Cambridge undergraduates, where they concern the stars.

Laura La Plante—At present the favorite of favorites. But she must not let herself get so plump.

Esther Ralston—Rapidly catching Laura up.

Reginald Denny—Almost certainly heads the male list. His pictures are invariably a riot.

Rudolph Valentino—Extremely popular, almost without exception. Many of his films were reshown last term.

Adolphe Menjou—Liked by the majority, but by no means universally.

Lillian Gish—One can fairly say; unanimously loathed.

Dorothy Gish—Almost ditto.

Greta Nissen—Very popular, but there are plenty of exceptions.

Wallace Beery—A favorite villain, but Noah Beery seems almost more of a favorite.

Marie Prevost—Very popular.

John Barrymore—As popular as everywhere else.

Greta Garbo—Just as you would expect! And the showing of "The Temptress" has been postponed from July 20th to October 15th. So that the undergraduates will not miss it during vacation.

Bessie Love—Generally hated.

Tom Mix and all cowboys—Very unpopular except with a few—very few.

Alice Day—Very popular with nearly all, especially with me.

Clara Bow—Is not popular.

Colleen Moore—Is hardly more popular than Clara.

Betty Bronson—Is pretty unpopular too.

Richard Dix—Considered rather an oaf.

Alice Joyce—Very unpopular.

WARD HUTCHINSON.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Do you use a dentifrice because you are *scared* *or because you want your teeth to be* CLEAN?

PICK up the package of dentifrice that is in your bathroom now and try to remember why you bought that particular kind.

Was it fear? Did you buy it to cure or prevent some ugly mouth disease that you had been frightened about?

Or did you buy it simply because you wanted your teeth to be *clean?*

It is a very wise thing to keep the teeth clean, and a very foolish thing not to. There is no doubt that neglect of the teeth is dangerous and that you ought to do all you can to protect the health of your teeth, mouth and gums.

But how much can you do?

You can get the best answer to that question from your dentist. He will tell you just this: "The most that we in the dental profession expect of a dentifrice is that it will *clean* the teeth safely and thoroughly. More than this, we feel, a dentifrice cannot be logically expected to do, nor can it actually do.

"Keep your teeth clean and don't be afraid, for in keeping them clean you are doing every possible thing that anyone except a dentist can do to avoid dangers of tooth decay and other dental troubles."

It is better to rely on *cleanliness* and be confident, for in using a dentifrice that *really* cleans, such as Colgate's, you are doing the utmost you can do to keep your teeth healthy and beautiful.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

PHYLLIS HAVER, too, after patiently watching her sister Sennett splashers climb to stardom—Gloria Swanson and Marie Prevost—is going to have her very own production. It's to be "Chicago," the Maurine Watkins' satire. Of course she'll be Roxie Hart, the jazz slayer.

Bill Boyd is the other newcomer who saunters to stardom this year under Papa De Mille's banner, which is a worthy reward for being young, blond, handsome and receiver of the most fan mail borne to the studio.

A GOLF professional was playing an exhibition game out in Los Angeles. He was off form and zigzagged from rough to bunker to sand trap. Most of his shots were used to get out of tight places. Finally, his skill returned and he sank a long putt. The ball rolled neatly into the hole.

"There!" yelled a tourist who was looking on. "He won't get out of that one."

GOODY! We've got another beauty contest winner with us. Phyllis Gibbs, lugging the title of "Miss Australasia," most pulchritudinous miss in the Antipodes, won from twelve thousand beauteous contestants, who is going to become a picture actress for Mr. Cecil De Mille.

SAUNTERED onto Mary Pickford's set, a reproduction of a busy ten cent store, and discovered a beautiful blonde selling garden hose to "Buddy" Rogers under the able direction of Sam Taylor.

"Who is she?" I queried, breathlessly.

"Mary's cousin, Isabelle Sheridan."

She recently completed a commercial course at the University of Southern California, requested an introductory letter from Miss Pickford to a local business firm and Mary decided, instead, to use her in "My Best Girl."

NICE little pact, that between Bill Russell and his adoring wife Helen Ferguson.

On wedding anniversaries they promised to give each other something that would ornament the home.

The second anniversary occurred, and William gave Helen a set of flat silver service.

And Helen gave him the fence around their Beverly Hills home. But not the gate.

RICHARD DIX met her at a Hollywood party. The girl who was so dumb she thought Maxfield Parrish was an ecclesiastical district.

THERE'S always something new under the sunlight-arcs in Hollywood. The latest is an organization devoted to the education of masculine tourists who are willing and financially able to go places and see things but who don't know the local geography.

The middle-aged woman, who founded the organization, has upon her pay-roll a number of personable and interesting young women, many of them moving picture extras whose art does not monopolize all their time.

They accompany the currency-laden and curious tourists hither and yon, dining, driving and dancing with them. It's all very high-brow and refined and all that sort of thing. The fee is $10 for the services of the guide, who must qualify as a perfect lady.

The more mature promoter gets a slice of the ten—to say nothing of commissions from those shops and restaurants to which her wise virgins have piloted their seeing-Hollywood clients.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

The Odyssey *of a* Moustache

Or How Chester Conklin Found His Make-up



Our Ulysses was once apprenticed to a baker, but he reformed and went into vaudeville for seven years. There he found the Golden Fleece, which he glued to his upper lip



For five years Our Hero dallied by the pools of Sennett. Feature productions beckoned and Ulysses sailed over to "Greed." The Fleece got trimmed. Glasses were added



Ulysses as he is today. Mal St. Clair chartered him for "The Woman of the World." And just see what happened to the Fleece! Even the glasses had their downfall

An easy triumph of wifehood

YOU are a wife. You must be a nurse, a home decorator, a domestic scientist, a seamstress, a laundress, a beauty specialist, a bureau of information, a buyer, a banker, a hostess. You must be all these professionals almost every day, yet you must not be tired at dinner. It must be a good dinner. You must have good news. And you must not only keep up with your professions, but grow wiser in them each day.

SOUNDS hard, but is it? Not if you use that practical university—the advertisements. For here are the best safety-firsts; the most beautiful, most lasting draperies and home furnishings, and how to arrange them best; new food or new delicious ways of preparing and serving known foods; the finest in dress, in cold creams, hair washes, manicure methods; news of insurance; thrifty buying; happier ways to entertain; something of business, literature, art, music—of almost every science known.

THE information in advertisements is latest and correct. Yet a brief glance is sufficient to give you their news. Just a reading of the advertisements—and there's an easy triumph of wifehood! In selecting, buying, arranging, using. In keeping fresh for dinner. Saving work, saving time, saving money—being wise!

Reading advertisements regularly means keeping to the fore. Read these, in this magazine, now!

Friendly Advice *from* Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
This is a curious question to ask of a stranger, I know—*but is virtue worth while?* I am virtuous, but many of my friends (of both sexes) have told me that I am making a mistake—that I am prudish and old-fashioned. They tell me that standards have changed—that virtue has gone out of style. And they also tell me that I am less popular than I would otherwise be, because of my "puritan" point of view. Frankly, I am puzzled. And perhaps you can say something to make my mind more clear. MOIRA.

Indeed I can say something in answer to Moira's question and I sincerely hope that what I say *will* make her mind more clear! For Moira's point of view—puritan though some of her friends may term it—is the only right point of view to own.

Virtue—chastity—is never a mistake. No matter what any vapid little girl or boy, cast too obviously in the 1927 mold, may say.

I am going to take Moira's letter, sentence by sentence, and analyze it. Because it is a letter of more than surface importance. The answer that the Moiras of our nation make to this one problem means the life, or the death, of a phase of civilization.

In the first place, the question *is* curious. But this is an age of frankness and young people are demanding reasons, rather than evasions.

And so when I say that virtue is worth while I say it frankly—and from the depths of my experience and social position.

In the second place, leaving out all questions of sentiment, all thought of moral and spiritual obligation, virtue and chastity are alone worth while from a standpoint of health. Ask any physician of the real dangers of being promiscuous with one's emotions—and one's body. No girl who guards herself carefully is making a mistake—rather she is building up an insurance of vitality against the future. And, as she builds this insurance, she is building spiritually, as well.

The friends of both sexes who would tell a virtuous girl that she is making a mistake by being chaste can scarcely be called friends. They are really enemies—and if popularity hangs upon their judgment—and the judgment of others, like them—it is far better that the Moiras of this world should be a little less popular—and a little more *exclusive*.

It is true that standards have changed, to a certain extent. Just as styles have changed, to a certain extent. The flapper's short, scanty frock of today is indeed far removed from the ruffled, billowing gown of grandmother's era. But the flapper's dress answers the same purpose as did grandmother's hoop skirted finery. *It clothes the body.*

And standards, though they have perhaps been cut shorter and fashioned of more sleazy material, still answer the same purpose as did the standards of a half century ago. For standards still clothe the soul.

Look at the people who have accomplished deeds of daring and endurance. The young people. The girl who swam one channel. The boy who swam another. The third boy who, alone, conquered the air between two continents. And many, many others, like them. They were not afraid to give, as their main secret of success, the old formulas of clean living. And clean living and virtue mean the same thing exactly.

Clean living and virtue make for the only sort of prestige that is worth worrying about! "Dates," drives in a motor car along a dim road, dances in some questionable resort—what does their false excitement mean when it is balanced against invitations to the right sort of houses, deference, trust, and the sort of love and courtship that lead to a happy marriage?

No girl ever won a man's *lasting* loyalty and affection by being—and I only use this unpleasant word because I *must* use it—by being *cheap*. No girl ever won a place in her community by being unwise in her sex relations. There is an old, trite proverb—"The woman pays"—that expresses the attitude of society (even in this advanced day) against the girl who loses her head even momentarily. When she gives up her virtue coolly, calculatingly—as Moira's friends urge her to do—society has even less pleasant terms and more biting proverbs to bestow.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

What Price Virtue
Is This Month's Problem

VIRTUE has been called the Priceless Pearl. And, though that name was coined in a Victorian age, it still applies. Virtue is the only thing, almost, that money can not buy—and all other attributes of charm, loveliness and popularity are as nothing when it is lacking! Virtue—despite the sophistication of the day—is still the fashion.

Now that autumn is here, the wise girl is preparing for the hard work—and play—of the approaching winter season. Health and beauty will need sound consideration. I will be glad to answer letters—those with stamped envelopes enclosed, by return mail; the others in the columns of the magazine. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self addressed envelope; and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.



"My Perfume"

"It is difficult to select just one from all the charming packages of Ben Hur Perfume. I have chosen this one, but I like them all."

Anna Q. Nilsson





One of Anna Q. Nilsson's most charming roles was her masquerade as a boy in "Ponjola," a First National picture of the South African wilds.

Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson prefers this Ben Hur Perfume

DAINTY blonde Anna Q. Nilsson with her fresh Scandinavian beauty —wouldn't you know that Ben Hur Perfume, so seductive, so delicious, would be her choice?

She has autographed the delightful little bottle shown above in token of her preference—though as she says, "It is difficult to select just one from all the charming packages of Ben Hur Perfume."

Ben Hur Perfume is at once delicate and distinctive—a subtle lingering fragrance that gives a touch of mystery and charm to a beautiful woman's toilet. After using it once, you will want it always on your dressing table.

Gift packages of Ben Hur, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, $1.00 to $10.00. They make beautiful gifts for all occasions. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories for the toilette at leading druggists and toilet goods counters.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume and enjoy its seductive fragrance, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.


Anna Q. Nilsson
Dear Mr. Shaughnessy:
Your Olovnit vest is one of the most serviceable as well as one of the most beautiful garments I have ever used.
It is my favorite bit of Olovnit lingerie and I would be happy to have it named after me.
My friends will find the "ANNA Q. NILSSON VEST" one of the best wearing garments. It seems as though it would never wear out, and, no matter how many times it is laundered it still retains its beautiful sheen.
Wishing you continued success, I am,
Very truly yours,
Anna Q. Nilsson
Anna Q. Nilsson
First National Pictures.
Be well dressed always—you can afford Olovnit garments and hosiery because you buy them direct—from our factory representatives, at factory prices.
Mail the coupon today and see the complete line of Olovnit garments.
Shaughnessy
Olovnit
GARMENTS & HOSIERY
Mail this coupon today and our representative will call and show you our latest garments.
The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, N. Y.
Please have your representative show me your new summer styles.
Name
Street
City
State

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

HAZEL, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—If you just can't live without that photograph of William Haines, write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Don't forget to send the quarter.

J. D., BUFFALO, N. Y.—John Barrymore was starred in "Beau Brummel." The picture was released in January, 1924.

DOTTY D., SCOTTDALE, PA.—Yes, Dotty, Einar Hansen's death was particularly tragic, because he was on the threshold of a promising career. Hansen was born in Matala, Sweden. He had brown hair and brown eyes and was five feet, ten inches tall. He weighed 150 pounds.

M. L., SANDY LAKE, PA.—Ben Lyon is his real name. Born in the home of peaches and mammy songs, the old state of Georgia.

L. E. B., BELGRADE, ME.—We cannot give home addresses. However, you may write to Thomas Meighan at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ALICE L., MONTREAL, CAN.—Monty Banks is thirty years old and five feet, five inches tall. Doris Kenyon is one inch taller than Monty and Marion Nixon is three inches shorter. Figure that out. And Virginia Lee Corbin measures up to an even five feet.

D. H., WINFIELD, KAN.—Are you afraid that somebody will be jealous of your interest in Jobyna? Hey, Hey! Miss Ralston is Mrs. Richard Arlen in private life. She comes from Tennessee and uses her own name in pictures. Jobyna started in 1920. She has blue eyes and brown hair.

F. M. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—The boy in "Naughty But Nice" is Donald Reed. He is twenty-four years old and you may address him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Douglas Gilmore is twenty-five years old and his address is in care of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Stars usually change their real names in favor of more ornamental monickers or, when their real names are hard to pronounce, they pick something more simple. Norma and Constance are sisters. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures. Come again.

M. S., WHEATON, ILL.—Your patience is rewarded. "Brawn of the North" was produced in November, 1922. Lee Shumway played the hero. I'll see what I can do about getting a picture of Irene Rich and her new husband. Her daughters are attractive, athletic kids.

BOB R., MONTREAL, CAN.—Marceline Day isn't married. She is eighteen years old and has been in pictures since 1923. Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MRS. G. N., WHITMAN, MASS.—Enid Bennett is not in pictures at present. She is married to Fred Niblo, the director. It was the late Einar Hansen who played in "The Lady in Ermine."

M. M. F., ERIE, KANS.—Olive Borden has really long hair. She is twenty years old and was born in Richmond, Va. That's her real name. Write to Olive in care of the William Fox Studios, 401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

L. G., PORT ANGELES, WASH.—*Sandy's* name is Larry Kent and *Mary* was played by Edna Murphy.

ELSIE R., TORONTO, CAN.—Not fifty-five, my dear, only forty-five. Ten years is quite a lot of difference and John Barrymore would feel dreadfully hurt if anyone thought he were over fifty. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. The name of Elsa Benham is not familiar to me. What picture did she play in? You have the answer man asking questions of you.

"REDDY," DETROIT, MICH.—What do you mean, a "few" questions? Patsy Ruth Miller is not married; that's her real name. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is said to be engaged to Helene Costello. Maybe so, maybe not. They are just kids. Doug, Jr., was born Dec. 9, 1910. Dolores is Helene's older sister; she's twenty-five years old. Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight years old. And John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Are you sure that's all?

MARY W.—Lucy Fox hasn't appeared in pictures since 1924. Or if she has, she didn't tell me about it. Where are you, Lucy?

IN writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

M. L. W., CHICAGO, ILL.—Colleen Moore is twenty-four years old. Is it possible you don't know that she is married to John McCormick? Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. And send Richard Dix's letter to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

L. C. M., COLTON, CALIF.—That's pretty stationery. And cheerful, too. Write to me again. Warner Richmond played *Jim O'Neil* in "The Fire Brigade."

G. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Viola is twenty-nine years old and Shirley two years younger. Alice Joyce has two daughters.

M. I. K., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif., for the pictures you wish. But I don't think that it is customary for companies to send out "stills" from their productions. Dorothy Gish is working for an English company and Mady Christians and Xenia Desni are employed in Germany.

GREAT NECKER.—Are you boasting? Harry Langdon and Rin-tin-tin are shy about giving their ages. Come, Harry, and tell the lady how old you are. Write to Rin-tin-tin in care of the Warner Brothers, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

PAT, OAKLAND, CALIF.—William Boyd is his real name. Married to Elinor Fair. Ben Lyon is not married—as yet. But he's keeping company with Marilyn Miller. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. He's thirty-six years old and that is his real name. Betty Bronson is twenty years old, unmarried, an American and also uses her real name. Patsy Ruth Miller is still among the single and Agnes Ayres has divorced Manuel Reachi.

M. B., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—We have no such list. Sorry.

MILDRED, DUNCAN, OKLA.—I read every word of it, Mildred. My goodness, you are apt to be a grandmother before you are thirty-five! Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and Victor Varconi at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Congratulations.

V. B.—Buster, this lady wants to know why you don't answer your fan mail? The full name is William J. Collier, Jr. I don't know what the "J" stands for. Buster went to school in New York City. He weighs 150 pounds.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



The Dawn of a New Complexion

An irresistable, soft, pearly appearance that blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing, seductive beauty. You will be delighted with your vastly improved appearance in comparison with Face Powder complexions that continually streak, spot and rub off. The dawn of a new, lasting beauty awaits your use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Constant "touching up" is a thing of the past. The "24 hour complexion" rendered retains a soft, bewitching appearance, unaffected by outdoor sports, dancing or weather conditions. Astringent and antiseptic, giving exceptional results in treating blemishes, flabbiness, wrinkles, tan, muddy skins, etc. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

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Send 10c. for Trial Size P. M.
Check shade desired:
White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐
Name
Street
City
State

M-31-7

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

BARBED WIRE—Paramount

THE futility of hate and war is once more shown with the Polish Pola Negri as a fervent French peasant and the English Clive Brook as a German held prisoner on her farm. Inevitably they fall in love, the girl to have her people turn against her, the man to face his countrymen's wrath. The girl's wounded brother acts as the dove of peace. Slow paced and solemn but worth an otherwise empty evening.

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount

FIVE gorgeous moments in an hour of boredom. These moments come when Ed Wynn, standing in a frail chest at the very edge of Niagara Falls, struggles to push his barque off the rock that is miraculously saving his life. This is a high spot in slapstick comedy. Unfortunately, the rest of the picture is satire that fails to come off and is merely dull. The star, discouraged by his failure, will make no more pictures. Too bad that a daring feat, performed without the aid of a double, was wasted.

DANCE MAGIC—First National

THIS is a very poor production. Everything about it is old-fashioned—story, direction and acting. *Jahala* comes from a town where dancing is sinful and anyone who even thinks about it is forced to make public their sin. Anyway, *Jahala* comes to New York, becomes a success, and is involved in a murder. She returns home and confesses her sins publicly. The hero appears on the scene at the proper time and all is forgiven. You'll find most pictures more entertaining than this.

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal

A JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD story set against a beautiful Northern background and enacted by a splendid cast—Renee Adoree, Robert Frazer, Walter Long and Mitchell Lewis. It's all about a little French maid who would willingly sacrifice her love to protect her father. But the hero has other ideas and outwits the villain. Irvin Willat directed. Quite interesting.

RUNNING WILD—Paramount

WE enjoyed this picture and feel sure you will find this entertaining, too. W. C. Fields is a poor henpecked husband who can't call his soul his own. Through a hypnotist he becomes a raging bully and the tables are turned. It doesn't sound like much, but through the splendid direction and acting it becomes just grand and glorious fun for everybody.

THE FIRST AUTO—Warner Bros.

IN entertainment this can be compared with the first auto—missing on all sixes. The entire piece is slow moving and very tiresome. Of course it is interesting to see the first "boilers" that graced the highways—but that couldn't make a picture. Russell Simpson gives a splendid performance. Patsy Ruth Miller and the late Charles Emmett Mack are in the cast.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warner Bros.

WARNER OLAND'S first starring vehicle for Warner's is very poor. If this is any criterion of the future vehicles that will star Mr. Oland it won't be long before he is in the same rut as the other Warner stars. Picture if you can that splendid actor in the rôle of an absent-minded father who gets mixed up with a crowd of chorus girls while wifie has a couple of strokes over his disappearance. In his escapade he learns his daughter was betrothed to a bad, bad villain. On his return the daughter really marries the man she loves. Now we ask you.

FRAMED—First National

THE best Milton Sills feature we have seen for some time. But it isn't a knockout by any means. Milton has finally realized that ingenue rôles are not in accordance with his age, etc., etc. Anyhow, Milton is working down in the diamond mines of Africa. He protects the owner's daughter from a mad rush. He is the victim of circumstances, so he must prove his worth. "And when spring again comes to the Riviera"—it's love, sister, love.

THE SECRET STUDIO—Fox

OLIVE BORDEN is the main attraction here. The plot resembles a "true story" affair. It's all about a young girl who decides to make her way in the world. She becomes an artist's model. The artist does not mean right by our little *Nell* and it's up to the hero to give him a good thrashing. After that noble act is done the picture is over and you won't be sorry.

FAST AND FURIOUS—Universal

A TYPICAL Reginald Denny feature. And make no mistake, for it contains many laughs. *Reggy's* pet aversion is automobiles. In order to win the girl he must win the race that her daddy is financing and also betting a couple of thousand on the side. What a large order! But *Reggy* comes through with flying colors. Fast and furious explains how the laughs come.

THE POOR NUT—F. N.

THE stage play was a laughing success. The picture isn't. Somehow the sympathy that accompanied the boobish college youth on the stage is missing on the screen. Perhaps because one feels that in choosing Jack Mulhall for the rôle, his ridiculous sappy makeup borders on the burlesque. Charlie Ray would have been ideal in the rôle. Jane Winton, Jean Arthur and Charlie Murray are in the cast.

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.

A SOCIETY drama direct from the Cecil De Mille studios. And you know how swanky society is in De Mille features. Leatrice Joy is a society snob who becomes quite plebeian doing war work. And after the war is over Leatrice again assumes her high hat ways. But a meeting with the villain and Leatrice has other ideas and she renounces society and all its silly dignity. Just fair.

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount

THIS is the silliest vehicle Raymond Griffith ever made. A real good idea is behind the plot, but through triple repetition it becomes tiresome and boring. Vera Veronina, an imported leading lady, is an attractive heroine. William Powell is very grand as the villain. Don't waste your time.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Paramount-Christie Comedies

Great news for movie fans who like their laughs long and loud! Christie Comedies are now released by Paramount! They will be available to more people than ever before! You will see them at theatres that play Paramount Pictures because Christie Comedies are

Now part of the great

PARAMOUNT 100% PROGRAM

FOR

1927-28

This is more than a commercial alliance. It is a meeting of ideals. For Paramount, foremost producer of feature length pictures, it means two reel comedies of the same high quality, the same unvarying standard as Paramount Pictures. For Christie, foremost producer of two reel comedies, it means greater and wider distribution. For you, it means that Christie Comedies will be better than ever, now that they are *Paramount*-Christie Comedies.

See them at the best theatres everywhere

All Theatres that show the Paramount 100% Program show *Paramount*-Christie Comedies regularly and often. Ask your Theatre Manager when the next one is on the bill.



The Paramount-Christie Family of Fun Makers



Bobby Vernon in "Short Socks" with Frances Lee and Eddie Baker.

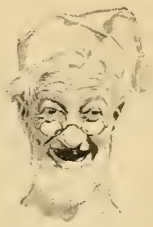
Billy Dooley in "Row, Sailor, Row" with Vera Steadman.





Jimmie Adams in "Doctor Quack" with Ethel Shannon and Billy Engle.

Jack Duffy featured in the Christie Series.





Neal Burns in "French Fried" with Doris Dawson and Sid Smith.

Anne Cornwall featured in the Christie Series.







Good Morning!

ALERT—bright eyed—eager for the day's work—after a good night's rest! Her sleep is so much more refreshing since her bed was equipped with a

WAY Sagless Spring

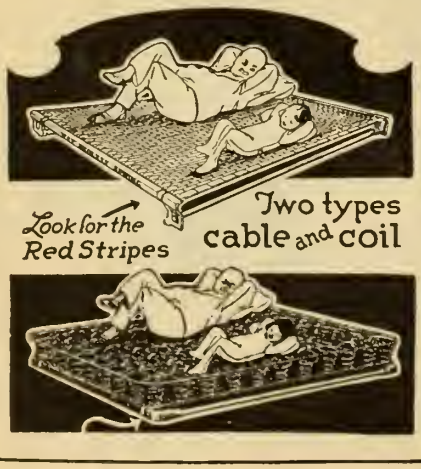
"No Sag In Any WAY"

The lasting buoyancy, comfort, and restfulness of WAY Sagless Springs is the result WAY patented features. Be sure of the *genuine* —look for the red stripes.

Write for booklet of bedspring facts.

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Burton-Dixie Corporation
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WAY SAGLESS SPRING CO., LTD., Toronto
PARKHILL BEDDING, LTD., Winnipeg
Chittenden & Eastman Co., Burlington, Ia.
Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.
Roberti Bros., Los Angeles



The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

MOON OF ISRAEL—F. B. O.

A FOREIGN version of De Mille's famous "Ten Commandments." An ordinary picture dressed up in the spectacular class. The cast is composed entirely of foreign players, two of whom have reached our shores—Maria Corda and Arlette Marchall. Just another of those stupendous productions that haven't a redeeming feature.

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner Bros.

THE how, when, where and why of the San Francisco earthquake. *Dolores Vasquez* falls into the hands of the villainous boss of the Chinese underworld. She prays to be saved from this beast, and presto! chango! comes the earthquake and she is saved. Dolores Costello stands around prettily letting Warner Oland, the late Charles Emmett Mack and Joseph Swickard run off with the acting honors. Give the little girl a hand, she's big-hearted without knowing it.

THE GREAT MAIL ROBBERY—F.B.O.

THE usual flag waving that always proves to be a winner with most audiences. A series of bold and spectacular railroad robberies leads railroad mail officials to appeal to the U. S. Marines. A rather surprising twist to the plot saves this from pure hokum. The kiddies will like this.

THE BEAUTY PARLOR—F. B. O.

H. C. WITWER'S famous Cosmopolitan Magazine stories have reached the screen. And like the other famous series—"The Telephone Girl" and "The Adventures of Mazie"—these enjoyable two-reelers are a scream from start to finish. Al Cooke, Kit Guard, Lorraine Eason, Thelma Hill and Danny O'Shea are also in the series. Don't miss them. Be sure to ask your theater manager to book them.

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

JEAN HERSHOLT adds another characterization to his list of successes. As the card-sharp masquerading under the guise of a psalm-singing deacon, Hersholt's characterization is amusing and convincing. And as the deacon he's always on the spot to help those in need—no one ever thinking for a moment that he is the famous card-sharp the police are looking for. This belongs on your "must" list.

RITZY—Paramount

ELINOR GLYN wrote this especially for Betty Bronson. And even though the story is very, very silly you'll find yourself chuckling many times. Betty's a debutante who decides she'll marry no one but an English duke. Little does she realize that the ordinary *Mr. Smith* who is courting her is a duke. He decides to teach her a lesson, and that's where all the nonsense comes in. James Hall is the hero.

SINGED—Fox

BLANCHE SWEET is a dance hall hostess in an oil booming town. She finances an oil development in order to make something of the man she loves. And after the gold starts pouring in they go to New York to see the sights. Here he decides to become a success socially and forgets all about "the gal who seen him through." But how he returns is for you to find out. It's good entertainment.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

It is a good thing to be "precious." Precious with yourself. Your body—and the soul within your body—are your highest and holiest possessions. They should not be disposed of in a light way—they should not be flung, slightly shop worn and soiled, upon life's bargain counter. They should be kept clean and fresh and pure—for some day you will meet a love to which you will want to respond beautifully. And when you meet that love you will be glad that you have dared, despite thoughtless and mistaken criticism, to be a puritan.

"What price virtue?" I have this month taken the phrase for the title of my article to you. And this is the answer:

Virtue has no price. When it can be purchased it ceases to be virtue. But, though it has no cash value, it is so costly a thing that a girl like Moira—owning it—has the right to be as proud as a young queen.

WONDERING:

The tone of your letter tells me that you are not in love with the young man to whom you are engaged. Indeed, I think that a girl of seventeen (who has been engaged since the age of fifteen) is much too young to enter into the responsibility of marriage—even when she *is* sure of herself. I think that you should finish high school before you make any decision—if the young man really cares for you he will wait. If he will not wait it is better to know, now, his limitations.

GERTRUDE T.:

I am glad that you are following my prescription for popularity. I am sure that you will meet with success. With light brown hair, brown eyes and a tanned skin you can wear yellow, pink (a deep shade), jade green, crimson, peach, and orchid. Witch hazel is a good astringent.

SANDY:

You should weigh about one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, at most. Do not worry if your weight is less.

NELL:

If you want light hair—and nature has bestowed dark hair upon you—there is only one thing to do. And that is—bleach! You will—if you study the advertising pages of this magazine—see the names of many reliable bleaches. However—be sure that you really want light hair before you change the color of your tresses. Nature, usually, knows best—and, after you have bleached your hair it will be a matter of months before you can change it back again to its former shade.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

MISS GWEN LEE of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization — to give her her full title—had two possessions, one, an asset, the other, a liability.

The first was an attractive new contract. The second was appendicitis for which the diagnosing surgeon said an immediate operation was necessary.

Gwen Lee knocked out a double. She signed the new contract just before she was put into the ambulance which was to carry her to the hospital for the operation.

Both the contract and the appendicitis are doing well. What price courage?

MR. DE MILLE, a little bird has told us, just purchased a divorce story entitled "On to Reno," from the inspired typewriter of Joseph A. Jackson, married two months ago to Ethel Shannon. All we ask you to do is to draw your own conclusions. And then keep them to yourself.

OVERHEARD in the M.-G.-M. Commissary during the time when a ten per cent salary cut threatened all studio employes and artists:

Enter a property man:

"I've gotta have three roast chickens for Mr. Conway's set."

"Aw! Have a heart! Times are hard," spoke up Lew Cody. "Can't you take one chicken and fricassee it and get by?"

KEEP an eye on this association. I am. Something very splendid in the form of film entertainment should result from the announcement that Lois Weber is to direct Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway." Miss Weber gave us a new Billie Dove in "The Marriage Clause." And Leatrice certainly needs a good picture.

For your private information and don't you dare tell a soul, the story was written by a very clever woman, too—Leonore J. Coffee. Let's see what the ladies give us.

BOBBIE VERNON entertained his grandfather, Captain Phillip Ahrens, the other day. That's not so important as from where the grandpop hails. The tiny Island of Amrum, children—run and get the atlas. It's the smallest of the Frisian Islands in the North Sea. He's a sweet old duck with flowing white beard and velvet beret.

HERE'S news. Ruth Boyd and very pretty, too, was rushed to the hospital because her appendix demanded an outing. And Ruth, we want you to know, was playing in "The Woman Who Did Not Care."

WE hope you won't think we are getting personal, but we want you to know that Wally Beery and Raymond Hatton wear asbestos underwear. They have to. But it's an occupational necessity. Playing around the flames of "Fireman, Save My Child" makes it necessary to thus protect their cuticle.



Famous People

—are enthusiastic in their endorsement of the smart Golden State Limited.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey command the best in transportation service. And they say of this 63-hour transcontinental flyer, "It's a great train."

Golden State Limited's faster schedule saves a business day between Chicago and Los Angeles. Busy, successful people in all walks of life prefer it, appreciate its deluxe equipment and famous dining service. The small extra fare aids this great train's appeal.

You ride with famous people when you "go *Golden State.*" You will be delighted with every phase of your trip.

Golden State Limited

Southern Pacific

F. S. McGINNIS, Passenger Traffic Manager
Southern Pacific Company
San Francisco, California



Rock Island

L. M. ALLEN, Vice-Pres. and
Pass. Traffic Mgr. Rock Island
Lines, Chicago, Illinois

Hollywood Ticket Office, 6768 Hollywood Blvd, Los Angeles Ticket Office, 212 West Seventh



for this crystal bright, rose-lit nail polish

Finger tips rose starred with crystal brightness!

Tremendously smart is this Liquid Polish. Made by Cutex, who make the manicure preparations used by the most exquisite women. With it the finger tips keep their natural spangled brightness for a week or more. Neither salt seas nor humdrum dishpans will spoil its lustre.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a Natural Pink and a Deep Rose tint. A generous bottle only 35c—the Polish Remover is the same. The coupon and 10c bring you these samples.

Northam Warren, New York, Paris, London.



CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

Brighter and more natural

I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink ☐ Deep Rose ☐ Check your preference.
Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-9A
114 West 17th St., New York

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ALMA BENNETT of the big brown eyes and beautiful legs recently signed a year's contract with Mack Sennett. And the thing that makes that news is that Alma has already played leads, and that she is not doing two-reelers now because she is getting a bit passe. Alma, with her youth and beauty, is just beginning. I asked her to explain.

"I'm studying technique," Alma said. "After 'Long Pants' I was offered leads, one in a dramatic picture. But on a full length picture you are away from the camera twice as much as you are before it. You may spend six months on a picture and do only two weeks' work. And I'm ambitious. Watch the people who have come out of the comedies and it's plain they all know what they're doing. The answer is that on a comedy lot when you work, you work, every day, scene after scene. With two weeks in which to shoot a whole picture, you can't fluff on your work. You have to make good. You learn what to do and why. A year here means in the future I'll have something to rely on besides a bit of personality and a good nose."

Verily, a beauty who is not dumb.

PERTINENT comment on this ten per cent wage cut. It happened on Billie Dove's set.

"Kill the overhead," yelped the chief electrician, referring to the great arc lights.

There was a moment's silence while several highly paid gentlemen of leisure, known as "comedy constructors" or gagmen, glanced idly at the ceiling.

Then a far voice called, "That means 'Fire the gagmen'!"

JUST wait till Mussolini hears about this. Arrived in Hollywood recently, Alberto Rabogliati, who had won a contest held to select Italy's most handsome man, and Marcella Battellini, declared by many, including herself, to be Italy's most beautiful girl.

They came here to try to make their way in pictures, but when their ship docked at the harbor the only reception committee was composed of hard-boiled ship-news reporters to whom winners of beauty prizes give a severe pain in the neck.

LUTHER REED, that clever director, was attempting at length and in English to explain a bit of business to a Chinese on the "Shanghai Bound" set.

Richard Dix, whose picture it is, paused for a moment to listen in.

"You'd better give it up, Luther," he said finally. "He doesn't speak English. Only broken China."

And thereby won the Lasky loving cup for the best wisecrack of the month.

THE old map craze which the interior decorators started finds an ardent enthusiast in John Barrymore. Jack recently showed me through his new bungalow at United Artists'. It is exquisitely furnished with very rare antiques and old, old velvets and the soft yellow walls are literally covered with maps. Perfectly executed, done in oil paints of soft colors, I exclaimed over them, only to observe upon closer inspection that Jack had drawn them himself.

Long before the youngest Barrymore ever went on the stage he was an artist. He worked on several newspapers and magazines and the illustrations he did for the books of poetry by his wife, Michael Strange, excited the whole art world.

Now Jack uses his yacht for explorations. He maps them out carefully and upon his return the route of another voyage hangs from the walls. Not such a hard life these actors have, is it?



The sun never sets on England's afternoon teas. The members of Hollywood's English colony gather for the little ceremony. From left to right, they are: Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. Percy Marmont, Mrs. Brook's sister and Margaret Shute, an English writer. And see if you can find Phillip Strange, Percy Marmont, Ronald Colman and Clive Brook

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA, where so many of the stars live, and where everything is pure and good, except the drinking water, has had a lot to talk about lately.

No sooner had the Mayor, Will Rogers, come home from a hospital completely recovered from what looked at first like a serious illness, than his Chief of Police stationed armed guards about the hillside estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The Chief had heard rumors of a plot to kidnap Mary and hold her for ransom. Two years ago there was another plot to kidnap her as a result of which two men are now serving from ten years to life in San Quentin. This year's plot only got as far as the armed guards and they were soon withdrawn.

ANOTHER boost for Colonel Lindbergh, who bootlegged the Spirit of St. Louis to Paris, thereby defying tradition and the Eighteenth Amendment. Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation has dedicated to him, its epic of the air, "Wings."

THE college boy in the polka-dot tie was watching the toothpaste smile of Roy D'Arcy. Slowly he turned and addressed the co-ed by his side: "Four out of five suffer from this."

JUST think of all the things Colonel Lindbergh has named for him. Dresses, hairbobs, hats. Ain't it grand? And now comes Milton Sills, that amiable horticulturist, and names a new plant the "Lucky Lindbergh." And he Burbanked it with his own little hoe.

It's a tropical flowering creeper that grows higher and higher. And so does Lindbergh, but not by creeping.

MOST awed at "The King of Kings" opening to see Anna Q. Nilsson, furred in ermine and diamonds, escorted by six attentive swains. But overawed when I learned that each attentive swain had a cargo of hankies for Anna when she cried during the most poignant scenes.

At the "Seventh Heaven" opening she had only one swain, who brought only one hanky, and rumor has it, it took the next seven days for her Spanish shawl to dry out.

CONSIDER Harry Langdon's acquaintance. He's so thoughtful that he leaves his muffler on while dining so you can't hear him eat soup.

HERE'S an unusual type of gent to find around a motion picture studio.

He's Jack Luden, recently made a western star by Paramount.

Jack says he's never been hungry or never been broke and he didn't have to buck the extra game.

The son of a wealthy candy manufacturer, he started out at Johns Hopkins to get a medical degree. After two years he changed his mind and tried a business career.

Then came a chance to enter the Paramount picture school and now look where he is.

But don't let this start you for Hollywood, for Jack is just one lucky lad out of ten thousand who aren't.

NEW! made like the costliest French soap . . but just 10¢



Cares for your skin the beauty-wise French way

YESTERDAY fifty cents or a dollar for fine French toilet soap—today the same luxury for just ten cents!

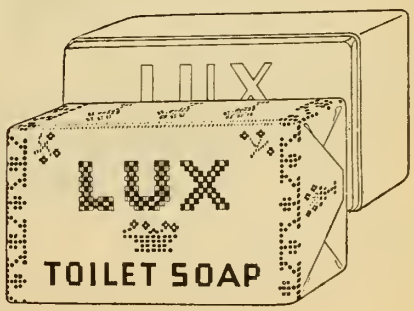
For Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

Beauty-wise France knew the skin itself must be *smooth*, exquisite, for loveliness. Lux Toilet Soap tends your skin the true French way.

Caressing abundant lather even in the hardest water! Firm, fine-textured, delicately fragrant, Lux Toilet Soap wears and wears to a last white wafer.

Made by the makers of your cherished Lux, Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LUX Toilet SOAP





RECLAIMING OUR BEAUTY!

TRAILING back from tennis courts, fairways, beaches and mountains, we come — brown as berries, dotted with freckles, tattooed by the sun with "V" necks and shoulder-lines!

To quickly reclaim our beauty, we of the chic world now turn post-haste to the foremost authority on facial care, HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

For after-summer use, this famous specialist has created gently effective creams and lotions. Not only do they clear the skin beautifully, but like all Rubinstein preparations, they counteract *"skin-fatigue."*

ALL IMPORTANT FOR AFTER-SUMMER USE

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream — thoroughly cleanses — cools, soothes — molds out 'tired look"—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily, or pimpled skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream — for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night —ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion — freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Freckle Cream — effaces obstinate freckles and a stubborn coat of tan. (1.50)

Valaze Pore Paste Special — washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

FLATTERING BEAUTY TOUCHES
Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective—wide range of flattering tints. 1.00 to 5.50

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Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN P-9
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Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Oily Skin ( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin ( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles ( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet ( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

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Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....



Continuing the adventures of Emil Jannings in the Land of the Thin and the Home of the Dry. Mr. Jannings has this rowing machine installed on his porch and rows three miles a day, without ever getting anywhere. Art may be Art but a thin waistline means real money

IMAGINE George Fitzmaurice's surprise when, while casting his newest picture, "Rose of Monterey," he found that out of twenty thousand women, young and old, registered at the Central Casting Bureau, there were only fifty with long hair. Fitz just had to have long haired girls for this early California story and what a tough time he had getting them.

ONLY the other day I heard of another discovery of Gloria Swanson's—no less than Madeline Hurlock.

It happened during the days when Madeline was an extra girl and Gloria a leading woman. Madeline of the beautiful face and figure was finding pay checks few and far between. She didn't make friends easily with the result that whenever she was called on a picture, she got the least attractive clothes from the wardrobe department and the poorest position in the extra crowds. Then one day she was selected for a De Mille picture in which she was to play a scene in which the leading lady figured. Gloria was a bit fussy and demanded that she see the girls chosen. Her eye lit on Madeline.

"Put that girl in the right clothes and do her hair correctly and you'll see a beauty," pronounced Gloria, pointing her out to De Mille. The director ordered the girl brought forth. Gloria herself combed her hair, parting it down the center of her head and brushing it softly over the ears. Then she ordered for Madeline one of her old dresses. Thus began a friendship and a Sennett beauty's career, and, incidentally, Madeline still wears her hair the way Gloria recommended.

DROPPED over to see Milton Sills making "Roughhouse Haggerty" at First National.

And there was Arthur Stone, the comedian, enjoying a day off by hanging around the set.

Just can't seem to keep away from the studio.

DEBATE between young Garrett Fort, the scenario writer, and Jack Warner, of the Hollywood Warners, doncha know, as to whether Fort should write at the studio or at home.

"I can't work in a studio," Fort said. "I've always done my writing at home. Studio atmosphere cramps my creative style."

"Listen," Jack replied. "The equipment on this lot cost me a million dollars. The studio buildings cost two million. That's more than the White House cost—and the President works there."

The third office to the left bears Garrett's name.

MARRYING in haste and repenting at leisure is the latest privilege to be taken away from the citizens of California.

A state law, which has just gone into effect, provides that no marriage license shall be issued unless Romeo and Juliet are perfectly sober at the time they apply for it, and, that even if one be issued, it can not be used for three days.

The law puts another brake on impetuous marriages by providing that the application for a license shall be made public—this to give anybody who has a right to say "nay" to say the same before the license is used.

In Hollywood, opinion is divided as to whether the three-day period, which is supposed to be devoted to thinking it over, is too long or too short.

I WAS standing on the set at Paramount talking to Richard Dix when we were all startled by a pistol shot on the next set.

Up went the top man's hands and he yelled:

"Don't shoot! I've never even met your wife."

A SMART title from "The Callahans and the Murphys" which must be repeated.

Eddie Cribbon, the night watchman, son of Mrs. Callahan (Marie Dressler), departs for his nocturnal duties. As he leaves the doorway, a potted geranium meets his head, suddenly, having toppled from an upper floor. He grimaces.

Polly Moran as Mrs. Murphy, in a huff against the Callahan clan, sees it and yells:

"Look at that face! No wonder he works at night!"

HOW'S this for realism in pictures? Marguerita Fischer—she returns to the screen to do the celebrated ice cake-walk in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—was telling me about it. They were locationing on the Mississippi River, before it got rampant, and came upon an old darky, a perfect type. After much inducement she consented to appear in a scene.

It was a slave market scene, an exact reproduction of pre-war days. There was the block, the cowering negroes, the auctioneer. One wavering look and the aged negress sank to her knees, whimpering. She thought slavery had returned.

THEY tell it of a certain elderly actor, now reformed by grace of some loyal soul, who loved his toddy too well and not too wisely.

"Whenever you feel the desire to drink," cautioned his doctor, "eat something."

Shortly he went on a road tour. He was reading his Gideon in his room on the first night, when the sound of a shot flared forth. Hastening to the transom he peered over, to find a woman stretched out dead, the revolver smoking.

At that moment another shot rang out and he ran to the other transom. A man lay dead, with smoking gun.

The actor ran to the 'phone:

"Hello, hello. Clerk? Hurry to the fourth floor. Two people have committed suicide. And rush up an order of scrambled eggs, will you?"

GEORGE JESSEL says he was sitting behind a girl at a preview when she leaned over and said to her boy friend:

"Bill, somebody is fooling with my knee."

"It's me, kid," Bill told her, "and I'm not fooling."

I ARRIVED on "The Life of Riley" set the other day just in time to see a pretty reunion. Charlie Murray and William Beaudine, the director, were slapping each other on the back. The convivial exercises, I soon gathered, were because Charlie and Bill had not been professionally associated since 1911, when Beaudine was property assistant and Murray, fresh from vaudeville triumphs, made his first picture.



SPEED . . . dust . . . wind. A hat blown suddenly away. Disheveled, warm, dusty—*beauty on trial*. Then—a dazzling smile. Flash of sparkling teeth. Natural loveliness victorious in . . . THE SMILE TEST. *Could you pass it now?*

What men ask *of a Woman's Smile:*

SOON or late every woman must meet this test. A time when no beauty-aid will suffice—*when natural beauty alone will be judged.*

A smile will win—or lose—the verdict. Men depend upon it for the truth about beauty. And the secret of a lovely smile is very simple.

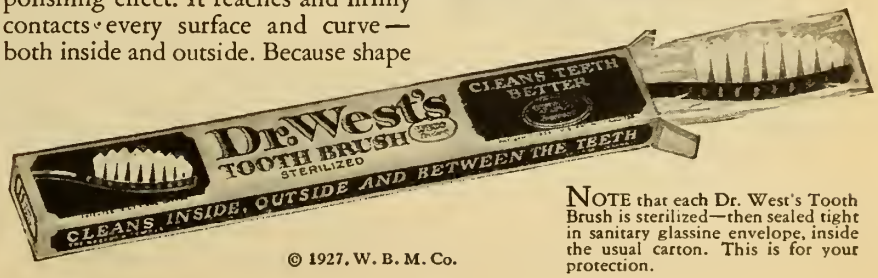
It depends upon teeth so bright and clean they sparkle. This is the one attribute of natural beauty which anyone can possess. Nothing can conceal its lack. No artifices or aids can make up for not having it.

FOUR minutes a day will bring this natural loveliness. *Brush away from the gums, always.* Two minutes, morning and evening, with Dr. West's Tooth Brush, which polishes as it cleans.

This famous brush makes proper brushing easy. And adds the unique polishing effect. It reaches and firmly contacts every surface and curve—both inside and outside. Because shape and size are scientifically determined to modern dental specifications. Tufts, wide-spaced and well-pointed, thoroughly penetrate every space between the teeth. And the sloping, tuftless end slips easily between cheek and jaw to clean the teeth farthest back—*usually neglected.* The special polishing bristles remain erect—hence *clean thoroughly* and *polish as they clean!*

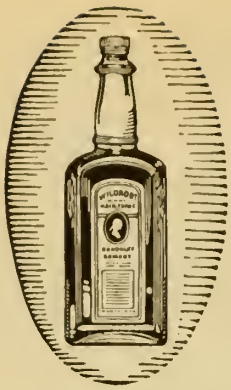
Never try to wear out your Dr. West's brush. It is amazingly durable, and may *look* serviceable after the peculiar polishing ability is impaired. Dentists usually change their own Dr. West's monthly. The cost of being sure is *little;* the benefits surprisingly *great!*

Better get new ones, for all the family, today. At any drug store or department store. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. *You will be able to see and judge results, quickly.*



NOTE that each Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized—then sealed tight in sanitary glassine envelope, inside the usual carton. This is for your protection.

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.



even IF *you have escaped* DANDRUFF *. . . . so far*

NO scalp is safe from the dandruff germ. Your brush and comb—the dust-laden air itself—all carry this menace to the beauty of your hair.

Take this wise precaution . . rub Wildroot into the roots of your hair several times a week. For Wildroot not only *removes* dandruff, but *prevents* it—by killing the germ and by keeping your scalp clean and healthy. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and lustrous.

Get a bottle from your druggist today—and begin this preventive treatment. Whenever you go to the barber or hairdresser, always ask for a Wildroot treatment.



WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL BOTTLE

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

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ANOTHER reunion in the commissary at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the other day. Kate Price and Flora Finch met over the pineapple and cottage cheese salads. Nothing unusual in that, but the fact that they both were dear old John Bunny's leading ladies in the distant Vitagraph days, and their luncheon was peppered with reminiscences.

DOROTHY MACKAILL is playing a cosmetic cutie in "The Road to Romance." That's First National's saga of the traveling salesman. And Jack Mulhall is the knight of the satchel. But what we started to say was that Dorothy told us sweetly, but firmly, that she was *not* spending a week in the cosmetic department of a downtown drug store, nor was she seeking the advice of her favorite manicurist on the home life of the lipstick.

A COMPLETE little film citadel is what Cecil B. De Mille plans, inviolate from attacks of raw stock hold-up men, projection machine pirates and vaudeville high-jackers. Announcement of his alliance with the Pathe-Dupont and Pathex interests, manufacturers of raw film, cameras and home projectors, came out at the recent De Mille-Pathe-P. D. C. Convention. Already aligned with the Keith-Albee, Orpheum, B. S. Moss and Proctor theater circuits, De Mille has what is apparently a powerful defensive and offensive position in the film field.

We shall see what he does with it.

DE MILLE will film "The Wreck of the Hesperus," and Norman Kerry arises to announce that he will positively not play the title rôle.

ANOTHER peep at the bar room scene of "The Trail of '98" before we hic-ippity hop along. There was a conspicuous lack of alacrity among the drinkers.

"Come on, boys! Make it snappy!" yelled Charles Dorian, the assistant director.

Still the action lacked spontaneity.

"Drinks are on the house, boys!"

There was an instantaneous gulp, as twoscore Adam's apples moved as one.

CONSIDER well the slightly beginned individual who ambled up to the wax usher guarding a corner of Grau-

Answers to Movie Who's Who

1. Lew Cody
2. Gilda Gray
3. Gilbert Roland and Barry Norton
4. Joan Crawford
5. Bobby Vernon
6. Farina
7. Bob Custer
8. Astor combined with the given name of Mary
9. Cleve Moore's little sister, Colleen
10. Donald Reed
11. Claire Windsor
12. Creighton Hale
13. Billie Dove
14. It's Talmadge. He is Richard Talmadge
15. Mary Pickford, of course
16. Edwin Carewe and Rupert Julian
17. Nita Naldi
18. Mack Sennett
19. Dorothy Phillips
20. Ruth Roland will be Mrs. Bardson Bard
21. As Evelyn Brent
22. Don Alvardo
23. James Kirkwood's wife, Lila Lee
24. Paramount's pet, Richard Dix
25. She's Shirley Mason
26. Sally Phipps
27. Hedda Hopper, one of the wives of DeWolf Hopper
28. Stuart Holmes
29. Betty Jewel
30. Ricardo Cortez

Truly, we would murmur, this is the day of wonders.

THEY tell it on the Boulevard. A man bought an evening paper and read this heading: Chaplin Charges Wife with Two Love Affairs.

"Always was stingy," murmured the man as he walked up Cahuenga Street.

AND, talking about two-reel comedies—

There used to be a Broadway actor who never had set any rivers on fire with his acting, but whose ability to tell improper stories had caused oceans of mirth among those of his friends who liked that sort of thing.

Not long ago, he went to Hollywood to break into the pictures. He must have left his axe in New York, because the failure of the producers to rush to engage him was practically unanimous.

But, at last, he got a call from the studio of a prominent manufacturer of two-reel comedies. That night, when he got home, he said to his wife, and said truthfully: "I've been engaged for pictures at more salary than I ever got on the stage."

"Great!" said his wife.

She would have said much more had he told her why he had been engaged. For she hates the kind of stories he used to tell and had made him promise he would tell no more.

And the producer who had engaged him had said: "All you'll have to do to earn your salary is to tell my writers and directors all of those old stories of yours you can remember. They all have a point. We'll clean 'em up and make comedies of 'em."

man's new Chinese theater. Sid has a lot of those immobile figures, in 'broidered mandarin coats and panties, stuck in nooks and crannies. One, a gay dog with silken mustache, smokes a perpetual cigarette from which incense curls.

The slightly be-ginned individual, so the story goes, presented his ticket to the lay figure. Nothing happened. Nothing should.

Waiting several pregnant minutes, he wandered off, muttering:

"Thish ish, indeed, shilent drama!"

AFTER the producers' abortive attempts to reduce production costs by the ten per cent wage slash route they are turning their attention to other means toward the same end.

A casting director at one of the poverty-row studios says he was ordered to procure six actors to go on a short location trip.

"And, see if you can't get all six of them with dyspepsia so they won't eat so much," the quickie producer ordered.

"OH, Mr. Love! I'm so happy!" cooed the blonde extra girl.

"And what about?" resolutely queried our hero, Montagu Love.

"They've sent for me over at Lasky's to play the lead in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.'"

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes! And I have to go over and see the woman who wrote it. . . . Laura Lee, you know."

And Monty swears that it is true.

No wonder Anita Loos, authoress of the satire, prefers New York to Hollywood. And allows her gold-digging character, Lorelei Lee, to mine only in urban communities.

YOU'VE heard of "golf widows," haven't you? And so, gentle reader, have we. Here's the Hollywood equivalent of that sad summer bereavement.

"Preview widows" they are called. Lone, lorn *hausfraus*, left at home with the knitting and the Pekinese while hubby (either a director, star, scenarist or title writer) goes, he vows, to a pre-release showing of his latest effort in gelatin.

"CHUCK" Reisner's favorite story is of a lynching in Arkansas.

"Have you got anything to say, before we start pulling on this rope?" the leader of the lynchers demanded.

"Well, all Ah gotta say, boss," the negro replied, "is that you all is about to kill the bes' bull fiddle playah in this heah county."

GEORGE YOUNG, who rode from Toronto to Hollywood on a motorcycle and who then rested by swimming the Catalina Channel, is again in Hollywood to do some picture work. With him is his chum, Wallace Sanders, son of a prominent club woman of Denver and himself an expert swimmer and diver whom the Hollywood Athletic Club regards as Olympic material.

The other day, when they weren't needed at the studio and time hung heavy on their hands, George Young came to the front with a brilliant idea.



Resinol Soap for the woman who travels

gives a sense of exquisite cleanliness, while its Resinol properties protect the skin against dryness and roughness.

YOU are thrilled at the thought of the coming trip. For weeks—perhaps months—you have been studying maps and schedules. Gowns, hats and all the accessories have been selected carefully to make you look your best on all occasions, but how have you planned to protect your skin in the strenuous days to come?

There is no space to give to an array of cosmetics, and no time to use them if she had them so the experienced traveller safeguards her skin with a product that will meet all the requirements for thorough, yet quick and gentle cleansing. She is wise when she selects Resinol Soap because—

It quickly yields a rich sparkling lather in practically all kinds of water, thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, and rinses easily.

It gives a delightful feeling of cool and refreshing cleanliness, because of its distinctive Resinol fragrance.

But, most important of all, it contains the specific Resinol ingredients so favorably known through the other Resinol products—those ingredients which soothe the skin under all conditions, protect its natural oil, and keep it soft and velvety.

All druggists and toilet goods counters sell Resinol Soap. Buy a cake today—try it a week, and you will want to enjoy it always whether at home or abroad.

For the annoying little blemishes which sometimes mar the complexion use a touch of Resinol. This ointment has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years in the successful treatment of various skin disorders. Excellent for sunburn and chafing.

Prove these statements. Send 10c with the coupon below for the new and larger size samples of the Resinol products.



Send 10c for the new Resinol combination

Resinol, Dept. 6-H, Balto., Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the larger size samples of Resinol Soap Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

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"Tell you what let's do for a change," said he, "let's go down to the beach and look at the people swimming."

IT'S a question in itself whether the tremendously popular "Ask Me Another" book is screen fodder, but Maxwell Shane and Ralph Staub, local boy wonders, thought enough of it to wire the publishing company for the price of its screen rights.

The publishing company's answer slammed back: "Ten thousand dollars."

To which the boy wonders replied:

"Ask me another."

OVERHEARD on the "Man Power" location at Malone Dam, near Sonoma, where Richard Dix made his last picture. There was mud, mud, mud everywhere. Never so much mud.

"So they want a name for this here opus?" spat a carpenter, scooping a handful of slimy ooze from his ear. "Well, I got it. Her name is Mud."

RAN across Claire Windsor the other day. She grows more astoundingly beautiful every time I see her. Her hair was softly curled, her gown was velvet and cream lace, a period frock for the historical picture she is doing with Col. Tim McCoy.

"It's lovely," I murmured.

"Because you don't have to wear it," she said, patting her eighteen inch waistline. "It's so tight I can't even drink water."

Being a young lady of fashion in grandmother's day must have cramped one's style and esophagus.

THE "breaks" come in many ways in the movie game.

Take the case of two girls in a most important studio, who must be nameless. They both started at about the same time. They both had an equal amount of good fortune. The one has great beauty and sex appeal. The other has astonishing emotional ability. Each got her share of good pictures.

But here's the joker. The one is earning $350 a week, the other $1,500. The actress is getting the $350, the beautiful young clothes horse the $1,500 and here is where the break comes in.

The little clothes horse was between pictures. Another company wanted her for a most important Western. She was getting $250 a week at the time and they offered $500 if they could borrow her. At the same moment a second company found she was ideally suited to a rôle they had and offered $700. A third began bidding and raised it to $900. Her own company, hit with panic, offered her $1,000. The other companies bid some more and the starlet finally compromised with her own organization for a mere $1,500.

All the other girl can do is take refuge in her fine press notices.

AFTER a comprehensive investigation we are glad to report that Betty is the Christian name most popular among the Hollywood extra girls. It is reported, by our unofficial ambassador, that Lloyd Hughes stood at one end of the "American Beauty" set and yelled "Betty" wherein twenty-three Bettys galloped forward.

Feeling thus rewarded for his vocal efforts, Lloyd cried "Peggy," in stentorian voice, and up loped nineteen Peggys. Draping the Bettys and Peggys about in true sultan formation, our correspondent amiably reports that Lloyd yodelled "Jerry," whereupon fourteen Jerrys hopped to the foreground. Encouraged beyond all human discretion, Lloyd broadcast an S. O. S. for "Bobby" and nine marched forth.

After which our unofficial ambassador wandered over to watch Billie Dove apply her make-up, and the score was lost.



Just an informal studio photograph, but it looks like a futuristic painting. It's a nice study, too, in lights and shades. May McAvoy is the girl

"MOTHER" ROSSON who gave six children to motion pictures, and whose faith and great heart spurred many an extra to starry heights, is gone. Not content with mothering her boys, Art and Dick and Hal, the first two directors and one a cameraman, and her actress daughters, "Mother" Rosson's house was sanctuary for many a weary and discouraged player. Flowers, great masses of them, spoke mutely of unforgetting gratitude.

ADD to the discomforts of stardom. Warner Oland, he of the sleek black locks, suffered a permanent wave so he could play "sympathetic" rôles.

Suggested slogan for beauty shops: "Do you wish to be attractive to the opposite sex? Try our Sympathy Marcell."

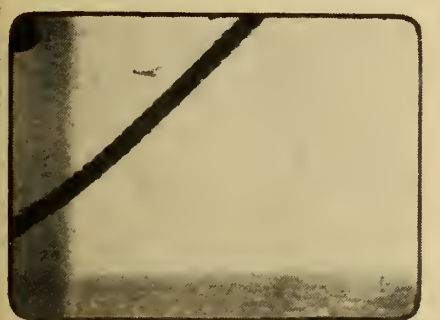
Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Enlargements, however, were made from the film by one of the newspaper services and the pictures were used throughout America.

WHY don't you organize a local amateur movie club? Hunt up the other amateur enthusiasts in your locality and get together regularly. You can exchange films with other clubs and study what rival amateurs are doing. Here is a brand new community enjoyment—as well as a community service, for your films should boost your town as nothing else would.

A NUMBER of newspapers are now using Bell and Howell Eyemos to get special news films. *The Chicago Daily News* is one of these newspapers. An Eyemo was utilized recently to catch the disaster at Bath, Michigan, in which a maniac blew up a school house and killed a number of children. A *Cincinnati Enquirer* cameraman caught the finish of the last Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs from a plane and raced back to Cincinnati with the film. Forty-two minutes after Whiskery won the race, the cameraman landed in Cincinnati via a parachute.



© Pacific and Atlantic Photos

An enlargement of Alfred Levi's Filmo film, shot from the deck of the Mauretania and showing the Chamberlin-Levine plane, the Columbia, passing in its flight across the Atlantic

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Try Hinds cream. The coupon below will bring you a generous sample bottle.

Try THIS EXPERIMENT

Hinds Cream, and powder over it, effectively prevents sunburn. Prove it to yourself. Cover a section of your arm with Hinds Cream. Powder over it. Leave the rest of your arm bare. Now expose your arm to the sun. The section protected by Hinds Cream and powder will not sunburn. The rest of your arm will.



A—Apply Hinds Cream and powder.
B—Leave rest of arm bare.

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(This coupon not good after September, 1928)

Pathé News



First on the Scene
First on the Screen

China seethes and boils. Columns of cable despatches on the first pages of all the newspapers in the land. The biggest news of the day, coming from a country across the world!

Yet you go to your favorite motion picture theatre and there on the screen Pathe News *shows* you the news as it happens.

How can this be done?

Only by a world-wide organization, with cameramen so posted that wherever the news is breaking a Pathe News man is there.

Only by forethought which sees in advance that which is about to happen, and provides against the day it does.

Two Pathe News cameramen were already in China with the outbreak, and another on the way.

More than Luck enters into the making of the world's best-known motion picture. It is brain power, man power, the coordination that comes from sixteen years' experience as the pioneer news reel.

Unless you see the Rooster, you do not see the Pathe News.

Ask for the Pathe News at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

"Sees all knows all"



WHEN COMEDIANS GET TOGETHER

Eddie Cantor takes a close-up of Raymond Griffith with his Cine-Kodak

AMATEUR movie enthusiasts in and near Chicago have organized the Movie Makers Club of Chicago. There are 3,000 amateur cinematographers in Chicago alone. The pioneer directors of the club include Philip K. Wrigley, president of the William Wrigley, Jr., Company, Albert S. Howell, vice president of the Bell and Howell Company, Stuyvesant Peabody, president of the Peabody Coal Company, James R. Offield, capitalist, and Lieut. Comdr. E. F. McDonald, president of the board of the Zenith Radio Corporation.

"SEE yourself in the movies" is a new idea being employed by motion picture exhibitors. Local news reels are becoming more and more the vogue. In other words, exhibitors are using movie cameras and filming incidents and people of their home towns.

W. H. MILLER, who conducts two theaters in Cloquet, Minn., a 6,000 population town, tried out the idea. The first issue opened to a nice increase in business, approximately $150 profit being directly chargeable to the stunt. The second, third and fourth weeks continued to mount and the fifth week showed the box office doing $300 more than any corresponding period in former years.

Here's a chance for amateurs to tie up with their local exhibitors, supplying a reel or so of film a week.

Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

The Underworld of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

are shyster lawyers, fake doctors, absconding bankers. A discreditable act by one of their ilk does not reflect upon the honorable members of their guilds.

Yet the public will generally condemn all actors because one of them is proved a weakling and a fool.

That was the most damning quality Roscoe Arbuckle possessed. The underworld made him a sucker.

While he had money, Fatty let it slip through his chunky fingers like sand, and liquor flowed from the cellars of his expensive house like water from a broken faucet.

He never knew half the people who were his guests. That unlucky night he registered at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco he wasn't acquainted with half the men and women who floated in and out of his rooms looking for free drinks.

THERE is no need of rehearsing again the story of Virginia Rappe's death. The yellow journals have screamed it in expansive enough detail. Fatty was caught.

He has taken his punishment like a man.

But if all the stories that lie behind other hotel registers could be known, many a respected citizen of Peoria, Ill., or Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Tulsa, Okla., or where you will, would be in Fatty's class.

But it is extremely doubtful if they would be kept from earning a living because of the revelation of one night's debauchery.

Take that most awful of crimes. Murder. Taylor was killed by a gang. What reflected upon Hollywood was not Taylor's death, but the insight into Taylor's life. But the principals in the recent Raymond murder case were actors themselves.

They did not belong to the movies, but the stage. Ray Raymond, the dead man, was a stage actor. Dorothy Mackaye, his wife, has never appeared before the camera.

Paul Kelly, now gazing out from behind the bars of San Quentin, had done but a few bits around the studios.

They happened to be in Hollywood, Dorothy Mackaye at the end of a road tour, Ray Raymond filling in between vaudeville engagements, Kelly hunting work.

THE crime was the usual crime of illicit love and liquor, old as life and commonplace as passion. All three sides of the human triangle were groggy with gin that grewsome night.

Ray Raymond was a broken down actor with a weak heart.

It didn't take more than a push to kill him. He and Paul Kelly fought over Dorothy Mackaye's shoddy love, and Raymond died shortly after. Yet because Paul Kelly, childlike and stupid, had cashed a few movie pay checks, the murder blackened all Hollywood and



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AGAIN science adds a new joy to the art of living by an amazing discovery. A discovery that is destined to bring a wonderful new entertainment thrill to millions of people.

You've seen professional movies, of course. Hundreds of times. Now science has taken another great step and brought amateur movies right into your home.

A difficult problem

Eight years ago Eastman Scientists marked this goal and set out to attain it. They sought to make Home Movies practical, economical, easy to produce. Their object was to eliminate the mysteries of grinding cranks, long-legged tripods and complicated shutters . . . so that everyone could make movies with professional results.

What happened during those eight long years of research matters little.

For these engineers *did* find a way to simplify the making of movies. Into an easy-to-carry camera weighing only 5 lbs. they concentrated every vital necessity of movie production.

What a triumph in simplicity!

No need to focus. No tripod. No grinding crank. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button—it's as easy as making a "snap-shot." A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the ever-focused lens.

Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

"You press the button—we do the rest"

After the film is taken, *your* work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you ready to run on your own silver screen.

Then with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope Projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . all are captured on the film and flash into a swift pattern of light and shadow in the quiet of your darkened room. Home Movies! It is as simple as that.



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Dept. 37. 10 West 33rd St., New York.

gave the censors a new strangle hold on the infant art.

No one spoke of padlocking Broadway, which has as much to do with it as filmdom's Poverty Row.

Tom Kerrick was a movie cowboy, one of the many. No one knew him particularly. He had drifted in from the plains some place.

He worked as an extra on an average of about four times a month, a tawdry scrap of fringe on the end of the social shawl of moviedom.

One night he went on a party with his wife, two of her women friends, two of his men friends.

IT was one of those cheap, sleazy parties held everywhere since the Volstead act, in Akron, Ohio, or Atlanta, Ga., or Butte, Mont., any town, anywhere.

The five tanked up on juniper juice and somebody got insulted, as somebody always does at such gatherings, and in the haze of it all Tom Kerrick was killed.

The learned judge who sentenced the frowzy five to one to ten years in San Quentin said he was making an example of them to the gin drinking crowd of Hollywood, sacrificing them for the benefit of its group soul.

And how much good were the convictions of Leopold and Loeb, proven murderers, and Ruth Snyder and Henry Judd Gray, proven murderers, supposed to do the spotted souls of Chicago and New York? No good whatsoever, and no one save a moron reformer thought they would. No judge held those sentences up as purity stimulators for the big towns.

But they are still "saving" Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD has its underworld. There's no denying that. It isn't segregated. Its backwaters eddy from the slums of Los Angeles street in the parent city, where men sleep in doorways by day and dance with dope by night to the black cabarets along the dusty roads to Culver City, where one particular brown skin girl queens it over many a white man's checkbook.

Hollywood is the newest gold coast and the usual scum of camp followers muddy its rising tide.

Hollywood's love life is casual, its poverty appalling. The scarlet sisterhood is present, but no where in the world are the girls so threatened with the necessity of honest toil if they would live. Bootleggers flourish under the usual police protection of any big city. Gamblers thrive in the mixed crowds of the studios and fortune tellers, who style themselves psychoanalysts, reap the usual mazuma from the morons.

The virtue of Hollywood is the virtue of necessity and common sense.

THE greater portion of its population is made up of retired farmers, with wild oats safely harvested.

The upper strata is composed of movie stars, who can't afford vice in any form.

It is too dangerous, too expensive, and it shows on the face.

But the greatest moral force in Hollywood is not caution of Will Hays, but bridge.

Auction or contract bridge, according to your skill.

To be a social success in Hollywood you must play bridge and to play bridge well you can not drink.

Three cocktails and a highball before dinner mean you will later imagine yourself the walking delegate of the bidder's union and go merrily along from one spade to six clubs when you hold queen high in three suits and your partner has passed every time.

THIS is clearly a case of justifiable homicide to a real bridge fan, but gardens are so expensive in Beverly Hills that the stars hate to splatter the lawns with gore. So dinners are now becoming dry as breakfast bran so that one may dare later to play at straight penny a point.

The town goes on beneath the world's spotlight, amazing, beautiful, bitter Cinderella-land.

Under its sunny skies they pass. Rich Man. Poor Man. Nobleman. Crook. Virgin and demi-mondaine. Good wives and cheaters. Loyal men and those with twin addresses.

A kid of twelve who is a millionaire; a beautiful woman of twenty-nine who is starving. Beneath the world's spotlight they pass in amazing kaleidoscope.

But when it comes to stars today, if you see a burning in their soulful eyes and a twitching of the muscles of their faces, you can stake a great deal on the hunch that it isn't "snow" but memories of last night's misplaced trust in the spade convention.

ABOUT THE IDEA CONTEST

PHOTOPLAY'S $15,000 Idea Contest is now closed and the judges are busy reading the thousands of manuscripts that were submitted. In order to give a fair reading to all the ideas that were sent in, the judges must weigh the respective merits of the manuscripts thoughtfully and carefully. It is no easy job—and no quick one.

As soon as possible, PHOTOPLAY will announce the issue containing the names of the winners.

So Watch for Further Announcements in Forthcoming Issues of Photoplay

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

LUCILLE:
Many parents are strict in a thoughtless way. Try to talk about your wounded feelings with your father—tell him that his attitude is not only making you unhappy; that it is actually injuring your peace of mind and your health. By all means do not leave home without explaining to him, very fully, all of your plans.

PAULA:
You are slim and above the average in height. And so you will look your prettiest in the charming "period dresses" that are so very smart just now. Your green-brown eyes, brown hair and olive complexion will blend nicely with all of the new greens, and warm reds and vivid blues. But wear beige instead of grey—and rose instead of white or flesh. And I should not advise black for you. About the hair: For a slender face a straight bob is seldom the most flattering. A bang, to shorten the forehead, and soft curling locks about the cheeks will be infinitely better.

S. B.:
You are not a bit overweight. A famous physician told me—just a few days ago—that a young woman should usually weigh, to be perfect, two pounds for every inch of her height. This would make you slightly underweight, if anything. It is quite all right to use powder and rouge—but always be careful to remove all make-up, before retiring, with a good cleansing cream—and to put it on over an equally good vanishing cream. This care will repay you, in the long run.

MADGE:
I am afraid that your complexion treatment is far too harsh. This constant squeezing of pimples—this poking and pounding of your face—will only result in the ultimate ruination of your skin. There



Jean Acker—the first wife of the late Rudolph Valentino—sails for Paris, to continue her stage and screen work abroad. This—her latest photograph—was taken just before she sailed



Crown that Great Moment
with this great thrill

That moment of a lifetime—that lifetime in a moment—when heart and heart are beating fast—when lips are whispering love, and shining eyes return it—

Crown that great moment with this great thrill
A genuine diamond ring!

Genuine—nothing else will do—a Bluebird Diamond Ring of exquisite cut and setting—admired and envied everywhere—a known standard of value.



You can buy one. Fifty to five hundred dollars is the range of prices—gorgeous rings in the group from $75 to $125. And every Bluebird Ring is backed by a Warranty Certificate. Everyone can be bought from a well known jeweler at the proper retail prices. We guarantee—as plainly marked on the metal tag attached to each ring.

"THE man"—you who want to give "THE girl" THE best—just see these rings for yourself. Send the coupon and get the free, new book that shows them—"The Book That Lovers Love."

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Bluebird Diamond Syndicate, Dept. 9-C,
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Gentlemen: Please send me "The Book That Lovers Love." No obligation, of course.

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There it is! It *can't* sink.

"It floats"

IVORY SOAP

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Give 5 Minutes A Day—Look Years Younger

Book sent FREE tells you how Kathryn Murray's Five-Minute-A-Day Facial Exercises regain and retain the lovely skin texture and roundness of youth for thousands of delighted women. Young looks depend on thousands of tiny muscles just beneath the skin surface. Wrinkles, crow's feet, hollows, loose sagging skin-sluggish circulation, sallow complexion-occur when lack of exercise causes underskin muscles to become weak, flabby, droopy.

KATHRYN MURRAY'S FIVE-MINUTE-A-DAY FACIAL EXERCISES

Thousands of women have turned to Kathryn Murray's Facial Exercises with amazing results. Nothing extra needed. Just your natural beauty and Five-Minutes-A-Day.

RESULTS GUARANTEED

Send for FREE book TODAY! Regain or retain the glorious complexion rightfully yours.

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LET ME ADD $30 A WEEK TO YOUR PAY WITHout interfering with your present occupation. Interesting, pleasant work. Particulars free. Albert Mills, 9447 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW PLAN, MAKES IT EASY TO EARN $50.00 to $100.00 weekly, selling shirts direct to wearer. No capital or experience needed. Represent a real manufacturer. Write now for free samples. Madison Shirts, 562 Broadway, New York.

MAKE $1000 BEFORE CHRISTMAS SELLING EXclusive personal Christmas cards in distinctive steel engraved designs. Expensive sample book free. Wetmore, Janes and Sugden, Rochester, N. Y.

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DON'T SELL FOR OTHERS. EMPLOY AGENTS yourself. Make your own products. Toilet Articles, Household Specialties, etc. 500% profit. We furnish everything and show you how. Valuable booklet free. Write at once. National Scientific Laboratories, 1994-W Broad, Richmond, Va.

FREE SAMPLE COPY OF OPPORTUNITY, THE leading salesman's magazine, together with our new plan that will double your income. Absolutely free. No obligations. Address Opportunity, 750 N. Michigan, Dept. P. M. 9, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

IF YOU ARE A WOMAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO earn $25.00 to $50.00 per week in your spare time doing some advertising work for me write today and get full information about the Wonder Box. I have the best little money maker in captivity. Tom Walker, Dept. 140W, Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. MEN—WOMEN, 18 up. $1140-$3300 year. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Sample coaching and full particulars free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N100, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTING OUTDOOR WORK, QUALIFY FOR forest ranger position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-15, Denver, Colo.

COUNTY REPRESENTATIVES FOR CREDIT REporting. Either sex. Western Credit Index, 271 Lankershim Building, Los Angeles.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW TOPS at home. Experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 131, LaGrange, Ind.

LADIES WANTING HOMEWORK; ANY KIND; spare time; write; enclose stamp. Eller Company, P-296 Broadway, New York.

GOVERNMENT SPECIAL AGENTS (INVESTIGAtors), Forest Rangers, Prohibition Agents needed often. Commence $125 to $250 month. How to Qualify, mailed free. Write Ozment, 265, St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATENTED OR unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 187 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

PERSONAL

YOUR HANDWRITING REVEALS CHARACTER traits. Practical guide to success. Send ink sample of own or friend's writing for expert's personal analysis of surprising facts. 25c (silver). H. Peneraft, Coscob, Connecticut.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

are many good ointments on the market—try one and, if it fails, go to a doctor for advice. Your complexion troubles may come from within—they may have to do with your diet. You are right in one thing—covering blemishes with rouge and powder does not help, even through it hides, temporarily. It is best to get at the root of the matter.

ANN:

I am afraid that you have an "inferiority complex." You sound very attractive with your large eyes and yellow hair. Do not worry so much about your thinness—worry will only increase the difficulty. Eat fattening foods and take plenty of rest; do something to correct your defect—(if it *is* a defect!).

BABY BUNTY:

If you will send a stamped, addressed envelope, I will be glad to answer your questions in an absolutely private way. I would reply to you through the pages of the magazine, save that you have requested me not to do so.

GENIE:

Indeed you are too young to have lines about the eyes. Perhaps it would be well to consult an oculist—the lines may come from eyestrain. And in the meanwhile, use an astringent night and morning—and some good muscle oil before retiring. This, I'm sure, will give results.

JOYCE B.:

I wish that I might aid you, but I can't help feeling that you have let an infatuation play unhealthily upon your imagination until it has become far too important. If you care for my advice it is this: try to interest yourself in the young people with whom you daily come in contact, try to put this dream romance from your mind. If you can manage to do it, you will be doing the sanest, finest thing.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

A Frenchman Complains

Toledo, Ohio.

Every time I see the illusionary, petty, piquant French professors and dissolute Frenchman in pictures, I feel rightfully indignant. Why should the movies pick on an imaginary type of people in any particular race?

If they think it is the tough *hombrés* we lack over there, well—let them go to the Parisian slums and see the toughest sort ever written about.

No, what they really want is the tall, handsome, Americanized type. They may go to any city in France and find them—tall, blue eyes, blonde (not all dark as most Americans think) and red haired ones also. Remember we are all descended from *les Gaulois!*

And stop thinking the French girls haven't any morals!

BERNARD D. SIMON.

He Wants True College Stories

Marysville, Ohio.

One of the most talked-of subjects of the present day is the matter of college morals, and of college life in general. Yet, in comparison with other subjects, few college pictures are being shown. And there are so many interesting sides and angles to the college situation—athletics, social life, class-

room problems—all phases of student activity. And I for one would like to see a little realism; a faithful screen portrayal of college life as I know it is on some well known campuses; the lack of co-operation between professors and students, the deadly dullness of the lectures, the asininity of the students, the snobbishness, the futility of everything.

WELDON C. SHAW.

Where You Can Be Yourself

Duncan, Okla.

Motion pictures are the surcease from all boredom—the magic carpet which affords an escape from hum-drum reality. Protected by the friendly semi-darkness, we can weep unashamed or laugh aloud. Thank Heaven, no one has yet written a chapter in the book of etiquette on "Correct Behavior at the Movies."

MRS. H. C. FORD.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Vacation Complex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

pack up a coupl'a dozen trunks an' sail away. An', generally speakin', not speakin' French, they don't know what to do when they get there except to mark time until their ticket tells 'em its time to start home. They get back to Hollywood feelin' that they've been fully vindicated of any charge of bein' or actin' like a sap.

Then there are Hollywood and Beverly Hills women who feel that the summer wouldn't be complete without an opera-

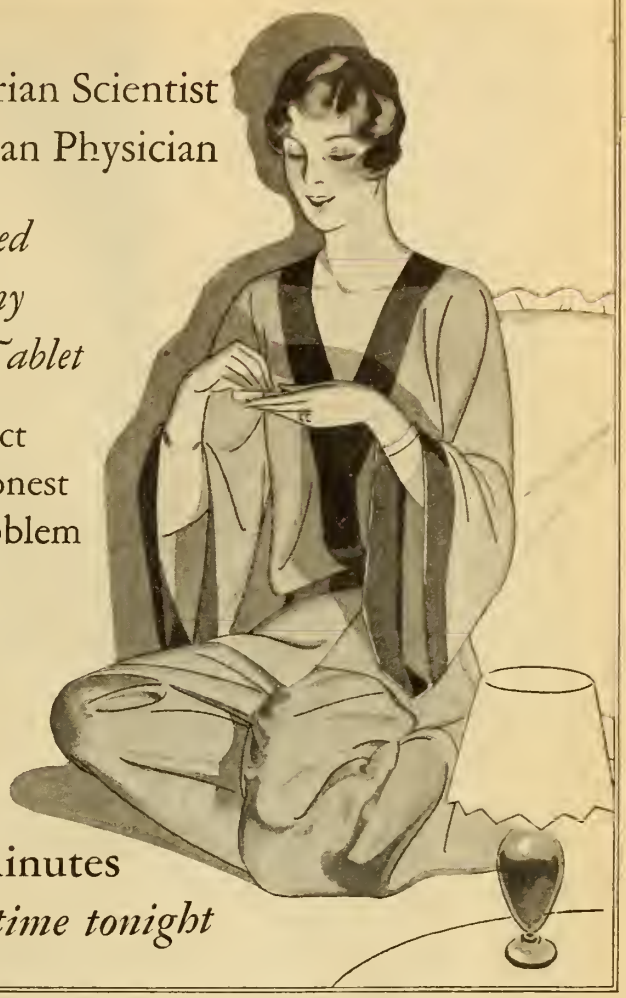


Billy Reid, Wally's son, has just begun his ascent of the film Mount Olympus. Tim Holt, son of Jack; Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald; Eileen O'Malley, daughter of Pat; Eric von Stroheim, Jr., son of Eric; Mary Desmond, daughter of William, and George Bosworth, son of Hobart, will all appear in a two reel picture made by Madeline Brandeis, a woman producer. Billy plays a juvenile lead and Eric, Jr., is the smirking villain. Adults carry the plot, with Percy Marmont heading the cast

An Austrian Scientist
An American Physician

Developed this Tiny Delicious Tablet

To correct our commonest physical problem



Chew it for 3 minutes *at Bedtime tonight*

A COOL, mint-flavored tablet . . . apparently just a bit of chewing gum . . . you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone.

That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Your whole body refreshed, invigorated, purified within—for the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone *without shock to the system*—without injury to the digestion, without any of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you.

That is Feen-a-mint—the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

THE "active principle" of Feen-a-mint is phenolphthalein—a compound whose remarkable laxative properties were discovered in Europe shortly before the World War.

Mild, pleasant, yet wonderfully effective—almost at once the scientific world adopted it.

Then, quite recently, an American physician made this new discovery still more effective by combining it with a delicious mint chewing-gum.

Not simply because this was a pleasant, easy way to take it—but because this combination made possible the advantage which experts had long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the saliva before it reaches the stomach.* Feen-a-mint was the result.

TRY it tonight yourself—your favorite druggist has it. Simply chew one of the little mint-flavored tablets until the flavor is gone.

The chewing mixes the phenolphthalein with the mouth fluids which aid digestion. The result is easy, natural, complete laxative action in the morning. No unhealthy violent "flushing" of the system—yet complete elimination, such as the usual mild laxative so often fails to give.

And for children, especially, you will find Feen-a-mint invaluable—accepted as eagerly as candy!

Health Products Corporation. Newark, N. J.—Toronto, Canada—London, England—Frankfort, Germany—and representatives in all principal countries





Lemon Juice *for Hair Beauty*

A LEMON rinse gives your hair the beauty of absolute *cleanliness*. The mild, harmless, natural fruit-acid of the lemon cuts the curd formed by soap and water, leaving each separate hair faultlessly clean. No amount of rinsing with plain water can remove this curd.

Try it after your next shampoo and feel this delightful fresh cleanliness for yourself. Your hair will be silky, fluffy and soft, and full of a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Thousands of women are following this one best method of insuring the complete beauty of their hair. Whether they wear it bobbed or long they know that a lemon rinse gives the shining, well-cared-for look that personal daintiness demands.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 1109, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me free booklet, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



Here's a sequel to your favorite Scotch joke. That grand old Scotchman, Chester Conklin, and Hardware, his dog, are reading a serial story. They have only one magazine. So Chester reads one side and Hardware the other. Why Hardware? Because every time you call him, he makes a bolt for the door

tion an' a goin' somewhere to recuperate. For these patients, the doctor recommends sea air.

Now it happens that we got a fairly well-to-do sea aroun' these parts, just as deep, as wide an' as wet as any other man's sea an' it contains as many if not more health-givin' calories and vitamines than any foreign sea. But will our home-made ocean out here is California restore health? Positively not. The only health-providin' sea, so far as women are concerned, is to be found around the Riviera, an' the latter whistlin' station is reached only by the way of Paris. Direct Mediterranean routes won't do—not so healthful.

To hear the women folks tell it, you have to go to Paris to get a permit to get into the Riviera, an' that requires about the same length of time an' trouble it takes for an American to get a huntin' permit in Mexico, which is weeks.

I DON'T want to say nothin' against doctors—I need one myself now an' then when Tony or I get hurt, although if it comes to a pinch Tony an' I both could get along with a good horse doctor or doctor ourselves if we had to. But a lot of Hollywood and Beverly Hills doctors are sure getting commissions from the steamship lines.

If they're not, they're mighty bum business men. Mebbe, I can't prove what I think about these M. D.'s, but I sure believe it.

When there's something wrong with a Hollywood or Beverly Hills woman, they hunt one of the Paris prescribin' medical birds an' throw a coupl'a groans on him.

"Come back tomorrow, ma'am, while I think your case over," says the Doc. Then he gets out, hustles a copy of Bradstreets, and figures out how far the gent in this case can send his wife an' writes his prescription accordin'.

NOT long ago, one of the wise travel insistin' M. D.'s put in an estimate of an operation for Mrs. Mix an', from the price he asked, I reckon he expected to get paid by the mile, prescribin' a trip twice around the world with a coupl'a Paris stops throwed in.

He didn't get the job as we found a regular doctor with regular prices an' I reckon he just throwed the Paris prescription in to please my wife, Victoria, seein' as he didn't charge for it.

Quite a few Hollywood women are now restin' in Paris, includin' Victoria. How any one can hope to rest in that town skins me four ways from the ace an' takes in the lookout. I don't mind admittin' that used as I am to these wild Iowa and Kansas drivers out here in California, that me an' Tony was afraid to cross the Rues in Paris, to say nothin' about the Champs Elysees (spellin' not guaranteed)

an' other important boulevards without assistance from the gendarmes, the same bein' Paris policemen. How the women make it alone has got me whipped.

All day an' all night the Paris taxi drivers race up an' down, past the post office, and leadin' hotels, the depot an' the stock yards, a screechin' their horns. Each horn is different. It seems the bird who makes the most noise gets the most passengers. Yet, it's restful, and the women folks call it a restful town. But after the same women get back to Hollywood or Beverly Hills, some local sheik drives up after ten an' honks a coupl'a honks to the girl next door, that same lady, full of Paris rest, will 'phone to the police an' want the young gent throwed into the bastile for disturbin' the peace.

When Victoria gets home I reckon I'll have to hire a lot of guys to get out into the front yard an' honk horns to get her to sleep.

The quiet of Beverly Hills probably will disturb her.

YOU don't see men rushin' to Paris for a rest. If they do go, it's on business an' you don't hear of any of 'em annoyin' the neighbors with loud talk urgin' his wife to go along.

In arguments of that kind, it would only be the woman's voice that the people next door would hear.

A Beverly Hills friend of mine has a wife with one of them Paris complexes an' a few weeks ago, he got dragged along. The other day I heard from him an' he was in a French hospital. I figure it's nothin' more serious or worse than a case of bad indigestion.

A woman will live in an apartment in Paris an' think it's just grand, but if offered the same kind of a beddin' some place in America, she'd holler her head off. She'll put up with no heat, plumbin' that's worse than no plumbin' at all, walls half plastered, one bath room divided between four tenants an' she's lucky if there's a bath room in the house at all. But it's in Paris. She don't care a rap whether said domicile is in the Montmartre district or aroun' the Fauburg-Saint Germain—it's Paris—dear old Paris an' dear old daddy at home is a footin' of the bills an' she's a restin'. What could be more perfect?

I'm not the only Beverly Hills man whose wife is a recuperatin' in Paris an' breathin' the invigoratin' air of the Seine. Yet, when they get back you couldn't induce any one of 'em to inhabit a villa on the Los Angeles river. If you can, I'll build the house for nothin' an' throw in the furniture.

ONLY a few days ago, o ne of our leadin' picture stars had to light out for Paris—she's there now. She confided to me, confidential, a few weeks ago, that her husband, nine servants, the butler an' a coupl'a Rolls-Royces were a gettin' on her nerves, an' she'd have to go somewhere an' rest up.

At first, I wondered why this bright an' shinin' film star was a callin' on me an' my wife not at home, until she dropped her voice an' asked what kind of symptoms Victoria had before they took her to the hospital an' what doctor recommended the Paris trip. She was the fifth Paris huntin' wife who either came or

SUMMER!

yet your POWDER *clings, rouge stays on and you look* ALWAYS LOVELY



SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may*.

"Summer-Proof" Make-up

Princess Pat Beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent—just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—the softest, most clinging powder ever made—and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre.

Try the Seven Princess Pat Beauty Aids in Famous Week-End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy.

And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge.

The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge, Lip Stick and Perfume. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and thus learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Get This Week End Set!



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 1259, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Does Your Mirror Say: "YELLOW MASK!"

WOULD you like your teeth to be white and dazzling as polished ivory? Free of that yellowish hue?

Here is dental science's new way. Thousands daily employ it. Leading dentists recommend it. It's absolutely safe . . . cannot harm the softest enamel. It's pleasant . . . actually delightful.

Get a tube of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE. Your druggist has it. Roll an inch of the satiny-smooth white paste on a dry tooth-brush—remember, *dry*. Brush vigorously. Then rinse your mouth—and behold the effect.

Naturally, you're eager to know how ORPHOS accomplishes such a beauty miracle while previous brushings have repeatedly failed. We'll tell you. Foremost dentists use for cleaning teeth a peculiar substance known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate." Not a pumice, which is harsh and gritty—but a material as fine and satiny as face powder.

The makers of ORPHOS TOOTH PASTE have succeeded in composing a dentifrice of this marvelous substance. And with this as its basic cleaning agent, you can visualize the teeth beauty awaiting you.

Don't retain that unbecoming "Yellow Mask" longer. Get the lovely whiteness that Nature bestowed on all tooth enamel, yours included. Buy a tube of ORPHOS today—or send for the ORPHOS 20-Time Tube.

FREE—20-Time Tube

ORPHOS CO., 22 West 32nd St.
New York City, Dept. P-4

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



'phoned to get Mrs. Mix's exact symptoms that won her a trip to Paris. Now they're all over there. I've never told the husbands of these health-seekin' young women that I helped in framin' these Paris trips. Two of the husbands would be sore at me because of the cost an' the other three would insist on kissin' me.

Personal, I can't see why any one should want to leave America for a vacation. If you'll go down to any one of the summer resort bureaus an' get a lot of vacation literature an' read it an' believe half of what you read, you'll agree that America is a Paradise an' has got the Garden of Eden skinned both comin' an' goin'. Understand, I'm not a claimin' that the vacation points mentioned in the booklets is goin' to look anything like the photographs. I've been too long in the photographin' business to believe any man's photograph, but it sounds good an' it looks good an' it goes to show what a fine bunch of cameramen an' descriptive writers we got.

MY friend "Odd" McIntyre could describe Mike Cunyan's old hotel in Ponca City, Oklahoma, until it would listen better'n anything the smartest Frog in Paris ever wrote about the Hotel Crillon, in that city. An' to be honest, to my way of thinkin' he'd be tellin' the truth, for Mike's hotel was the more comfortable of the two—at least Mike allowed his guests more latitude, an' as a landlord was a heap more forgivin'.

We are livin' in a lyin' age. There ain't a living man or woman who won't lie about their golf score or the number of miles they get to the gallon.

Likewise, there ain't a man or woman just gettin' back from a summer vacation that'll admit that he got gyped on either the place he selected or the hotel he stopped at.

ALL will lie cheerfully as they narrate their vacation experiences, an' try to entertain by describin' a better time than they think you had. All claim to have had a bully good time, but if you'll check up you'll find not more'n two per cent ever revisit their last vacation point. They'll recommend it to close relatives, especially their in-laws, but they'll advise neighbors that they have to see every day an' occasionally borrow butter an' coffee from, to try some other place.

My idea of a fine vacation would be to take Tony, a bed-roll, a few strips of bacon, a bag of staples an' a wire stretchin' machine, an' go out an' fix thirty miles or more of barbed wire fence, where I'd be seein' nobody, a listenin' to nobody, hearin' nothin' an' in the meantime enjoyin' good scenery an' good society, for most anyone will agree that Tony is pretty intelligent an' has a heap more sense than a lot of men an' most any woman I know of, exceptin', of course, Mrs. Mix.

P. S. An' Mrs. Mix's mother.



Fred Thomson meets a son-of-a-gunman. And learns much. The stranger is Jesse E. James, son of the famous outlaw, who deserted his Los Angeles law practice for a month or so to collaborate with Thomson on "Jesse James," Fred's first starring picture for Paramount. In it Fred will be a gelatin copy of the famous bandit

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116]

PATRICIA ANNE:
Another wise and time-worn remark applies to you—"There is safety in numbers." As long as you keep interested in four boys instead of one, you are safe from an immature step into matrimony. I think you will soon tire of promiscuous love-making. Your own common sense will be more helpful in that direction than any advice I can give you.

B. H.:
Inferiority complex, my dear, is something we all possess in one form or another. It simply means that we have a lurking ideal about ourselves, and somehow we feel that we don't quite measure up to it. You are too self-conscious about your shortcomings. Weigh your good qualities, and the bad, if there, will smoothen out in the ironing. Really everybody is too absorbed in his own ego to be bothered much about the other fellow. Look out of yourself for your interest, and not at yourself as the sole center of interest. Cultivate a sense of humor. It is life's salvation. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," etc. You will learn that it works, and pays, so do not hesitate to practice it.

ALICE:
Why do you want to be a type? If you will be just your natural self you will get along much better. Your light brown coloring ought to stand out very well in golden brown. Blue, gray and pale pink are your colors, too. I think the perfume you are using is particularly suited to you. If I were you I would not try to imitate anyone. You seem to have a charming personality of your own and just being yourself will have its advantages.

WORRIED:
Don't be silly. Go and apologize to your boy friend at once. Explain your apparent snubbing of him. Matters of this sort are never helped by keeping quiet. The hurt only grows worse and worse, until there is no repairing the damage wounded feelings have started. Since you are a "Spanish type," here are your best colors: Ivory and cream whites, mahogany brown, dark blue, dark green, warm reds, pink in pale shades. Since your skin is so dark, don't wear black, gray or purple.

JENNIE:
Your mother is right. You can safely let your reducing go for another year. In the meantime, however, I see no objection to your going on a simple diet. Stop eating candy and pastries, white bread, starchy foods of all kinds and substitute green vegetables in their places. This will contribute to your general health and cut down the calories. For colors wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; sapphire blue; orchid, burgundy and dark red, canary yellow and all pinks.

DOT:
Certainly, sitting makes one fat. That combined with candy and sweets will soon cause anyone to become overweight. You are young to be worrying about this problem, but you can overcome it by right eating and proper exercise. My booklet has a sane set of reducing exercises, which you will find to be very practical and worth while, if you care to send for it.

IT'S THE *YOUNGER CROWD* THAT SETS THE STANDARD!

GO to the younger crowd if you want the *right* word on what to wear or drive or smoke. And notice, please, that the particular cigarette they call their own today is one that you've known very well for a very long time.

FATIMA



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!



AMAZING NEW CORSET
Insures Boyish Form
DEMONSTRATORS EARN $60 WEEKLY
At last any woman can display Youth's grace, and beauty of form. Amazing new health corset, stylish and comfortable, is sensation everywhere. Demonstrators earn $3.00 to $5.00 an hour spare time. No matter what your experience you can make big earnings. Demonstration corset given. Write for amazing offer, and FREE demonstration outfit. Start earning at once. Quickly establish your own wonderful permanent business. Write today.
Grecian Health Corset Co.
Dept. H-9, 63 E. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.

MONEY FOR YOU!
$5,000 CASH PRIZES
A simple puzzle contest—open to everyone.
Turn to page 58 of this issue for conditions of contest.

Skin Troubles
Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.
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enhance the natural beauty of your eyes with
MASCARILLO

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beards and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascarillo has been Standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of $1.00. Six generous samples sent on receipt of 10c
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NATURALLY in summer, many household tasks are done less often. But nobody neglects keeping the closet bowl spotlessly white and pure.

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. Every stain, mark and incrustation is gone. The hidden, unhealthful trap is purified and every foul odor is banished. Harmless to plumbing connections. The bowl is gleaming white and very clean!

Use Sani-Flush more freely in summer.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



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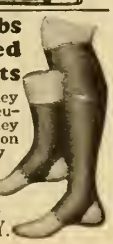
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Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

ABBA G., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you those addresses. Satisfactory?

M. L. S., HANNIBAL, MO.—May McAvoy is not married. Neither is Ben Lyon.

L. ALGIER, HARTLAND, VT.—Bebe did play in comedy but not with Charlie. She played with Harold Lloyd in the "Lonesome Luke" series. "The Spaniard" was adapted from the novel by Juanita Savage. Harrison is not related to Francis Ford. Francis Ford has been doing bits for Universal. Say, Bright Eyes, if I knew how to do those things I would cast aside these letters and be cashing in on some mean money.

L. C., MEDFORD, MASS.—I have no nicknames; a nickname wouldn't be appropriate to my years or my white hairs. Norma Shearer is twenty-two years old. Antonio Moreno is a native of Madrid, Spain. Come again.

V. L. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and that is her real name. Greta is twenty-one years old and I know lots of people who think she is more beautiful off the screen than she is in pictures. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. John Barrymore is forty-five years old. Yes, he has curly hair and that is his real name—and a distinguished one, too, on the stage. Mary Astor is twenty-one years old and was born Lucille Langhanke.

M. A., TORONTO, CAN.—Alice Terry was born Alice Taafe and is married to Rex Ingram. She is about twenty-eight years old, weighs 130 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall. Lillian Gish is thirty years old. John Barrymore's wife is Blanche Oelrichs who writes under the pen name of Michael Strange. The Barrymores have one daughter, born March 3, 1921. Write to him at the United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PAT, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Yes, Pat, that is Ben Lyon's real name. He was born on February 6, 1901, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Write again as soon as you like.

Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

nine, where he played first base with distinction and made fame as a batter.

"Pooch" Donovan, the celebrated Harvard coach of the time, had only one basic difficulty in the training of the batting of Mr. Kennedy, and it was very basic. The athletic young man, while admittedly broad in the mind was even broader in the hips. He declined to slide bases in the required fashion, because of a combination of reasons which included the impersonal law of gravity and intimately personal considerations of anatomy. He preferred not to meet the surface of Soldiers' Field so abruptly. Donovan kept Kennedy late after practice one afternoon to argue the matter with him.

DONOVAN carried with him a very large heavy towel of rough texture, borrowed from training quarters.

Kennedy was set at bunting balls and running down to first.

The able Donovan stood down the base line, towel in hand. As Mr. Kennedy ran past, Donovan flicked the towel in the manner of a bull whip, addressing its biting cracking end with great accuracy at that portion of the athlete's anatomy which he wished to bring into intimate and speedy sliding contact with the line approaching first base.

The effect of this treatment after the first three runs was like magic. In a flash Kennedy dropped neatly into a graceful sliding position, which protected the point of incidence from that keen cutting towel, while he completed his journey feet first.

At the conclusion of the afternoon's research Mr. Kennedy received Mr. Donovan's congratulations and also treatment with about one fluid pint of tincture of arnica, put where it could do the most good in the least time.

The session was so successful that two seasons later, in 1912, Kennedy was the coach who put the Harvard baseball team through a victory over Yale.

After the customary ritual of commencement and cap and gown exercises in Harvard Quadrangle, Mr. Kennedy resumed his study of the habits and habitat of the American dollar, now in the obscure job of examiner on the staff of the Massachusetts bank commissioner. All the while he was learning things about money—and about men and money. Then jobs began to come his way and in 1914 he was elected president of the Columbia Trust Company of East Boston. Kennedy was then twenty-five years old. A flood of publicity about "the youngest bank president in the world" started, but he promptly sidestepped from that, with a certain sagacity which told him that while the story might make a headline it would not make a bank.

KENNEDY became a banker in January, 1914. That same month a number of other things happened, most important of which was a certain dancing party of the Ace of Clubs, a Boston social organization formed by the then Miss Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of former Mayor James T. Fitzgerald, more widely known as "Honey Fitz."

It appears that Mr. Kennedy danced a considerable number of dances with Miss Fitzgerald that evening, also many sub-

sequent evenings. Came June and the roses, and they were married, by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell.

This was an event of high moment to Mr. Kennedy, as indicated by his personal scrapbook, surreptitiously examined, which reveals the wedding stories which were spread over the Boston papers as the first entry. This seemed to be the first item from the public prints that the young banker thought worth keeping in his archives.

PRESENTLY there was another considerable series of entries pertaining to the advent of a young man of ten pounds, subsequently to be christened Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr. There was a divergence of newspaper opinion about the youngster as indicated by the clippings. Some writers held that the important fact was that his coming had made Former Mayor John Francis Fitzgerald, ex-Senator, ex-Congressman and Doctor of Laws, a grandfather. While on the other hand some reporters were inclined to feature the fact that the youngster's father was the "youngest bank president in the world." Both the society editors tended to minimize the paternal lines and acclaimed the birth of a son to the founder and president of the Ace of Clubs, Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy. The net result was probably fair to all concerned. The infant was vigorously photographed for a year, in his crib, in the arms of his distinguished grandfather, and on the sands of Palm Beach.

There was another story, not quite so extensively presented when in due season baby John arrived. And when Rosemary, the third infant, appeared the newspaper interest had subsided to a few paragraphs. After that, so far as the scrapbook reveals, the reporters just gave it up, and then in succession along came Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia and, more recently, Robert. So there are seven little Kennedys. Which proves Joseph P. of F.B.O. to be the most thoroughly family man in all the great industry of the motion picture.

When in the current season Mr. Kennedy sent an aide in quest of a suitable home for the removal of the family from Brookline, Mass., to some convenient location in Westchester adjacent to New York considerable difficulties were encountered. The real estate agent consulted listened with patience to the requirements and enumeration of the family; he sighed and reached for a new pile of blueprints.

"Hell, Kennedy can't use a residence. He wants a hotel."

Anyway this autumn will find the Kennedy family established at Riverdale, so that the president of F.B.O. can be home every night instead of every week-end. Meanwhile the Kennedy's will continue to summer at Hyannisport, one of the smart shore places of the Massachusetts coast. The water there is full of little Kennedys. This season has added a sailboat to the juvenile sport equipment and each Sunday Father and Joe and John go out to sea.

Also there is every indication that Joe, Jr., is going to follow closely in his father's footsteps. At least thus far, for he is very fond of candy and baseball.

JOSEPH P. of F.B.O. has not entirely conquered that weakness for sweets so alarmingly exposed in the S.S. Excelsior enterprise, and one of the major events of the week-end at Hyannisport is the arrival, on standing order, of five pounds of "Kennedy's mixture," a private assortment of chocolates and bonbons with vanilla cream centers, selected and prescribed at Bailey's celebrated candy emporium in Boston, by the banker-film magnate, in person. It is needless to state, in view of the candy, that Mr. Kennedy does not care for liquor.

While incidentally thus engaged in so ably founding a family, Mr. Kennedy moved on to larger and larger activities in the world of business. In the hectic days



Thousands of miles from Hollywood—in North Africa to be exact—Rex Ingram films this scene for "The Garden of Allah." It is the Mohammedan call to prayer and special permission had to be obtained before Rex was allowed to film it



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This new special Shampoo brings back those golden youth-giving lights—keeps lustrous hair from growing dim!

LIKE ROUGE to the complexion is this new Shampoo—so delightful is its effect—so instantaneous! One shampoo and all dullness disappears; hair becomes soft, silky, lustrous! And those precious golden lights that speak of youth are revealed once more in all their loveliness. ,,, Nothing mysterious—just the finest of shampoos, *plus* —a glint of gold for blondes—a lustrous sheen for darker hair. Millions use it regularly. Beauty specialists tell of its benefits to hair and scalp. 25c—at drug or toilet goods counters—or, if not obtainable, write us direct. Money back if not delighted. ,,, J. W. Kobi Company, 646-H Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Gives the hair a "tiny tint"

of the World War he resigned from the presidency of the Columbia Trust Company to become the assistant general manager of the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, and presently larger executive responsibilities for the succeeding and greater concern, the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, the marine scion of the Bethlehem Steel corporation. Kennedy became responsible for the finances of and labors of an army of 55,000 men in the shipyards. Also he became acquainted with the handling of money in terms of the hundreds of millions. This was an education in big figures calculated to make movie millions unalarming items of routine.

MR. KENNEDY took his responsibilities in the big business of building America's "bridge of ships" during the war so seriously that he was overtaken by a nervous breakdown. He sought the ministrations of the celebrated Billy Muldoon. Muldoon cut off the young banker's candy and took him into the gymnasium for a little basketball exercise. It was just a gentle process of tossing the ball back and forth. This to the once athletic Kennedy seemed too simple. He had been a basketball star in school. He grinned back at Muldoon and passed the ball merrily. But the air seemed to get thick with balls and they came faster and faster, until one of them slipped through and impacted neatly between Kennedy's eyes.

When he recovered consciousness he had a new notion of the vigor of the aged, but not infirm, Muldoon.

One success has just seemed to lead by natural steps to another in the career of Kennedy. Having recovered from his illness, he was sent on a mission to interview Galen Stone of Hayden, Stone and Company on matters for the Bethlehem concern. Stone could not be seen, so Kennedy neatly arranged to take the same train by which Mr. Stone was returning from New York to Boston. On the train he put his proposals to Stone. Stone rejected the deal, but before the train reached Boston he was negotiating to employ Kennedy, who in due course became connected with Hayden, Stone and Company.

BANKING connections and advisory functions concerning loans to motion picture enterprises brought Kennedy into acquaintance with the film industry. He also became fiscal agent of the Robertson-Cole concern, out of which the present F.B.O. organization evolved.

In the course of his Boston career Kennedy became further initiated into the affairs and concerns of the motion picture industry when Charles Pettijohn, general counsel of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., generally known as the "Hays office," went into Massachusetts for the historically triumphant fight for the defeat of censorship in that state. Pettijohn sought the advice of Kennedy the banker, who knew the who's who and the what's what and when of Boston.

It was an important contact.

Now, subsequently Kennedy has become a figure of power and prominence in the major group of motion picture in-

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terests on a scale rather beyond the status of his own company. This is for reasons of personality and politics. Be it known that Will Hays has been much put to it these several years to endow the febrile motion picture industry with an atmosphere of Americanism and substantiality. Kennedy is a valuable personality from this point of view. He is exceedingly American, with a background of lofty and conservative financial connections, an atmosphere of much home and family life and all those fireside virtues of which the public never hears in the current news from Hollywood upon which so much of the repute of the institution of the screen is based.

MR. KENNEDY made his most concrete contribution to the improvement of the status of the motion picture among American institutions and industries when in the spring of this year he sponsored a series of addresses and lectures by the principal executives of the major motion picture concerns before the Business School of Harvard.

This was in essence the first important academic recognition of the existence of the films.

It could have been achieved for the motion picture only under such auspices. It is as significant of the motion picture's coming of age among the nation's industries as its contemporary recognition in Wall Street.

Kennedy has come in afresh, without any of the twenty year long tangle of feuds and foibles and superstitions and habits of the motion picture cliques and clans to hamper him. He carries the authority of pre-proved success. He knows figures and bookkeeping and millions do not make him dizzy. Therefore he can speak up in meeting. Which he does.

WHEN Kennedy came into the New York offices of the motion picture concern to take charge a dignified and well appointed suite was awaiting him. The new president had been in his new office all of a half hour when he sent for one of his vice-presidents, who appeared expecting to discuss weighty matters of policy. Kennedy was studiously examining his desk, going through the drawers with systematic efficiency. Then he looked up with an air of great profundity.

"What this corporation needs first and most of all, is a nice box of Havana cigars for the president's office."

After that they proceeded to business.

Not long after Mr. Kennedy made his first visit to the California studios of F.B.O. Ralph Ince was engaged in directing a scene in "Bigger than Barnum's," a circus story. A performer was swinging dizzily on a high trapeze. Three times Kennedy watched the acrobat swing and leap and miss his hold to fall ignominiously into the net below.

It was more than the efficient banker could endure.

"Why," he asked, approaching Ince, the director, "don't you get somebody who can do that stunt?"

"I can," Ince replied, "if you insist—but you see it would spoil the story, which calls for a flop. I've been two days getting this fellow to miss."

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Talc. *Extremely fine texture, pure and delicately perfumed. Per can, 25c; per jar, 75c.*

Balm-o-Lem. *A Fountain of Youth for Your Skin. Excellent for sunburn. Greaseless, it leaves the skin soft and dry. Cleans and protects. Excellent base for powder. Per bottle, 75c.*

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What Makes Us Movie Fans?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

To be a visualizer means that you think like you actually experience—in terms of sight.

You also dream that way. The visualizer does not as a rule dream of hearing sounds or of tasting or of smelling or even of touching.

He may at times, of course.

By far and large, he dreams about seeing things.

He dreams pictures.

All his thought processes, asleep or awake, are mental pictures.

IT stands to reason, therefore, that seeing is less fatiguing than hearing or reading.

Less effort is required and there is less strain on the nervous system in going to the movies than in attending the performance of a play or hearing an opera or reading a book.

Couple that physiological principle with an absorbing story with plenty of action and emotional appeal and you have a combination—a corking good motion picture—that for recreative and pure entertainment value comes very near being 100 per cent.

Remember the old adage about seeing is believing?

I'll wager that people are just as likely to be beguiled into believing what they see in a movie as they are into believing what actually occurs before their very eyes in real life.

In fact, motion pictures make up for the deficiencies of our eyes.

After all, the eye is nothing but a motion picture camera.

There is photographed on our brain the record of action that happens each day to pass before our eyes, that passes through the lens and is impinged upon the sensitive film of the retina.

The more we move about the more we see and record. But the camera beats us at that.

It moves to places where we cannot go. It sees things we have no opportunity of seeing.

WHILE our own eyes are forced to see all sorts of drab, uninteresting experiences the camera sees for us only those things which are vital and essentially alluring.

Lastly, all life is action, reveals itself in action.

All our bodily functions—the heart, lungs, blood streams, all of them—are in a constant state of motion.

Our fascination for action, therefore, also has a sound physiological basis. And especially does intensified action, like in a fast-moving picture, find an ever-ready response.

The movies are so comprehensive in their scope and variety that every type of individual, no matter what his personal character traits may be, can be satisfied.

Throughout our lives we repress and hold ourselves in check. We cannot have what we want. The law and social custom doe s not allow us to behave the way we want. Circumstances do not even allow us to express our feelings as we would like.

The man, woman or child that defies the restrictions that society must needs place upon individual expression soon makes the acquaintance of the police blotter.

But in the picture show!

Here the man or woman whose outpouring of love has been checked can feel the thrill of love triumphant.

The clerk in the white goods department, who has never had a chance to be a hero, can live through the experience of rescuing his beloved from a fire or of vindicating the honor of his family.

The failure in business or marriage can see how it feels to be rated at a million dollars and sit around a happy family fireside.

When you see a movie it is you who is the hero or the heroine as the case may be.

YOU laugh and weep when he laughs or weeps.

You suffer the tortures of despair as he does.

When triumph at last crowns the hero's struggles you experience identical sensations of glorious well-being.

A like explanation accounts for some of us liking adventure pictures, others comedy, tragedy or romance.

We always like pictures the theme of which fulfills what we consciously or unconsciously have wished to be.

Similarly, certain actors appeal to us and others do not because their personalities do or do not represent our repressed desires.

That is why mother tied down with household worries and the care of a few babies adores the coquetry of Greta Garbo.

A worldly sister admires the sweet simplicity of Lillian Gish.

THE weary and depressed find refreshment in the antics of Harold Lloyd.

Idealistic young men like the blasé cynicism of Menjou, while the scarred veterans of life feel young again when they see Fairbanks or Novarro.

People with special tastes may not always find the picture that responds to their inner strivings.

But if they do they simply cannot help themselves feeling pleased and refreshed.

There are pictures for everybody!

Everybody needs pictures!

The world of reality that we live in is so stern and harsh and cold that our instinctive natures positively die of starvation if an outlet is not afforded, if we cannot let loose emotionally and let off steam.

I say once more: "If you don't like the movies there is something wrong with you!"



Marshalltown, Iowa.

There was once a girl who was much worried and the reason was this: There was a rich man who desired to marry her, holding out his wealth as an inducement. Although she did not love him, her parents were insistent that she marry him. On the other hand, there was a Boy, whom she loved and who loved her, but who had nothing to offer her but his love and his future. So the girl was puzzled and didn't know which way to turn.

One day she purchased PHOTOPLAY and glancing through the magazine, she read an enthusiastic review of "Sunya." Whereupon, "Sunya" coming to her town and liking the review, the girl went to see it.

In the picture she saw that *Sunya's* problems were similar to her own and watched the unfolding of the plot with increasing interest. Leaving the theater, the girl came to a decision. She felt that her destiny, like *Sunya's*, lay along the path of love and that no good can come from doing the wrong thing, even though it is to help those we love.

That girl was I and I never can thank PHOTOPLAY and Gloria Swanson enough for directing me to the right path. I am going to marry the boy and I am so happy! And, surely, things will work out for good in the end. Thankful.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

A Thought for Reformers

Colorado Springs, Colo.

At our recent election we won the Sunday novie question by only twenty-nine votes. The next Sunday, I attended our first Sunday show, seeing Syd Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole." As I looked around I found he theater filled with young boys and girls njoying the picture immensely. The hought came to me of how much better for ur boys and girls to seek a good, clean picure for this Sunday amusement instead of he petting and drinking parties.

MRS. F. D. GRIMES.

Read This, Victor McLaglen

Covington, Ky.

Hats off as *Captain Flagg* goes by! Never has there been a more vivid portrayal of character from either camera or pen than that of the lovable rough-neck in "What Price Glory."

At last the gods have answered and given someone a brain human enough to realize that it is possible for a male star without the features of Apollo or the romantic qualities of Romeo to win his way to the hearts of the people.

BEATRICE TUPMAN.



Prize Caption of the Month

Says Polly Moran to Marie Dressler: "This stuff makes me see double and feel single." It's one of Ralph Spence's wisecracks

M. G. M.'s Great Contest

★ ★ ★

It Pays to Read the Stars

★ ★

A valuable prize is waiting for YOU!

★

COME on, fans—make your "star-gazing" pay! Find out how well your eyes and your memory work together—and profit by proving that you know your astronomy!

The star-gazing game is fun in itself—and a large cash prize awaits you for playing it. Here's hoping your eyes, wits and memory serve you well! If they do, the prize is yours.

★

These are the rules of the contest:

On page 7 in this magazine, you will find a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertisement. Study the pictures of the stars shown there and write a list of their names. Name your favorite star. And, in 8 words or less, write a suitable slogan for each star. (As, for example: "Lon Chaney—the man of a thousand faces.")

The person sending the most correct list of names, with the set of slogans found best in the opinion of the judges, will be awarded $100 and an autographed picture of his or her favorite star.

The fans sending the 50 next best lists and slogans will all receive autographed pictures of the stars they mention as their individual favorites.

M-G-M reserves the right to use, in any way, any or all slogans submitted, paying $5 for each slogan so used.

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by September 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Pringle-Cody Contest of June

VIRGINIA KRISLE
1108 Wood St., Texarkana, Texas

C. H. USSERY
Box 24, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Brighten

dull, heavy Eyes *safely!*



Without the aid of belladonna or other harmful drugs, *Murine* imparts new life and lustre to the dullest eyes. Use this soothing, refreshing lotion every evening to rid your eyes of irritating particles and prevent a bloodshot condition.

Murine is quickly and easily applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. No insanitary, inconvenient eye cup is needed. Millions the world over now use this long-trusted lotion to keep eyes clear and bright.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 27, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....



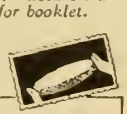
"Erase" HAIR WITH THIS DAINTY MAGIC DISC

BELLIN'S Wonderstoen

Magic it is truly—this rosy little compact that whisks away every trace of hair from arms, legs and face—leaving the skin soft and smooth as flower petals. ***Wonderstoen*** is dry, odorless, dainty—as harmless and easy to use as your powder puff. Gently, safely "erases" every trace of hair and does away with liquids, pastes and other unpleasant methods. Dainty women delight in *Wonderstoen* which so simply "erases" hair and leaves unmarred the skin's true texture and lovely bloom.

At your toilette goods counter. ***Wonderstoen*** *de luxe for arms and legs $3.00 by mail $3.15.* ***Wonderstoen*** *facial size for chin, cheeks and upper lip $1.25, by mail $1.35. Sold on a money back guarantee. Write for booklet.*

Bellin's Wonderstoen Co.
500 Fifth Ave.
Dept. P New York



BELLIN'S Wonderstoen
"Erase" HAIR THIS SAFE, DAINTY WAY.

Old Jobs for New

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Valentino, too, was a gardener, and a landscape artist by education. William Boyd's first job in California was as an orange picker. But you can't keep a good fellow down. Boyd walked out on rural life and got himself a job in a grocery store. He was one of those fellows who say, "I don't know why your order hasn't come yet. The boy started half an hour ago."

WHICH brings us to Lloyd Hughes. Mr. Hughes also entered Hollywood by the back door. He was the young man who started from the store a half an hour ago with the order. Mr. Hughes, alas, was delivery boy for a meat market.

William Haines started life in the Paradise of Refined Young Men with a College Education. He was a bond salesman. It's a genteel job, handing lists of securities to people who tell you that they'd dearly love to own a bond if they weren't going to Europe, or getting a mink coat or paying for a new car. Mr. Haines was employed by the S. W. Straus Company when a handsome man contest landed the bewildered young man in Culver City.

Douglas Fairbanks was once in Wall Street, years ago before he went on the stage. Although he is now rated as one of the few actors with financial ability, Fairbanks never burned up the Billion Dollar Lane.

Lon Chaney, Karl Dane and Monte Blue started at the bottom of the ladder in the theater. They were members of stage crews. In his youth, Chaney had as many jobs as he now has make-ups. He worked all through the middle-west as a stage hand, a job guaranteed to increase the vocabulary and decrease the illusions.

Fame has no glamour to a stage hand. Chaney, to this day, hasn't been blinded by the glitter of stardom. He worked too hard and waited too long.

After a varied career, Monte Blue landed in the Griffith studio as a carpenter. He was so strong, so willing, so daring that Griffith used him as an extra. Once he had a chance as an actor, Blue went at it with Indian determination.

Working in a stage crew was only incidental to Karl Dane. For a time, Dane was a curtain raiser back in Denmark. No, that doesn't mean that he was a one-act play; it means that he pulled the curtain up and down—heave ho, heave ho! His first job in this country was as a stunt aviator. The job had its disadvantages so he tried raising chickens out in San Fernando, Calif. Raising chickens and seven card stud, deuces wild, are two of the surest ways ever invented for losing money. When Karl offered his services to the film industry, he was glad to begin at a modest wage.

WALLACE BEERY applied to a circus for his first job. He told the manager that he wanted to do something big and clean. Paraphrasing the popular song, the boss told him to go wash the elephant. Wallie washed elephants for quite a while before he branched out into Bigger and Finer Things.

Neil Hamilton and James Murray walked into the movies by way of the main entrance. Hamilton was an usher at the Strand Theater in New York and Murray was doorman at the Capitol. After taking tickets in a highly graceful and polished manner, Murray was made house manager of the Piccadilly Theater, also on Broadway. I have heard tell, too, that Ricardo Cortez once stood 'em up at the Rivoli Theater. That is to say, he made 'em stand in line until the overture was played.

VICTOR McLAGLEN claims the most picturesque job. McLaglen served in the British Army during the World War. His regiment was sent to Bagdad, after that home of the Arabian Nights was captured by the British. McLaglen was so big and strong and he had such an intimidating face, that the military authorities made him Chief of Police. Chief of Police of Bagdad! There's a swell job for you!

After graduating from Princeton and achieving all sorts of scholastic and athletic honors, Fred Thomson went abroad with the A. E. F. as chaplain. Those were the days when a parson had to have two fists and lots of muscles. Frances Marion, the scenario writer, went abroad as an entertainer. She met the good-looking chaplain and they were married. And *that*, my dears, is how Fred Thomson came to be a movie star.

Harry Langdon drew comic faces long before he made them in front of a camera. Langdon was a cartoonist on *The Omaha Bee*. Larry Semon was another newspaper artist—he worked on the *New York Morning Telegraph* and then on the *Telegram*. Although John Barrymore came from the actin'-est family in America, he wanted to be an artist and tried to sidestep the inevitable theater. For a time, John was staff artist on the *New York Evening Journal*—just a regular Nell Brinkley.

AS for the girls, whom we have neglected to mention, there are just three roads into pictures—win a beauty contest, get in the chorus of a Broadway revue or join up as a bathing beauty in comedies.

Only a few of the girls can look back on colorful careers. Renee Adoree was a bareback rider in a little French circus and came to this country as a cabaret entertainer.

Eleanor Boardman was an artists' model and an interior decorator. Julia Faye and Lois Wilson were schoolteachers. Helen Ferguson and Patricia Avery were stenographers. And so, too, was Edna Purviance.

But while the men of the screen were valets to elephants, grocery boys, policemen in Bagdad or stage hands, most of the girls were plugging along as "extras," and trying to make one dollar do the work of ten.

The boys, as usual, had all the fun.

The Song and Patter Kids

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

A broad wink enveloped the remaining four of us at the table. Her secretary, Peggy Ridgway; a friend from the Avenue 54 School where the girls went through the grades; and an aunt from Orange County. The Duncan girls are never alone. They are continually surrounded by a battery of admiring friends and relatives. Mostly relatives. Aunts and uncles and nieces and nephews.

Admiring groups not contented to show their admiration in wondrous applause, but anxious to serve. Auntie must mend Rosetta's dress. Niece must run to the drug store and get Vivian a chocolate malted milk. As wholesome as the girls themselves. Cousins and a father and a brother. Sharing their enthusiasms, their fun, their gaiety.

"Look, George. Here's Eddie Cantor!" It was at one of their beach parties. Vivian is introducing her brother. "Isn't it grand?"

And she meant it.

Life has not lost its sparkle, after ten years of theatrical work. Life is a joyous adventure to be met with the brave weapons of wit and laughter. Paris and



Will she do her bit for Dixie? Marceline Day is trying to make up her mind whether or not to change from silk to cotton stockings. Down South, the girls are helping the homeland crop by discarding silk for cotton. What's your verdict? The eyes have it!



BILLIE DOVE, beautiful First National Star, appearing in "The Tender Hour" and "An Affair of the Follies" shown here with her smart Meeker Made Bag.

Befitting
its Lovely Possessor

Wearers of smart costumes and appropriate accessories choose Meeker Made hand fashioned leather bags for their loveliness, rich beauty and costume harmony. To have and carry a Meeker Made leather bag or purse is a reflection of one's very good taste.

There is a difference in quality between these and ordinary bags—they are outstanding—easily discernable. Their appearance and rare beauty enhance with wear. The name Meeker Made represents the highest grade. Look for this mark stamped into the merchandise.

MEEKER MADE

Hand-tooled, hand-tinted, genuine imported steerhide

HAND BAGS

Purses — Vanities
Bill Folds — Novelties

Displayed by Better Dealers Everywhere

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Largest Manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.



A Hair-Free Skin by just washing

That fresh, clean feeling that a good wash gives—how precious it is, how valuable in giving one that sense of groomed poise.

Yet, that grooming cannot be complete unless one is certain that there are no unpleasant shadows of hair on underarms, limbs, etc., to mar your skin loveliness.

You *can* remove those unsightly hairs just as easily as you remove dust, by washing them off with De Miracle liquid. They vanish before your eyes and leave your skin smooth, clean and lovely.

De Miracle is delicately perfumed. And every bottle is guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Sold everywhere—60c, $1.00 and $2.00.

If, however, your dealer is out of it, we will gladly supply you direct on receipt of price ($1.00). Or we will send it C. O. D. (you pay the postman). De Miracle, Dept. 69, 138 West 14th St., New York.

De Miracle
Removes Hair





Corns Vanish

after this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

London and New York have not dulled their appreciation of ordinary things. Each day brings another round of surprises.

The girls came to Hollywood with the same exuberance, the same love of life, that put them at the top of the theatrical ladder. They came West to put "Topsy and Eva," their musical comedy, created and produced by themselves, into the celluloid. They arrived in January.

BY the first of February four other producing companies were reported to have purchased the screen rights to "Topsy and Eva," the director and cast had been completely changed, several law suits were hanging fire and Rosetta had promised a black eye and a libel suit to a woman reporter who had called them "temperamental."

They weren't temperamental. They were merely getting acclimated.

Major, the great St. Bernard, became a familiar figure whizzing down the street in the blue Duesenberg, upholstered in real petit-point. At every party of any importance the Duncans were the center of attraction. Rosetta sitting on a low seat, surrounded by doting men, hanging on the barbed shafts of her bright badinage.

Vivian, the quieter, overshadowed perhaps by the effervescence of her sister holding court, in a high-backed chair, with her current swain.

Totally different and yet strangely alike, those two, forming a perfect unit of concentrated energy. Their lives, so steeped in success, seem to have been fashioned after the motto of the Three Musketeers—"One for all, all for one." Vivian is maternal. She buys Rosetta's clothes, supervises the cutting of Rosetta's straight boyish pompadour, does a thousand little motherly duties. Rosetta, in turn, fights the worldly battles of the incomparable duo. No jealousy. No rancor. No envy.

BUT let's get back to the dining room, with its stained glass windows and its funereal furniture. It's a rented house. Hollywood's haunted house. Wally Reid, Mary Miles Minter, many tragic lives have come beneath its roof. The Duncs, seemingly, don't care, although Vivian confesses to ghostly chills up her spinal column when she enters alone.

A silent moment has dragged by since Vivian's basso performance and now the clear sweet tones of the younger Duncan crowd themselves into the mouthpiece:

"Hello! This is Vivian Duncan. Oh, Nancy! How are you, dear?"

And Vivian smiles a broad blue wink.

Let's go on with luncheon, while Vivian talks. Ham and flaky biscuits and souffle. A dignified dark man serves.

"Do you remember that time in Louisville, Peggy?" Vivian has replaced the receiver. "When we were making about fifty dollars a week and Jake and I decided we needed a maid? We were stopping in a little dingy boarding house where they served prunes every morning. Oh those prunes! The proprietress was a great mountain of a woman with no teeth. Her husband drank. And she had scarcely any money.

"Jake and I were going to take her with us as a maid. We bought her a corset and a set of false teeth and just as we were all set to leave for the next town, her husband came in from a tout, took the corset and the teeth from her and made her stay at home. So we went without a maid.

"Those were great days. Pretty slim days, too. But fun. Evelyn, that's my oldest sister, was the first to go on the stage, you know. Rosetta came next. She used to yodel. How that girl could yodel! Even when she was a little kid she used to attend amateur nights at a theater near our house and always walked off with the prize.

"One time she yodelled at a party and made two dollars. After that she would not compete on amateur night. Said she was a professional. She turned professional, for good, a short time after. Got her first engagement at Tait's in San Francisco. A man who had an interest in the Orpheum circuit—Mr. Henderson, was his name, do you know him?—heard her. He asked if she would consider a contract. I'll say Jake would. Of course, she needed an accompanist and I could play the piano pretty well, so that's how I got started.

"WE kept building up our act. Adding bits of patter. And then I commenced harmonizing with Jake. Gradually we began to write our own songs.

"Jake's marvelous at song-writing. She doesn't write them like anyone else that I know. Instead of taking regular paper with bars and stanzas and writing out the notes, she jots down 'do re mi fa sol.' Whatever the melody may be. You know? And then we go over it together.

"Just now we're working on the music for our picture. And on the prologue, too, with Sid Grauman. It's going to open at the Egyptian Theater. Jake and I are both going to appear in the prologue. . . .

"By the way, Peggy." This to her secretary. "What do you think of a straight blonde wig for Jake, ending in a lot of round, bouncing curls? I don't want her to go blackface this time."

That mothering, maternal instinct. You see it is all Jake with Hymie.

"Funny about Jake. She can knock out a song in no time. 'Remembering,' for instance. We were playing Chicago, then. It was a cold day, half-rain and half-sleet. Jake had a cold. She was sniffing and sneezing. We had a tea engagement somewhere on Lake Shore Drive.

"'I don't want to go, Hymie. Call 'em up and say I'm dead or something. I will be if I go out in this weather.' It was four-thirty then. Jake sat down at the piano, her fingers striking chords. Pretty soon she had her pencil in her hand and was jotting down her 'do re mi's.' By nine o'clock we had finished 'Remembering.'

"Jake says. . . . "

But what are you going to do in the absoluteness of this sisterly devotion?

I SAID I had lunched with the Duncan sisters. I didn't, really. Only with one. But when Jake has a press agent like Hymie she doesn't need to make personal appearances.

Everything is, indeed, Jake with Hymie.

And everything's Hymie with Jake.

Arlen Loses His Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

give him the leading rôle in "Wings," Famous Players-Lasky directors would not have him as a gift, even as an extra. They'd become convinced that all that was needed to sink a picture was to have Richard Arlen on board.

Then came the dawn. Then, also, came some of the most fervent love-making that the eye of the camera has ever seen.

In the cast of "Wings" was the delectable Jobyna Ralston, and she and the up-to-that-time disastrous Richard Arlen had fallen desperately in love with each other—so desperately that they had become engaged to be married. Those were the happy days.

THE realism of the love scenes in "Wings," in which Richard Arlen is the party of the first and Jobyna Ralston is the party of the second is, to drag in a high-brow word, just to show that we have one, devastating. Half the time, neither of the participants heard the director when he yelled, "Cut."

Of course, when it rains it pours. Following "Wings," the young man, who in kissing Jobyna Ralston had kissed his jinx good-bye, has played in three other successes—"Rolled Stockings," with Clara Bow, "Sally in Our Alley," and "The Blood Ship." And, right now, four directors are trying to get him into four different pictures. And Jesse L. Lasky, having seen "Wings," has said to him: "I am sure you will rise to the heights."

It sure does look as if Richard Arlen's jinx has taken wings and flown away.

I Spent a Million to Dress Up

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Coast, I'd played in vaudeville, and melodrama, and anything they'd give me a chance to play in. What I most wanted to play in was pictures.

I heard that Mr. Ince was paying his picture actors $50 a week. I'd never earned that much. I was afraid to ask for that much. So, rather than take a chance of losing a job with him, I asked for $35 a week. I got it—and, at eighteen years of age, I was playing whiskered villains in Civil War pictures and Westerns which were the only kinds of pictures they were making at Inceville then—or almost any other place, for that matter.

TWO little scenes I played down there will show any actor or actress it pays to always do your best—no matter how small your present opportunity seems to be. In one scene, I was a Union General in a Civil War picture. All I had to do was to sign a paper and give it to an orderly. I thought I saw a chance to make something of even this routine piece of business. All I could think of to do was to get some imaginary dust on the pen and then get it off again before



The "Vizette" (Above)
For Sport or Street.
Has Snap-on vizor.



The "Danzette"
Very chic



The "Rozette"
A dressy model

(14)

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Choice of 3 Styles in 4 Colors
WHITE—SCARLET—SAND OR NAVY BLUE

We also show here two other popular Virginia Snow models—the "Danzette" and the "Rozette." These models do not have the detachable vizor, but are exceptionally smart in style. All models are equally easy to make in size to fit wearer. You will surely want one or more of these serviceable all-wool hats of finest quality at this remarkable price of only 79c postpaid. $1.50 for two, or $2.00 for three. Remember 3 Skeins of Collingbourne's Artzilk for embroidering are included free with each hat. Money back if you are not delighted with the fine quality of all-wool felt, the rich modish color and the big value we give. In ordering, be sure to state which model you want and the color you prefer. Send today.

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we will send this dainty bottle with gold-finished screw cap, ground glass rod and stopper, filled with this new, most wonderful and fragrant Perfume —equal to the finest importations.

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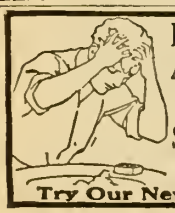
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signing the paper. A trifle? Sure. Just a silly trifle—but it was enough to make Mr. Ince notice me for the first time.

And the other little scene was even worse, because it had a cuspidor in it. In those days, cuspidors were supposed to be funny. I was playing a scene in an office. A director told me to put my foot in a cuspidor. A man trying to get his foot out of a cuspidor was supposed to be even funnier than a cuspidor all by itself. But I didn't think it was so very funny, so, although I put my foot in the cuspidor, I pretended I didn't know I had done it. And I played the scene that way. Doesn't it sound childish? Well, it was what Mr. Ince needed to make him decide I could play country bumpkins—those embarrassed, self-effacing youths with the frazzled straw hats, the hickory shirts, the high water pants, etc.

AND my salary went up to $85 a week, and C. Gardner Sullivan—the only writer I've ever known who can write best in a rocking chair—wrote "The Pinch Hitter," and that was the first of the rube dramas we used to turn out at the rate of one a month.

I was a type. But I didn't want to be a type. I wanted to prove I was an actor.

But, before my contract with Mr. Ince expired, and I formed my own company to make pictures that wouldn't all be alike, I was getting one of the queerest salaries in the business—$3,741 a week. All other salaries were in round numbers. The $41 was tacked onto mine because Mr. Ince was paying me so much a year and it figured out that way.

With what I'd saved from my salary, and my percentage on my pictures, I went into business for myself. I made "Scrap Iron," "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," "Peaceful Valley," and then I made a series in which I dressed up for the first time.

And it came pretty close to being the last. The pictures didn't sell. But I hung on. Because, I believed with all my heart and soul, I had something to give the public that had been so generous to me since the days when I first got my head above the water by supporting Frank Keenan in "The Coward."

IF that very fine actor had not played his part so slowly, I might not have got my head above the water even then. But, as he did play it very slowly, there was nothing they could "cut back to," as the technical phrase has it, except the boy. And I was the boy, and my first big chance, as far as the public was concerned, was fairly shoveled at me.

Grateful? I should say I was. For "The Coward" began the era when my fan-mail, running to an average of more than ninety letters a day, showed I was doing something on the screen that the people liked. Right now, my fan-mail averages forty letters a day. But, in between, were those days I'm coming to—the days when the fan-mail dropped to nothing.

Those lonesome days came after I'd bought and produced "The Ol' Swimmin' Hole," and that other gem of James Whitcomb Riley, "The Girl I Loved."

Then began my dressing up in earnest. Mary Pickford had bought for Jack Pickford's use, "A Tailor Made Man," a stage play that had been very successful. When they decided not to do it, I paid Miss Pickford $75,000 for it, produced it, and lost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

But I wouldn't, I couldn't quit. Something inside of me was driving me on to make what I hoped would be a milestone in the history of the art I love.

I PUT my whole heart, and every dollar I had in the world, and every dollar I could borrow, into "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

And, instead of making a milestone, I made a tombstone.

Eleven thousand dollars a week is quite a little money, isn't it? Well, that's how much was going every week to bankers who had helped finance the picture and others for me—and for some of that money I was paying as high as thirty per cent. I had seventeen pictures out and the bankers were getting every nickel they brought in.

I went to New York with the picture. And, with our hopes high, not only of making a financial recovery, but, more than that, of making a fine and worthy contribution to the screen, Mrs. Ray and I went to live at the Plaza Hotel to wait for the verdict.

We did not wait long at the Plaza Hotel. The verdict of defeat was so crushing we had to move to much cheaper quarters in a small hotel where our window looked on a brick wall as blank as our hopes.

I can remember staring at that wall on the day the bankers who were getting $11,000 a week refused to give me a drawing account of even $100 a week. I can remember staring at that wall on the day I did not have $20 to my name.

I had lost my studio, I had lost my home, I had lost everything.

And what did I do? Just what many another man has done who has seen his house of dreams come toppling upon his head. I dug myself out of the wreckage and began to fight my way back.

My weapons? Any parts I could get. I didn't ask for starring parts. I didn't ask for those country yokel parts I can play in my sleep. But what I did ask for were parts that would give me a chance to act.

And, after finding them in "The Auction Block," "Paris," "Nobody's Widow," "Vanity" and others, including "Getting Gertie's Garter," again—for the second time in my life—I'm a star. This time in the Universal special, "Betty's a Lady."

PROFESSIONALLY, I'm a free-lance; personally, it won't be long before I'm a free man. It's only because I'm still in debt that I can't call myself a free man now.

And there's one thing I'm prouder of than I am of any professional success I have had in the past or may have in the future. That is, that I'm doing what every honest man did long before I ever was heard of, and what every honest man will do long after I'm forgotten—I'm paying every dollar I owe, whether I'm legally responsible for it or not.

It's a job that wouldn't take quite so long if I hadn't spent $1,000,000 to dress up.

His Pop Threw the Bull

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

His wife was a Castilian. Their son was christened Luis Antonio Damaso Alonso.

But just try to "put that in the lights."

After leaving school the boy and his father roamed Mexico, Cuba and Central American countries, until finally the elder Alonso, badly injured in a bull fight, was forced to retire.

Young Luis continued his adventuring until at the age of nineteen, just three years, he reached Hollywood.

His old acquaintance, Adversity, arrived at the same time. But Opportunity was not far away.

AFTER months of futile searching for work, Gilbert Roland, as he had begun to call himself, secured a part as an extra in "The Lady Who Lied," which Edwin Carewe was directing.

At midnight a call came for an extra to put on a Don Juan costume. Most of the extras were tired, and, inasmuch as this meant a complete change of clothes, did not volunteer. Young Roland did. While in this costume he attracted the attention of Ivan Kahn, a Hollywood agent, who happened to be present. Kahn offered to get him a screen test.

Before he had the screen test, however, he had a call as an extra on the M-G-M lot. Elinor Glyn happened to see him in the studio cafeteria, and sent one of her henchmen to him, offering a screen test. She was so pleased with the result that she wanted to cast him for the male lead in "The Great Moment," then preparing for filming. Irving Thalberg saw him, and announced that he wanted him instead for a part in "The Midshipman," with Ramon Novarro, schoolmate of those Chihuahua days.

Roland went with this company, only to find that he was only doubling in the rough scenes for Novarro. Thus he had missed the real chance for recognition which the Glyn picture would have given him. B. P. Schulberg, then an independent producer, saw the screen test which Kahn had taken, and signed Roland to a five-year optional contract.

His first featured rôle was that of a college heavy in "The Plastic Age," in which Clara Bow played the heroine and Donald Keith the hero.

Schulberg then went to Famous-Players-Lasky, and took Roland with him, under contract.

Eventually Schulberg decided not to renew his optional contract.

ONE afternoon, Roland was lunching with friends at the Ambassador Hotel. He saw a girl looking at him frequently, and finally an inquiry as to his name was made by the head-waiter. It later developed that the girl was Ann Rork, a featured actress and daughter of Sam Rork, the First National producer. Ann spoke to her father, who signed Roland for four pictures, the first of which was "The Blonde Saint."

Again came a period of idleness, this time for three months. Then John Considine, Jr., in charge of the United Artists studio, saw the screen test which Kahn had taken, and suggested Roland as leading man for Norma Talmadge, who was quickly convinced.

Roland's work in this picture was so notable that he was again signed as her leading man in "The Dove," after which George Fitzmaurice obtained him for the male lead in "Rose of Monterey."

Ladies In Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

he told his Grand Vizier, 'you run things in Bagdad for a while. Shahzenan and I are going out to find a married man whose wife has made a bigger fool of him than our wives have made of us.'

"The Grand Vizier said he didn't see why they should have any particular trouble. All women were bad, and those that weren't were worse. As for him, he had given up expecting anything from them since his fifth wife ran off with an obelisk salesman from Cairo.

" 'Deceit is their middle name, O Commander of the Faithful,' he said, 'and the end ones are foolishness and vanity. I prefer to live with a parrot. They may ask questions, but you don't have to answer.' "

"That is another libel on our sex!" Mrs. Potiphar cried, but Cleopatra dragged her back into her seat.

"Men always say that," she whispered. "But I've noticed that if a woman takes care to tell them how wonderful they are, they do not mind if she talks herself blue in the face. Sorry, Scheherazade. Proceed with your most interesting story."

"Well, as I was saying, the two brothers left Bagdad and wandered about for a long time, looking for a husband who was worse off than they were. But they could not seem to find one. All the married men they met said their wives were perfectly true to them, and why shouldn't they be, married to such good-looking husbands?

"THE two brothers snickered when they heard them, for they remembered having once felt that way themselves. But they did not say anything, and went on with their search.

"One day they arrived at the seashore, and sat down under a tree to rest. They had not been sitting there long when the breakers suddenly parted and a coal black Afrite as big as a church came up out of the ocean carrying a chest on his back.

"The two brothers took one look at the meat-chopper which hung at his belt.

" 'This is no place for us,' they said, and climbed up in the tree. But luck was against them. It was the only tree on



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the beach, and the Afrite came and sat down under it.

"Shariar and Shahzenan kept very quiet. They were not taking any chances. Pretty soon they heard a sound, like someone knocking, inside the chest. The Afrite took a bunch of keys from his pocket and got busy with the padlocks which held down the lid. When the last one was unlocked, and the chest opened, a very good-looking cutie with bobbed hair stepped out.

"'What do you want now?' the Afrite asked in a sour voice.

"'I WANT to be where I can see you, angel face,' the bobbed-haired lady said, patting him on the cheek, 'and I can not stay locked up in that chest any longer because I am afraid that some unscrupulous hussy will try to vamp my great big beautiful boy while I am not looking. So if you do not mind I will sit here where I can see your face and as I am sure you must be tired after your long walk, why do you not lie down and go to sleep? Mama will just stay here quietly and keep the flies off of papa, and I notice there are a great many flies flying about although they do not seem to light on me.'

"Now of course Shariar and Shahzenan, being married men, had heard that kind of talk before, and they got to laughing so they almost fell out of the tree. So the cutie who had been in the box looked up and saw them.

"'Come down,' she whispered, making signs to them. 'My husband is asleep, and there is something I want to say to you.'"

"She certainly was a fast worker," Salome laughed. "Did the Sultans come down?"

"Oh, yes. They had to. She kept after them and gave them to understand that if they did not do as she asked she would wake the Afrite up, and that would be the end of a perfect day so far as they were concerned.

"When they got out of the tree the cutie gave them the once over.

"'WE cannot talk here,' she said, 'because it might wake up my husband, and the poor dear needs his rest.' So she took them into the bushes.

"Shariar looked back in the direction of the tree.

"'I think we had better be going,' he said. 'My brother and I have been husbands ourselves and we know how they feel when they wake up and find their wives talking to strange gentlemen.'

"'That is all right,' the bobbed-haired cutie told them. 'My husband is a very sound sleeper, and besides, I want to show you something. You both seem a little depressed, and what I am about to show you is a very remarkable thing, and may cheer you up.' So she took a gold chain out of her stocking, and there were a lot of rings on it.

"'What is the idea of all the jewelry?' the Sultans asked.

"'Just some little souvenirs I have collected,' the cutie told them. 'That dumbbell over there swore when I married him that I should never look at another man. So he keeps me locked up in that chest, with all those padlocks on it, to make sure I will be true to him. Now, being a perfect lady, I do not like to boast, but there are ninety-eight rings on this chain, as you will find out if you care to count them, and as I see you are each wearing a rather nice one I would like you to hand them over, because I have set my heart on making it an even hundred.'"

Thais sprang to her feet.

"That dame," she said, "had the right idea. I move she be made a member of the Club."

"The motion is out of order." Eve pounded on the table. "Let Scheherazade go ahead. I am sure we are all very much interested. What happened then?"

"Well," Scheherazade laughed, "the way Shariar tells the story, courtesy prompted Shahzenan and himself to do as the lady wished. They were afraid, he claims, that if they didn't, she would wake up her husband and he might have failed to understand. At any rate, they came back to Bagdad without their rings. And they decided that the Afrite was worse off than they were.

"Naturally, Shariar was even more sore on women, when he got home, than he had been before. So after his brother went back to Persia he decided that the only way to have a wife you could be sure of was to marry a new one every night, and send her to the guillotine the first thing after breakfast the next morning.

"Well, you can see at once that while this was pretty soft for the Sultan it wasn't so good for the Bagdad flappers. Any girl, they said, would be glad to be queen of the harem as a permanent job, but they did not think much of it as piecework. So when the stock of willing brides got low, I had an idea.

"'WHY not start in to tell this bird some snappy stories?' I said, 'and break them off just when the hero and heroine are about to go into the clinch? That will get him so excited he will put off the execution in order to find out how the thing turns out.' So when my father, the Grand Vizier, told me that I was the next victim, I began my series of yarns. As you all probably know, the scheme worked so well that I kept it up for a thousand and one nights. By that time Shariar had got so used to hearing me talk he couldn't go to sleep without the sound of somebody's voice. When I ran out of plots I bought him a radio and tuned in on the bedtime stories. Later on he took up the movie serial habit. Goes to one every night, even now. It's most convenient."

"YOU certainly are right," Sappho laughed, "when you say that no man can be sure about a woman until she is in her grave, and even then is it problematical. Only the other day I ran into Henry the Eighth, and he told me he was having a dreadful time keeping his dead wives straight."

Lucrezia Borgia did not seem to be greatly impressed.

"It seems to me, Scheherazade," she said, "that your husband was pretty sure about you—at least for a thousand and one nights."

"Nights, yes. But the poor dear got so tired listening to my yarns he had to stay in bed all the next day in order to catch up on his sleep. That left me fairly free. And of course, after I bought the radio, things were even more simple. The

young man who sold it to me had the loveliest eyes."

Mrs. Potiphar had been struggling to catch Eve's eye.

"Speaking of wives," she said, "I am of the opinion that any husband who tries to prevent his wife from doing anything she has set her mind on doing is an idiot, padlocks or no padlocks. Of course, you have all heard those tales about Joseph and myself. Lies, my dear girls—nothing but lies. I never even looked at the fellow. But there was a big date and fig man from Damascus—"

"Sorry, my dear," Eve interrupted, "but, like Scheherazade, you'll have to tell us the rest of that story at another meeting. We can't let our supper get cold."

Adam, who was sneaking out the back way, found Eve's maid, Marie, listening at the keyhole.

"You are too nice a girl, Marie," he said, putting his arm around her, "to have your morals corrupted by anything those ancient eggs are saying in there. What are you doing in Hell, anyway?"

"Alas, monsieur," Marie said, "it is the result of an affair I had with a young American aviator in Paris. We loved each other passionately."

"Were you married to him?"

"No, monsieur. That seems to be the difficulty."

"I SEE. Well, whether you are married or not married often *does* seem to make all the difference between Heaven and Hell. I've found that out myself. Look here—don't say anything to Eve about my having gone out, will you? The next time I see Satan I'll speak to him about your case."

He vanished just as Eve threw open the dining room door.

"At the next meeting," said the Queen of Sheba, "I would like to tell you about my visit to King Solomon. He certainly did have a good press agent."

Higher Hire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

times I succeeded in making him my enemy due to stealing the picture from him.

Then I became a leading man and supported the principal female stars. Don't get me wrong, now, as my salary was only five hundred weekly, but I was pretty popular at that. I found out that most of these dazzlers had sprung from whistling stations and were just beginning to find out what a fork was for. A real New Yorker was from the upper strata, as you might say, so it wasn't long before I was one of Hollywood's hims of praise.

Then, just when everything was going good, Sally came West. She's my wife, and had stayed behind to shoot the furniture back to the installment gang, but now here she was and none too well pleased to be known as Mrs. Carlos Cabrillo, which is the name the publicity boys handed me.

After looking around a while she wasn't at all strong for picture players. "They may know movies," she complains, "but all they do is talk shop and most of them are vain and cheap. A few are regular people, but they only stand out because the background is so shabby. Why can't we live some place where we won't have them running over us in the evenings? I don't want my home looking like a hotel lobby," she says.

THAT didn't sound right to me. Here old man Zoop had picked me out of the gutter, so to speak, which is no slam at the shop, as they sent me a complete outfit of what Fashion had decreed. Here I was, a dupe for Zoop, as some sorehead remarked, and drawing attention from other concerns which had offered me more money. Abie heard of it and right away signs me for two years at a thousand per, yet here was the wife trying to tell me that these people were cheap.

However, I remembered she was the daughter of a Brooklyn policeman, consequently I couldn't expect her to know much about sacrifices for Art's sake. I had learned considerable about this angle by listening to the title writers and visiting highbrow authors. In fact, I was written up for Fervid Film Features, saying a lot of things I really didn't but would have if I'd thought of them.

So I goes to Sally, registering Grief, and tells her that she could pick out a home in Pasadena if she felt like it but that to give my best to my career it would be necessary for me to stick around the bungalow on Fairfax Avenue. I promised to come out and see her when I wasn't too busy.

III

I DROVE the few miles to Pasadena a couple of times of my own accord and once with the publicity director. This lad had the bright idea of playing me up as a family man, so Sally and I posed every which way, and some of the photos were printed in the Sunday papers. This resulted in an increased flock of letters from admirers, all giving me the glad hand, and say, don't let any actor kid you about not reading his mail. They all do, and I was no exception.

One day Zoop calls up and says how he has farmed me out to Perspiration Pictures, which is a good name as they go in for thrillers with plenty of dust and action.

"I ain't got it the proper stories for you, Carlos," he says, "so sooner than have you idle I fixed it to loan you to Perspiration. They want it you should play opposite The Polack, which is a swell chance for you. Report on Monday."

Well, I showed up all right and got acquainted with my new boss, Isadore Fitzpatrick, who claims he is a Spaniard. "Come on," he says, "and meet The Polack. She asked for you special after seeing your work in 'The Taxi Wrestler,' so swell up like you'd been climbing around in poison ivy," he says.

All my career and even before that I'd always wanted to get a slant at The Polack, but now if I never see her again it will be too soon. She's a pip, sure enough,



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with black hair, blue eyes and a natural hectic flush. I advances with a mixture of Nonchalance and Affability and bows like an acrobat getting an unexpected hand. Then, as the title blurbists say, came the shattering of the idol. The Polack opens her trap.

"Ach," she says, with a delicatessen accent, "ees dees mine new lofer?"

Believe me, I was foundered right there and for the next four weeks I did the best acting of my life. I was supposed to be a baron in love with a gypsy and it certainly took some simulating. Being deaf wouldn't have helped much because The Polack had some fierce habits. For instance, she kept a little weazened foreigner running around the lot with a young cafeteria.

Right before a big scene she would holler, "Stanislaus, giff me anudder vun uf dem limburger samwiches; I feel veak." Then it was me who wouldn't feel any too robust, but I stuck to it and stole the picture from under her very feet.

When it was all over she says to me, "Ah, ze strain is fineesh. Mine art is keeling me, all ze time eet ees strain, strain, strain. My director he say zat is why I am so pure. But lofe, he ees different. Carlos, vy not see me some efening? I lofe the black haired men and you are so sleek. Can you seeng?" she asks.

"SURE." I tells her, "but it's going to be 'Good-Bye, Forever.' How can a fellow get a crush on a girl when every time he looks at her she reminds him of dill pickles and sauerkraut?"

This makes her as sore as an untipped hat checker and she screams like Queen Marie or somebody was coming up the bay. "Peeg, dog, r-r-rattlesnake," she yells. "You laugh at me, ze mistress uf emotion?"



"How far this little candle sheds its beam in a naughty world!" Yes, Mr. Shakespeare, it sheds its beam just ninety miles, to be exact. It is used in Tim McCoy's new history Western, "California." That's the Colonel, in the center, surrounded by the cast and technical staff. This light develops 325,000,000 candlepower, which is quite a lot of candles

"Hold everything," I advises her. "Get Weber and Fields and do a three-act," I says, "you'd even make 'em laugh in St. Paul." And that was that.

Well, it seems that Abie was still uncertain about work, so Perspiration keeps me to do a film with a particular party known in the business as The Snip.

"It's all off if she eats limburger," I warns Fitzpatrick.

"She don't eat nothin'," he says, "only pineapples and lamb chops garnished with aspirin tablets, and she has a hell of a temper. Here she comes now."

Up switches The Snip and I gives her Casual Interest. She's a little shrimp with a nose like a crescent moon, shifty eyes and is always showing her teeth like she was hungry.

"Listen," she says, in a raspy voice, "the left side of my face is even more beautiful than the right, so don't twist me around in the close-ups. Furthermore, don't try blockin' me out with your so-called profile. This is my picture and what I say the rest echoes. It's no use makin' love to me, either, as I'm a perfect lady, and anyhow my husband, the Prince, is always around. Do I make myself plain?"

"YOU bet," I says, displaying Mockery, "but why not get a dummy from a department store?" I says. "Don't worry, I'll only make up the back of my neck for the big shots. And as for making love, no inhabitant of the Bronx is likely to fall for a member of one of the first families of Chicago—as you come in by train. Laugh that off," I tells her, "and don't try to rush upstage because you saved a wop prince from going to work."

Well, as we were both what you might call one hundred per cent American, we understood one another perfectly and little Carlos again committed grand larceny, as one of the critics said.

After we got through Zoop puts in a hurry call for me, but before I left the lot Isadore Fitzpatrick sounded me out a little. "How much does Abie pay you?" he asks, and when I tells him he acts like he was choking.

"Oi!" he yells, smacking himself on the forehead, "the dirty robber charged us three thousand for your rental. Every week you worked for us was two grand velvet in that *schlamiel's* pocket. A *pfui* on such a loafer!"

"Say," I says, "you talk mighty funny for a Spaniard."

"Shut up!" he hollers. "Now, listen, Carlos, you're worth three thousand at the box-office, but I hate to get stuck. Come and work for me at that figure."

"I got a contract for two years," I says. "How can I break it?"

"What good is a contract with a crook like that?" shouts Isadore. "He's liable to want four thousand for you next time, and what do you get out of it? That's white slavery, so help me." He starts rocking from side to side. "It serves me right," he wails. "Abie kept company with my wife before I married her and any man that's smarter than me I shouldn't do no business with."

"WELL, Irving," I says, calling him by his pet name, "thanks for tipping me off. If I can get loose I'll let you know." And I walked out of the Perspiration offices with Determination peering from every pore.

The first thing I did was to register a healthy kick with Zoop, but it didn't make much of a dent. He reminded me of the contract, which he called ironclad, but hinted that a five hundred check might find its way into my mail once in a while.

"Just a little appreciation on the side," he says, "and don't forget that from now on you pick your own heroines. And have I got it some swell stories for you? Just ask me."

This heroine stuff sounded pretty good, so not wanting to get Abie overheated I decided to shelve the money angle until later. I looked over the field and finally selected a slinky skirt by the name of Pauline, one who could do me justice in public. You see, a star like me has to be seen at first nights and around the big hotels, so it was good advertising to have up-to-date company. Owing to all the demands on my time, I didn't see much of Sally, but rung her up every day.

WELL, one afternoon after having been stared at by a lot of pop-eyed visitors, I beats it for my dressing-room to get a little nap, and on the way I bumps into a bird who apparently knows nothing about the unwritten law of stepping aside for a star. I starts in to enlighten him when all at once I sees it's the perky guy who sassed me in Grand Central. He makes me, too.

"I'm a so-and-so if it isn't old English broadcloth himself," he yells. "How are all the imported gloves from Manchester, Vermont?" he says.

"Not so loud," I warns him, "some of those goofy fans might hear you. The publicity man's got 'em bulled that I'm the original Cordovan Kid. What are you doing here, for that matter?"

"I'm the new stunt man," he says. "I heard that you used up six doubles in one picture, so I came over to see if they wanted a real male. Carlos Cabrillo, eh?" he says, looking me up and down. "I've seen your films, of course, but never thought that you were the old fluff who turned up his panties when it rained in London."

"LOOK here," I says, "you did me a favor once without knowing it. Cut out the wise cracks and maybe I can help you wise up around here."

This seems to make a hit with the fellow, whose name is Red Martin, he tells me. We got to chumming around quite a bit and he turned out to be a regular guy with a queer mixture of rough and smooth. I couldn't place him.

One evening I brought him along to supper on my weekly visit to Pasadena, but the way Sally acted you'd have thought that I'd just returned from the North Pole. She rushed down the steps before I got out of the car and flustered me with a flock of kisses, but seemed to look on Red as excess baggage.

Well, we talked about New York and the dirty deal Zoop was slipping me, and Sally mentioned how she'd like to take another moonlight trip on the old Hudson. She made me a bit embarrassed, not having the poise a star's wife should. This Martin guy took in everything and seemed kind of thought-





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ful. Finally he spilled what was on his mind.

"Say, Carlos," he says, "I believe I know a way to get your salary tilted. Now, I've got an airplane—" and he leans forward and whispers the rest of his plan. And, believe me, it was a panic.

IV

WHEN we were driving to the lot the next morning Red looks at me kind of peculiar. "You don't go home much, do you?" he asks me.

"How can I, when the pictures take so much of my time?" I answers. "Besides, the wife has all she wants. A creative artist like me has got to keep faith with his public," I reminds him.

"Quit reciting that press agent guff," he comes back, "and even so, does your gaping public demand that you should fool around with these eyelash flutterers? Take that one you're chasing now, Pauline, isn't it? Well, she's so dumb she thinks Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the Vulgar Boatmen. Get your brains examined," he says, "before your picture appears in the 'Daily Pornographic.'"

"Who are you made up for?" I asks him, putting across Hauteur. "I never heard of a stunt man with his own plane, nor one who talked like he belonged to the Salvation Army."

"I'm just a mind reader on his vacation," he says, "which is why I'm sticking around you. Here we are at the lot. Don't forget to tear off your stuff the way I told you."

THE first chance comes that afternoon when Zoop appears for his usual stroll around the sets. When he reaches ours he begins wailing to the director about footage and I and Red walks over near him, casual like. Then I opens up.

"Yes, sir," I says to Red, "I sure did enjoy that ride through the clouds this morning. Things look pretty small from up there, even a producer," I says.

"That's nothing," replies Red. "We were only up three thousand feet. Tomorrow I'll take you up so high that you'll think Mount Wilson is a pimple. In fact," he says, "if you had any uncles in Los Angeles they'd look like ants."

About this time there's a gulping noise behind us and up comes Abie with his eyes goggling. I turns around full of Enthusiasm. "Say, Mr. Zoop," I shouts, "I've discovered a new thrill. I took an airplane ride this morning and I'm going to make it a habit."

Abie quit choking and starts threshing the air. "Stop it!" he yells. "Ain't you got no sense? Suppose you get killed, where do I come in after I get stuck for a wreath? Ain't it enough that you should got it a Rolls-Royce without flyink yet? Is that a business, I'm askink you?"

"Why, Mr. Zoop," I says, with Well Bred Surprise, "there's nothing in my contract that says I can't enjoy myself."

"Is Saint Peter a relation of yours that you should want to shake hands with him?" screams Abie. "I can't afford to have you rehearsink how to play an angel. Stop it, I'm tellink you!"

"Sorry," I says, walking away, "but I can't see my way clear to giving up an innocent pleasure. Inside a week I may buy a machine of my own."

WE keeps that up for several days, doing our little act whenever he happened around, with me letting on to be crazy about becoming a second Charlie Lindbergh. We could see that he was weakening and we nurses him along like a chorus girl with a live one.

In the evenings I'd shake Red and pal around with Pauline or maybe some of the other ingenues. Nothing wrong, you understand, only a fellow needs something to lighten the tremendous nervous strain incurred during the creation of an undying screen wraith. I got that line from the press agents.

Of course, I never went up in any airplane. Height always did pull my cork, and the ground is good enough for me, even Terre Haute, but it was all part of Red's idea. If I'd only known all of it.

One fine day I outdid myself in dizzy description while Red helped out with a lot of stylish names like parabolas and so forth, and Abie sends for me to come to his office. Red tags along, too.

"LISTEN," says Abie, looking very pulpy, "if you want to be known as Reckless Carlos the Ace, my name is Careful Abie the Deuce. Statistics show that you're making me more gelt than any two other hams, even more than Koffaloff, may his arches fall. This seagull business has got to come to a continuation. Sign this, you no good *gonoff*, and may you die where I am standing if you ever break it."

What was it? Nothing but a contract calling for four thousand washers with a clause providing that I was to refrain from all dangerous sports and pastimes for the life of said contract—bleh—bleh—and the usual legal fancy work.

I signs, snickering to myself, for it sure was a laugh. Here I'd never even been up in the air, and as for sports, all the camera-

The Mother Confessor of Hollywood

All the little tragedies and hardships of the extra girls come to the ears of the mother confessor. The girls talk to her, but they never see her. She never sees them. A truly amazing story by Ruth Waterbury—in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

men agreed that I dressed a swell game of polo or tennis. Any guy who lives in the Bronx gets enough athletics in the subway to last him a lifetime.

So, after shaking hands with Abie and leaving him still looking like he'd given away his appendix, I hunted around for Red.

Pretty soon he shows up.

"I saw the swindle sheet over your shoulder," he says, "but had to run off to telephone. It worked like a turnstile at an Army-Navy game, didn't it?"

"You bet," I says, "and I owe you a heap. How about the first week's salary as a present?"

THE bozo just laughs at me. "Not a nickel," he says, "but say, don't you think you should see the innocent means of all this jack? Let's drive out to Glendale and look at the plane. I'd kind of like to have your signature on it."

That was jake to me, so we drives out to where the ship was parked. When we reached the place the motor was running and two men in unionalls were tinkering about.

"Always keep it tuned up," says Red. "Come and look at a real bus."

I takes a squint and sees that she was a two seater, the same as we use at the studio for fake shots. I unscrews my fountain pen and walks up beside the fuselage. "Where do you want me to write my name, on the side or the wing?" I asks Red, who had climbed into the pilot's seat.

"It's not that kind of a signature," he says, and then turns around quick to one of the mechanics. "Throw him in," he snaps, and the next thing I knew I was heaved into the other seat and strapped in.

The other grease collector whirls the propeller and away we go a million miles a minute.

"What's the idea?" I shouts at Red, but he pays no attention only goes swooping up and up. I takes a peek over the side and feels like I was an eagle's cousin.

After a while Red shuts off the motor and yells at me to look in the side pocket for an envelope. He says to read what's inside.

I does so and what was it but an agreement to deposit half of my new salary to Sally's credit every week.

And a nice little dotted line waiting for my signature.

"What's the meaning of this?" I roars. "Are you my keeper or something?"

"STRETCH your ears, you slippery haired vamp vanquisher," bawls Red. "I been watching you nights. I know all about those necking parties in Laurel Canyon. You're like all the rest of these misplaced models," he says, "and now that you've got a bunch of money you'll run a temperature if someone doesn't put you on ice. You'll try to ditch your wife and then go from one sap snatcher to another, but I'll see that Sally is protected.

"Sign that paper and do it quick."

I tries to make Resolution stick on my face but got it mixed up with Resignation. "Nothing doing," I bluffs, "and set me down or I will have you pinched," I says.

With that the deceitful sucker pulls something and we commences to whirl. Did you ever see those little bits of colored rags being churned around in a washing machine display? Well, that was what happens to me. Pretty soon I didn't know whether it was Friday or Saturday, but after a few more trick movements Red lets up.

"How about it?" he hollers. "There's a pen clamped in there if you've lost yours.

"I allowed for everything. Better give in and hand it over."

I manages to scrawl my name and in a few minutes we were back where we started, me feeling like the understudy to a waltzing mouse.

Red grabs me and gives me a shot of varnish, then stands looking at me kind of like a big brother.

"Sorry," he says, "but there's too many of you celluloid cavaliers that take the same route.

"Imagine leaving a swell wife like yours to mope around while you're batting your eyes at anything in a skirt and not much of that.

"Was any of your ancestors in the navy?"

I was thinking pretty hard and fast. "You must think a lot of my wife," I says, "to come near murdering me. On the level, Red, I wouldn't double cross Sally for a million dollars. And to prove it," I says, "I'll move over to Pasadena tonight, if you'll help me pack."

"I LIKE you both fifty-fifty," answers Red, "or I wouldn't be wasting my time out here in this vale of vanity. The trouble with you is that you've fallen for that old gag about an actor living his parts.

"Did you ever see a backbone in a ham? Neither did I. I'm flying east in the morning.

"That packing idea is a darb. Let's go," he says.

On the way back he gives me a heart to heart talk about hanging on to love with both hands and a lot more serious stuff. He agrees not to tell Sally about the paper and I promises to divide with her each week.

"I'll keep the paper, though," he says, "just to sort of help you get started. I'll be back in the winter and you can have it then if you've come through. No hard feelings, Carlos, I mean Harold."

For answer I sticks up my hand and registers Friendship.

The next day we goes out with Red to see him off.

Just before he jumps in I pulls him to one side.

"Tell me who you really are?" I begs.

He slaps me on the back, runs over to shake both of Sally's hands and then he's at the wheel. "A big gun from Winchester, Virginia," he shouts and away he goes, bound for the good old east including the Bronx.

Now what can you do with a guy like that?

V

ALL this I'm telling you happened about six months ago and seems farther away than that. The first thing I did was to try to shake Pauline, but she beat me to it.

"Listen, Carlos," she says, a couple of



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often hold a wrong view of feminine hygiene

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days after Red had gone, "don't get sore but look for another playmate, will you? There's a big swamp man from Florida that's gone crazy over me from seeing my picture on cold cream ads and he's just blew in. They say he's got ten million and is loose as ashes, so you just know a girl can't let nothing like that escape," she says.

I draws myself up with Frigidity. "What am I supposed to do, bust out crying?" I asks her. "It seems to me that you have mistook my casual interest in you for something more sinister. I got a wife who is more than the sum of any man's desires," I says, quoting some of the sub-titles from my latest opus.

"ALSO," I reminds her, "don't pull that line about being a New Orleans society girl on this mud seller or he is liable to ask you how you come by that Indianapolis accent."

And that was that.

One Sunday I was looking through the rotogravure section before going to church when what did I see but a photograph of Red himself. Underneath it says: "MR. REGINALD MARTIN, FAMOUS AMATEUR AVIATOR AND SON OF SILAS P. MARTIN, THE UNCROWNED KING OF WALL STREET. HIS LATEST STUNT WAS PERFORMED THIS WEEK WHEN HE GAVE CARLOS CABRILLO, THE MOVIE STAR, A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF FREE ADVERTISING BY SKY WRITING HIS NAME FROM BROOKLYN TO THE BRONX."

Some of this wasn't so very clear, but Sally and I puzzled it out with the help of our encyclopaedia. Oh yes, she made me buy one.

"He'll be out here soon," I says, "does the etiquette book say how to entertain a millionaire?"

BUT he never came. Instead, I gets a letter enclosing my agreement. "I've checked up on you through the bank," he writes, "so light your pipe with this. It was the best stunt I ever pulled and I'm proud of it and you, too." And he ends with a few lines that makes us both kind of choky.

Good old Red, here's hoping he never sinks to be a sheep shearer like his old man.

So this brings me down to the present. When we gets home tonight I couldn't help noticing how extra pretty Sally was looking. She seems to be sort of shining all over and her eyes were so soft and I'm thinking how lucky I am. After supper she snuggles beside me in a big chair and draws down my head to whisper something.

I guess it was what every husband wants to hear.

I'd been through the same kind of scene in several pictures, but this was different. It was what you might call our biggest moment. And while I was holding her close and we were both crying just a little, I know that for once in my career, without any premeditation, I registered Happiness.

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Credos of the Movies

IT started seven years ago. George Jean Nathan and Henry Lewis Mencken decided to ferret out the basic principles upon which much American philosophy and native faith were founded. They listed 488 alleged aphorisms, and published it as "The American Credo."

The legends generally believed by Mr. and Mrs. America ranged from "that it is bad luck to kill a spider" to "a Mason who reveals the secrets of the order will mysteriously disappear and never be heard of again."

Nation-wide comment ensued and George Jean got busy on "The New American Credo," published this year, containing 1231 national credulities, and dedicated, simply, "for Mencken"; his collaborator having reached that plane of fame, as editor of the American Mercury, where the Henry Lewis could be ditched.

LISTED in his Credo are mythical beliefs concerning the motion picture. Here they are:

That all the difficult feats ascribed to movie stars in the films are really done by doubles.

That every female moving-picture star carries on an intrigue with her leading man, and will marry him as soon as he can get rid of his poor first wife, who took in washing in order to pay for his education in the art of acting.

That the so-called "mist photography" of the movies can make a woman of fifty with a face like a dried apple look like a sixteen-year-old Helen of Troy.

That all the men in the moving picture business were formerly cloak and suit merchants, and that they are now all millionaires.

That the movie editors steal all of the good plots from the scenarios which amateurs have submitted.

That all press-agents are liars.

That all movie stars have million dollar homes in California, each equipped with a large ballroom, a marble swimming pool and an opium den.

That motion-picture directors always throw away the working script after the first scene, and make up the action as the story progresses.

That all moving picture scenarios fetch fabulous prices.

That in a photoplay a motion picture actress brings tears to her eyes by concealing an onion in her handkerchief.

That all moving picture leading men were formerly chauffeurs, clerks and waiters.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"LOVES OF CARMEN" — WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Prosper Merimee. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Escamillo*, Victor McLaglen; *Carmen*, Dolores del Rio; *Don Jose*, Don Alvarado; *Michaela*, Mathilde Comont; *Teresa*, Carmen Costello; *Morhles*, Jack Bastian; *Gypsy Chief*, Fred Kohler.

"TWELVE MILES OUT"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Sada Cowan. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Jerry Fay*, John Gilbert; *Red McCue*, Ernest Torrence; *Jane*, Joan Crawford; *Mayme*, Betty Compson; *Luke*, Bert Roach; *Daisy*, Eileen Percy; *John Burton*, Edward Earle; *Irish*, Tom O'Brien; *French*, Harvey Clark.

"COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Izola Forrester and Mann Page. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Amos Rinker*, Rudolph Schildkraut; *Sard Jones*, Junior Coghlan; *Ira Harding*, Sam De Grasse; *Opal Jones*, Virginia Bradford; *Myra Jones*, Gladys Brockwell; *Joe Harding*, Frank Marion; *Abbie Harding*, Jane Keckley; *Sidney Fall*, Louis Natheaux; *Redora Bump*, Ethel Wales.

"WINGS" — PARAMOUNT. — Story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: *Clara Preston*, Clara Bow; *John Powell*, Charles Rogers; *David Armstrong*, Richard Arlen; *August Schmidt*, El Brendel; *Air Commander*, Richard Tucker; *Cadet White*, Gary Cooper; *Sylvia Lewis*, Jobyna Ralston; *Sergeant*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Celeste*, Arlette Marchal.

"NAUGHTY BUT NICE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lewis Allen Brown. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Bernice Summers*, Colleen Moore; *Paul Carroll*, Donald Reed; *Judge John R. Altwold*, Claude Gillingwater; *Alice Altwold*, Kathryn McGuire; *Claverly Trafton*, Hallam Cooley; *Mrs. Altwold*, Edythe Chapman; *Miss Perkins*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Uncle Seth Summers*, Burr McIntosh.

"THE MODERN COMMANDMENTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Jack Lait. Scenario by Doris Anderson and Paul Gangelon. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Kitten O'Day*, Esther Ralston; *Tod Gilbert*, Neil Hamilton; *Aunt Ruby*, Maude Truax; *Zeno*, Romaine Fielding; *Speeding Shapiro*, El Brandel; *Belle*, Rose Burdick; *Sharon Lee*, Jocelyn Lee; *Disbrow*, Arthur Hoyt; *Benny*, Roscoe Karns.

"SINGED"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Adele Rogers St. Johns. Scenario by Gertrude Orr. Directed by John G. Wray. The cast: *Dolly Wall*, Blanche Sweet; *Boyce Wingate*, Warner Baxter; *Wong*, James Wang; *Jim*, Alfred Allen; *Wes Adams*, Clark Comstock; *Indian Agent*, Howard Truesdale; *Ben Grimes*, Claude King; *Mrs. Eleanor Cardigan*, Ida Darling; *Amy Cardigan*, Mary McAllister; *Howard Halliday*, Edward Davis; *Ernie Whitehead*, Edgar Norton.

"TOPSY AND EVA"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Directed by Del Lord. The cast: *Topsy*, Rosetta Duncan; *Eva*, Vivian Duncan; *Simon Legree*, Gibson Gowland; *Uncle Tom*, Noble Johnson; *Marietta*, Marjorie Daw; *Aunt Ophelia*, Myrtle Ferguson; *George Shelby*, Nils Aster; *St. Claire*, Henry Victor.

"ROLLED STOCKINGS" — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frederica Sagor. Scenario by Percy Heath. Directed by Richard Rosson. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Jim Treadway*, James Hall; *Carol*



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"RITZY" — PARAMOUNT. — Story by Elinor Glyn. Screen play by Percy Heath and Robert N. Lee. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: *Ritzy Brown*, Betty Bronson; *Harrington Smith (Duke of Westborough)*, James Hall; *Algy*, William Austin; *Mary*, Joan Standing; *Nathan Brown*, George Nichols; *Smith's Valet*, Roscoe Karns.

"CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE" — M.-G.-M.—Story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Mrs. Callahan*, Marie Dressler; *Mrs. Murphy*, Polly Moran; *Sally Callahan*, Sally O'Neil; *Dan Murphy*, Lawrence Gray; *Grandpa Callahan*, Frank Currier; *Monica Murphy*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Jim Callahan*, Eddie Gribbon; *Timmy Callahan*, Turner Savage; *Terrance Callahan*, Jackie Combs; *Mary Callahan*, Dawn O'Day; *Michael Callahan*, Monty O'Grady; *Mr. Murphy*, Tom Lewis.

"PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE" —FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore and Garrett Fort. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Joseph Francis Dillon. The cast: *Pierre*, Lewis Stone; *Faith Cable*, Priscilla Bonner; *John Cable*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Mae Morin*, Lilyan Tashman; *Barry Frost*, John Patrick; *Elliott Cable*, Robert Agnew; *Beth*, Ann Rork; *College Boys*, Cleve Moore, Dick Folkens, Lincoln Stedman; *Susanne*, Cecille Evans; *Judy*, Marion McDonald; *Elsie*, Nita Cavalerie.

"ADAM AND EVIL" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Florence Ryerson. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Adam Trevelyan, Allan Trevelyan*, Lew Cody; *Evelyn Trevelyan*, Aileen Pringle; *Gwen De Vere*, Gwen Lee; *Dora Bell*, Gertrude Short; *Eleanor Leighton*, Hedda Hopper; *Mortimer Enkins*, Roy D'Arcy.

"PAINTING THE TOWN" — UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harry Hoyt. Directed by Wm. Craft. Continuity by Harry Hoyt and Vin Moore. Photography by Allen G. Jones. The cast: *Hector Whitmore*, Glenn Tryon; *Patsey De Veau*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Raymond Tyson*, Chas. Gerard; *Fire Commissioner*, Geo. Fawcett; *Secretary*, Sidney Bracey; *Wilson*, Max Ascher.

"FIGHTING EAGLE, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Conan Doyle. Adapted by Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Etienne Gerard*, Rod La Rocque; *Countess de Launay*, Phyllis Haver; *Talleyrand*, Sam De Grasse; *Napoleon Bonaparte*, Max Barwyn; *Fraulein Hertz*, Sally Rand; *Col. Neville*, Clarence Burton.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER" —WARNER BROS.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Scenario by Charles R. Condon. Directed by John G. Adolfi. The cast: *W. Bradberry (Father)*, Warner Oland; *Betty Bradberry*, Flobelle Fairbanks; *Dibbin (Detective)*, William Demarest; *Mrs. Bradberry (Mother)*, Vera Lewis; *Victor Smith*, John Miljan; *Tommy Dawson*, Hugh Allan; *Violet*, Cathleen Calhoun; *Gloria*, Jean Lefferty.

"SECRET STUDIO, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Hazel Livingston. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Rosemary Merton*, Olive Borden; *Sloan Whitney*,

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"FAST AND FURIOUS"—UNIVERSAL. —From the story by Reginald Denny. Adapted by Raymond Cannon. Directed by Melville W. Brown. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Tom Brown*, Reginald Denny; *Ethel*, Barbara Worth; *Miller*, Claude Gillingwater; *Dupont*, Armand Kaliz; *Joe*, Lee Moran; *Hodge*, Chas. K. French; *Coachman*, Wilson Benge; *Doctor*, Robert E. Homan; *Shorty*, Kingsley Benedict; *Englishman*, Edgar Norton.

"OLD SAN FRANCISCO"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Dolores Vasquez*, Dolores Costello; *Chris Buckwell*, Warner Oland; *Terrance O'Shaughnessy*, Chas. E. Mack; *Don Hernandez Vasquez*, Josef Swickard; *Don Luis*, John Miljan; *A Promoter*, William Demarest; *Michael Brandon*, Anders Randolph; *Lu Fong*, Sojin; *Dwarf*, Angelo Rossitto; *Chinese Girl*, Anna May Wong; *A Madame*, Rose Dione. The Prologue: *Captain Enrique de Solano Y Vasquez*, Lawson Butt; *Vasquez' Grandson*, Otto Mattiesen; *Vasquez' Grandson*, Walter McGrail; *Mother*, Martha Mattox; *Captain Stoner*, Tom Santschi.

"RUNNING WILD"—PARAMOUNT. — Adapted by Roy Briant. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Paul Vogel. The cast: *Elmer Finch*, W. C. Fields; *Elizabeth*, Mary Brian; *Jerry Harvey*, Claud Buchanan; *Mrs. Finch*, Marie Shotwell; *Junior*, Barney Raskle; *Mr. Harvey*, Frederick Burton; *Mr. Johnson*, J. Moy Bennett; *Amos Barker*, Frank Evans; *Arvo, the Hypnotist*, Ed. Roseman; *Truckdriver*, Tom Madden; *Rex*, Himself.

"TIME TO LOVE"—PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Alfred Savoir. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Raymond Casanuova*, Raymond Griffith; *Marquis de Daddo*, William Powell; *Countess Elvire*, Vera Voronina; *Elvire's Father*, Josef Swickard; *First Duellist*, Mario Carillo; *Second Duellist*, Pierre de Ramey; *Elvire's Guardian*, Helene Giere; *Hindu Mystic*, Alfred Sabato.

"UNDERWORLD"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ben Hecht. Adapted by Charles Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: "*Weasel*," Clive Brook; "*Feathers*" *McCoy*, Evelyn Brent; "*Bull*" *Weed*, George Bancroft; "*Slippy*" *Lewis*, Larry Semon; "*Buck*" *Mulligan*, Fred Kohler; "*Blonde*" *Mag*, Helen Lynch; "*Nick*" *Paloma*, Jerry Mandy; "*High Collar*" *Sam*, Karl Morse.

"BARBED WIRE"—PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Hall Caine. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Erich Pommer. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Mona*, Pola Negri; *Oskar*, Clive Brook; *The Brother*, Einar Hanson; *The Father*, Claude Gillingwater; *The Neighbor*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *The Commandant*, Charles Lane; *Hans*, Clyde Cook; *The Sergeant*, Ben Hendrick, Jr.

"RUBBER HEELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ray Harris, Sam Mintz and Tom J. Crizer. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Amos Wart*, Ed Wynn; *Tennyson Hawks*, Chester Conklin; *Princess Aline*, Thelma Todd; *Tom Raymond*, Robert Andrews; *Grogan*, John Harrington; *Gentleman Joe*, Bradley Barker; *The Rat*, Armand Cortez; *Fanny Pratt*, Ruth Donnelly; *Prince Zibatchefsky*, Mario Majeroni; *Mrs. P. Belmont-Fox*, Truly Shattuck.

"WINGS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by Hope Loring & Louis D. Lighton. Directed by William Wellman. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: *Clara Preston*, Clara Bow; *John Powell*, Charles Rogers; *Bruce Armstrong*, Richard Arlen; *August Schmidt*, El Brendel; *Air Commander*, Richard Tucker; *Cadet White*, Gary Cooper; *Sylvia Lewis*, Jobyna Ralston; *Sergeant*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Celeste*, Arlette Marchal.

"ALIAS THE DEACON"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John B. Hymer. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Director, Edward Sloman. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *The Deacon*, Jean Hersholt; *Nancy*, June Marlowe; *John Adams*, Ralph Graves; *Mrs. Clark*, Myrtle Stedman; *Cunningham*, Lincoln Plummer; *"Slim" Sullivan*, Ned Sparks; *"Bull" Moran*, Tom Kennedy; *Willie Clark*, Maurice Murphy; *George*, George West.

"POOR NUT, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by J. C. and Elliott Nugent. Continuity by Paul Schofield. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *John Miller*, Jack Mulhall; *"Doc,"* Charlie Murray; *Margie*, Jean Arthur; *Julia*, Jane Winton; *"Magpie" Welch*, Glenn Tryon; *Wallie Pierce*, Cornelius Keefe; *"Hub" Smith*, Maurice Ryan; *Professor Demming*, Henry Vibart; *Coach Jackson*, Bruce Gordon; *Colonel Small*, William Courtwright.

"HEART OF MARYLAND, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Based on the play by David Belasco. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Maryland Calvert*, Dolores Costello; *Major Alan Kendrick*, Jason Robards; *Captain Fulton Thorpe*, Warner Richmond; *Nancy*, Helene Costello; *Lloyd Calvert*, Carrol Nye; *Abraham Lincoln*, Charles Edward Bull; *Major General Kendrick*, Erville Alderson; *Tom Boone*, Paul Kruger; *General Grant*, Walter Rodgers; *General Lee*, James Welch; *Mammy*, Orpha Alber; *Mulatto Girl*, Myrna Loy; *General Joe Hooker*, Harry Northrup; *Negro Butler*, Nick Cogley; *Alan Pinkerton*, Lou Short; *Young Stewart*, Leonard Mellon; *Mrs. Abraham Lincoln*, Madge Hunt; *Col. Lummon*, Charles Force; *Jeff Davis*, Francis Ford; *Mrs. Gordon*, Ruth Cherrington; *Eli Stanton*, Nick Cogley; *General Scott*, S. D. Wilcox.

"FIRST AUTO, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Barney Oldfield*, Barney Oldfield; *Rose Robbins*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Hank Armstrong*, Russell Simpson; *Mayor Jim Robbins*, Frank Campeau; *Dave Doolittle*, William Demarest; *Steve Bentley*, Paul Kruger; *The Blacksmith*, Gibson Gowland; *Elmer Hays*, E. H. Calvert; *Banker Stebbins*, Douglas Gerrard; *Bob Armstrong*, Charles Mack.

"VANITY"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Douglas Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Barbara Fiske*, Leatrice Joy; *Lloyd Van Courtland*, Charles Ray; *Dan Morgan*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Fiske*, Mayme Kelso; *The Ship's Cook*, Noble Johnson; *Tess Ramsay*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Butler*, Louis Payne.

"FRAMED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by George W. Sutton. Adapted by Mary O'Hara. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Etienne Hilaire*, Milton Sills; *Diane Laurens*, Natalie Kingston; *Alphonse Laurens*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Arthur Remsen*, Charles Gerrard; *Moola*, Edward Peil; *Magistrate*, Burr McIntosh; *Lola's Husband*, John Miljan.

"GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE"—F. B. O.—From the story by Peter Milne. Adapted by Peter Milne. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Lieutenant Donald Macready*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Sergeant Bill Smith*, Frank Nelson; *Laura Phelps*, Jeanne Morgan; *Philip Howard*, Lee Shumway; *Captain Davis*, Dewitt Jennings; *Mrs. Davis*, Cora Williams; *Sheriff*, Nelson McDowell; *Stephen Phelps*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Sally*, Yvonne Howell.

"BEAUTY PARLOR, THE"—F. B. O. From the story by H. C. Witwer. Adapted by Tom McNamara. Directed by Arvid E. Gillstrom and Reggie Morris. The cast: *Nate Muggleduffie*, Al Cooke; *Herman Upright*, Kit Guard; *Helen Howe*, Lorraine Eason; *Peewee Short*, Thelma Hill; *Arthur Justin*, Danny O'Shea.

"MOON OF ISRAEL"—F. B. O.—Based on the novel by Sir Rider Haggard. Adapted by Ladislaus Vajda. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Merapi*, Marie Corda; *Prince Seti*, Adelqui Miller; *Userti*, Arlette Marchal; *Ana*, Ferdinand Onna; *Amenmeses*, Oscar Beregi; *Moses*, Henry Mar; *Pharaoh Menapta*, A. Weisse; *Pampasa*, Reinbold Haussermann; *Laban*, Georges Haryton; *Khi, the High Priest*, Emil Hayse.

"SILK STOCKINGS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Cyril Harcourt. Scenario by Jos. F. Poland. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Photography by Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Molly Thornhill*, Laura La Plante; *Sam Thornhill*, John Harron; *Bagnell*, William Austin; *Judge Foster*, Otis Harlan; *The Judge*, Burr McIntosh.

"THE MAGIC FLAME"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Rudolph Lothar. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *The Clown*, Ronald Colman; *The Count*, Ronald Colman; *The Aerial Artist*, Vilma Banky; *The Ringmaster*, Augustino Borgaro; *The Chancellor*, Gustave von Seffertitz; *The Aid*, Harvey Clarke; *The Wife*, Shirley Palmer; *The Husband*, Cosmo Kyrle Bellew; *The Utility Man*, George Davis; *The Manager*, Andre Cheron; *The Visitor*, Vadim Uraneff.

"BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Scenario by Charles Logue. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Renee Debois*, Renee Adoree; *Bob Stanton*, Robert Frazer; *Blake*, Walter Long; *Jean DeBois*, Mitchell Lewis; *Jacques Carbeau*, James Mason; *Clerk*, Walter Ackerman.

"THE PATENT LEATHER KID"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *The Patent Leather Kid*, Richard Barthelmess; *Curley Boyle*, Molly O'Day; *Lieutenant Hugo Breen*, Lawford Davidson; *Jake Stuke*, Mathew Betz; *Jimmy Kinch*, Arthur Stone; *Mobile Molasses*, Raymond Turner; *Officer Riley*, Walter James; *German Officer*, Lucien Prival; *French doctor*, Nigel de Brulier.

"DANCE MAGIC"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: *Jahala Chandler*, Pauline Starke; *Leach Norcutt*, Ben Lyon; *Jed Brophy*, John Louis Bartels; *Selma Bundy*, Isabel Elson; *Jahala's father*, Harlan E. Knight; *Her Mother*, Judith Vasseli.

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For your assistance in making a selection, a list of fifty prominent photoplays of 1926 is presented on this page. You are not limited to the films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released between January 1, 1926, and December 31, 1926.

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EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

American Venus
Aloma of the South Seas
Bardelys the Magnificent
Beau Geste
Behind the Front
Ben-Hur
Better 'Ole
Beverly of Graustark
Black Pirate
Brown of Harvard
Dancing Mothers
Don Juan
Faust
For Heaven's Sake
Grand Duchess and the Waiter
Irene
Kid Boots
Kiki
La Boheme
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Mantrap
Marriage Clause
Men of Steel
Moana
Nervous Wreck
Old Ironsides
One Minute to Go
Padlocked
Quarterback
Return of Peter Grimm
Road to Mandalay
Scarlet Letter
Sea Beast
Silence
Son of the Sheik
Sorrows of Satan
Sparrows
Stella Maris
Strong Man
Temptress
That Royle Girl
Three Faces East
Tin Gods
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Upstage
Variety
Waltz Dream
We're in the Navy Now
What Price Glory
Winning of Barbara Worth

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Our gums no longer receive the brisk stimulation that speeds the fresh, revitalizing blood through their walls. Deprived of the sustenance they need, the tissues grow weak and flabby. "Pink tooth brush" is the warning that commonly betrays the onset of more severe, more serious troubles.

To make our food delicious, modern cooks and chefs have stripped it of roughage and fibre. There is nothing in our diet to exercise the gums—nothing to stimulate them to health.

The dental profession tersely informs us that we may hope for improvement only if and when we make up to our gums the stimulation so vital to their health. But the method the dentists propose—massage, with the fingers or with the brush—is both simple in performance and effective in results.

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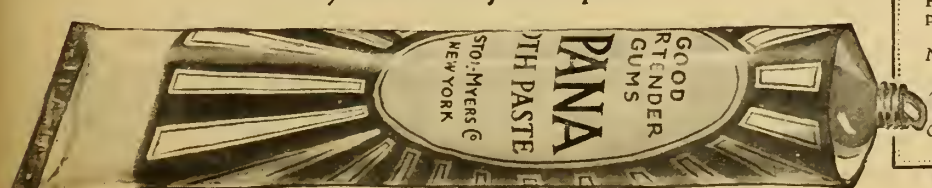
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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

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Last Minute News from East and West



As we go to PRESS

HOLLYWOOD is rapidly taking its place on the front pages. Art Goebel, winner of the $25,000 Hawaiian flight, turns out to be a Hollywood stunt flier. And George Godfrey, who knocked out Maloney and is now a contender for the heavyweight championship, is the negro who played the giant cook in "Old Ironsides."

NORMA SHEARER is wearing a large marquise diamond on the third finger of her left hand. Both Miss Shearer and Irving Thalberg, M-G-M production executive, admit they are to wed.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN promises to release "The Circus" by Christmas.

EVELYN BRENT divorces Bernard Fineman, Paramount executive.

HAROLD LLOYD is in New York, making scenes of his next comedy, still untitled.

UNIVERSAL is loaning Mary Philbin to D. W. Griffith for his film, "Romance of Old Spain." Don Alvarado will play opposite Miss Philbin. They say that "D. W." is going to find time after that to direct Connie Talmadge in "Sunny."

ALAN DWAN, the director, marries Betty Marie Shelton, scenario writer.

LUPE VELEZ was injured by a fall during scenes of Doug Fairbanks' new film. Confined to her bed for a week by nervous shock.

DAUGHTER born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Metcalf.

DORIS KENYON returns to the screen to play opposite her husband, Milton Sills, in "The Valley of the Giants."

JACK GILBERT is to do "The Cossacks," with Renee Adoree opposite. Work is to be started as soon as he completes "Fires of Youth."

RUMORS are again current that Ramon Novarro is planning to enter a monastery shortly.

FRED S. DATIG, casting director of Paramount, says that 2,000 blondes have applied for the rôle of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH is to marry Bertha Mann, stage actress. Griffith is going to England to make comedies for a British firm.

THE Quebec Board of Censors establishes a high water mark in censoring by barring "Metropolis" as "German propaganda."

TULLIO CARMINATI selected to play opposite Florence Vidor in "Honeymoon Hate."

LEW CODY is leaving Metro-Goldwyn to free lance.

RUMORED that Ian Keith will marry Ethel Clayton.

COLLEEN MOORE is back at work for First National. She is making "I'll Tell the World," using the Metropolitan Studios as her base of operations.

BUSTER KEATON'S broken nose, sustained in a ball game, holds up work on "Steamboat Bill, Jr."

GLORIA SWANSON is to do "The Last of Mrs. Cheney." Henri de la Falaise, Gloria's husband, is in France on a short visit. Reports of a domestic split are denied.



Just before the battle with Tunney at Soldiers' Field—Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, in the bathing pool of their Hollywood home

REGINALD DENNY returns from vacation at old home in England.

ALLA NAZIMOVA returns from Europe and announces, "I am through with the movies."

GEORGE O'BRIEN has been spending a vacation on the Continent. He was a guest of honor at various German studios.

PATSY RUTH MILLER has been signed for several films by Tiffany Productions.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS attended the New York premiere of "The Patent Leather Kid." He will take a month's vacation at Catalina and in Mexico before starting "The Noose."

GLENN Tryon is playing opposite Laura La Plante in "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

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AFTER all is said and done, the work of the picture star is quite similar to the activities of any successful woman. Real life, like the reel scenario, is a constant effort to express oneself in the best possible way.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ADAM AND EVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a dual rôle. What could be sweeter? (*September.*)

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (*May.*)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a psalm-singing card sharp with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (*September.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (*May.*)

***ANNIE LAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (*July.*)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (*May.*)

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (*July.*)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also splendidly played by Renee Adoree and a fine cast. (*September.*)

BARBED WIRE—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Einar Hansen. (*September.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—F. B. O.—A swell series of two reelers, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (*September.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE — United Artists. — John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (*July.*)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (*May.*)

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (*July.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (*July.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (*September.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"The Way of All Flesh"
"The Big Parade"
"Old Ironsides"
"Underworld"
"The Patent Leather Kid"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (*July.*)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (*May.*)

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (*July.*)

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (*July.*)

CIRCUS ACE, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (*August.*)

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (*July.*)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (*July.*)

CLOSED GATES—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (*August.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

***COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkraut in the title rôle. For discriminating audiences. (*September.*)

***CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (*August.*)

DANCE MAGIC—First National.—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (*September.*)

DEARIE — Warner Bros. — A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (*August.*)

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (*May.*)

DENVER DUDE, THE — Universal. — Hoot Gibson in a Western in which, for a change, he plays the dude. But the he-man stuff wins in the end. (*April.*)

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show, with plenty of excitement. (*July.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

EASY PICKINGS—First National.—Anna Q. Nilsson again dresses as a boy—this time at the instigation of crooks. Not so satisfactory. (*April.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

WILLIAM FOX *presents*

THE MOTION PICTURE

7th HEAVEN

by AUSTIN STRONG

with JANET GAYNOR

and CHARLES FARRELL



CHICO, worker in the Paris sewers, and DIANE, broken-spirited waif of Montmartre—these are the lowly characters whose shining romance provides the theme of "Seventh Heaven," adapted for the screen from Austin Strong's brilliant stage success! The tale of how, through high courage and a sublime faith, Chico leads his Diane from the depths of despair to the very "seventh heaven" of happiness is one of the loveliest and most touching stories ever filmed!

The fame of the two young players who are featured in this picture has spread comet-like thruout the Nation and has placed them in the front rank among screen stars through the sheer genius of their performance. The wistful, appealing beauty of Janet Gaynor will haunt you like a pleasant dream. She has won all hearts by her tender, deeply emotional portrayal of *Diane*; Charles Farrell gains new heights in his impersonation of *Chico*, that "very remarkable fellow" who always looks up, never down.

Don't miss "7th Heaven"! It is the kind of picture you will want to see over and over again! It is one of a succession of great pictures—memorable pictures—which Fox Film Corporation is now presenting at leading theatres.

Based on JOHN GOLDENS *Stage Success*

FRANK BORZAGE *Production*

Brickbats *and* Bouquets



LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters— $25, $10 and $5

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

The Monthly Barometer

FIRST in bouquets: Lon Chaney, Clara Bow, Jack Gilbert, Greta Garbo and Richard Dix.

First in brickbats: silly vaudeville, too much sex stuff, far-fetched Westerns and sour comedies.

The most popular pictures are: "Beau Geste," "The Big Parade," "The King of Kings," "Captain Salvation," "Resurrection," and "Seventh Heaven."

Our critics, the fans, want: more revivals of old successes, notably the Valentino and Reid films; more faithful adaptations of well known stories; less cabaret jazz and more straight comedy; more Chaplin comedies and less censorship.

Great things are expected of Janet Gaynor, Dolores del Rio, Charles Farrell and Clara Bow.

Among the foreign-made pictures, "Faust" is the winner by a big majority.

And now what's on *your* mind?

$25.00 Letter

Greensburg, Pa.

I happen to be only one of the thousands of unfortunate movie fans who must live in the State of Pennsylvania. Coming here from Ohio less than a year ago, I soon discovered why the censors of this state are razzed more than those of any other state. Practically every picture shown here is cut to some extent; in fact, I have yet to see one picture in its entirety. If the action is not cut, then the titles are substituted and everyone knows what excellent title writers the censors are!

The first picture I saw here was "Variety," a picture I had looked forward to seeing for a long time. Words fail to express my disgust with the picture I saw. I felt like suing the theater manager for showing such a picture and announcing it as "Variety." But I could not blame him for the hodgepodge I saw. When "Flesh and the Devil" was shown here, it was but another example of what a censor can do. The stars were not allowed one kiss and the action was cut so badly that it was difficult to follow the story.

Recently I saw "Captain Salvation" in Washington, D. C., and I hate to think what the censors will do to it.

Why, oh why, must we sit meekly by while a few feeble-minded persons do their best and worst to spoil our taste and lower our respect for the greatest form of amusement in the world?

JOHN IRWIN ZELLNER.

$10.00 Letter

Wilton, Iowa.

I am engaged in child-study for the extension work of our state university educational department. Educators of our country are deeply interested in the study of child-life, its problems and the manner in which parents cope with situations that arise. It is a matter of vital interest to every community.

Few parents realize the powerful ally for good that the screen affords them. At present a study is being made of the marvelous improvement of a child's behavior if, after being watched and noted in its activities for several weeks, it is told stories and allowed to see pictures that meet its needs.

For the adult mind, the highest office of your art is to take the mind away from its perplexities, the griefs and cares of everyday life. When you are tired and worn and worried, the great problem seems harder than ever. When there does not seem to be any way out, take a little rest and drop into a good movie. It may bring the solution of your difficulties far quicker than hours of worrying.

The theater has often proved the haven to which many a world-worn soul has turned to find rest, comfort, and new spiritual development.

INEZ GLENN HARDING.

$5.00 Letter

Wenatchee, Wash.

The reason motion pictures are so popular and far-reaching in their appeal is because they are democratic in every sense of the word. They furnish entertainment to all classes, all ages, temperaments, ideals, and tastes, and in all countries.

Then again, they have an educational value which cannot be overrated. There are people who refuse to absorb education in the form of text-books, but actually relish it when it is transposed to the screen.

I often wonder if people realize how fortunate they are to live in an age where the whole world is kin, and largely through the medium of the motion picture drama.

MARIE TIPPIN.

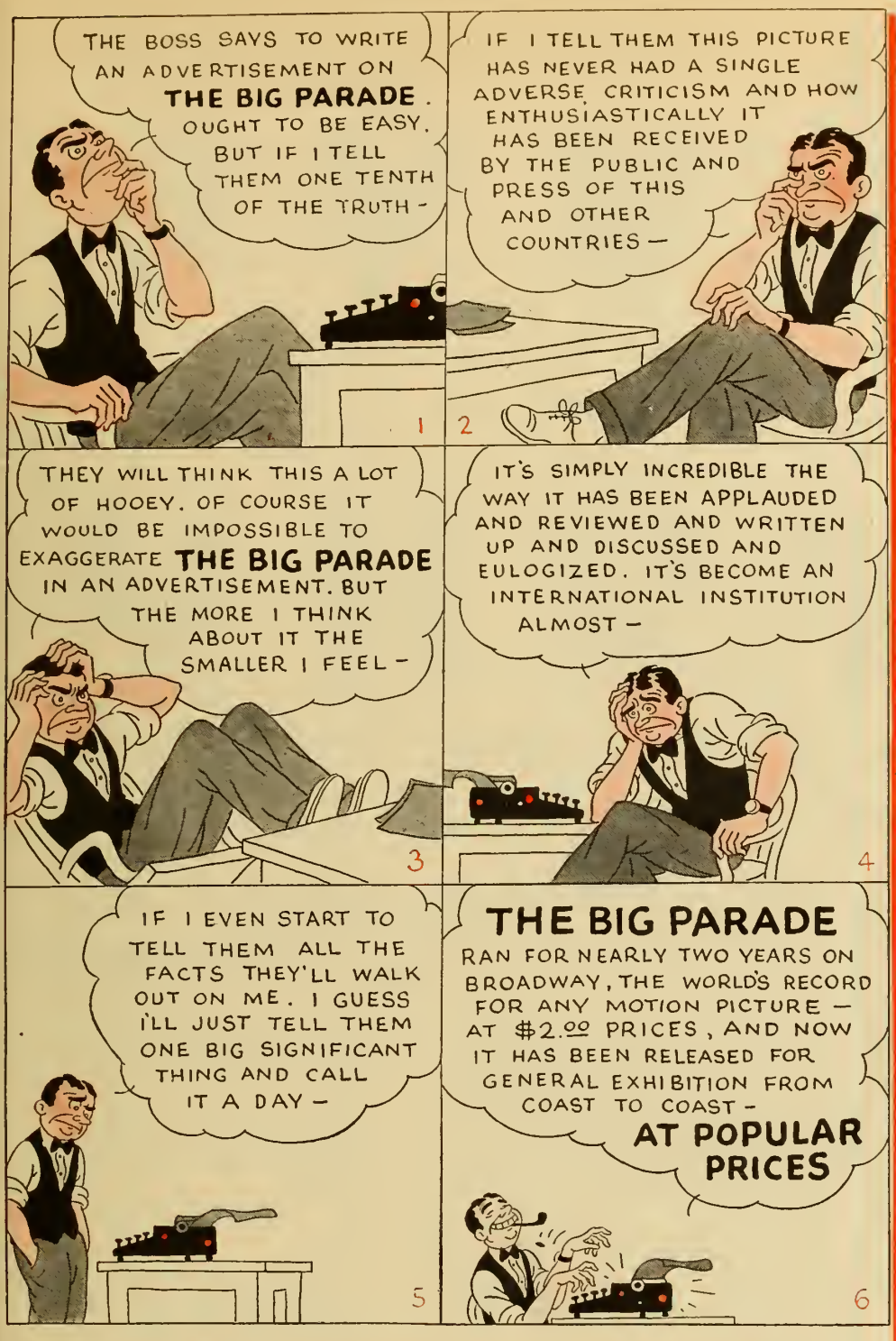
An Economy Suggestion

Portland, Oregon.

Why does every producer feel that he must make bigger and more extravagant and more expensive pictures than his competitors? Why doesn't he try instead to make *better* ones? It is better pictures the public wants, not bigger ones. If the producers cannot make a living profit on their pictures, as they are now loudly telling the world, why don't they cut out their needlessly extravagant settings, silly cabaret scenes and orgies, exaggerated costumes and furnishings, and all the rest of the impossible and ridiculous trimmings and trappings?

CECELIA GALLOWAY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



THE BIG PARADE

WILL be shown by the most progressive theatre in your town soon after September10th at popular prices. No American man, woman or child can afford to miss

THE BIG PARADE

Starring JOHN GILBERT
with RENEE ADOREE
Story by LAURENCE STALLINGS *Directed by* KING VIDOR



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

National Release "Ben Hur" October 8th

Win John Gilbert's Tin Hat *filled with Dollar Bills*

★

Answer King Vidor's Six Questions

OUR daily mail at the studio shows that there are millions of movie fans who not only *see* pictures but are surprisingly well-informed as to the actors, even down to the minor characters. Here are six questions about The Big Parade and its actors, which will test your powers of observation and memory. To the author of the best set of answers from a man I will send $50.00 in cash and the famous *tin hat* worn by John Gilbert in The Big Parade. To the writers of the next 50 best sets of answers from men, Renee Adoree will send an autographed copy of her latest photograph. To the author of the best set of answers from a woman I will send $50.00 in cash and the wooden shoes worn by Renee Adoree in the same picture. And to the writers of the next 50 best sets from women John Gilbert will send an autographed copy of his latest photograph. May the best man—and woman—win.

King Vidor

King Vidor's Six Questions!

1 What character in The Big Parade practically reacts a part of her own life history for you?

2 What does John Gilbert win and what does he lose in The Big Parade?

3 What was the doughboy's nickname for the type of bombs thrown by Germans in the famous shell-hole scene?

4 What do you consider the most impressive scene in The Big Parade and why? (Not over 100 words.)

5 What former California University football star plays a prominent role in The Big Parade?

6 What was Slim's (Karl Dane) first impression upon meeting James Appersnn (John Gilbert) for the first time? Did he, nr did he not, change his opinion?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

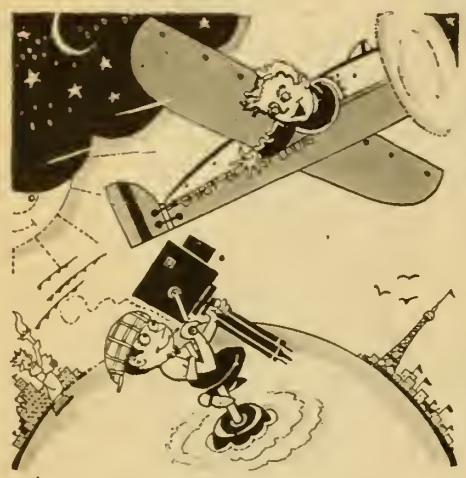
Winners of the George K. Arthur — Karl Dane Contest of July —

KALISTA HOOD
Davidson, N. C.

VAHEY ARAMIAN
224 South Lincoln Street
Chicago, Ill.

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.

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Be on the spot when great events happen! Pathe News makes it possible, for there is a theatre near you where this pioneer newsreel is showing history just as it happens. Pathe News cameramen are everywhere, ready to catch for you every breath-taking detail of the things that count. Through the lens of their cameras your own eyes see what they saw. In a moment you have bridged oceans, annihilated space!

Typical of Pathe News achievement in speed and thoroughness was its covering, from start to finish, of Lindbergh's epic flight.

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"Sees all knows all"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (*July.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

FAST AND FURIOUS — Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (*September.*)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE — Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (*September.*)

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (*August.*)

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

FIRST AUTO, THE—Warner Bros.—Missing on all sixes, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (*September.*)

FRAMED—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (*September.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—M.-G.-M.—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (*May.*)

GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER—Producers Dist. Corp.—The plot is a hangover from the days when garters were considered hotsy totsy. It now rates as a historical story. Marie Prevost and Charlie Ray are in it. (*April.*)

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (*August.*)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (*September.*)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warner Bros.—Now it is Dolores Costello's turn to swing on the bell. An old favorite. (*September.*)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (*July.*)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light rôle, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (*July.*)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (*June.*)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (*May.*)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (*May.*)

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date, but Harry is funny. (*July.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (*May.*)

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (*August.*)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (*July.*)

JOHNNY GETS A HAIRCUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—You'll like Jackie Coogan as a grown-up actor. And he still keeps his appeal for the children. A nice little picture. (*April.*)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (*May.*)

***KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (*July.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey plus Tom Mix plus Tony. You can't beat that for a good Western combination. (*April.*)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (*May.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (*August.*)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (*May.*)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists. — Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (*May.*)

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (*July.*)

LOVERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE—Paramount.—Delving into the more hectic side of New York life. William Powell, Evelyn Brent and Josephine Dunn head the cast. Brisk melodrama and good comedy. (*April.*)

***LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children (*September.*)

LUNATIC AT LARGE, A—First National.—Leon Errol and his rubber legs are very funny. A good comedy for those who like their films with a nutty flavor. (*April.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN — Fox. — Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (*June.*)

***MAGIC FLAME, THE**—Goldwyn United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (*September.*)

MAGIC GARDEN, THE—FBO.—Romance, romance, romance with ten lumps of sugar. Adapted from a story by the late Gene Stratton Porter. (*April.*)

MANBAIT—Producers Dist. Corp. — Marie Prevost in a mild story of a little rough diamond in search of a Tiffany setting. (*April.*)

***MAN POWER**—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (*August.*)

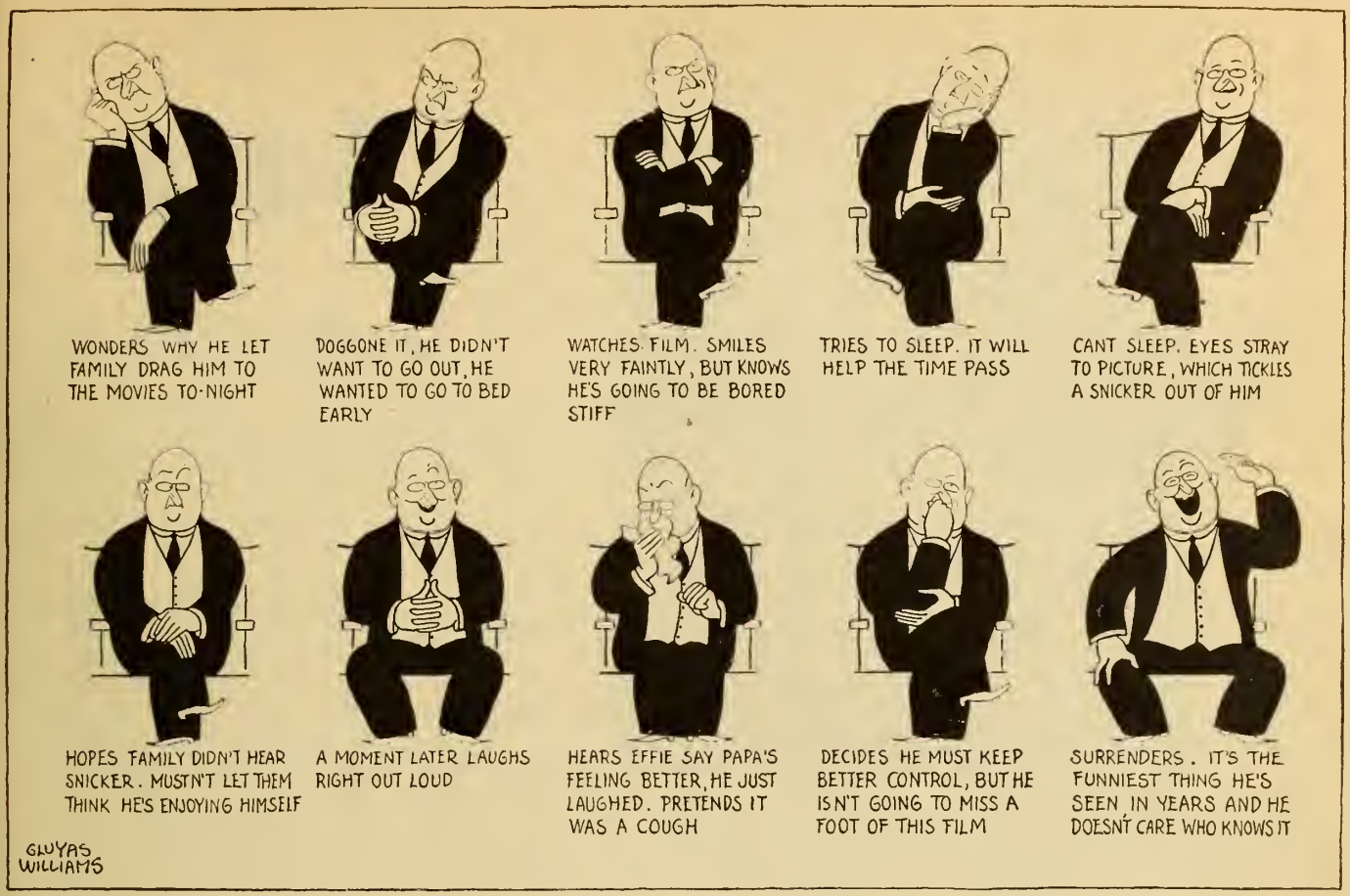
MARRIAGE—Fox.—In spite of the fact it was adapted from H. G. Wells' novel, it is just a lot of applesauce, sister. Alma Rubens starred. (*April.*)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (*June.*)

***McFADDEN'S FLATS**—First National. — A comedy as broad as a barn and as subtle as a swift kick. But what a big relief from Art! Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin deal out the laughs. (*April.*)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (*June.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
WATCHING ONE OF *Educational's* COMEDIES

DEPRESSED spirits and one of *Educational's* comedies cannot occupy the same theatre together. These irresistible mirth-provokers go straight to your funny-bone, take old Doc Anxiety for a sleigh-ride, and send you home with a heart full of chuckles—enough to last the week through.

Exclusive releases of many of the brightest stars in the motion picture firmament—plus seven years of specializing in Short Features—have resulted in a remarkable series of brief entertainments that start with a bang and end far this side of boredom. This very night let one of *Educational's* comedies or novelties plant you down in the center of an evening rich in mirth, interest, novelty, entertainment and charm.

Go to the theatre that is featuring one or more of *Educational's* star fun-makers. To see their names blazoned on the outside is your warranty of a good show inside.

LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
HAMILTON COMEDIES
BIG BOY-JUVENILE COMEDIES
DOROTHY DEVORE COMEDIES
LARRY SEMON COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES
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MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
OUTDOOR SKETCHES
by Robert C. Bruce
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
by Pat Sullivan
CURIOSITIES—THE MOVIE SIDE-SHOW
Produced by Walter Futter
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. Hammons, President
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Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"



Read *what this Young* ARTIST *Says*

COMPARE the picture of the Cowboy with the larger one just below. They are both the work of the same artist. The Cowboy was drawn just before he enrolled as a Federal Student. This man (name on request) is now making over $5,000 a year at Grand Rapids, Michigan, from drawings like his large one shown here. He writes:

"It was through your efforts I received the fine training by practical men that gave me my start on the road to success.

"I have encouraged many beginners to take Federal training. Not one of them but what is thoroughly satisfied. They have the highest praise for your fine course and practical cooperation.

"I know over a dozen of your students who are now successful artists.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

*METROPOLIS—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (*May.*)

MILLION BID, A—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (*August.*)

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (*July.*)

*MONKEY TALKS, THE—Fox.—The swellest melodrama since "The Unholy Three." A weird, original plot and a fine performance by Jacques Lerner. Worth your while. (*April.*)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (*September.*)

MOTHER—FBO.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (*May.*)

MR. WU — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (*August.*)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (*September.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner Bros.—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (*September.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

PAINTING THE TOWN — Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (*September.*)

*PARADISE FOR TWO—Paramount.—Richard Dix and Betty Bronson bring new light and gayety to an old plot. It's the antique tale of the gay bachelor who must marry to please his rich uncle. (*April.*)

*PATENT LEATHER KID, THE—First National. Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prize-fighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (*September.*)

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (*July.*)

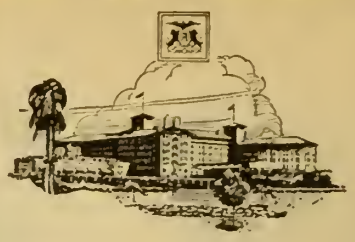
PLAY SAFE—Pathe.—Play safe and stay away from this Monty Banks comedy. Its trick climax is good but the rest of the film is a waste of celluloid. (*April.*)

POOR NUT, THE—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of overdrawn characterizations. Not so much. (*September.*)

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (*September.*)

*RED MILL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies makes a bum out of the plot of the popular musical comedy. But Marion is so genuinely funny that who cares? Not, surely, the laughing audiences. (*April.*)

*RESURRECTION — United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (*May.*)



The
Ambassador
Los Angeles

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CARL VAN VECHTEN

Famous author, writing in VANITY FAIR, says:

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BEN L. FRANK,
Manager

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (*July.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

RITZY—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (*September.*)

ROLLED STOCKINGS — Paramount.— The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (*September.*)

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (*July.*)

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (*August.*)

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (*May.*)

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (*September.*)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (*May.*)

RUNNING WILD—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (*September.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SECRET STUDIO, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (*September.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (*July.*)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (*August.*)

***SEVENTH HEAVEN**—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (*July.*)

***SHOW, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — John Gilbert in a strong character study of a Hungarian side-show spieler. An interesting story—slightly too *macabre* for the innocents—but nevertheless fine entertainment. Oh, yes, and Renée Adoree is in it. (*April.*)

SILK STOCKINGS—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (*September.*)

SILVER COMES THRU—F. B. O.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (*August.*)

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (*August.*)

SINGED—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (*September.*)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (*August.*)

***SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (*May.*)

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (*July.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

***STARK LOVE**—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (*May.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



REGINALD DENNY

Whose new pictures will delight all film fans

REGINALD DENNY has been a mighty busy young man this past Summer and has made several pictures which I am satisfied will afford the public delightful diversion. One of his best, I think, is entitled ***"Out All Night,"*** a fast-moving bit of delicious nonsense which shows how many things can happen in twenty-four hours.

DENNY is happily supported by MARIAN NIXON, one of the real beauties of the screen-world whose talent easily matches her charm. In the cast are other well-known laugh-makers such as BEN HENDRICKS, BOB SEITER, WHEELER OAKMAN, and DAN MASON—really an all-star cast. It is a William Seiter Production.

"Back to God's Country," starring RENEE ADOREE assisted by WALTER LONG, MITCHELL LEWIS and ROBERT FRAZER, is an Irwin Willat Production. This is one of James Oliver Curwood's dramatic stories of the snow country and considered by many to be his best.

Also be on the watch for ***"The Lone Eagle,"*** an epic of the daring flying forces in the late war starring RAYMOND KEANE and beautiful BARBARA KENT. It is an Emory Johnson Production.

(To be continued next month)

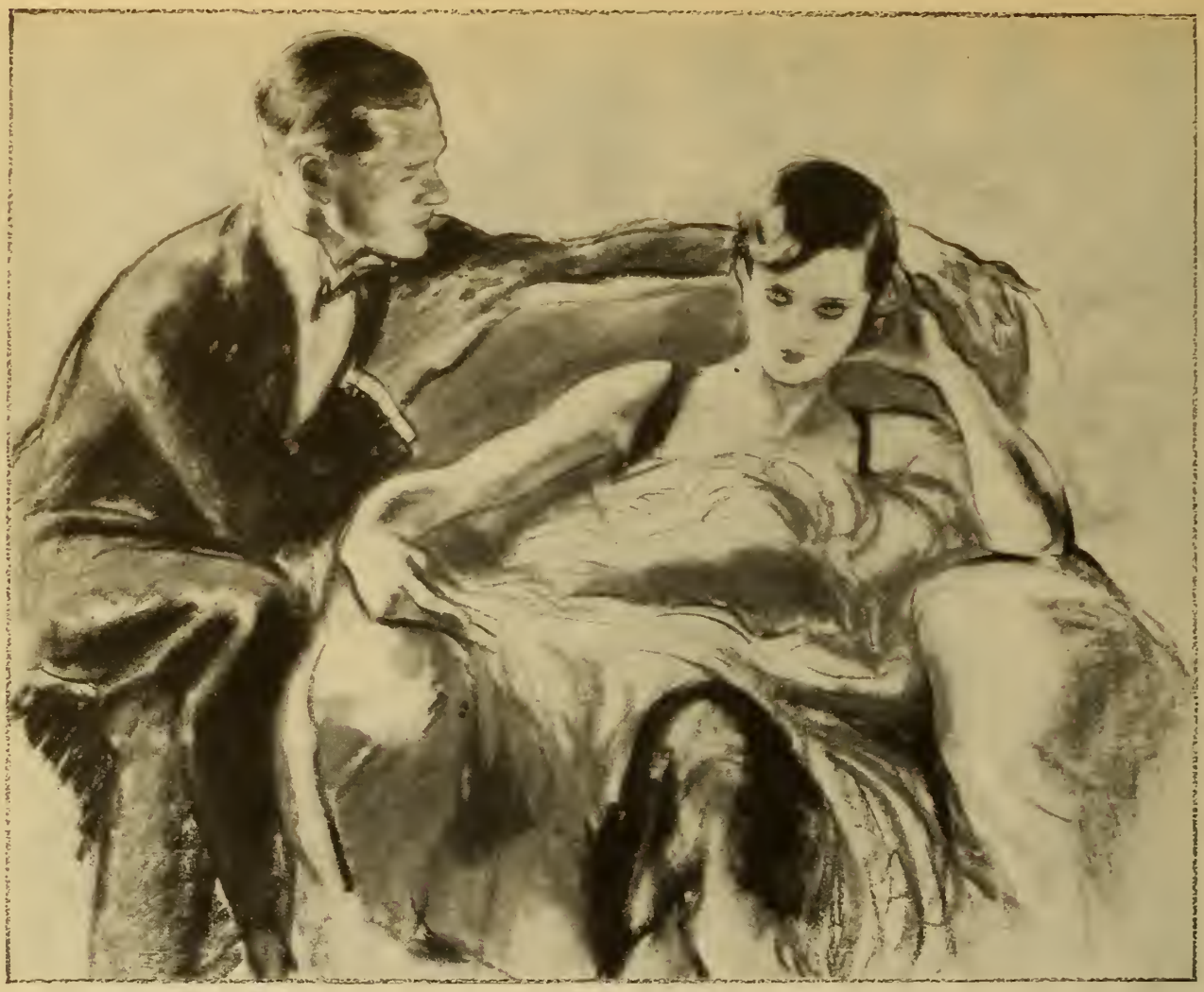
Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City


Welcome!
The New Champion of Comedy!
HARRY
in Three's a Crowd"
Take your bow, Harry—
Help yourself to a couple of thousand of those nice new fall fedoras the critics are tossing your way—
Just for once, maybe, give us a *full-size smile* when they plant that Comedy Crown on your blushing brow!
Your latest hit's convinced 'em...
"THREE'S A CROWD" ends all the debates...
Its thrills—its humanness—its gags—its exquisite tenderness have *proved* there's nobody like you on the Screen today!
From now on they'll rate other laugh-leaders "Almost as good as HARRY LANGDON!"
Appearing NOW all over America
Produced by the
HARRY LANGDON CORP.
First National Pictures
A First National


LANGDON
HARRY LANGDON LEADS THE LAUGH PARADE—A COMPLETE LIST OF SYNONYMS FOR LAUGHTER—MOTION PICTURE NEWS
A UNIQUE AND UNPARALLELED GENIUS—"COMIC ACTING"—NY SUN MORNING
HARRY LANGDON IS DIVINE"—NY MIRROR
HARRY LANGDON AT HIS VERY BEST IS GRAND"—NY
It will pay you to WATCH FIRST NATIONAL THIS YEAR!
"Three's A Crowd" is just one of many unprecedentedly big successes that will come only from FIRST NATIONAL this season. What could be more exciting, for instance, than the promise of NORMA TALMADGE in "Camille"— COLLEEN MOORE in the greatest vehicle she's ever had, the famous Broadway hit "Lilac Time"—Richard Barthelmess in the stupendous "Patent Leather Kid," now the hit of New York at $2.00 admission.
And out in Hollywood now FIRST NATIONAL'S famous stars and directors are preparing the screen version of the greatest stage spectacle of all time, "THE MIRACLE"—Harold Bell Wright's "THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"—"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY," from the best-selling novel of this decade . . . No, sir — there couldn't be any bigger pictures than FIRST NATIONAL'S for 1927-'28 . . . Watch!
Picture Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
TONY GABLIK



A rose . . . a pearl . . . what can compare with the beauty of a wonderful skin?

"flawless!"

A wonderful skin—isn't it worth making this effort for?

EVEN overnight your skin can improve—can look clearer and softer by morning.

Think, then, what infinite possibilities there are in the right care of your skin, followed regularly day after day! In just a few weeks you can give it a freshness, smoothness, color it has never had before.

Begin today to take care of your skin the Woodbury way, with hot or warm water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap recommended by skin specialists as best for a sensitive skin.

Society debutantes from New York to New Orleans—college girls—women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most exclusive resorts—say Woodbury's "agrees with their skin better than any other soap"—is "wonderfully beneficial" in clearing the skin of common skin defects and keeping it in perfect condition.

The right way to use Woodbury's for *your* skin is given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. If you are fortunate enough to have a clear unblemished skin—you should use the Woodbury treatment for normal skins, given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today! Learn how simple it is, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Send for the Woodbury Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
2219 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

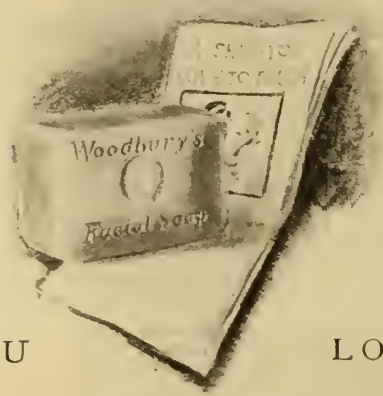
For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2219 Sherbrocke Street, Perth, Ont.

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A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

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Richee

INSPIRED by the presence of Jobyna in the cast, Richard Arlen gave a performance in "Wings" that registered a Grade A hit. And so these nice kids are now sitting pretty. Wish them a lot of luck.



Spurr

DOROTHY DWAN is making her fourth picture with Tom Mix. Tom says she is the best little all 'round athlete he knows. He's going to give her boxing lessons, which will be hard on Larry Semon, Dorothy's husband.



Ball

WILLIAM HAINES has been living by the bugle up at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. Bill plays a cadet in his next picture and that means he'll wear those handsome, girl-slaying uniforms.



Kornman

BECAUSE, unlike some California producers, he doesn't believe eucalyptus trees grow on Broadway, Harold Lloyd will actually make a New York comedy in the big town itself, thereby shattering an old movie tradition.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty



The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Sydney, London, Toronto, Buenos Aires



"Dishwashing leaves my hands soft and smooth now"

"Softens *and* Whitens hands that wash dishes"

FROM coast to coast women by hundreds of thousands are adopting a new way to wash dishes . . . using Lux in their dishpans because they have discovered (in washing out their fine things) how kind Lux is to their hands!

"It not only makes the dishes shine but softens and whitens the hands that wash them," writes an enthusiastic user of Lux in Weymouth, Mass. It is the ordinary soap used in washing dishes that roughens and reddens the hands.

Many women expose their hands to such soap in their dishpans for half an hour three times a day. And so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—contain injurious alkali, which dries up the delicate oils Nature placed under the outer skin of your hands to keep them soft and white. There is no harmful alkali in Lux. Its tissue-thin, transparent diamonds *cannot* harm your hands!

AND it's so convenient to use, for Lux dissolves *instantly* in hot water making a dishpanful of sparkling suds which rinse off so easily and leave your dishes clean and shining.

Lux is so gentle—so mild—that you could use a whole package for a single dishwashing, without the slightest irritation to the most delicate skin. But all you really need is a single spoonful of Lux for a great foaming panful of sturdy, lasting suds.



Get the big package—
It's so convenient!

135 dishwashings in the big package

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Ruth Harriet Louise

New Pictures

GRETA GARBO—the girl who waits until she gets what she wants. Greta has completed "Love" and if she doesn't like what M.-G.-M. offers her next, the Viking Venus will go home and stay there until the studio surrenders. So there!



Carsey

JOBYNA RALSTON and Richard Arlen (on the opposite page) played some charming love scenes in "Wings." They took their work so seriously that they became engaged and married. Incidentally, Jobyna is stepping fast to the front.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

October, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WHENEVER a motion picture actress gets a few good breaks she dreams of joining Mary and Doug and Charlie as free and United Artists, making millions, and living the life of Riley.

Gloria Swanson turned down a *bona fide* offer of twenty thousand dollars a week salary for two years—an absolute fact—because she listened to soothsayers who told her she was not only a great actress but a great producer.

It would be pardonable for our Gloria to continue to have faith in her acting ability, but how can she have a shred of confidence left in her destiny as a business genius. Her personally conducted production of "Sonya" was what is, in the parlance of the trade, a "flop."

NOW she is making "Rain," the stage play taken from Somerset Maugham's short story entitled "Sadie Thompson." Compared to Sadie, "Hatrack" was a nice girl. It was so hot and so wet that a fitting title for the screen version would be "Steam." Will Hays banned it, but through some kind of hokus-pokus scheme she has gotten away with it so far.

Its temporary working title might be "Dynamite," for I hear some of the other producers who were given to understand it could not be done may try to blow it up.

AS a *motif* for the escutcheon of the recently formed Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, I suggest a field of blue sky with a garland of poison ivy rampant. The hands that sign the pay checks directed its first decisions, and justified our former statement that it was conceived in insincerity and born with a transparent veil of bunk.

INVITED to an expensive banquet by a few overlords of the motion picture, whom none of the high salaried employees of the business dared to offend, the two hundred and seventy odd immortals were cajoled and shamed into signing prepared checks for one hundred dollars each.

All the victim had to do was to fill in the name of his or her bank and a signature. Not one man in Hollywood dared protest.

The grand ideals announced at that dinner have faded into thin air. Its first and only function so far was to serve as a catspaw to pull the producers' chestnuts out of the fire ignited by their salary cut ultimatum.

Hail and farewell, Academy.

WITH the producers it was a case of hang together or separately. As the proceedings continued I could hear the refrain of Texas Guinan's old song, "Never give a sucker an even break." And I am tempted to take back some of the things I have said about lack of business acumen of producers. I was told recently that there is a general understanding that on the termination of many star contracts the actors and actresses would be offered just half of what they are now getting, with few exceptions. Most of them would be overpaid at that.

The morning after a meeting of producers at which they deplored the waste of time and money caused by the [CONT'D ON PAGE 78]

Gossip Never Hurts

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

SCANDAL may kill a star but gossip—especially if it is romantic and bizarre—only adds lustre to a stellar reputation.

Here is a shrewd and amusing article by Mrs. St. Johns, analyzing the priceless press agentry of Hollywood's Rocking Chair Brigade.

You'll enjoy every word of it.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is scared to death of gossip.

They all do it and they all fear it.

Yet I can prove to you that gossip never hurt anybody in Hollywood.

Scandal, yes. Real scandal, especially if it involves any legal action, can ruin a star overnight sometimes.

But gossip just seems to come under the head of George Cohan's priceless line, "I don't care what you say about me, just mention my name."

Those stars whose personal lives have been the most discussed, both by the small and select movie circle of Hollywood, by the whole Hollywood colony, and by the public at large, have been as a general rule the most successful.

If there has been a hot-bed of gossip to compare to Hollywood since the court of Louis the Sixteenth, my grandmother was an Armenian, and I assure you she was born in County Kerry.

Hollywood is the smallest town in the world. Everybody knows everybody, everything they do, everybody they go out with. If a girl dines three times in a row with the same man, she is engaged to him, and the tales you hear about yourself fill you with a dizzy amazement. The freedom with which the most private affairs of the great and near-great are talked over would electrify the best Ladies Aid or rocking chair brigade that ever exchanged innuendoes.

Fifty percent of the stories that are told are told because they are good stories. There are a few wits in Hollywood who wouldn't spare the spotless honor of their own grandmothers if it gave them a yarn with which to hold a gathering spellbound or send them into whoops of laughter. There is about as much truth in a lot of those stories as there was in Dr. Cook's description of the North Pole.

For instance, there was the story about Gloria Swanson's death that circulated so unbelievably a while ago. I had eye-witnesses who had seen Gloria in her coffin give me first hand information about that. Yet the last time I saw Gloria a few



The amusing, daring and dangerous girl becomes a story-book heroine instead of an ordinary mortal, thanks to the innuendoes of the gossips

If no fancy tales are whispered about you, it means that you are too unimportant to discuss

days ago she was kicking over motion picture precedents with her usual vivacity.

The other stories may be true, but what of it? Unless they actually involve crime or one of those things that "aren't done"—like cheating at cards, they simply serve to add lustre and glamour and a fictitious air of excitement and novelty to well-known personalities.

Roscoe Arbuckle and Gaston Glass are the only two people I know who were actually driven from the screen by gossip.

Mary Miles Minter suffered a lot from the things that were said about her in connection with the death of William D. Taylor. But it wasn't gossip that put M. M. M. out of business. It was fat. If little Mary had been delivering the goods, if she'd still been the exquisite little blonde that she was when Adolph Zukor picked her as Mary Pickford's nearest rival, she would probably have been forgiven by her public. What they couldn't forgive her was that she'd grown fat and uninteresting and that they were getting very tired of the three expressions she was limited to on the screen.

Poor little Mabel Normand, that victim of fatal mischances, hasn't been hurt so much

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

Mrs. St. Johns says:

"EVERYTHING that has been said about women from the time of Lilith and Eve, was said about Barbara La Marr.

"But her public worshipped her and her friends asked nothing better than her company.

"Gloria Swanson has as many adventures tacked to her name as Mary Stuart.

"But Gloria has emerged, serene and smiling.

"The things they say about Jack Gilbert! Yet Jack continues to reign in the hearts of female America.

"John Barrymore hasn't seen his wife in three years and, when in the mood, he doesn't care whom he fights nor why nor where.

"But if you can get him to come to dinner, you consider yourself made as a hostess.

"Charlie Chaplin has made a couple of the funniest marriages ever made by man. Yet gossip rolls off his back, leaving only an aura of intense interest."



Hollywood takes an undue interest in your affairs but it can forgive anything if you are not unattractive, not tiresome and not in bad taste



Thomas Meighan has the rare gift of making friends —and the rarer gift of holding them

He Knows All the CHAMPS

By Agnes Smith

THIS is the story of a man who doesn't have very much written about him. He is, for one thing, too regular, too normal and there isn't any blah or splurge about him. He's been consistently and unspectacularly successful for so long, and moreover, like Will Rogers, he still is married to the same wife he had before he went into pictures. There isn't much to say about a fellow like that, except that he's awfully nice and everyone likes him, etc., etc.

Nevertheless, for all his fatal lack of dizzy qualities, there is a story in Thomas Meighan. It lies in his rare gift of making friends—and keeping 'em. In a way, it explains why he holds the long distance record for screen popularity; why he has always worked for one company; why his hold is so strong on the public that he virtually writes his own contracts.

If, instead of being an actor, Meighan had gone into politics, he would have been as consistent a vote holder as Al Smith.

In the movie business, Meighan is considered downright lawless, because he isn't in love with working in California. He is looked upon as somewhat of a heretic because it is notorious that he would rather go to Brook, Indiana, and play golf on George Ade's course than sport in the bathing pools of Beverly Hills.

In Hollywood, such erratic tastes are looked upon as indications of a wayward nature.

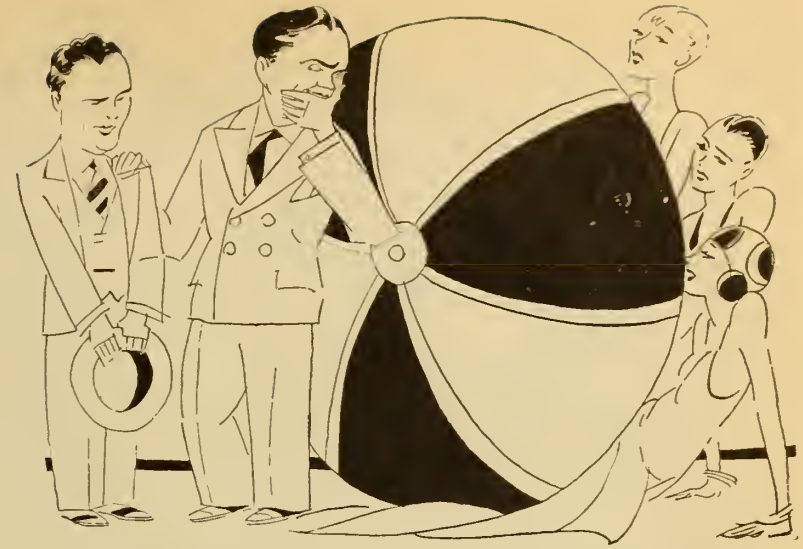
Moreover, while he likes California, he thinks that the Florida climate in winter is just as good. Also he believes that the worst way of wasting an evening, is to spend it in a home projection room looking at pictures.

But in spite of these unconventional tendencies, he is intensely loyal to his profession and immensely proud of being an actor. He likes to point out that his nephew, Eddie Sutherland, is the seventh generation in the theater. His wife, Frances Ring, comes of an acting family and he is prouder of it than if she were the descendant of a thousand earls. He was the first motion picture actor to be elected Shepherd of the Lambs Club—and if you don't know what an honor *that* is,



When the handshakers from the prairies, standing in line to meet President Coolidge, saw the film equipment, they turned in their tracks and followed the magic camera to watch the movies being made

The movies make friends for Thomas Meighan—and Meighan repays the courtesy by making new friends for the movies



John McCormack is his best friend and a frequent visitor to the Meighan home in Great Neck

you don't know your Forty-Fourth Street.

Meighan knows more champions than any other actor in the business. If you judge a man by his friends, then Meighan's friends give you a pretty fair estimate of his character.

His best friend is John McCormack, the tenor. The two men are a lot alike; in fact there's a quality in Meighan's acting that you'll find in the tenor's voice. It's an elusive Irish charm.

Once Mrs. Meighan and Mrs. McCormack were discussing their respective husbands, after the manner of wives. Mrs. Meighan reported to her Tom that Mrs. McCormack considered John and Tom very much alike.

Meighan was tremendously flattered and, at the first opportunity, asked Mrs. McCormack why she thought him like her John.

"Because," answered Mrs. McCormack, "you're both a couple of crabs."

And that's the sort of compliment an Irishman relishes.

Just to prove what a crab John McCormack is, Meighan told me that, just after the war, John adopted ten starving Irish orphans. The "most distressful country" was even more distressful than usual and the children, as usual, were getting the worst of it.

The ten children are now going to the same schools with the McCormacks' own children and having the same advantages. The tenor and his wife never gave any publicity to their little charity. It's one of the things they don't like to talk about. But if you know the story, you'll enjoy your McCormack records just a little better than you did before.



It's notorious that Meighan would rather play golf on George Ade's course than frolic in Hollywood

Meighan's calling list includes three Presidents. When he was in Ireland, he met President Cosgrave, now very much in the newspapers. Cosgrave, says Meighan, is an ideal executive for the Troublesome Isle—a kind, simple man with a delightful wife and a charming home life.

In Panama, where he had gone to make "The Ne'er Do Well," Meighan had to call on the President on a highly ticklish mission. It seems that Panama had had a taste of movies before and didn't like 'em. A picture made on Panama territory had grossly libeled an excellent country.

So when Meighan's company came along, the natives announced that there would be trouble the first moment the director tried to take a scene. Meighan was sent to adjust the difficulty with the President.

The President and his staff received him in full regalia. And Panama uniforms out-Stroheim von Stroheim. After listening to the President's legitimate complaints, Meighan gave [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



The President of Panama gave him all kinds of official permission to use the scenery of his Republic



PHYLLIS HAVER is a beautiful contradiction. She looks like the kind of girl men can't forget, but she lives with her mother and puts her money in real estate. Producers have insisted upon making a vamp of her, yet Phyllis has been getting better and better. Read her story on the opposite page.

In Search *of* a Bad Girl

Here is the real story of Phyllis Haver, who looks like the answer to a sugar daddy's prayer

By
Ruth Waterbury







Success has been no sudden thing to Phyllis Haver. At the left, as a bathing girl of the golden Sennett days. Above, as the vamp of "The Way of All Flesh." Right, as the heroine of "The Fighting Eagle"

I WAS out scouting the wickedest woman in Hollywood.

I was out dodging Mr. Diogenes, the Greek lad who went about with a lantern looking for an honest man. I was trotting about with a note book trying to find a wicked film woman. They are so easy to write about.

I began on Lya de Putti. She turned out to be just another foreign girl trying to get along. I drew near Greta Garbo but she was too busy going home. I summoned fortitude and decided upon Phyllis Haver.

Certainly Phyllis has been "the other woman" in many a cast. I have seen her go through film after film destroying males on sight. But recently I suffered with Herr Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" when she seduced the very beard from his chin. I knew she had been selected to play the gaily murderous heroine of "Chicago." And you all know what she did to the marines in "What Price Glory."

At first sight of Phyllis in person I was delighted.

She looked like my unholy grail. She looked like the answer to a sugar daddy's prayer.

It was high noon on the De Mille lot and the stage where Phyllis was playing was an open one. She was dressed in a gown of glittering sequins that clung to her as scent clings to a rose, as her bathing suit used to cling to her in the old Sennett days. Her hair was the color of a canary. Her wide open eyes were blue as a desert sky, and they danced with vivid pleasure. Her mouth was fervent as a first kiss and her frequent laugh was an arpeggio of staccato notes that set even the electricians to smiling in unison.

But Hollywood, Hollywood! Phyllis came over to me, bubbling with life, joyous with happiness, her mouth scarlet with lipstick, her eyes blue with grease paint. "I always pray before every scene I play, dear," said Phyllis. "I pray to be sincere, dear. It shows if you're not and it's very important."

There you have the spirit of Hollywood. If you pray it helps your work, so you pray. If you stay away from parties, your face is unlined, so you stay away from parties. Everything goes the way of film ambition, even love and happiness. I mentioned this to Phyllis as we ate luncheon—luncheon such as only a good woman would dare eat—roast chicken and avocado salad and ice tea and strawberry shortcake with whipped cream.

"Isn't it true, dear?" said Phyllis. "Isn't it true? I've given up everything. I can hardly believe the success I've had this year—the Jannings picture and 'Chicago' coming. Success has arrived so gradually for me. I've been working forever, dear, almost since the day I was born, an O'Haver, in Douglas, Kansas. My mother and I left there when I was four and came here to Los Angeles. My best friend when I was nine was Marie Prevost. She still is. We went to Manual Arts High School together.

"I began working when I was thirteen—to get silk stockings. When I was fourteen I was playing the piano in a picture show and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



THE happiest version of the eternal triangle, exclusively enacted for PHOTOPLAY in Hollywood by an all star cast headed by a newcomer, Kenyon Sills, supported—and lavishly—by Milton and Doris Kenyon Sills.

The beautiful Doris, due to the arrival of this starlet, has been absent from the screen for a year. She will return, more radiant than ever, as leading woman for her husband in "The Valley of the Giants."

Janet's "JONSEY"

By Ruth Lieber Biery

The tragedy behind the greatest young screen success of recent years. A splendid story by a new PHOTOPLAY writer



Harry Jones, Janet Gaynor's step-father, who died just as his great dream came true

JANET GAYNOR'S "Jonsey" is dead.

To you and to me that may mean little. But to Janet Gaynor—

For you see, only a few years ago, Janet was just a little American girl no different from thousands of others. No ideas of becoming a movie-star clouded her bright school-girl horizon.

Such dreams lay only in the mind of "Jonsey."

Way back during the days of the war when Janet was just a little nine-year-old youngster swishing hazel-toned pigtails which would never lay straightened, and "Jonsey" was merely Harry C. Jones of Chicago and the family-friend of Mrs. Laura C. Gaynor and her two little daughters, the idea of Janet's becoming an actress took firm root in "Jonsey's" imagination.

"Laura, Janet is to be a great actress," he would repeat again and again to the mother, during his frequent visits.

Not that Janet showed any especial histrionic ability. True, she mimicked a little. If there were a neighbor to whom she was not partial she would toss back those won't-lay-me-down-locks, plant both feet firmly in the middle of the room in which she happened to be standing and repeat in perfect imitation the words and gestures of the unloved neighbor. And of course, she had a pet poem, like any nine-year-old youngster, which she recited quite frankly for parental approbation. But aside from this—which was nothing—she was just the average little girl sticking out her tongue at the washing of dishes, skipping away to play at bed-making moments.

Here is the story of a great faith—and a great love. It's an untold tale of a man's fine ambition for his little step-daughter. "Jonsey" died, just as his deepest wish had been fulfilled. But Janet Gaynor faces the world with a priceless legacy of great dreams bequeathed to her by "Jonsey."



"All 'Jonsey' left of himself to the world was what he had given me"

Yet, "Jonsey" insisted she was to become a great actress.

So firmly did he insist, that when, a few years later, Mrs. Laura Gaynor became Mrs. Harry C. Jones and Janet adopted her step-father as her "Jonsey," he moved his new family to San Francisco!—his first definite step toward accomplishing his aim of making Janet the great actress.

STILL little Janet remained unimpressed. In fact she scoffed at the idea. "Why, Jonsey," she would gently chide her beloved step-father. "I don't want to go into the movies. I want to go through High School and College like other girls and make my own living like my sister."

Janet's sister is a very successful young lady of business in a San Francisco law office.

Yet so sure was this exceptional step-father that he kept urging his imaginary girl-actress to study the great writers of drama. "Read Shakespeare, my child. Cultivate your mind. Some day you will need this foundation. Keep up your music—" But Janet only shook her curls, now tucked demurely in a knot on the back of her head, and went on romping through her happy existence. She simply wasn't interested in the "high-brows" and whatever-it-was they had written.

Then came the day of graduation. Not with high honors. Just the normal girl's marks of "passing." Her "Jonsey" was the first to offer congratulations. [CONT'D ON PAGE 146]

Have



Love scenes look so simple. But what seems so spontaneous and natural is really make-believe made real by the technique of actor. Would you be free enough from self-consciousness to forget yourself in these disconcerting surroundings?

WHETHER you be a man or a woman it is safe to suspect that you have wondered more than once whether you have it in you to become an actor.

Movie acting does seem pretty simple, doesn't it?

And what a quick and easy way to jump to fame and fortune!

Maybe you actually do possess acting talent. Who knows?

All the screen stars I ever met started with such a conviction. And, of course, they made good.

On the other hand I have also known men and women who were equally as positive about their abilities, quite as ambitious and earnest, just as energetic and enthusiastic. But they did not make good.

One woman in particular comes to mind. She had done a season of amateur acting in one of the Little Theatre groups in New England. She was beautiful. Somebody told her she photographed well. That was enough for her. Off to Hollywood she trooped.

Her father and mother protested but it did no good. The man she was engaged to implored and threatened but that didn't help either. She would have her way.

In two months her savings were gone. Not a chance had she had. She never got any further than handing in her card at the casting director's window. A job as waitress in a tea room ended that stellar romance!

Hundreds of women—men too—take chances like that!

There are women who persist in thinking that their pretty faces, their charming figures, and a few striking photographs cannot fail to make them featured players in a month.

Handsome men get it into their heads that clever dancing and ease of social manner are all they need in order to step into the shoes of a Valentino.

Unfortunately, such attributes, valuable though they be, do not make movie actors.

Indeed, they do not necessarily suggest even the makings of an actor.

No wonder so many folks meet with such heartbreaking failure!

In my work as a nerve specialist I have had to treat many such cases. It is really surprising how often a nervous breakdown is caused by thwarted acting ambitions.

Women especially harbor a craving for acting. Men not so frequently. Usually, too, they keep it a secret.

The following case illustrates so well the way people struggle with the acting obsession. I will summarize it briefly.

It concerns a girl of twenty-five. She possessed the usual externals, beauty and all that, that make women believe they can achieve stardom.

On her first visit to my office she complained of insomnia and general nervousness. Neither directly nor indirectly did she touch upon the subject of acting.

On the next visit, however, a little mental probing soon brought it to light.

"YES, doctor, that is true," she admitted. "I have always wanted to be an actress. Ever since a child it has been in my mind. But I haven't had an opportunity to show what I can do and, the sad part of it is, I have no pull. That's why I'm all upset. That's

You Acting Talent?

The doctor tells you why some persons are psychologically fitted for screen fame

By Louis E. Bisch
M. D., Ph. D.

why I can't sleep. I'm getting older every day. Soon nobody would want me in a picture. I've been photographed and that part is all right. If only I could get a try-out! I'm sure my nerves would straighten out."

"What makes you think you have acting talent?" I asked. "Upon what, besides your physical attractions, do you base your ambitions?"

"Why," she replied, altogether dumfounded by my question, "isn't that enough in the movies?"

OF course, I had to tell the young lady that it is not enough. I had to tell her also that a good camera face is not enough.

To photograph well is an essential, yes. But it is only a preliminary requirement after all.

It is acting talent that counts—acting, first, last, and always.

If you cannot act, the best camera face in the world will not bring you screen success.

But if you really can act, or possess the ability to act, you can accomplish miracles.

People in general may be divided into two great classes and these are important in deciding about your acting talent. One class psychologists call the Extroverts. The other they call the Introverts.

Extroverts are those who are capable of projecting their feelings into the outside world, of turning their emotions inside out, as it were—of externalizing them.

They are the practical people, the business types. They don't dream, they do things. They depend upon logic and reasoning rather than upon feeling. Either they possess a scant amount of emotion to start with or what emotion they do have they put behind actual matter-of-fact accomplishment.

The introverts are exactly the opposite. They are all feeling, bundles of highly-charged emotion. They are sensitive, more or less unstable. They feel more than they think. Practical results do not interest them. What they glory in is a kind of stirred-up state inside, a peculiar rousing of what they would call their soul. With them reality is nothing—feeling-tone everything.

It is the introverts who make the best actors. It is the extroverts who market the pictures.

Which class do you belong to?

Why is it so many of us think we have acting talent anyway?

What gives us that impression?

Most of us believe we can act because good acting appears so natural. It's so much like real life. That is what makes it seem so easy.

WE see John Gilbert and Renee Adoree making love, for instance. Well, we think, that is about the way we would do it, too. With a placid lake, overhanging trees, a shimmering moon, a canoe—why, of course, with the proper atmosphere it would be simple enough to enact a scene like that. And surely it would make the same impression.

But in point of fact, unless we were trained actors, the scene would most certainly not make the same impression. If it were acted out exactly as such a love scene might spontaneously occur in actual experience it wouldn't look anything like what we see Gilbert and Adoree doing. The scene, you may be sure, would absolutely go flat.

Acting is deceptive, you see.

What appears so simple and natural is not simple and natural at all.

That is where the art of the actor comes in. The actor makes things look life-like, real, vital. Through knowledge of the technique of acting the actor tricks you into accepting for actual and genuine what is really fake and make-believe. In that very power lies the art of the actor. The more successful he is in making you feel you are experiencing reality the greater is his art, the greater he himself is as an actor.

You can readily understand, therefore, how little looks, figure, grace and luck to photograph well really count.

You can understand why, also, so many of us may think we can act without having any solid reasons for backing it up.

Are there after all ways of finding out whether a man or woman possesses genuine acting talent or not?

Must one of necessity go through the heartbreaking experiences of attempting to manoeuvre a try-out, only to come to grief, perhaps, as in the cases of the young women I mentioned?

Yes, your possible acting talents can be determined with a fair degree of accuracy.

In order to determine that question, however, you must be willing to face facts, to examine yourself courageously, to call a spade a spade.

Patting yourself on the back won't get you anywhere.

The praises and flattery of your friends won't make you an actor either.

You must learn to analyze [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

ARE you an introvert or an extrovert?

The introverts are the stars.

The extroverts market the pictures.

To which type do you belong?

Dr. Bisch has prepared a psychological test to determine latent acting talent. Read this interesting article and then see if you can give an honest analysis of yourself.

Things You'll



No, you didn't see *August Schilling* in jail for murder of himself. Nor did you see the police "third degree" the Milwaukee bank cashier who saw Phyllis Haver—and went wrong. That part of "The Way of All Flesh" landed on the cutting room floor

"The Love of Sunya," which starred Gloria Swanson, reached the theaters with a whole sequence deleted. This showed *Sunya* as a prematurely aged school teacher





You'd never recognize "Twelve Miles Out" as it was first filmed. It had a long sequence, with Jack Gilbert as a dare-devil motorcyclist in an amusement park. All this was cut and Betty Compson, who played Ernest Torrence's sweetie, went too

Never See



Natli Barr, the First National Russian discovery, almost made her American film debut with Milton Sills in "Framed." That is, she would—if the whole episode hadn't been scissored. Natli was the local vamp of the film, but the screen-going public will never know it

YOU never can tell about your films. They may be the way they were originally filmed and, then again, they may not. Strange and mysterious things happen in the cutting room.

If you knew all the cuts that were made—and frequently they are highly expensive slashes—you could guess why pictures cost so much. Also one of the reasons why the movie magnates want to trim production costs. Someone has to pay for studio mistakes.



This is just a guess. It is one of the orgy scenes of Erich Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"—and you know what the censors do to Von's orgies. Here *Prince Ottokar Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg* (George Fawcett) drops in to visit one *Madame Rosa*. Probably you'll never see it



RUTH HARRIET LOUISE

THIS is the shrine of Hollywood and the shadow of its strange goddess. She is the most mysterious figure of the movie world, as hidden as one who takes holy orders. She knows the extras' innermost secrets yet her face remains unseen, her name unknown. Her story is across the page.

The Mother Confessor *of* Hollywood

Her sanctuary is a telephone switchboard and she knows the grief and the joy of ten thousand extra girls

By Ruth Waterbury

I HAVE spent a day with the most mysterious figure of the strange city of Hollywood.

Thousands of extras talk to her daily but they do not know her identity. They have never seen her face.

Officially she is called "the girl on the trouble desk at Central."

The extras have given her another and truer name. They call her the mother confessor of Hollywood.

To them she is like a priest in a confessional, apart from ordinary contact, hidden from view, a being who listens and gives comfort and advice. Her telephone switchboard to them is a sanctuary, her phone plugs holy beads. They tell her the secrets of their innermost hearts, secure in her sympathy and pity.

The mother confessor of any other city would undoubtedly be black-robed and have the brooding eyes of a dove. I may not tell her name but I can say that she stays true to her background. She brings with her the rustle of silk, and her slim legs glisten through forty-five gauge chiffon hose and there are henna gleams in her sleek bobbed hair and her eyes are blue as water hyacinths.

Yet, sitting beside her switchboard one whole day and listening in on her calls I saw her eyes grow tragic with pity and her lips twist with a grim smile at human vanity.

The creation of her present job was an accident, an inspiration born of sympathy.

Central in Hollywood is, of course, the Central Casting Agency. To Central more than ten thousand extras telephone daily, hoping, praying, begging for work. The successful ones, the more hardened ones, simply say, "Central, this is Mary Babyface. Anything in for me today?"

"Mary Babyface," announces the main operator to the office at large. If it is after four o'clock, Central's casting agents are sitting at long tables behind the switchboards, before them lists of extras wanted on the morrow by each studio. When Mary's name is on one of them, an agent picks up a wire to give Mary orders that she may earn five dollars the next day and eat once more.

THOSE are the routine calls, coming in every day when the lists for tomorrow's shooting are filed. They come from both sexes, from the young and beautiful, the old and ugly, ten to twenty thousand a day.

The mother confessor never gets any of them. Only grief is switched to her. A girl is starving or a man is sick or an old character player thinks favoritism is being shown.



The Girl: "I wisht you'd went to college so's y' could be an usher in a movie cathedral."

Working as a general secretary at Central, this business man observed the sob stuff delaying service. The main switchboards needed to be kept open for the thousands of incoming calls. Somebody might miss a chance otherwise. She remarked that if she had her own board and desk she could take care of the weepers. And thus her work started.

Her days are heartaches. The symphony of life as she now hears it is all in a minor key. Yet she doesn't lose her poise or her sense of humor.

Every call coming to her is like a cry in the wilderness, the lonely voice of a lost soul. Still, each falls into one of four classes, becomes part of a definite routine. Life's leveling process comes in even here.

The greatest number are demands to know why an individual is being discriminated against by the casting office.

The small players, the extras, live usually in groups. The news of the engagement of any member of their tribe travels around the circle with the rapidity of fire through dried prairie grass.

If their friends are working, these callers ask, why aren't they?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Gossip of All *the*



Taking his best girl for a Sunday boat ride—Richard Barthelmess and his daughter, Mary Hay. Dick owns a yacht and goes cruising on the blue Pacific whenever he can get away from the studio. And little Mary Hay enjoys it as much as her daddy



If grandma had dressed like this, high-wheeled bicycles never would have gone out of style. Barbara Worth says that this is her idea of a high old time

MAY a nice girl call her mamma a prevaricator?

Well, hardly, and yet here are Mrs. Shearer and her beauteous daughter, Norma, disagreeing and right in print, too.

Mrs. Shearer says Norma is going to marry Irving Thalberg, brilliant young executive of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mamma sets no dates but announces it will be sometime in the near future.

Norma retorts that she and Irving are just real good friends.

Still, we've heard that gag before and immediately before many Hollywood weddings. So, perhaps Mrs. Shearer is right.

We hope so, for if Norma and Irving, seen everywhere together these days, are not in love, these old eyes of mine need spectacles.

And some say that Norma and Irving have already pulled off one of those romantic secret weddings.

AS a variant on the don't-step-on-it, it-might-be-Lon-Chaney gag, the newest Hollywood game is to try to put Lon Chaney in a sentence.

Can't you do it? Here's how.

"I'm so busy I don't have time to eat Lon Chaney more."

Try that on your soft palate.

LOIS MORAN, who swore that she would never go flapper on us, has gone out and had her hair bobbed.

IF there ever was any truth in the rumors that Gloria Swanson and her director, Raoul Walsh, were interested in each other, here's good proof that it's all off now, for they tell me he has walked off the set twice recently.

Not a question of who's wearing the pants, but who's holding the megaphone on "Sadie Thompson."

THEDA BARA, creator of the first screen vamp, in private life Mrs. Charles Brabin, is about to be cast in her greatest rôle, that of mother, if persistent rumor is to be believed. The Brabins are now at Del Monte.

THE proposed ten per cent reduction in salaries of motion picture players, which was recently put into effect only to be held in abeyance because of the roar which shook the entire motion picture industry, has added hundreds of new members to Actors' Equity.

At a meeting of more than five hundred film folk, including writers, directors and actors, all went on record in favor of Equity policies, which may mean a fight to transfer stage performers' terms to the picture field.

The establishment of a standard contract, no Equity player to be allowed to appear in a picture with a non-Equity player, and an eight hour day are three of the main issues they have brought forward.

Conrad Nagel is leading the movement.

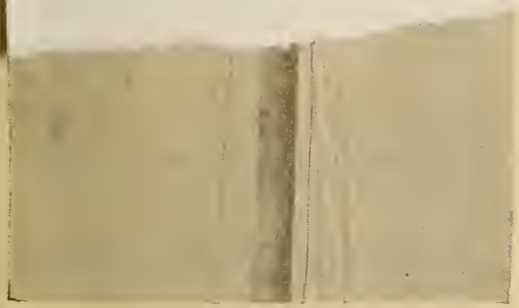
WILL ROGERS has hit upon a Tom Sawyer "out" to avoid paying and paying and paying for his recent wholesale operation. He wired the New York Advertising Club:

"When you fellows get over to the Times Square, tell Ziegfeld I'm going to come back to the Follies after I've finished this here 'Texas Steer' job for Sam Rork and exhibit the scar between acts to get enough to pay the doctors' bills."

Cal York



Reformers! Can't you stop this sort of wild home life in Hollywood? Doris Kenyon Sills and Milton Sills are having a perfectly frantic evening whizzing through a game of chess while their baby is having an after dinner nap. There should be a law!



Vera Steadman does a Shipwreck Kelly. You remember the fellow who spent a week perched up on a flagpole? Vera claims to be the first person to try it in evening dress

MAY ALLISON gave the party of the year at the Ambassador Hotel when she invited forty feminine stars to meet her friends, Mrs. Ray Long, Mrs. Roy Howard and Mrs. Hugh Murray, all of New York. The luncheon was held on the veranda of the Ambassador Hotel's famous cocoanut grove, and Gilda Gray could hardly keep still with the music of the Hawaiian orchestra.

All the beauties were there, and the three New Yorkers, all ardent fans, got the thrill of their lives. The veranda overlooks part of the hotel golf links and the men who were playing couldn't keep their eyes on the ball, resulting in the worst golf scores on record.

EDOARD RAQUELLO, who came in among the latest quota of foreign actors and who is supposed to be engaged to Carmel Myers, though neither will admit it, offers this helpful hint to members of the Foreign Legion trying to learn our language:

"I have learned English asking Universal for a job and having it explained to me why I'm not working."

AMONG the most recent home purchasers are Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford. Dorothy has just purchased a handsome residence in fashionable Bel-Air, which is near Santa Monica, while Joan is now living in an attractive Italian villa in Beverly Hills purchased from Herbert Howe, our PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE ace.

MARION DAVIES is home and Hollywood is glad. Off the train one day and up to her neck in a whirl of social activities—luncheons, dinners, swimming parties and a merry time for all her friends before she starts her next picture, "The Fair Co-ed."

When Marion is in Hollywood things certainly do liven up.

THIS movie business is getting too darned international. If a boy from Sock Center named Peter Jones is ambitious in a movie way, he'd better change his name to Peteroff Johannes or something and say he's fresh from Sockoro Centaur, somewhere in Europe, for Jetta Goudal, De Mille's well known French star, is heading a cast in "The Forbidden Woman" which is composed entirely of Europeans.

Marion Davies warns that within a few years we'll be saying of future aspirants:

"Yes—he's an American, but give the kid a chance!"

"FUNNY thing this refusal by insurance companies to deal with actors if they go up in airplanes," said William Haines to Ramon Novarro recently.

"Even so," replied Ramon. "Why, an airplane ride has always meant so much nothing to me, but every time I cross Hollywood Boulevard safely, I want to write home that I still have my own arms and legs."

THE sudden death of June Mathis, one of the greatest women in pictures, was a terrible shock to the entire industry. June went to New York to visit her grandmother and was apparently in the best of health and spirits.

She attended a performance of "The Squall" and at the climax of the play, the audience was startled to hear her cry, "I am dying." Her death, caused by a heart attack, was instant.



Louise Lorraine tries out a new make-u mirror. It is equipped with a light for night work on location. And oh, how many times it would come in handy in everyday life

It was Miss Mathis who discovered Rudolph Valentino and her death followed his by eleven months. Her husband, Sylvano Balboni, hastened to New York and took her body back to Hollywood where she was buried.

THE scene: A dining room in Tia Juana.
The cast: Mrs. Costello and daughters Dolores and Helene; also John Barrymore.
The scenario: Visiting fireman spies the beautiful Dolores and casts soft looks in her direction. Barrymore puts up with the nuisance until the ladies leave the room. Then, going to the oaf's table, he slams him neatly on the jaw and knocks him down for the count of ten.
When the ladies return, our hero is seated calmly at his own table and the candidate for Dolores' attention is being noiselessly removed by waiters.

THERE is no exhausting the resources of assistant directors.
Consider this tender moment.
George Fitzmaurice, the director, paused during the filming of "The Rose of Monterey," and approached the nearest telephone.
About to dial, he looked distractedly about him.
"Oh, Jim," he called to his assistant, "what's my telephone number?"
"Gladstone 6029," sang back Jim, "and if you don't know where you live I can tell you that too."

"HOW much money do you need to get home? Have arranged your transportation."
Charlie Farrell was proudly displaying this telegram from his father to all of his friends the other morning.
"And when I get home, I'll bet dad furnishes me with spending money," he boasted gleefully.
Charlie is visiting in Boston before going into his new starring vehicle with Janet Gaynor.
Evidently Charlie hasn't notified papa that his hundred-a-week salary was raised after the completion of "Seventh Heaven."

YOUNG Farrell came down to the Fox lot one day to be met with extended hands and cries of "Congratulations."
"What's it all about?" he demanded.
Janet Gayn[illegible]
"It isn't true, Janet. It[illegible] applesauce."
Janet smiled and invited him to luncheon,—the first of an almost daily series.

AND giving her version of the matrimonial rumor, Greta Nissen said: "But how can I? I have a bad cold. And, anyway, what would my other boy friends say?"

AL JOLSON, the black-face one lured to star in "The Jazz Singer" to the accompaniment of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the picture, rises to state he will never be a real motion picture star for:
1. He drives his own automobile.
2. He has no Jap chauffeur nor does he intend engaging one.
3. He has purchased no Beverly Hills mansion. Nor will he.
4. He is divorced but still considers his ex-wife a darling.

"I'm crazy," beams Al, "and I love it."

"WHAT!" gasped Corinne Griffith. "Me nude!! Why that's the same as naked, isn't it?"
"Well—yes—practically," explained John Considine, supervising director of Corinne's latest, "The Garden of Eden."
"That is," he went on, "it's in the script here—"
"Whoa!" exploded Corinne. "That's out!"
"Not even in the shadow?" pleaded Considine.
"Not even in *nothing*," returned Corinne with finality.
And now that that's settled—

THE most beautiful studio in the movie industry is that belonging to First National. Set among the high, green hills of Burbank it is a studio of many orange plaster Spanish houses, red tile roofed and every inch surrounded by luxurious, blooming plants. Daisies, roses, mimosa, heliotrope, delphinium, cosmos crowd each other in colorful profusion.
One of the company's leading directors, crossing the lot, stopped, entranced, at the view.
"Ah," he sighed. "If we could only make pictures as well as we grow flowers."

ALICE LAKE has deserted vaudeville to return to the screen and is playing a featured rôle in "The Angel of Broadway," in which she supports Leatrice Joy.



Louise Brooks entertains her younger sister, June, at her Hollywood home. Then Louise shipped June to Europe to complete her education, far from the distracting influences of the studios. We wonder if she won't come back in time



PHOTOPLAY'S own candidate for the role of Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Chester Conklin may have to wear a wig to meet the requirements but he has a "blonde personality"

"MARRY in haste and repent at leisure," that old wheeze which you have heard since a child, seems to have some merit as the case of Josef von Sternberg, director of "Underworld," proves.

Von Sternberg went without lunch one noon to marry Riza Royce, an actress. He might better have had his luncheon and missed his marriage, for now, after a year, both are agreed that marriage may be all right for some people, but not for them.

NO single triumph of moviedom has delighted the film industry more than that of Polly Moran.

A few years ago Polly was a star in her own right, the *Sheriff Nell* of the comedies. A year ago Polly was nearly down and out. She played bits, extra work, anything.

Today she is winning acclaim for her perfectly grand comedy performance in "The Callahans and the Murphys," a piece of work that got her a long time contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

The truth is that Polly has always been a fine trouper and a good scout. Even when she did extra work, she remembered to be cheerful and do the best she could.

WHICH reminds us of Polly's retort to a girl who wanted to get into the movies.

"Keep out of the movies," advised Polly. "I've been acting for years and it's all I can do to keep my nose in—and look at the length of my nose, child, look at the length of my nose."

WHEN "Love," starring John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, reaches the screen, it will announce "Directed by Edmund Goulding." The truth is that more than half the production is the directorial effort of John Gilbert.

Which is no reflection on Mr. Goulding or his work, but a reflection rather of the romantic mood of Greta.

In all Hollywood, Greta Garbo trusts just one person's artistic judgment, and that person is her ex-fiance and present leading man. Greta, told to enact a scene in a certain manner, looks to Jack for official okay. If he nods, Greta will play it thus and thus. If he doesn't nod, Greta refuses, and there never has been in cinemaland a more profound refuser than the Nordic Venus.

Hence M.-G.-M., Mr. Goulding, Mr. Gilbert and Miss Garbo herself have found it much simpler to let Jack take the megaphone, particularly on Greta's love scenes.

WHAT do you suppose Ben Lyon is up to now? Ben is in Berlin playing opposite a local charmer called Lya Mara in a Deutsches film called "Dancing Vienna." And what a swell title!

But listen to the sad story behind the whole episode. Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford went to Paris to get a divorce, so that Ben could marry Marilyn and Jack could step to the altar with Bebe Daniels. But something went wrong—or went right, because Jack and Marilyn returned without the divorce and apparently on good terms.

Ben is in Germany, drowning his sorrows.

THE two best similes of the month (with apologies to Frank Wilstach):

"As busy as a coroner in Hollywood."—George Jean Nathan.

"As inseparable as a director and his yes-man."—Walter Winchell.

MANY an excellent actor, in between major engagements, plays in a "quickie," one of those independent films made on Poverty Row. Montagu Love was acting in one that was really a flash of lightning.

The scene demanded that Monty start down stairs, hesitate, think it over, and then walk down the entire flight.

The director, who was not born an O'Shaunnesey, called to Monty: "You come down but you don't. You think you will but you won't. Then you do. Action. Make it snappy."

Monty did. He walked out of the picture.

The independent company waited till after the pre-view. Then they sent the director back to the button-hole business.

IF Evelyn Brent had properly remembered her Mother Goose rhymes, all, including Evelyn, would have been well.

Miss Muffet, she of the tuffet-complex, you recall, got frightened away when a spider sat down beside her.

Evelyn, working out in the desert on "Beau Sabreur" for Paramount, preferred to be strong-minded and modern. So when a spider not only sat beside her but bit her, she paid no attention to it. A few days later she wished she had, for her doctor ordered her to the hospital for a week. She had a badly infected arm.

Moral: Always leave before the biting begins.

"SPORT," the trick dog being used in "Arm of the Law" at Universal, is getting everyone by the ears, as they say in foggy old England. Neil Hamilton, the good looking lead in that picture called attention to him. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

Intimate Visits *to the*



Samuel Lionel Rothafel is the impresario-general of the Roxy, "the cathedral of pictures"

When Sam Rothafel turned a Forest City, Pa., tavern into a movie theater he began founding the modern method of film presentation. Rothafel is the creator of picture showmanship

THREE o'clock and dark on a summer's morning in New York. Broadway at its stillest hour. A sprinkling of night club revelers and snatches of ginful song. Here and there a cruising night-hawk cab. A roundsman and a patrolman gossiping in a darkened lobby. Lights in the Automat and Childs. Street cleaners and hissing water wagons. The occasional staccato of hoofs and the rumble of a milk wagon crossing into the brownstone rows of theatrical boarding houses in the side streets.

A sturdy, dark chunk of a man, robust in medium stature and with a briskness of motion that contradicts the weariness of his face, emerges from a theater door in Fiftieth street and steps quickly into a long rakish brute of a sport car at the curb.

There is a moment of pause as the motor picks up. An appraising glance at the imposing facade above, the myriad lamps, the signs, the bronze doors. Then the motor drops into a hush and slips away, gathering speed as it swings into Broadway north.

The firm hands on the wheel tighten. The indicator needle creeps around and up—40—40—45—50.

A policeman two squares ahead, aroused into alertness, steps out to raise a warning hand as the humming motor bears down on him. It flashes past before he has completed the gesture. A flash of recognition comes and he steps back, nonchalantly twirling his night stick.

The car is three miles up the avenue—65—65.

The driver fumbles with one hand for a cigarette, with speed unslackened, and reaches for the trick lighter. A little flurry of sparks trails into the dark as he gets a light. The Grand Concourse is ahead. The hum of the motor rises into a mumbling crescendo battling against the restraint of the mufflers. Street intersections flicker past like films on a projector that has dropped its shutter.

With a roaring burst of explosions, and protesting backfires, a motorcycle storms into the highway and tears madly after the distant motor car. For five miles car and cycle race—70—70—80—80—85.

Abruptly the car slackens pace and draws to a stop at the roadside. The motorcycle officer is alongside in a moment.

"The old bus certainly can hit it this morning."



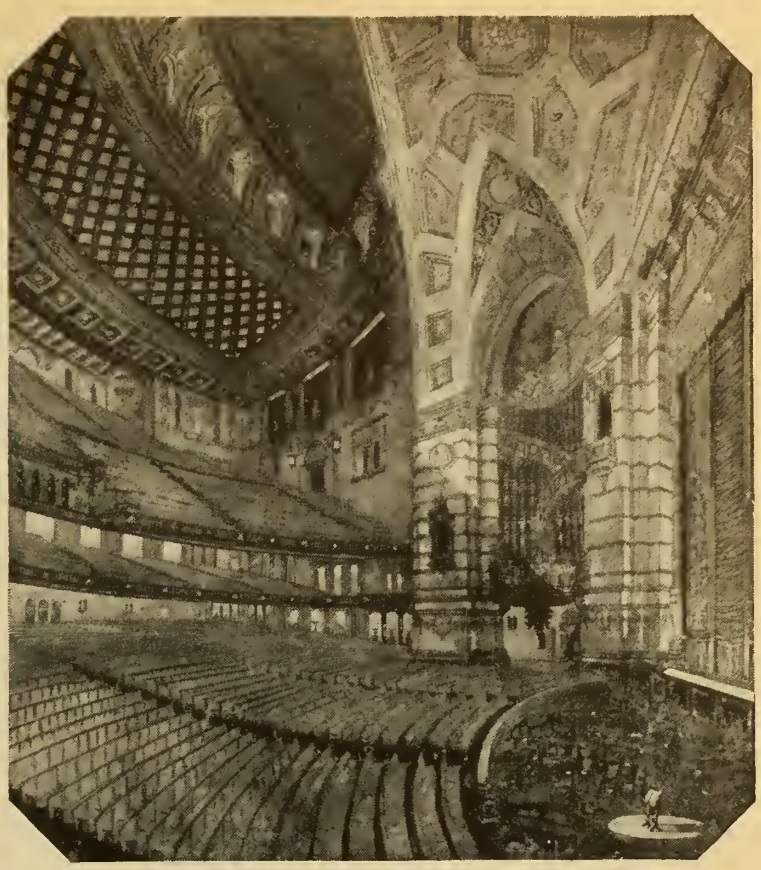
Roxy and his lesser known gang, his family, at their apartment. Everybody, thanks to the radio, knows Roxy's other—and much publicized—gang

Copyright, 1927, by Terry Ramsaye

Homes *of* Famous Film Magnates

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"



The interior of the Roxy. The weekly operating cost of this huge theater is $85,000

"Yes," responds the man at the wheel, leaning back and sniffing appreciatively at the fresh cool air of morning. "What did your speedometer make it?"

"Eighty-five."

"Well then," from the car, "I guess I'll have to give *you* a ticket." Which in this instance means a pass to the Roxy theater.

And that is a typically strenuous end of a perfect day for Roxy—otherwise, but seldom, known as Samuel Lionel Rothafel, the impresario-general of the world's most famous motion picture theater. Back in the dim days when the speaking stage was of some importance they used to call Mary Pickford "the Bernhardt of the screen" and Rothafel was "the Belasco of the movies." Now the screen is dominant as a field of fame and one word—"Roxy"—says it all.

THE Roxy theater is the expression in materials of steel and stone and gilt of the man and his personality. This coruscating temple, considered in contrast with the nickelodeon from which it has been evolved in a decade and a half, is a monument of attainment and progress for the institution of the screen. The super-theater is Roxy's creation—at least he is entitled to a one-man credit for it as credits go in this day of personified versions of history. It would be accurate enough to say that the screen theater of today is a strictly natural outgrowth from inevitable forces, as inevitable as the motion picture itself. But it is equally accurate to point out that Roxy, out of some twenty thousand motion picture exhibitors, his contemporaries of the nickelodeon era, made himself the personal instrument of this evolution. He stepped to the fore as the only nationally known exhibitor with the opening of the Strand theater in Broadway in 1914, and he has maintained that position since, becoming an internationally famous figure in the meantime. No other personality of the screen world has held a position of equal dominance so long.

Every famous screen theater in Broadway, the Strand, the Rialto, the Rivoli, the Capitol, and lastly, the Roxy, has the impress of Rothafel upon it. All of them, except the Capitol, which he subsequently administered, were launched and carried to success by Rothafel. Roxy has lighted more of the lamps that illumine Broadway than any other figure in the amusement world. Roxy's inventions, innovations and policies have colored the whole art of picture presentation. He founded the art of presentation.

He made theaters clean, light, wholesome—reforming theatrical housekeeping. He made service serve and taught ushers to ush. He brought music and color to aid and supplement the uncertain art of the films.

He conferred dignity on picture showmanship and self-respect on the screen drama.

Roxy has had ups and downs, with each of the ups a little upper, progressing from Times Square to Fiftieth street. Broadway is his.

All of which is to say in abstract terms, that this Roxy is the supreme purchasing agent for and purveyor to the amusement seeking American public.

WE all know about the public and its tastes. It likes the current sensation, ardently for a moment. It likes art, if it is arty and approved by mass orthodoxy. It likes beauty, if it is also fashion. It yearns for elegance and smartness. It would be clever. It believes in justice and fairplay for all, and in special privilege, too. It is sure the President of the United States is a great man. It believes in Genius. It just loves Who's Who, and respects What's What with passionate, unreasoning approval. It likes Nice Things. It adores Big Things. It is a spender, without thought of the morrow. It likes to do the Right Thing and be seen in the Right Places. When in doubt it is timid, even humble. It laughs readily and enjoys a heart-throb and a tear. It stands up for "The Star Spangled Banner" and takes its hat off to The Flag. Also it eats hot dogs.

So does Roxy.

If, when and as the Great American Novel is written Roxy will be the hero, and perhaps the whole cast.

Roxy is so completely the personification of this curious America that he is both alarming and exciting to the observant mind.

If you chance to be fond of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

LADIES *in* HADES



"They tell me I am a wizard answering questions, so I will take a chance," said King Solomon



By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Gordon Ross

III

SOLOMON HAD A GOOD PRESS AGENT

THE third meeting of the Ladies' Club which Eve had organized in Hades took place as usual at her house in the exclusive Figleaf section. The Queen of Sheba had been selected as the speaker of the evening.

All the Club's distinguished members were present—Sappho, Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, Helen of Troy, Phryne, Delilah, Mrs. Potiphar, Scheherazade, Thais, the Queen of Sheba, Salome, and Eve, the latter, as president, occupying the chair.

Sappho, the Club's secretary, made a brief report.

"A great many letters have been received from prominent citizens," she said, "including members of the Anti-Vice Association and the Boosters for a Bigger and Better Hell, asking permission to attend one of our meetings, but, in accordance with House Rule Number Three, I have informed them all that men are not admitted.

"Several publishing houses have also made offers for the book rights to our minutes, and Famous Sinners Incorporated want to put us all in a big production they are planning, entitled 'Mislaid Halos!' "

Instantly the Club was in an uproar. Every member, it seemed, had been nursing screen aspirations for years and insisted that the offer should be accepted. Eve had great difficulty in obtaining order.

"For goodness sake, be quiet for a moment, can't you," she exclaimed. "We have got to put these offers on the table for the present. At least until I can have a talk with Satan. You know how he feels about any of the Club's discussions being made public. We can't publish our minutes, that's certain."

"Why not?" Delilah asked.

"He says there are too many radicals in Hell already, and he doesn't intend to have any bunch of free-thinkers, no matter who they may be, poisoning the minds of the lower classes by telling them the truth. Only this morning he telephoned me that he had heard we were questioning the Old Testament account of the Fall of Man, and that our attitude concerning birth control, free love and evolution was getting him into a lot of trouble with the censors. 'Hypocrisy,' he said, 'must and shall be preserved.' So there you are."

The report of the secretary, after a great deal of discussion, was finally laid on the table, and the Queen of Sheba took the floor.

"I promised, my dears," she said, draping herself comfortably upon a divan, "to give you all the low-down on the trip I made to Jerusalem to see King Solomon. There has been a great deal of gossip about that expedition, but I do not mind telling you I have made other trips which gave me more of a kick. I visited the Pharaoh of Egypt once, and believe me, my dears, there was a man to write home about."

"One of my ancestors," Cleopatra observed, smiling. "They say it runs in the family."

The Queen of Sheba tells the sirens about the card index system of King Solomon

"If you mean It with a very large capital, you are right, my dear. But to come back to Solomon. Of course I never took much stock in the stories I heard about his wisdom. No man with brains would marry seven hundred wives. But I confess I was attracted by his optimism and wanted to see on what it was based.

"I had been terribly restless that particular spring, and a young Abyssinian I had been very nice to all winter—a charming fellow, captain in the camel corps—had the rotten taste, when I told him everything was over between us, to commit suicide on the palace steps. It upset me considerably, besides making a dreadful mess. Men are so inconsiderate. If he had only jumped in the fish pond I shouldn't have minded so much, with the crocodiles in need of a good square meal.

"So, what with the spring coming on, and my boy friend proving such a total loss, to say nothing of some new gowns I had just had made, I decided to run up to Jerusalem and find out what it was that got this Hebrew king so much space on the front pages."

"I understand how you felt, my dear," Helen of Troy laughed. "We all know, of course, that men are pretty much alike, when you come down to essentials, and yet I have never been able to get over the idea that each new one I meet is going to give me a new thrill."

"My experience exactly," Phryne nodded. "It keeps a girl young. They used to say in Athens that I had had an affair with every man in the place, from Plato down. That was why the League of Neglected Wives had me arrested. I'll tell you, some time, about my famous trial. Go ahead, Queen."

"Well, so far as Solomon was concerned, I found him a very decent old bird. Not good-looking, but with a lot of personality, if you get what I mean. Most kings have, I find. He gave me a big reception, keys of the city and everything.

"When we got to the palace I showed him my presents—quite a lot of stuff I had taken along, ivory, spices and the like, to let the Jerusalem crowd know I was a regular queen and not a piker. And of course I figured that no gentleman, not even a Jerusalem gentleman, would accept presents from a lady and not give her at least twice as much in return. That is the advantage of being the one who starts these gift games. The other fellow always has to go you one better. I did a great deal of travelling, in my time.

"There was a lot of excitement in the harem, the night I arrived, and after supper Solomon took me out in the garden and had a bunch of his concubines do a dance. I looked the extra ladies over—about a thousand of them—a regular mob scene.

"'You would have made a fortune, king,' I said, 'in



There was a sudden commotion at the rear of the hall and Eve rapped on the table for order

the picture business. Do you know them all by their first names?'

"He said no, he didn't, that as a matter of fact he only kept them around for publicity purposes, and to help in entertaining visiting boards of trade and people like that from the sticks.

"'I don't even know the names of a lot of my wives, yet,' he said, giving me a funny look. 'We use numbers, mostly, here in the harem. It simplifies matters considerably, if you know what I mean. Avoids confusion and all that. I'm down as far as Number 386, right now, although it may be 368—I've sort of lost track. The Superintendent of the Royal Wives takes care of all such details. Uses a card-index system some efficiency expert from Memphis sold him last year. It's supposed to be the latest wrinkle in scientific harem management.'"

"I never heard of such a thing!" Mrs. Potiphar exclaimed, angrily. "If my husband had suggested anything of the sort I would have had him psychoanalyzed."

"When Solomon told me," the Queen of Sheba resumed, "that every little wifie had a number all her own, I asked him if they all had *his*.

"'I'm afraid so,' he laughed. 'This king business is a hard job.' Then he sent the concubines back to their dormitories so we could hear ourselves talk.

"He had a funny line—not the fast oriental stuff I had expected, but sort of highbrow, with a lot of fatherly advice. I confess I was bored.

"'They tell me, king,' I said, leaning up against him so he would be sure not to miss my new Night of Passion perfume, 'that you are right there with the wisecracks.'

"'Wisdom,' he announced, edging away from me a little, 'is more to be desired than rubies. Don't you think so, queen?'

"'I'm not going to commit myself,' I came back at him, 'until I take a good look at the one you are wearing in that ring. And anyway, who wants to be wise? Even a king must have his foolish moments, if only to prove how clever he can be when he really sets his mind on it. All wisdom gets you is wrinkles.' I moved a little closer to him and took hold of his hand—the one with the ring on it.

"He looked rather uneasy, and began to comb the permanent wave out of his beard.

"'The fool,' he muttered, 'pursueth strange women.'

"'Ain't it the truth,' I said. 'But the wise man sitteth still and lets the woman do the pursuing. Play that on your jewsharp. And if your remarks about strange women are meant for me, I will say that after the reception you have given me, inviting me to stay at the palace and everything, I do not feel at all strange, but quite like one of the family, even if you haven't given me a number yet.'

"He looked even more upset, at that, and tried to pull away his hand, but I held on to it.

"'What strong hands you have, Solomon dear,' I said. 'And such nice skin. The kind you love to touch. You do not mind, I hope, if I touch you.' Just then the ring he was wearing with the big ruby in it came right off in my fingers. I have always been very fond of rubies.

"Solomon didn't say a word, but he kept staring at the ring. I could see he was unhappy.

"'What is the matter, dearie?' I asked. 'Don't you care for your little chocolate drop, or do you prefer blondes, like so many Jerusalem gentlemen I have met?'

"'I'm not particular what color they come,' he said, 'for I have plenty of all colors, including black. What I want is a woman who will love me for myself.'

"'Now that,' I told him, 'is certainly a very original remark, and I cannot remember ever having heard it before. Still, you should not worry, because no woman could help loving a great big wonderful sheik like you, with so many jewels and everything. This is a very nice ring.'

"'It is the best ring I own,' he grumbled, 'and the stone in it cost me fifty thousand shekels.'

"'That being the case,' I said, trying the ring on, 'I know you will say it is just the sort of ring a young girl like me should wear. So if you do not mind, Solomon dear, I will keep the stone in memory of our meeting. And I will show it to all my boy friends when I get home, just to prove to them that you are the wisest king in the whole world and know a good thing when you see it.'

"I thought he might show a little interest, then, but all he did was sit there and play with his beard. I was terribly disappointed."

"Not at all surprising, my dear," Lucrezia Borgia

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 148]



"Just caught this bird climbing in the cellar window," said the under demon, pushing Don Juan ahead of him with his pitchfork

The Irish Emil Jannings



Introducing Charlie Murray in a series of close-ups, registering everything from light mischief to purple tragedy. This expression is UFA for "my wife's run away with a clog dancer"



This burst of woe is modern cinema for "four out of my five children have IT and I can't get them to come home before the milk man arrives." You may learn about acting from Charlie



Not hay fever but a bad case of weltschmerz, complicated by touch of Lon Chaney. Try this out in front of your mirror, if your mirror will stand for it

The happy ending, or both girls murdered. Our hero doesn't know whether to go out and climb a tree or spend three reels of film wandering in a snow storm



No, Charlie is not getting set for a yawn. In terms of German Art this expression indicates a struggle between sacred and profane love, with profane love just about to knock sacred love for a row of state censors



Photographs by Spurr

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



HARD BOILED HAGGERTY—First National

"HARD BOILED HAGGERTY" is a hand tailored vehicle for Sills. It is a story of the war—not of the battlefields but of the lives of the soldiers behind the lines. No war scenes are in the picture at all, thank goodness. *Haggerty* is a fighting ace of the A. E. F. He falls in love with a French girl who is denounced by the major as a girl of the streets. What follows is one of the most stirring sequences ever screened.

The realistic work on the part of the entire cast is directly responsible for the appeal of the picture. At the same time Charles Brabin's direction is skillful and effective.

It is gratifying to be able to recommend this picture as one of the finest we have seen. The usual children excepted line cannot be omitted, however.



SHANGHAI BOUND—Paramount

RICHARD DIX in a fast moving picture, directed by Luther Reed, in which we have a pretty romance combined with adventure and action aplenty. Here Mary Brian is a sophisticate for the first time and she is convincing. The story shows Richard as a bucko river boat captain saving a party of blue bloods, including pretty Mary Brian, against any and all odds. It is laid against the background of riot-racked China and the menace of Yangtze river pirates. Were it not that in the end Dix proves to be a naval officer on Secret Service duty and plays the closing love scenes in the handsome uniform of a Lieutenant Commander, it would be somewhat too reminiscent of Tommy Meighan's "Male and Female." On the whole, excellent entertainment.



QUALITY STREET—M.-G.-M.

A DELIGHTFUL and refreshing change from the hackneyed form of entertainment which makes us grateful to Marion Davies that again she has the vision and courage to depart from the beaten track of formula-made pictures.

The screen adaptation followed Sir James Barrie's whimsical stage play with fidelity and the plight of the town belle, who falls into old maidish ways, as well as her solution of her love problem, should be a lesson to many a girl of today.

Flappers were flappers in the good old days and, although they toted no gin, they could still show a bit of ankle with killing effect.

Even then they knew how to put on their flapper uniform and get their man, like the Northwest Mounted.

Conrad Nagel, as the young Britisher who kissed and then ran off to the war, shares the honors with his charming star.

And Helen Jerome Eddy, that fine young actress, makes good again.

If you have any of the real flower of romance in your hearts and would appreciate a change from the stereotyped brand of pictures we are getting all too much of these days, take the whole family along to live for a few hours in the moonlight.

And all you girls who are worrying about being old maids at thirty, take a lesson from *Phoebe* of "Quality Street" and go and do likewise.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

QUALITY STREET — MOCKERY
HARD BOILED HAGGERTY — HULA
SHANGHAI BOUND — SWIM, GIRL, SWIM

The Best Performances of the Month

Marion Davies in "Quality Street"
Lon Chaney in "Mockery"
Bebe Daniels in "Swim, Girl, Swim"
Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Thirteenth Juror"
Dorothy Mackaill in "The Crystal Cup"
Hobart Bosworth in "The Blood Ship"
Milton Sills in "Hard Boiled Haggerty"
Clara Bow in "Hula"
Francis X. Bushman in "The Thirteenth Juror"
Conrad Nagel in "Quality Street"
Adolphe Menjou in "A Gentleman from Paris"
Nikolai Soussanin in "A Gentleman from Paris"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



MOCKERY—M.-G.-M.

LON CHANEY is running rapidly through the list of human ailments and tribulations. In "Mockery" he plays a slow thinking Russian peasant with a harelip. *Sergei* is just a plodding, stupid oaf who gets swept into the Russian Revolution without knowing what it's all about.

Sergei blunders upon the *Countess Titiana*, fleeing in disguise from the Reds. He saves her life in his stupid way and thereupon the Countess becomes the goddess of his floundering mind. *Sergei* is persuaded to become a Red in order to possess her, but, in the end, he saves her again for her lover, a dashing Russian officer.

Chaney makes *Sergei* into an effective character. This star is the only film luminary who can play dumb gents minus sex appeal and ring the gong at the boxoffice. *Sergei* is a big blunder and harelip man from the steppes with nothing to recommend him but Chaney's fine performance.

"Mockery" is a manufactured melodrama built around *Sergei*. Still, it has its excitement and, aside from Chaney's work, there is Barbara Bedford's sympathetic work as *Titiana* to recommend it. Miss Bedford deserves more opportunities than she has been getting. Ricardo Cortez is satisfactory as the Russian officer and a neat, if repellent, bit is turned in by Charles Puffy as the fat brute, *Ivan*, who presides below stairs biding his time for the revolution.

"Mockery" is hardly an authentic picture of the budding revolution but it is good melodrama held up to a keen edge of tensity by Lon Chaney's highly effective character playing.



HULA—Paramount

THIS time, that vivid Nell Gwynne of the screen, Clara Bow, has immigrated, IT and all, into the languishing land of the ukulele for her effects. The result is an entertaining, colorful opus that might have been called "Kiki in the South Seas."

Clara plays the hybrid named *Hula Calhoun*, making the usual kiki-fied efforts to gain the love of the grim-faced, indifferent gent-hero—Clive Brook, in this case. Clive, however, is very much married to a badly bleached blonde, unfaithful to him. The b. b. b. turns up one day and Clara engages her in sparkling battle. Who wins? Why Clive, you foolish readers. He gets Clara and her tubs of IT.

Clara's acting, a splendid cast and exotic scenes atone for whatever's lacking in speed and lightness of story. See it.



SWIM, GIRL, SWIM—Paramount

SCORE another triumph for the persistent pep of Bebe Daniels. Here she rejuvenates the ancient story of the ugly duckling into a hundred-smile-a-minute vehicle and rides to slapstick glory.

The plot, unimportant as an oil-promoter's promise, contains all the conventional college-story figures. There is William Austin as a fussy professor, James Hall and Josephine Dunn as the ritzy upperclass students, Gertrude Ederle, herself, as a swimming instructor. There is one grand and glorious gag, but welding it all into laughter there is Bebe, clowning gaily as *Alice Smith*, the school's most complete loss until she learns to swim and saves the day for dear old Dana. This is perfect light-hearted amusement. Give the whole family a treat.

Photoplay's Review Department Must

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR— Universal



HERE is a satisfying story extremely well done. In "The Thirteenth Juror," Frances X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson are cast to perfection, and their work is very good to behold. The story has to do with a brilliant and wholly unscrupulous criminal lawyer who, in the end, allows his conscience, The Thirteenth Juror, to override his cleverness. See and enjoy "The Thirteenth Juror."



THE CITY GONE WILD —Paramount

THERE has always been a charming Gaelic hardness to Thomas Meighan. This he displays in gratifying abundance throughout this splendid blood and thunder meller of the Chicago underworld. The story is one about The-Man-Higher-Up whom Meighan, as the district attorney, eventually "gets." Louis Brooks and Fred Kohler are a terrifically fine pair of screen crooks, Marietta Milner a sweetfaced heroine.

THE CRYSTAL CUP— First National



HERE is another with that admirable co-starring combination of Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, only this one is completely Dorothy's picture. Dorothy plays the rôle of a man hater with all the touches of the masculine in her attire, but you are going to love her just the same. There are spots in the picture where one's memory might hark back to "The Captive" through the suggestion of Dorothy's clothes.



A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS— Paramount

YOU never expect them to cast the elegantly barbered and tailored Adolphe Menjou as an *Oliver Optic* hero. You won't be disappointed in this because it furnishes a snappy evening. He doesn't marry all his women, but he never is rough enough to get indicted. We must credit the valet, played by Nikolai Soussanin, a newcomer, as well as the star with best performances.

THE LIFE OF RILEY— First National



IF Hebrew-Irish comicalities have not lost their hold on audiences—and Anne Nichols begs to state they haven't—"The Life of Riley" should be considered one of the year's most successful comedies. Between them, George Sidney and Charles Murray are responsible for some of the loudest and most whole-hearted laughs of their careers. "The Life of Riley" is strictly a family affair. You will enjoy it.



TUMBLING RIVER— Fox

WHETHER you range from six to sixty you will find this one of the best Tom Mix vehicles. Tom does all his stunts and clever riding with the assistance of that black beauty, *Tony*. And *Tony* has a four-footed pal in this picture, *Buster*. *Buster's* sudden disappearance is the cause of all the shootin', ridin' and excitement and too, that's how Tom meets the girl. Give the whole family a treat.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD— Paramount



THOSE Katzenjammer kids, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, are here seen in a comedy which starts out well, and then drags horribly. They romp through about seven reels of monkeyshines; monkeyshines that will take you back to your funny-paper-reading-days. "Fireman, Save My Child" is a slipshod movie. Send the kiddies; don't take them. They won't mind the sour direction and faults.



SPRING FEVER— M.-G.-M.

THE first starring picture of William Haines lives up to its title and is nothing to get excited about, being a mild attack of humor complicated by little plot. Bill is a fresh young shipping clerk who turns golf pro and Joan Crawford is the beautiful heiress whom he kids into believing him a millionaire. Of course, Bill wins the tournament and nets a fortune. Pleasant entertainment for golf fanatics, Haines fans and all kids.

MADAME POMPADOUR —Paramount



A LAVISHLY mounted costume play of the days of Louis XIV. Dorothy Gish prances around the same as in "Nell Gwyn." But "Nell Gwyn" was filled with a lot of wit and charm while this is more of a character study of the favorite of the king who falls in love with a poor artist and is willing to sacrifice everything for his love. Antonio Moreno is the hero. Others in the cast are English players. Grownups only.



AFTER MIDNIGHT— M.-G.-M.

MONTA BELL wrote this around a real cigarette girl in a Hollywood restaurant. Then he directed it with Norma Shearer as the young woman. The story, however, is just the old yarn of the heroine who, dazzled by money, is about to slip from the straight and narrow path. This time her sister is killed after a drunken party and every one reforms. Not worthy of Miss Shearer or Mr. Bell. Mediocre stuff.

A MAN'S PAST— Universal



UNIVERSAL solemnly tried to make this a strong picture and succeeded too well. The story gets very heavy before the end and just goes on and on and on. Conrad Veidt enacts a convict-surgeon who, through mistaken identity, escapes prison to save lives and win hearts in the desert. Not too convincing and Veidt, though a good actor, is unromantic. Try this only on a night you're bored with comedies.



THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY —Pathe-De Mille

YEARS ago May Robson amused many playgoers with this stage play. And here's May again in the screen version creating many a laugh for blasé movie-goers. May is the wealthy *Aunt Mary Watkins* (an old maid) who is desirous of having her favorite nephew become a doctor but as a doctor he's a better racing driver. When Aunty learns his real occupation, there's lots of fun for everyone. [CONT'D ON PAGE 125]

Two Boys Trying

W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin
They tried out these six great
day. The boss turned 'em down



"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY," and we don't mean maybe. Rejected by Lasky because both Conklin and Fields wanted to play the executioner. "We don't want our actors to lose their heads in this mania for realism," said Lasky



"THE DRAWBACK," guaranteed to outrah any college picture. Chester as the freshman who plays football like nobody's business. W. C.'s coon coat furnishes the necessary S. A. Turned down by Lasky because he feared his life would be endangered by too many cut down flivvers dashing around the studio



"RED WOMEN AND WHITE MEN," a story of the great, unpadlocked places, with four-gun heroes and Glynish squaws. Canned emphatically by Lasky because of the wear and tear on the scenery in the Los Angeles subdivisions

to Break In

are hunting for a co-starring story. dramas before Jesse Lasky one and the boys are still hunting



"THE BLONDE IN THE BLEACHERS" or "The Flying Pop Bottle"—a story of clean fun and dirty uniforms. Scoffed at by Lasky because it would be too much like "The Covered Wagon" or "Peter Pan" or both. Which is as good an excuse as any when you consider it from the range of the bleachers



"THE SHEIK OF WATERLOO." Of course, the boys must have a costume picture sooner or later—preferably later. And Napoleon wrote himself such a wonderful script. Tearfully shovelled into the waste basket by Lasky because Chester wouldn't play *Josephine*



"WHO DID CAPTAIN KIDD KID?" Chester wanted to do the swashbuckling; Fields, the blood curdling. And both boys were crazy to show up Doug Fairbanks. Kicked off the lot by Jesse L. who thinks it is a dirty, mean trick to scare audiences

When *the* Doctors Disagree

It's up to you to judge which of the picture critics is wrong

"TARTUFFE"

"Herein the eminent Jannings strides stiffly about, his eyes glued to a prayer book, his whole attitude that of a foul, revolting person. He does his best to explain by gesture what can only be found in actual words and phrases. And he fails." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *Daily Mirror.*

"The picture, made in Germany several years ago, serves to demonstrate once again the remarkable versatility and amazing acting ability of Herr Jannings." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"MADAME POMPADOUR"

"It is a curious fact, though, that English film producers are able to fashion films about the most fascinating people of history, and yet coat them with a tinge of dullness." JOHN S. COHEN, JR., *N. Y. Sun.*

"Miss Gish, though sweetly pretty in her handsome gowns and wigs, suggests no one so much as Dorothy Gish having a lot of fun dressing up." *Evening Post.*

"The film has pictorial beauty, real suspense and a thrilling and consistent story." ALISON SMITH, *N. Y. World.*

"To us it is the finest thing she (Miss Gish) has done for years. . . . It is a splendid performance." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"LONESOME LADIES"

"Anna Q. Nilsson, looking lovelier than ever, makes such a charming wife that one wonders why a husband should ever want to wander from her side." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"Miss Nilsson's work was not of great importance, one way or the other." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *Daily Mirror.*

"PAINTING THE TOWN"

"The title writer has tried to insert as many puns as possible in the captions and sometimes they are quite good." MORDAUNT HALL, *N. Y. Times.*

". . . A collection of infinitely insipid subtitles, whose author apparently composed them under the delusion that they were comical." GEORGE GERHARD, *N. Y. Evening World.*

"Glenn Tryon is a young man who has brought something worthwhile to the films, a freshness and a style and a method quite extraordinary." QUINN MARTIN, *N. Y. World.*

"It is just a series of silly incidents performed by a trying person named Glenn Tryon." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"TOPSY AND EVA"

"Rosetta is the craziest kid that ever stepped before a camera. Her wonderful knowledge of pantomime and her natural sense of rhythm make each movement count for something." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"She (Rosetta Duncan) is not half as funny or entertaining as she is doing the same thing on the stage. . . . The humor seemed forced and the make-up . . . looked grotesque rather than funny." *Morning World.*

"THE GINGHAM GIRL"

"Lois Wilson overshadowed in a weak part." *Film Daily.*

"The appealing talents of Lois Wilson are shown to their best advantage." *N. Y. Telegram.*

"ADAM AND EVIL"

"There have been better performances than that offered by Aileen Pringle, but, then, one can't be so fussy." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *Daily Mirror.*

"Aileen Pringle is charming. . . . She is one of the screen's few natural comedians." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"AFTER MIDNIGHT"

"Norma Shearer is beautifully photographed in a number of instances, but she is 'Elsie Dinsmore-ish.'" *Los Angeles Times.*

"Norma Shearer is an adaptable actress. I might even say a surprising one, in that she can take an inconsequential rôle and make it colorful and full of possibilities." LOUELLA O. PARSONS, *Los Angeles Examiner.*

"BARBED WIRE"

"'Barbed Wire' is so amateurishly moralistic that it perspires. A moral to be respected should be coated sweet or at least be subtle." DOROTHY HERZOG, *Daily Mirror.*

"A treatise on the late war from the prison camp angle, directed with restraint and artistry. . . . There is nothing sloppy or slushily sentimental about this presentation." IRENE THIRER, *Daily News.*

"THE STOLEN BRIDE"

"Miss Dove appears as sightly as usual and alternately registers both her expressions." *Daily News.*

"Miss Dove . . . demonstrates that she is increasing her histrionic stature by many cubits." *The Morning Telegraph.*



Now that the Prince of Wales has shown England how to fall off a horse, Hoot Gibson is going to show them how to stick on. But, Hoot, that monocle! Are you sure they will recognize you?



Ruth Harriet Louise

NORMA SHEARER said she would never, never marry. Do you remember all her excellent reasons for remaining single? Well, Norma has changed her mind and says she takes it all back. She will soon be Mrs. Irving Thalberg.



Ball

DOROTHY MACKAILL'S elopement with Lothar Mendes, German director, played hob with her career. But Dorothy has put a "no temperament" clause into her matrimonial bargain, and will henceforth be ruler of her own professional destiny.



Ball

YOU are going to see a lot of this girl. She is Claudette Colbert who made a hit in the stage play, "The Barker." She has been signed for the movies and she will play opposite Ben Lyon in "French Dressing," when Ben gets back from Europe.



THE newest rebel—Claire Windsor. With a grand gesture Claire left Metro-Goldwyn flat and quit her husband, Bert Lytell. Claire didn't like her pictures and she didn't like Bert's habit of staying away from home for months at a time.

Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

From Sweden

SWEDEN sends another one
To join the Norseland legion,
How strange that melting beauty grows
In such a chilly region!
Count on the fingers of your hand,
The stars that come from that cold land.

The lady in this case is called
A name that's hard to rhyme,
It's Mona Martenson—they say
She'll make new joybells chime.
Oh, if she's half as nice as Greta,
I'm sure that we'll all troop to meet her!

Eventually—Why Not Now?

Norma Shearer's mother said,
(Anyway, so we have read!)
"Yes, my daughter is to marry—"
No—it's not Tom, Dick or Harry,
Irving Thalberg is the boy,
Metro-Goldwyn's pride and joy.

"But," reporters asked mama,
"Is the wedding near or far?"
Mother Shearer answered them,
With a single short "Ahem!"
Then she murmured, "It will be,
Not just now—eventually!"

Connie Goes Abroad

Connie Talmadge wants to start,
Fancy free and free of heart;
Wants to be, once more, unwed—
Says her latest love is dead!

So she's gone across the sea,
Where upon each Paris tree,
Fresh divorces grow each year—
And she'll pluck one, never fear!

Wide of eye and blond of hair,
Isn't Connie Talmadge fair?
She is much too chic and pretty—
Ah, the Captain has our pity!

Paris likes our Connie's style,
Likes to own her for awhile—
Likes her looks and likes her clothes,
But, says Paris, "Goodness knows,

"Now she's dressed for rainy weather,
Let us put our heads together—
She will want new gowns, b'gosh,
When she's shed her MacIntosh!"

Hovering

The stork flies over many homes,
And many a gift he gives;
And now, folk say, he's near the house,
Where Theda Bara lives.

LON CHANEY *in the Title Rôle of* "Mockery"



A Sonnet Impression of a Shadow Stage Best Performance—

A peasant, just emerging from the dark
Of ages filled with want and pain and toil;
Where even love and life were grim and stark,
Where even minds were buried in the soil.
Mute eyes that raise in agony, beseeching
A thread of understanding and of rest—
Worn hands—unfilled, forever sadly reaching
Toward that torn heart in Russia's bleeding breast.

One wonders if the question he has uttered,
Will even, quite, be answered—if his cry
Will join with all the curses that are uttered,
By souls that strive to struggle ere they die.
One wonders if his spirit will find peace,
However great the final, glad release.

A New Arrival

John Boles and Mrs. John,
Have a baby daughter—
Oh, they're bragging quite a bit,
And we think they oughter!

John Boles and Mrs. John,
Only just went west—
And they say—"For little tots,
Golden states are best!"

John Boles—ere he became,
Gloria's leading man,
Was unknown to every last
Motion picture fan.

He was on the stage, he sang
In a gay revue,
Now that he is of the screen—
With the stage he's through.

But, despite his new career,
With baby in his arms,
Oft in the night, he'll find
That music still has charms.

A Return

If Lillian Gish would grant our wish,
She'd go, 'most any day,
Back to the Griffith management,
Well, rumor says she may!

Reconciliation

It looks as if the sun will shine
Once more upon a shattered love—
Marie and Kenneth Harlan seem
To court the cooing turtle dove.
Folk said their marriage boat had gone
Upon the rocks, and was a wreck,
But at the time of writing, they
Are still in harness, neck to neck!

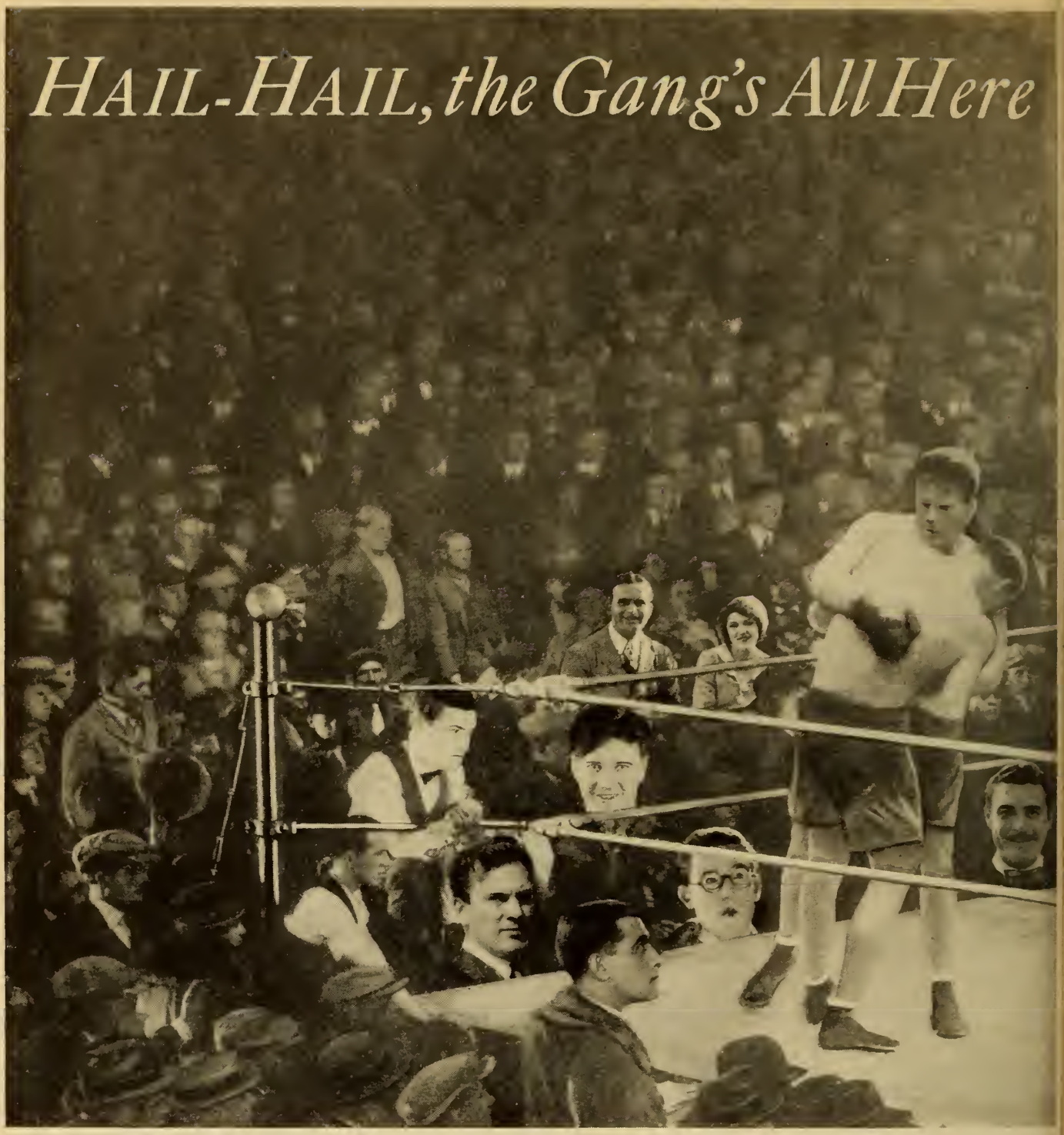
Remember when Marie was star,
In a delightful Lubitsch play?
"The Marriage Circle" was its name—
And—well, her marriage works that way!
It looks as if the arc has swung
Past bickering and doubt and pain,
To end at last in happiness,
And find a honeymoon again!

Passing

It seemed quite right that she should go,
While people walked across a stage;
That she should write her final page,
While vivid footlights dared to glow.
She who had made so many stars,
Whose fingers had worked destiny,
Could never struggle to be free—
Could not meet death as we meet ours!

June Mathis—she was very young,
To close her eyes and sigh and rest.
Oh, it is hard to say, " 'Tis best,"
When splendid songs are yet unsung!
And yet she left behind a trail,
That she had blazed, through picture land . . .
We, through the years, will feel her hand,
Her courage that could never fail!

HAIL-HAIL, the Gang's All Here



IT'S amazing the number of persons who positively must be in Chicago for urgent business reasons along about the twenty-second of September. When Messrs. Tunney and Dempsey step into the ring, they will see about ten million dollars' worth of film stars looking at them from the front rows, provided, of course, they are in the mood for star-gazing.

Tom Mix has discovered that he must go to Chicago to buy Tony a new pair of shoes. Harold Lloyd, somehow or other, just happens to be passing through. And Richard Barthelmess accidentally stops over—on business. Important production plans take Thomas Meighan westward, and just as vital affairs bring Richard Dix eastward. Even Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford feel that imperative urge to be in dear old Chicago. This, incidentally, is Mary's first fight. And John Gilbert suddenly discovers that he needs the refreshing breezes of Lake Michigan.

All in all, the Manassa Mauler and the Greenwich Village Intellectual will play to the most expensive bunch of customers in amusement history.



Rose experienced a new sensation. For the first time a man had looked at her and not flattered her

Stars

By Anna George de Mille

Illustrated by Lorene Bredeweg

"WHY don't you laugh, Rose? Don't you get the point?"

"It's the kind of joke that doesn't seem funny to me," answered the girl quietly, and turned her dark eyes toward the nearest window.

Robert Swinton pulled at his tiny black mustache and gazed at her.

"By Heck, I believe the girl's blushing!"

Responsible for the direction of many popular motion picture successes and known as the "maker of stars," this man of forty, handsome, perfectly groomed, conveyed by every tone and gesture a knowledge of his own power and authority, which was reflected in the deference of his associates. Six of his co-workers were seated at the table. Treating him as a king who could make or unmake them, they took their cue from him and gave vent to more mirth.

"The red shows even through her grease paint!" continued Swinton teasingly. "Amusing little kid!"

Instinctively Rose's hand went to her throat and then consciously she moved it up to her tawny hair which she poked and patted with gentle strokes before she readjusted her little riding hat.

"Around the Studios for how long is it?" continued Robert Swinton benignly. "Ten months, isn't it? And you squirm at a simple little story like that!" He lowered his voice and flashing a smile of compelling charm, spoke so that only she could hear. "You give me a great kick, child!"

"I'm glad if I please you," murmured the girl and looked at him with something like adoration in her eyes. "And now, Big Boss, may I go? I've had all the lunch I want and it seems stupid to come all the way up here to Mt. Wilson and to waste time in a stuffy hotel dining-room when one might be outside getting an eyeful of divine beauty. Besides, it's almost 1:30 and then the big Observatory is open to the public for half an hour. Do come and look at the great telescope," she pleaded.

"It leaves me cold, Rosie dear. Besides, I mustn't take the time." He toyed with his mustache and ruminated for a moment. "But I'll let you go. I've got to get my camera lines laid out and I won't be ready to crank for at least thirty minutes. On condition that you won't tear your clothes or smear your make-up and that you promise to be on location at precisely two o'clock—I'll give you till then to study astronomy."

Rose left the hotel and took the trail under the pine trees to the white building which houses the largest telescope in the world, the great Hundred Inch reflector. She entered the strange edifice and followed the many



"Don't tempt me to get cross with you, Rose. Stop trying to be coy and come sit beside me now"

other sight-seers up into the great round room, from the cement floor of which rose the huge steel instrument, that reached nearly to the top of the domed ceiling. She climbed the metal stairway to the balcony which circled the wall and went with the crowd to a place where she could almost reach out over the rail and touch the telescope itself.

Rose was thrilled. She was oblivious to everything but the strange mechanism in the strange building. It was like nothing she had ever seen before. She forgot time and place until suddenly she became conscious of two young female voices piercing through the chatter of many.

"——not a star!" the first one stated.

"——is so a star!" the other one insisted.

Then she was conscious of a third voice—peculiarly deep and vibrant. It belonged to an unobtrusive looking young man standing near a small table and with his back to the telescope. "Can I be of any help?" he asked. "Are you sure it isn't a planet? What star are you discussing?"

"A movie," answered the school girl.

Rose's glance met that of the young man's and they both grinned.

He was not a very dashing looking person. His clothes were almost shabby and were worn with an oblivion to self-consciousness. His linen, though spotless, was slightly rumpled, and in one place frayed. His necktie was awry. His coat sagged at the pockets, which plainly were used as panniers, and his trousers had not been pressed by a tailor for many days. He looked extremely boyish, due partly to the unruly wisp of hair that poked out at the back of his crown, beyond the thick thatch which had been plastered into order with wet brushes. He stared at her for what seemed a long time. Used as she was to going about in her screen costumes and make-up, she had forgotten that here she was perhaps conspicuous. Suddenly she realized that her white face and green shaded eyes, her doeskin riding breeches of Fifth Avenue cut, and her mannish hat, marked her apart from the other girls present. She started to speak to him, but his attention was suddenly claimed by a big woman who was obviously a school teacher. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

World wide interest in Photoplay's $2,000 Contest—Other events in the realm of Amateur Cinematography—Movie Club Activities

GETTING your film ready for PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest?

Of course you are going to participate. There are somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 active and enthusiastic owners of amateur movie cameras and an interesting percentage of this army has written this department of its plans. Scores of contest films are well on their way towards completion.

If you are working on a contest production, or are planning to start one, read the rules on page 132 carefully. Remember that your film must meet every requirement of the rules. In fairness to all contestants, there can be no exceptions to the rules.

The judges have been announced for the contest. They include Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League; S. L. Rothafel, managing director of the Roxy Theater in New York; Nickolas Muray, the well known photographer; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY; and the managing editor of PHOTOPLAY. If you wish to know more about Mr. Rothafel, turn to page 46. Remember that $500 is offered for the best films in the 36, 16 and 9 mm. divisions, with an added prize of $500 for the best film submitted in any one of these divisions.

EACH month we like to present the most interesting adventures of amateur cinematographers. This month the thrills encountered by Lieutenant George O. Noville, who participated in Commander Byrd's trans-Atlantic flight, easily take first place.

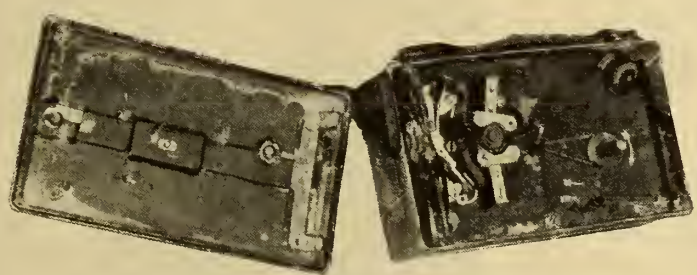


Lieutenant George Noville and the Cine-Kodak he carried on the famous flight of the *America*

Lieut. Noville took the first amateur camera and the first amateur film by air across the Atlantic. His camera was an Eastman Cine-Kodak.

Lieut. Noville acted as the plane's radio operator during the flight of the *America*, but he found time to take a reel of film. The film itself amounted to little photographically because of the dense fog encountered by the *America*. Lieut. Noville had another reel of film along, taken during a test flight, and this later developed excellently, despite its immersion in water when the plane landed in the sea off the coast of France. The spool was rusted and the film stained by the salt water, but the pictures were remarkably clear.

The Cine-Kodak emerged little the worse for its plunge. The salt water rusted it a bit, but it was still workable. The Cine-Kodak was on exhibition in the New York store of the Eastman Company for some time, attracting a lot of attention from amateur cinematographers.



The Cine-Kodak after its immersion in the waters off the French coast

THERE are rumors and more rumors of new amateur motion picture paraphernalia about to be marketed. It seems that the reports of a 16 mm. camera to be manufactured by the De Vry Corporation, makers of the excellent De Vry

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

Do you want to earn a motion picture camera and all equipment by taking subscriptions to PHOTOPLAY? If so, write The Amateur Movie Producer, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Four More Tales from



A year ago Lane Chandler worked in Yellowstone Park. Today he's a hero in the movies with a bona-fide contract

The Passenger Agent Who Made Good

YARNS like this of Lane Chandler's are the answer to why Hollywood attracts thousands of boys and girls every year to fight the Battle of the Casting Office.

But let me warn you, gentle reader, before we go further, that where you find a Lucky Chandler you find ten thousand who fall by the wayside—who never arrive.

Not long ago, Chandler was a passenger agent in Yellowstone National Park. Then he got the "movie bug" and today he is to be featured in a series of Paramount Westerns, his first rôle being in "Open Range," a Zane Grey Production.

Here's how it all happened.

Last year Lane was a happy, carefree youth from the cattle country feeling very fortunate in his job of passenger agent. Then a movie company came to the Park to make a two reeler against the background of Old Faithful geyser.

The producer saw Chandler and gave him a small part.

Chandler found it great fun. He thought it all over and then gave up his job and moved to Hollywood, determined to woo fame and fortune.

Fred Datig, Paramount casting director, was as quick as the two-reel producer to recognize the lad's possibilities. Chandler was given small parts in two of Gary Cooper's Westerns and then came the long term contract.

So Chandler is now a featured Western hero and right at home, for he was a cowboy before becoming a passenger agent. He was born at Culbertson, Montana, rode horseback almost before he could walk and has spent most of his life in the open.

Tragedy of a Character Actress

IN any other town, women approaching middle age after years of toil, dream of settling down quietly.

In Hollywood, Jane Keckley, a fine actress who has given twenty-six years to her art and been in movies since the Selig days, is still walking jauntily through the actor's Hades, the land Between Pictures, at liberty.

Recently she got her first real chance, the rôle of *Abbie* in "The Country Doctor" and gave one of the screen's finest performances. Still she has no guarantee of future work, no contract.

When a kid of sixteen, Jane eloped with an actor, and has belonged to the world of make-believe ever since. She divorced her husband. Her only daughter is married. That leaves her fighting the bitter battle of Hollywood alone.

Not that it scares her. She's had one lucky break. "And oh, my dear," she says, "I'm sure there's something finer just ahead for me."



Jane Keckley waited twenty-six years for her one lucky break in "The Country Doctor." She feels her career has just begun

the Modern Film Bagdad

The Spirit of Geronimo

NOT all the thrills of film ferocity come from the imaginations of writers and actors. Other forces little known to us sometimes lie unseen below the surface.

Once in a decade comes an actor who is like the reincarnation of a ruthless spirit of the past.

The portrayer of many villains—the longest acting associate of Douglas Fairbanks—is the man known as "the Apache," otherwise Charlie Stevens, who has appeared in all of Doug's pictures.

For thirteen years Stevens, with true Indian reticence, kept his secret. Today it has leaped forth to astonish the most publicity hardened inhabitants of Hollywood, for he is no other than the grandson of the fiercest Red Man America has known, Geronimo, chief of the Apaches.

It was this powerful warrior who terrorized Arizona, New Mexico and northern Mexico for four years, defeating large forces sent to capture him. He finally surrendered, to save the starving remnant of his Chiricahua Apaches, in Skeleton Canyon, Arizona, in 1886, and became the prisoner of General Nelson A. Miles. Separated from his family, he worked for the federal government, adopted Christianity and died at the age of eighty at Ft. Sill, Okla., in 1909.

For those who have seen Charlie Stevens as a reincarnated fiend, brutal and treacherous beyond description, it may be hard to imagine him as the gentle, sunny comrade of the Fairbanks company. Charlie played the buccaneer in "The Black Pirate," and blew up the merchantman with a train of powder. In justice, let it be chronicled that the false projecting teeth were worn only for the picture. In "The Gaucho" he will appear as the treacherous lieutenant of the bandit chief, the latter being the rôle of Doug himself.



Charlie Stevens, grandson of the great Apache warrior, has kept his formidable ancestry a secret for thirteen years





Ernie Johnson has rustled his last prop. He's a character man now, playing *Smith*, the Salvationist, in the Jannings picture

The Prop Boy Actor

ERNIE JOHNSON, twenty-nine years old, with a wife and a kid, has been tripping over electric cables at Paramount studio for four years, wondering what was the matter with him.

All he could be, it seemed, was a property boy. A big picture was a week under way. It was an Emil Jannings starring production with Fay Wray, his leading lady.

But, nobody to play *Smith*—*Smith*, the inspired rabbit of a man, dressed in ill-fitting Salvationist uniform, fighting his own terror while he fights to save souls.

"The trumpet for *Smith!*" bellowed Mauritz Stiller, the director.

All Ernie Johnson, property boy, heard was, "trumpet for *Smith*." He came running, breathless, and his small round eyes were a bit piteous—a scared rabbit.

Stiller got it in a flash when he saw in Johnson, holding up the Salvation Army trumpet, *Smith*, the inspired rabbit.

Ernie Johnson now is Ernest Johnson, in "Hitting for Heaven," a character actor in a smashing rôle.

Jesse James—"Hero"!

By Ivan St. Johns



This was the Jesse James father saw as a boy on the covers of yellow backed, blood-curdling dime novels

JESSE JAMES—"hero"! Imagine that if you can! I couldn't, so when I started talking to Fred Thomson, who is to screen characterize the wild and woolly bandit at whose escapades in dime novel form so many of the bankers and other staid business leaders of today thrilled when they were boys, I was taken off my feet when he characterized Jesse James as a hero and the victim of circumstances.

No doubt Jesse James appealed to you as well as to me in our juvenile days when we hid behind the woodshed, or down in the cellar and enjoyed those stolen moments of dime novel perusal. I know I stood thrilled for an hour at a time in front of the little candy store where there was on display string after string of those five centers dealing with the exploits of the bandits and Indian fighters, whose deeds were glaringly set forth through the medium of wood cuts that "decorated" the front covers.

In those days he was a hero to all of us. But a different kind of a "hero" than we pictured him in those days, is what Fred Thomson meant.

But right out on the Lasky ranch the other day while I was watching them shoot scenes for the first of the Fred Thomson starring features for Paramount, I almost bit the dust when the star, in reply to a question on my part, shot the following at me:

"Had Abraham Lincoln lived Jesse James never would have been a bandit."

My reason for a visit with Fred Thomson, who is the present day idol of all the kids in America—who is pointed out by all the Scout Masters as the example that our youth should follow—was the fact that I had heard that he was to star and play the titular rôle in "The Life of Jesse James" on the screen. It was hard for me to reconcile the thought of a graduate of a theological seminary, who had been ordained a minister, accepting the rôle of an outlaw as his first starring production.

In the first place Thomson is the fellow who always is the Johnny-on-the-job boy who rides to the rescue of some fair screen shero just at the moment that the villain is menacing her—he forsook the cloth because he felt that the screen was a greater medium than the pulpit from which to instruct the young idea in the difference between right and wrong and yet here I found him getting ready to play Jesse James. But he soon set me right with a recital of facts in the life of the six-gun man of bank robbing and stage stick-up fame, which were revealed in the research work which prefaced the actual beginning of shooting for the picture.

BUT to return to Jesse James. A lot of others have in the past few years, most of whom only lacked the outlaw's horse to make them a life-like reproduction.

"James was forced into outlawry by the carpet-baggers who invaded the South and the border states at the close of the Civil War," was the manner in which Fred followed up his statement regarding Lincoln and James, and warming to his subject he continued:

"To those who knew him, James embodied all the heroic characteristics of a modern Robin Hood. Only James did not rob for sport and excitement, but rather from necessity. He took from the wealthy carpet-bagger to help the needy who had beggared themselves following a lost cause—the same cause in which James enlisted and fought and because of which he was placed beyond the pale.

"But for circumstances beyond his control he probably would have lived and died a highly respectable Missouri farmer. Who knows but he might even have been elected to Congress from his home state, and there he might have developed the same talents that he exercised on the plains, but plied them with a greater degree of finesse, and remained within the law.

"Only a high-spirited, mettlesome horse ever becomes an outlaw. There is no doubt that James was high-spirited and always on his mettle. In the case of the horse he is usually driven to viciousness through mishandling or abuse. In the case of Jesse James it was much the same. He was a strong, fearless man without the trace of a mean trait. By the injustices that he suffered at the hands of his fellowmen he was driven from his hearth and home to become a hunted object

"Had Lincoln lived the famous outlaw never would have been a bandit"

outside the law—a hunted animal forced to prey on others for his daily bread. He had no choice in the matter, for it was either that or the rôle of Judas that a group of unscrupulous politicians wanted to force on him.

"SINCE I announced I would make a picture of the life of Jesse James I have been flooded with letters from those who still cherish the memory of him for the many kind deeds that he performed. They are from people who lived in the territory where the James Boys operated. When a train was held-up or a bank robbed, it was always the bullion horded by some carpet-bagger that he and his boys were after. Never did they rob the poor and needy.

"I do not intend to make a hero of him exactly; he had enough faults and virtues to make him very human. But he was by no means the villain that he has been pictured.

"Lincoln was assassinated at the time when his gentle guidance was most needed to soften the war-time passions. Jesse James lived long enough to become the dramatic victim of those passions in the reconstruction days. He became the personification of the South's resentment against the post-war exploitation and revenge; he was the flickering ember of revolt against the abuse of the rule of the majority."

Fred Thomson turned upon me his slow smile, and continuing he asked me:

"Just how much do you really know about the life of Jesse James? I expect you are like most others and think of him as the most blood-thirsty, fearless, devil-may-care outlaw this country has ever produced."

I was frank enough to state that that had always been my opinion of Jesse James, and then Thomson started to shoot a few additional facts at me.

"Do you know that it has never been proved, though he fought many a pitched battle in which there were dead on both sides, that Jesse James himself actually killed anyone?

"Do you know he was a war-time outlaw—that it was forced on him without his having any choice in the matter?

"Do you know he married a woman of the highest type and was a kind and loving husband and father?

"Do you know he was the son of a Baptist minister, his mother a convent-bred Kentucky girl, and that his grandfather and uncle also were ministers?"

I CONFESSED that I didn't. This didn't sound much like the stuff that I recalled from my dime novel days. Then Fred, who has read everything there is to read about Jesse James, gave me a few high-lights in the life of James that he expects to present on the screen, so that the outlaw may be shown in his true light at last.

"Jesse James lived with his mother, his brother Frank, and his step-father, Dr. Reuben Samuels, in Clay County, Missouri, at the outbreak of the Civil War. Coming from Kentucky they were ardent Southern sympathizers and young Frank in the early days of the war joined Quantrell's Partisan Rangers, or Quantrell's Guerrillas as they were later called, a picturesque and daring band that swept everything before them in their Western raids.



Fred Thomson depicts the Missouri desperado on the screen as a much wronged gentleman. Which version is right?

"Quantrell's Guerrillas were not the brutes they were painted in the heat of war-time propaganda intended to stimulate Union recruiting. They were a little band of picked men, numbering about 250, who were the last word in efficiency as cavalry fighters. Where the ordinary trooper went into battle firing his old cap and ball six-shooter with one hand and guiding his mount with the other, Quantrell's lads spurred in with their reins in their teeth and a gun in each hand that spouted sure-death with every shot that was fired.

"While the average cavalryman carried two guns, the Guerrillas had from four to six six-shooters strapped on their persons. While on their mounts they carried a Winchester and a shot-gun for good measure. No wonder they were able to beat down four times their number in conflict. They were efficient fighters—not butchers—they had to be or they couldn't stay with Quantrell.

"But enough of them! Let's get back to Jesse again.

"At the age of fifteen while working in his mother's fields, he saw Federal soldiers trying to hang his step-father and he himself was severely beaten with the flat of their sabres when he protested.

"This brought the youth [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

NOW is the time to renovate last Winter's wardrobe. You may be surprised to find how many articles of clothing can be remodeled or freshened up for early Fall, AND, the wise woman will always use her last year's suit or coat for the first few weeks of the cool season.

We rush from one season to another with such enthusiasm that one is likely to buy a Fall outfit before the new styles are settled. Then you are sure to be unhappy, unless your income permits of several changes.

I HAVE a feeling there will be several decided innovations in the outline for Fall and Winter. The waist line has been creeping up a bit and may go still nearer toward the normal line.

I can give only a few suggestions at this uncertain time of the year as to what may or may not be worn. From all indications, the "picture frock" will carry its vogue well into the Fall and Winter. It is lovely for certain types—extremely long skirt in the back—extremely short in front.

MATERIALS will play the most important part in the coming styles. Exquisite satins, made on simple lines, will be the most popular for evening. One must have shoes to match or harmonize. The plain gold or silver shoe is completely passé.

Colors for Fall seem to indicate that beiges, browns and perhaps dark green will be best for street wear. There has been so much beige worn for the past two seasons that should you have a second hand frock in this shade and it is looking a bit faded, then have it dyed a dark green. The beige tones are easy to dye.

MANY of the hat shops are showing various feather ornaments as trimming, but feathers are flattering to so very few people that I believe this will be a passing effort, like the action to bring feather boas back to popularity. The simple felt will be good—and velvet combined with felt. The large hat will be seldom seen after the warm months have passed.

DIAMOND jewelry still has the edge on pearls, partly because it has been too expensive to be generally worn. However, it is being made up in less costly materials for the Fall, and the more simple the frock is made, the more elaborate should be the jewelry worn with it.

The mannish bob is losing favor. All indications at this time seem to suggest a return to exceedingly feminine modes for the coming Winter. This applies to hair, hats and frocks.

Let Photoplay

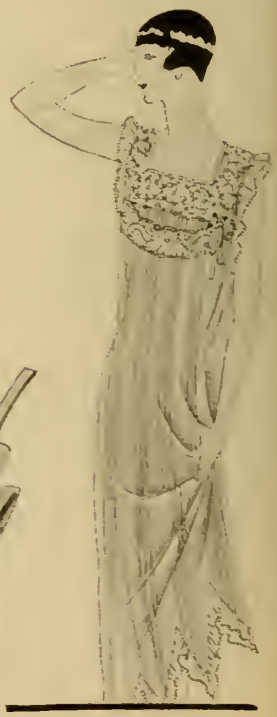


For those Autumn days—a three piece sweater ensemble of fine zephyr jersey. The coat is cut cardigan style and the skirt, on a bodice top, has inserted pleats in front. The slip-over sweater is of knitted tweed pattern. In Queen blue, almond green and cocoa. Sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 42. $16.75

In style and value, it would be hard to duplicate this one piece jersey dress for the price—$5.95. The blouse is trimmed with tucks and the collar is particularly girlish and becoming. In copenhagen, tan, navy or rose. Sizes 16 to 46

For town or country wear, there is solid comfort in this capeskin leather coat. It is smartly cut and lined in warm wool plaid. It comes in red, tan, green, blue or black, with harmonizing lining. The price is $15.95. Sizes 36 to 42

You will like the pointed hem line of this crepe de chine nightgown. It is edged with lace and net and the yoke is also trimmed with lace and net. The price, too, is most attractive—only $3.95. The sizes are 15, 16 or 17 and the colors are flesh, peach and nile



The little dance set is strictly tailored so it will fit neatly under the most clinging frocks. The bandeau and pantics are trimmed with embroidery. The bindings are of contrasting colors. In flesh, peach or nile. Sizes 32, 34 or 36. $3.95



You may want to order several of these costume slips to wear with your fall frocks. In tan, navy, black, silver, gold, peach, flesh, white and Chin Chin blue. The slip is made of jewel satin. Sizes 34 to 44. $3.95

Do Your Shopping



For the woman who would look slim—a one piece frock of crepe back satin. The side flare on the skirt is particularly distinctive and chic. An ideal utility frock for the large or small woman. In red, navy or black. Sizes 34 to 42. Priced at $16.50



Two pretty accessories. A collar and cuff set of sheer organdie with button and cord loop trimming. In white only—95c. And a fashionable flat snake flexible necklace—gold plated—with bracelet to match. The necklace —90c. The bracelet—50c



A trim two piece dress of Cherlaine with clusters of invisible stripes is shown at the right. In copenhagen, green, navy or black. Sizes 16 to 40. Price—$12.95



A dance frock of taffeta and trimmed with raised flowers, also of taffeta. The yoke and hem are of net. In pink, orchid or nile. Sizes 14 to 20. $25.00



Below is something to delight the heart of any girl—a pair of bewitching crepe de chine pajamas. Notice the becoming yoke of frilly lace and the lace trimmed cuffs on the trousers. The colors are flesh, peach, orchid, nile or coral. A wonderful value at $5.95. Sizes 15, 16 or 17

A linene smock in the popular coolie style. In copenhagen, green, orchid or leather. Sizes—small, medium or large. $1.95

A two piece frock. The blouse is of novelty velvet trimmed with band and buttons of satin. The skirt is satin on a bodice top. In black and white, with a black skirt; or brown and tan, with a brown skirt. Sizes 14 to 20. $19.75







Immediately to your left is an Antelope hand bag, strongly made and practically designed. You may order it in black, with silver finish frame and silver piping; or brown, with gold finish frame and gold piping. Price—$5.00

To your left, just above the hand bag, you will see a silk triangle scarf to give a touch of color to your Fall outfit. It is hand painted in vivid or subdued colorings. State your preference when ordering. The price is $2.95

How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: Thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers are using this Shopping Service. Its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader whether a subscriber or not. Send check or money order together with size and color desired. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. No article will be sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it immediately and your money will be refunded. IMPORTANT: Articles for credit or exchange must be returned direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and not to the shop from which they were sent.



Shirley O'Hara was discovered by Adolphe Menjou

A Wise Colleen *from* Mexico

Shirley O'Hara is a New York girl who came to the films via Mexico and the University of California

By Robert D. Fender

IF you were told that you had to meet and spend a couple of hours with a girl who was damned with brains, what would you do? I thought so. I said the same thing!

"Oh, thank you," I said, "but I promised the boys I would stay at home and practice my part for our musical saw trio—" or, "So sorry, but I was just leaving for the park to study our feathered cousins—the birds."

These are but two of the many alibis I had, but none of them worked.

"Oh, buck up," said a friend. "I've heard a lot about Miss O'Hara and everyone says she is a wonderful kid in spite of her brains."

I said, "Then let everyone go and talk with her—I know what she'll be like. She'll wear low heels and tell me about her 'art.' She'll ask me whether the 'cinema' is in a period of reconstruction or whether it needs a complete rebirth. Her eyebrows will lift with every other word and she'll probably smoke perfumed cigarettes in a long holder and overflow with poetry. If you're so crazy about brainy girls, why don't you take my place this afternoon?"

Mumbling something about having to teach his Boy Scout class, my cheerful friend disappeared—for good, I hoped.

"A man like that should be hanged by the neck until livid," I thought, as I went in search of the girl. "And furthermore," I mused bitterly, "if this charming person that I must visit so much as mentions 'the great possibilities of the cinema of the future' I'll have to give her a quick, sharp clout on the head—just one, but very deadly. I know how to treat these brainy gals and it's time someone started putting them in their place.

"I want to see Miss O'Hara," I growled at the studio clerk. I said it shamelessly and thought I detected a smirk as he replied: "Miss O'Hara? Surely—just step this way. She is just finishing work on 'A Gentleman from Paris'"—(I already knew that she was Menjou's leading lady in this picture—why did he have to be so cheerful and solicitous about it?)—"she's just finishing," he rattled on, "and you can see her in a few minutes. Won't you wait in the office here?"

This fellow made me sore and I decided to pick a fight with him first; just to get in training for Miss O'Hara.

"Well, wise guy," I said, "you seem to know a lot about her. I suppose she's a pal of yours or something. She probably calls you by your first name. I suppose you two are thick friends and that she can't pass you without dropping a pansy on your desk."

I looked him up and down angrily, ready for whatever he had, but the fool still smiled benignly. He wasn't in the least disturbed.

"As a matter of fact," he replied cheerfully, "I *am* a friend of Shirley's. In fact, we all happen to be her friends, and if you knew her you would be too. Miss O'Hara is not *Miss* O'Hara to anyone around here. She's Shirley, by her request, and we're *crazy* about her."

I made a rush for him, but he ducked out the door laughing. So that's the kind of a girl she is, eh? Just everybody's little friend, and ain't we got fun?

"Well, just let her try to make a friend of me," I thought, "I'll show her. Little friend indeed!"

I sat down to wait her arrival.

Presently a knockout of a girl walked in. I straightened my tie and forgot my worries for the moment.

"Did you want to see me?" she asked.

"No, I'm sorry—I mean—rather—I'm *supposed* to see a Miss O'Hara, but—"

She laughed beautifully. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Her Royal Highness EULALIA *Infanta of Spain*

discusses Beauty in the Courts of Europe



A VIVID, arresting personality is the Infanta Eulalia. A true princess of the reigning Spanish family, she possesses not alone its charm but its traditional daring and forcefulness of character—that indestructible spirit which has been the mark of the Spanish Royal family since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

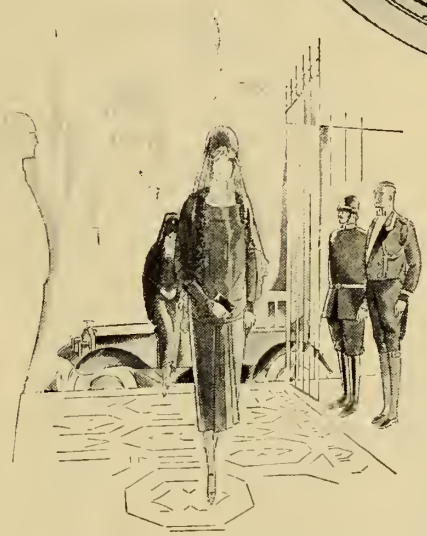
Unlike most women of royal birth, whose lives are restricted by the formalities of court, Infanta Eulalia has seen the world, has made friends in every walk of life, has pursued her own activities. Spanish, Austrian and English connections make her aunt, cousin or godmother to princes and princesses of every ruling house.

SO she speaks with experience and knowledge when she emphasizes the importance to a woman—especially to one whose life centers in court circles—of cultivating her loveliest attributes, of learning how she may keep the fresh beauty of her skin.

"Life in the courts of Europe," she says, "demands much of a woman, especially that poise and assurance which birth and position give, but which must be supported by exquisite personal attributes. The daily use of Pond's Two Creams," she concludes with wisdom, "leads to this assurance."

HER Royal Highness Eulalia is not unique in this conclusion. Leading women everywhere are completely in accord with her. Seeking the best means of keeping their complexions untrammeled by the strain of modern life, thousands have found it in the Two Creams made by Pond's. Used as follows daily these fragrant delicious creams will bring to you that most exquisite personal attribute—a clear youthful skin:—

Cleanse your skin and keep it fresh and supple by using Pond's Cold Cream. Upon retiring and often during the day, whenever your skin feels dusty, drawn, tired, pat this light cream on generously. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine pure oils penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave some of the cream on after the bedtime cleansing to restore suppleness.



A glimpse of the Infanta in lace mantilla, on her way to mass, in Madrid. She is staunch in her devotion to the faith of her country and of her family—the Bourbons, which has been the reigning house of Spain for more than two hundred years

Her Royal Highness, INFANTA EULALIA *of Spain*

aunt of the King, has traveled widely, lived in every country in Europe and once visited the United States. Her opportunities for observation and her keen intellect give her an exceptional understanding of European society. Her book, "Courts and Countries After the War," is replete with penetrating comment

A Final Touch of Loveliness

For that exquisite last touch of loveliness, that radiance and finish which you need for evening and when you go out, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly. Do this after every daytime cleansing, always before you powder, and before going out into wind or dust.

This cream, even more than Pond's Cold Cream, has pleased the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who exclaims: "Of all the Creams I have used, nothing has given me such a sense of freshness as Pond's Vanishing Cream."



These are the Two Creams, so delicately prepared from exquisite ingredients, that highly born women the world around choose them

Free Offer: *Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams.*

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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



True beauty
comes from within

"Make-up" can only help

SOME women always look lovely—always interesting, animated, gloriously alive.

Beauty such as theirs does not bloom by magic at the dressing table. For a really fine complexion isn't to be coaxed from even the cleverest little beauty jars and boxes—it is the precious gift that only health can give.

Yet thousands of women never have this natural beauty—never really look their best—because they violate the simple rules of health. They don't get the proper exercise, they eat unwisely, rest themselves badly.

The frequent result of these ill-adjusted habits of health is intestinal stoppage. Food wastes remain too long within the intestines, fermenting and setting up a condition of self-poisoning which renders the blood impure. This impure blood causes blemishes—dullness—a lacklustre look.

To correct these skin defects, you must first rid the blood of the impurities which are responsible for them. And the approved way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica—the standard, effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica helps clear the complexion by promptly correcting stoppage and keeping the blood stream pure and healthy.

Sal Hepatica is also efficacious in the treatment of indigestion, colds, headache, rheumatism and many other ills. *It combines the same health-giving salines that draw thousands to European spas to "take the cure."*

Don't let the poisons of waste develop within yourself. Avoid skin blemishes and ill health by keeping internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

Dissolved in a glass of water Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, palatable drink. The best time to take it is half an hour before breakfast or any other meal.

Send for our booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica guards your health and beauty.

For booklet please address

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Dept.G-107, 71 West St.,
New York City



Sal Hepatica

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In Search of a Bad Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the next year I was getting up at six in the morning and riding on a trolley nearly two hours to get to Sennett's and work all day for twelve dollars a week."

"JUVENILES were scarce in those days, dear," she said, "and Sennett discovered he could put pants and a mustache on me and make me a boy. I've played lots of love scenes with Gloria and Marie and Mary Thurman and got away with them. Can you bear it?"

"I really never was anybody at Sennett's. It was Gloria and Marie and Mary Thurman who got the fame. I tried so hard to make a hit. Listen, dear, this is funny. We all had a crush on Richard Dix. He was playing in the Morosco stock company and I had a friend who was a friend of his and the friend introduced me. I was so proud. I told Mary Thurman. She didn't believe I knew him, so I said I'd introduce her. Imagine.

"I'd only met him once.

"Well, dear, this shows you what we were like in those days. I'd seen a beautiful ermine scarf—twenty-seven dollars. I'd been saving twenty-seven weeks for it. I thought it was just beautiful. It went around my neck and down to my heels and it had two hundred black tails on it. Can you bear it?

"Mary and I made a date and I agreed to spend the night at her house. I had my new fur and a new outfit. It was wonderful. A purple coat lined with yellow, purple shoes with yellow spats and as a final touch a white straw hat with purple felt flowers on it, that I'd made out of an old high school pennant of mine. Conceive of that! Mary was so beautiful. I took her down to Richard Dix's hotel and introduced them. He looked at her and never looked at me again. He suggested he get a friend for me, and did, and those two drove off in his new red Ford roadster.

"Well, dear, that strange man and I drove out into the country and it rained and my fur, how it smelled. I nearly died and when we got to a restaurant, I rushed straight out to the kitchen and spent all my time by the stove, trying to dry that fake ermine, but the black all ran off the tails. So, finally, I went heartbrokenly back to Mary's.

"NOW in those days we all talked about getting betrayed. We expected it to happen any moment and I was really getting rather discouraged that I'd never had to fight off any villains or anything at the studio. But when I dragged back to Mary's, there she stood, a wreck. One of her eyes was black and the left side of her face was all scratched.

"'Oh, Mary,' I cried, 'so it's happened to you.' But it hadn't, dear. She and Richard had just been in his Ford when it turned turtle."

Phyllis giggled. "Isn't that lovely, dear? Now I'll be serious. I've had many disappointments. There was 'The Christian' for instance. I left Sennett to do that. But while it made stars of Richard Dix and Mae Busch nobody noticed me in it.

"Then there was my recent Metropolitan contract, now taken over by Mr. De Mille. Nobody noticed me playing in any of those pictures. Do you know that I've never got my man but twice in my career? The very first time was in "The Nervous Wreck." I got Harrison Ford. Now Harrison's a darling but somehow you never quite realize when you're playing love scenes with him. But in 'The Fighting Eagle' I got Rod LaRocque and with Rod—well, you know. I was so self-conscious."

"WHAT caused that change?" I asked. "Was it just a change in casting or was it a change in you. Something's happened to you in the last year."

"No, dear," Phyllis shook her yellow curls. "I'm just the same. You know, while I've been watching Marie and Gloria become stars, I've said to myself, 'You keep right on as you are, Phyllis. Do everything that comes, only try to do each bit in a distinctive way. Don't get mixed up in film politics or film gossip, and the chance will come.' And it did come, dear. When Mr. Jannings sent for me I was the happiest girl in the world.

"You see, that's my whole philosophy. I live quietly with my mother, dear, and I haven't had time for romance or anything. I've seen so many of the girls hurt themselves with love, dear, and I'm afraid of it until I get my career really started and my mother financially taken care of. Besides I wouldn't make a good wife.

"I'm too interested in myself, too interested in my career.

"STARRING means responsibility and poor parts, rather than good. I've found that happiness means discovering your work and then sticking to it. It takes self-denial but it's worth it. You can't have many friends and no parties or indulgences, not in this movie business, but oh, it's worth it. I want really to make a success. I want to stay under contract to some studio, here at De Mille's if possible, and get loaned out occasionally. Because when another company borrows you and pays big money for you, they must have something good for you they think you could do better than any one else. Isn't it so, dear?"

I gazed at Phyllis, at her golden loveliness, marveled at her golden amazing naivete. "Phyllis," I said, "you're charming. I wanted you to be wicked and you're good as a child. You're a cool, sweet parfait instead of a torrid blonde. How do you explain your playing wicked women so perfectly?"

Phyllis giggled her little crescent of staccato notes. "Do you suppose it means I'm a great actress, dear? Wouldn't it be wonderful, if it did? Could you bear it?"

I hope she gets a chance to play Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." She'd eat it up. It belongs to her.

"NERVOUS, MISERABLE . . . *I had to give up every outdoor sport*"



ABOVE. MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN, *of Philadelphia*

RIGHT

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it regularly at meal times. Soon the boils simply faded away and I have had none since. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit'."

LEIGHTON M. REID, Detroit, Mich.





LEFT

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast. . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, 'enjoying the best of health'."

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Auto-intoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was terribly weak—oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my auto-intoxication had *disappeared*. I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

—*Mrs. Cyril E. Allen.*

WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified — the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. 34, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

This modern, natural way to health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to eat one cake with a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

temperaments of actors, Sol Wurtzel, producer and manager of the Fox Studios, went out to play golf and broke three clubs because he couldn't hit a ball straight.

THE whole controversy over salaries, waste, and incompetency has had some salutary results, however. One studio manager issued an order forbidding writers to order steak for lunch because special orders interfered with the efficiency of the kitchen. Another revised the parking rules for automobiles on the lot. And Wilson Mizner, the world famous wit and playwright, sharpened his own pencil.

"I had better get busy knitting my ditty or they won't give me any more pretty checks," he said, and he actually worked two hours that day.

EMIL JANNINGS, talented German visitor, is getting grand breaks these days while William Farnum, noblest Roman of them all, is permitted to play golf every day without the slightest sign of interest from the producers. Bill Farnum, who did more real acting in "Les Miserables" and "The Tale of Two Cities" than any imported film actor has done in any ten pictures; Bill Farnum, the idol of millions of fans, after two years of patient and unpublicized suffering in a hospital, the picture of health, looking younger than ever, knocking little white balls for miles and miles while supervisors try out German after Hungarian, and Italian after Russian: There's a picture for you.

One of these days some producer with vision will "discover" Bill Farnum, and I'll bet PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE against a package of Camels that he will knock the sauerkraut and garlic contingent for a long row of eucalyptus trees.

GOING back to Wilson Mizner. Anita Loos, the demi-tasse authoress of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," asked him how he liked Hollywood.

"I am disappointed," he said, "very disappointed. The joint is dead as a New York night club. I thought it was going to be like a delightful trip through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat."

VON STROHEIM, the directorial genius, is worried about grocery bills, while a supervisor who is such a colossal failure that his company is trying to pay him half a million dollars to give up his contract and quit, solemnly advocates that the great artist should be barred from making more pictures because he takes too much time to complete his films.

AND then there is the supervisor who is getting fifteen hundred dollars a week because he takes the boss's homely daughter to all the previews.

IT happened in the Mariposa Grove, part of the Yosemite National Park, where the giant sequoias, oldest and largest trees in the world, have their habitat.

We were motoring, Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, my kindliest critic, and I, and had stopped by the side of the road, in the cool shadow of "Faithful Couple," one of the most famous of them all, two giant trees that have grown together for over two thousand years.

Milton, dusty and grimy from driving, was perched upon the side of the car, devouring a cold fried chicken leg, when along came one of the big sight-seeing automobile stages, loaded with twenty tourists.

"On your left, ladies and gentlemen," the guide was saying, "on your left is Faithful Couple, thirty feet in diameter and—" He caught sight of Milton, and jerked his outstretched arm around to him.

"My Lord," he cried, "there's Milton Sills." And the Faithful Couple never got another look.

WILL ROGERS is mayor of Beverly Hills no longer. His benign rule is over. He did not choose to be mayor again. He is now gadding about Washington making "The Texas Steer" into a movie for Sam Rork, the Irish picture *impresario*, and the old boys in the Senate are wondering what Rogers may do to them when he plays the rôle of a member of that august body.

Beginning with the next issue of PHOTOPLAY he joins the editorial family. If his page does not result in better movies his debunking treatments will be beneficial.

WE had all come in from the golf course. George Melford, who has just made a brilliant comeback with his direction of "A Man's Past" for Universal, and Al Cohn, formerly Western editor of PHOTOPLAY, now one of the highest paid scenario writers of Hollywood, were ragging each other about the relative importance of writer and director.

Said Al: "All you have to do is to direct your picture as it is written for you."

Said George: "Is zat so? If you birds knew how to write that good you would be directors yourselves."

Said I: "If you could play golf as it is written by champions you would be a champion."

Said Conway Tearle: "Yes, and if you critics would produce pictures like you criticize them you would be producers." So we all shut up.

H A V E A C A M E L



On the heights of contentment . . .

MODERN smokers have in Camel such tobaccos and blending as were never offered in cigarettes before, regardless of price. Camels may be had everywhere—because they please the taste of smokers everywhere. Money cannot buy choicer tobaccos than you get in this famous cigarette, and the blend is so mellow and smooth that there is never a tired taste, no matter how many you may choose to light.

The producers of Camel, the country's largest tobacco organization, concentrate all their purchasing and manufacturing resources in this one brand of cigarettes. Into it goes their undivided pride and skill to produce such a smoke as the world has never known before.

The result of Camel's quality is its leadership among cigarettes. Modern smokers, won by its choice tobaccos, by its ever-dependable taste and fragrance, have awarded it first place. You're invited to modern smoking enjoyment.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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HER MIRROR WILL NEVER TELL THIS TRAGIC STORY



4 *out of* 5 *surrender to Pyorrhea*

So many women in the richest years of life are unfortunate pawns of neglect, cheeks sunken and sallow, eyes lifeless . . . Still there are exceptions: Charming women who wear their beauty like a queen, who with a little care protect their loveliness and health against the attack of Pyorrhea.

Like a blight, this enemy settles on health and beauty. If neglected, its poison seeps through the system often causing rheumatism, stomach disorders and facial disfigurement. It strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger—victims of carelessness.

Don't fear these uneven odds. Simple preventive measures will give you protection. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly, at least twice a year. Start using Forhan's for the Gums—today!

Prepared after the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, this dentifrice is designed to thwart this grim foe, or to check its course.

While keeping gums firm and healthy, Forhan's keeps teeth pearly white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

It is folly to wait for danger signals. Prevention is easier. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get Forhan's from your druggist—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
. . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



You Can Be Sure of This

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a telltale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists—35c and 60c.



Novarro *to* Quit Screen *for* Music



OUT of the darkness came the glory chant of the Ave Maria. Then slowly the light of a vagrant moon found the face of the troubadour as kneeling, hand on heart, he sang his praise of the Queen of Heaven. . . .

Thus the curtain appropriately rose on the new career of Ramon Novarro, 20th century troubadour. . . . It was his first concert, given in Novarro's Teatro Intimo in Los Angeles, to honor Louis Graveure, most distinguished baritone, who has proclaimed Ramon the coming great tenor.

In striking costumes, with settings conceived out of light and drapery, Novarro sang—and visualized dramatically—a program of ten songs—six Spanish and Mexican, three Italian, and one French. With unusual versatility he sang his chants, lyrical ballads, gay and satirical folk songs—now to the music of the orchestra and now to the click of his castanets or the lazy thrumming of a guitar.

An audience of seventy-five, celebrities of stage and music, cheered and applauded him as he stepped forth on the new career. When he has finished his picture contract he will go troubadouring around the world. His next picture, "The Road to Romance," shows him very much in this spirit, as does the character of *Prince Karl Heinrich* in "Old Heidelberg," and as did The Prince of the House of Hur. . . . Hail to the Prince of Troubadours!

exclusively fine shoes



Smart New Yorkers Wear these Shoes —You Can, Too!

OF course you've heard of Cousins' famous shoes and Cousins' famous store in New York. "Fashionable feet, wherever you live"—that's our motto.

Just as smart New York women shop for shoes at our store, so may you. You are assured the same shoe-satisfaction by mail that you'd get from a personal visit.

Here, ladies, are three wonderful shoes—each typical of the fall mode. They come in a wide variety of leathers and trimmings, including genuine Boa Snake and genuine Lizard Skin.



Sonora
Genuine Black Lizard, Patent quarter, steel Kid trim, $25.00

Blanchette
Carmelle iridescent Kid, Genuine Boa Snake trim, $23.50





Elysia
Patent Leather, Steel Kid trim, Genuine Lizard inlay, $18.50

We will submit these models for your approval, if you like. Our booklet, "*The Subtle Art of Line*," makes shopping by mail so simple. It's yours for the asking. Use the coupon below. Mail it today.

J & T Cousins
17 a WEST 57
NEW YORK CITY

Please Send Booklet to

Name _____

Address _____

Have You Acting Talent?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

yourself above all else, to evaluate impartially your acting handicaps as well as your acting assets despite what interested and well-meaning people say to you, despite what you yourself may wish.

It is a common fault to believe what we wish to believe. Don't fall into that trap.

If you really want to discover whether you have acting talent ask yourself first of all whether you are an introvert or an extrovert.

If you are an extrovert you may as well stop right there.

If, though, you think you are of the introverted type, then ask yourself the questions which follow.

ABOVE all else, however, answer the questions absolutely without reserve, without flinching, with fearless honesty.

Be careful lest you make excuses for yourself.

1. Are you self-conscious?
2. Are you easily embarrassed?
3. Have you an expressive face?
4. Are your emotional reactions quick, fluid and readily influenced or are they shut-in, stiff, and stolid?
5. Are your bodily movements free and unhampered or are they labored and awkward?
6. Do you know how to handle your arms and legs? Can you express action through gesture?
7. Do your body and mind coordinate well, or does one confuse the other?
8. Are you good at imitation?
9. Do you know how to laugh, cry, appear animated or depressed, show sentiment, resentment, anger, love, etc.? Can you display these feelings at command?
10. Have you a vivid imagination? Can you feel a scene by visualizing it to yourself?
11. Do you take direction graciously or are you resentful, proud and egotistic?
12. Have you an active, dynamic personality?
13. Do people tend strongly either to like you or dislike you? Do they seem to watch you and want to know you? Or are they usually indifferent to you?
14. Do you wear clothes well? That is, do you respond to your clothes whether they be evening attire or the tatters of a ragamuffin?
15. Have you flexible lips? Can people understand most of what you say by interpreting the movements of your lips without your making a special effort?
16. Do people say you are outstandingly human?
17. Have you style? Do you tend to do things just a bit differently from others, enough to attract attention?
18. Lastly, do you consider yourself intelligent or are you slow to comprehend, slow to react, slow to respond?

In compiling this set of questions I have purposely tried not to list them in any special order of importance. All are important!

Do not become discouraged, however, if you only score 50 per cent.

Although each of these acting quality traits should come to you naturally, it does not follow that each must be developed to the highest possible degree.

The important thing is whether you possess at least half the traits at all!

If you do, go ahead and get some training.

ACTING is a craft. You have got to master its technique. You must learn how to express the feeling that is inside of you, that you put into your part. You must learn how to get it across to an audience.

Especially for screen acting must you learn how to express your feelings in action!

And it is hard work—steady, relentless, grinding work.

To develop that talent of yours may take months, perhaps years.

But then, what does that matter?

The movies need real actors. The world needs great actors.

If you have acting talent, go to it!



San Francisco, Calif.

In coming to America from a foreign country, we found it quite difficult to adjust ourselves to our new surroundings. When we first arrived, almost friendless, we would have been quite lonely had it not been for the movies. Strangers in a strange country, we disliked asking questions for fear of being ridiculous.

The movies were our greatest help. They were a novelty, an education and an amusement all rolled in one. For a small price we could forget our troubles by watching the struggles and trials of the screen heroes and heroines.

Due to the movies, and their help, we became familiar with the manners and customs of the country and gradually adopted them until we were Americanized. We have always found something worth-while in each picture, whether it be a heavy drama or a light comedy. We selected an ideal and imitated it. The movies gave us a clear idea of what America meant to us and made us proud of having adopted such a country.

E. de H.



When you take off your hat ...

do you like your looks ?

Does your hair shine so sparklingly that your eyes shine, and your complexion seems somehow fresher and prettier? Is your hair so fluffy, so alive, that it makes a flattering frame for your face? Does your hair make you *prettier?*

Here are 2 Packer Shampoos to make your hair *lovelier*—to keep it satiny to see, soft to touch, gleaming with all its little natural lights:

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!
2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle, all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians. In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER *Shampoos*

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin troubles. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL



PINE TAR

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-J
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Olive Oil ☐ Pine Tar

(*If you wish samples of* both *types, send* 20 *cents*)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address



Dream Moments

"ROSE"

A MATCH-FLAME stains the dusk of a lamplit room . . . then dies. His eyes . . . and yours . . . flash fire. The pink pearl glowing at the knees of the little bronze Buddha is a cone of Incense. Up . . . and up . . . waver swan-grey ribbons of smoke. Then . . . Magic!

Faint, trailing veils . . . veils, and the soundless whisper of invisible hangings . . . a tremulous throbbing within him . . . and you . . . like the rhythm of a song just sung . . . a song of yearning . . . of love . . . amid the shadowed roses of a walled garden . . . in Samarkand . . . at midnight.

IT IS an ancient secret of dreams—and it is yours, to make the rooms that are your background draw the alluring glamour of dreams about you, when you will. Vantine's Temple Incense preserves it for you, unchanged in a thousand years. Nine subtle fragrances await you, at any drug or department store.

Learn the dream-luxury of incense.
Send ten cents for nine sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 3. 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Morally Rotten?

Iowa State Library,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Here is my first brickbat—may it be my last! Of all the morally rotten pictures which have escaped the censor "Twelve Miles Out" is the worst!

If the producers of motion pictures would retain the high place they have won in the public esteem, they must reject all such low appeals to the box-office, and must give us more works of art such as "Faust," "Resurrection," "Hotel Imperial," "The Way of All Flesh," the thrillers of Douglas Fairbanks, and—lest I be dismissed as a purist—I will add "The Night of Love," and that far better play than the title would suggest, "The Flesh and the Devil."

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

Keep 'Em Where They Belong

Beemer, Nebr.

Why, oh why is every champion in every line of athletics signed to appear in the movies? When I spend an evening at the movie I want to see a real movie with a real star, not the latest athletic idol. These athletes are perfectly all right in athletics, but I do wish the producers would please be sane and keep them in their place.

ETHEL M. MARTIN.

Breaking Racial Barriers

Providence, R. I.

The Good Will expounded in various films such as "The Cohens and the Kelleys" and "Kosher Kitty Kelley" have indeed accomplished what churches and lectures fail to do.

The only Jewish family on our street, we had not attempted to make friends with our neighbors until recently. Our nearest neighbor hailed me the other day. Conversation led to the above pictures. Since then we have been very good friends. Just yesterday, a lady further down the street stopped me and we also conversed about these films. We're going to be staunch friends.

ELIZABETH R. FRIED.

Maligning the Colleges

Ridgewood, N. J.

I do not understand why motion pictures of college life always perpetrate those institutions as big playgrounds in which the girls and boys, as the case may be, have just one round of good times, whereas I, who am a college girl myself, know this is not the state of affairs in college at all.

College is HARD WORK and very little play.

I know that the motion picture people do not like to be misjudged, neither do the college girls and boys.

Clara Bow is the worst example of a college girl I have ever seen.

For a college girl I should pick as my choice, from what I have seen of them, Betty Bronson. She is ideal!

A COLLEGE GIRL.

She Didn't Know Her Chop Suey

Arlington, Texas.

WHY, oh WHY did Metro, etc., use Renee Adoree for Mr. Wu's daughter? With a perfectly charming little Chinese girl like Anna May Wong, not only in pictures, but right there on the set, and playing her part nobly, WHY should they give a pretty little plum like that to Miss Adoree.

M. H. SHRYOCK.

A Church Steps In

Seymour, Conn.

In our town is a Polish church that shows movies for children every Sunday night at a very low cost. All children are welcomed whether they belong to the parish or not.

To me, this seems to be one of the wisest and best ways of showing films to children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



When Mr. and Mrs. Lars Hanson worked for Swedish companies, Mrs. Hanson was popular on the European screen as Karin Nolander. But now that her husband has made a hit in this country, she has retired and decided to let him gather all the glory for the family

AS AN ASTRINGENT



—*delightful and so inexpensive*

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost, compared to most astringents, amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

Yet in effectiveness you'd look a long time before finding its equal. Gently but firmly it closes the pores, tightens sagging tissues and lazy muscles. Your skin seems fresh and firm—even youthful.

There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others. Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you. Why not begin today?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

EVERYBODY'S TALKING

Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.

Large tube 25c.

LISTERINE

—*the safe antiseptic*

I Choose to Go to Washington

Following up the thrift idea, John Gilbert uses Uncle Sam's best sets, instead of rebuilding them at the studio



John Gilbert and Monta Bell are elected by a delegation of fans. It isn't every day that the Nation's Capital has a film company working in its midst



Taking a scene for "Fires of Youth" in front of the White House. Notice the new roof and the nice fresh paint on Mr. Coolidge's home



Gilbert, who plays a newspaper reporter, near the Capitol. The story was written from one of Monta Bell's own experiences



FOR FACE, HANDS, BATH—AND SHAMPOO, YOU DO FEEL SO EXQUISITE

Yesterday—50¢ for a French toilet soap

Today the same luxury for just 10¢

GUILTY extravagance! And yet you loved them so—those costly imported soaps with the texture of fine old satin and such caressing lather!

For beauty-wise France knew that before all else, for loveliness, the skin must be smooth—exquisite as a gardenia petal. So she developed her famous toilet soaps.

Today, by the very method France uses for her finest toilet soaps, Lux Toilet Soap is made!

Satiny-firm, white, delicately fragrant, a cake that wears and wears to the veriest smooth wafer! Delicious lather—abundant even in the hardest water—that cares for your skin the true French way.

* * *

But instead of costing fifty cents or a dollar—Lux Toilet Soap is just ten cents wherever soap is sold. The art of France—America's genius for achievement—make it possible. Already, all over America, tens of millions of cakes have been eagerly bought! Made by the makers of your cherished Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LUX *Toilet* SOAP



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S
Medal of Honor

Send in Your Ballot



Reverse Side of Medal for
1925 Production

Vote for the Best Picture of 1926

IF you have not cast your vote for the best motion picture of 1926, you had better rush it along. Balloting for the PHOTOPLAY'S seventh annual gold medal closes on October 1st. Votes received after that date will not count.

This is the last call for votes in the seventh annual award. The competition between the leading photoplays of the past year has been very keen. Every vote will play an important part in the award. Be sure to send in your ballot.

In voting, remember that PHOTOPLAY'S Medal of Honor is recognized as the highest award in the world of motion pictures. It is the only award in all filmdom coming directly from the screen fans themselves, since the award rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The medal was first awarded in 1921 for the best film of the previous year. This award went to "Humoresque." Six noteworthy productions have since captured the prize.

The medal was created by PHOTOPLAY as an opportunity to encourage the making of better pictures. Each year it has been given to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY'S readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

A list of fifty prominent photoplays of 1926 is presented on this page for your assistance in making a selection. You are not limited to the films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released between January 1, 1926, and December 31, 1926.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is one and one-half inches in diameter. It will be made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany and Company, of New York.

This is your chance to encourage the making of better pictures, by expressing your appreciation of the best the screen has to offer.

PHOTOPLAY is extremely proud of the high standard of its Gold Medal pictures of previous years. The selections reflect the high standard of the tastes of its readers.

In casting your vote, talk over your selection with your family and your friends. What picture appealed to you most because of the sincerity of its theme, the excellence of its acting and the artistry of its production? What picture, released in 1926, do you consider a classic of the screen—worthy of being remembered in future years for its power and beauty?

VOTE NOW.

Be sure that your ballot is addressed properly.

Send it to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920 "HUMORESQUE"	1923 "THE COVERED WAGON"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"	1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"	1925 "THE BIG PARADE"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1926.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1926

American Venus
Aloma of the South Seas
Bardelys the Magnificent
Beau Geste
Behind the Front
Ben-Hur
Better 'Ole
Beverly of Graustark
Black Pirate
Brown of Harvard
Dancing Mothers
Don Juan
Faust
For Heaven's Sake
Grand Duchess and the Waiter
Irene
Kid Boots
Kiki
La Boheme
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em
Mantrap
Marriage Clause
Men of Steel
Moana
Nervous Wreck
Old Ironsides
One Minute to Go
Padlocked
Quarterback
Return of Peter Grimm
Road to Mandalay
Scarlet Letter
Sea Beast
Silence
Son of the Sheik
Sorrows of Satan
Sparrows
Stella Maris
Strong Man
Temptress
That Royle Girl
Three Faces East
Tin Gods
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Upstage
Variety
Waltz Dream
We're in the Navy Now
What Price Glory
Winning of Barbara Worth

BIARRITZ

A New Perfume from Southern France by

CHERAMY



DO YOU KNOW the beauty and gaiety of Biarritz—that playground of all the world?...with its blue water, slim white yachts and brilliant beach robes; with a duchess, a dancer and a debutante; a banker, a prince, and a diplomat in holiday mood, beside you on the shining sands?

* * *

And evening?....More formal, perhaps, with its Parisian frocks, flashing jewels, and foreign uniforms. But how can you be formal when the Casino is ablaze with light, when spirited dance-music is in the air—and the very air carries with it the fragrance of southern flower fields?

Biarritz—smart, spontaneous, *young*—has that elusive, vital quality that makes a place, or a person, or a perfume stand out in memory as no other can.

It is a thrilling perfume—Biarritz, by Cheramy....Toilet water, face powder, talc, bath salts.

CHERAMY
NEW YORK
Cappi and April Showers

© 1927 C. Inc.

Practicing dentists reveal a beauty secret

They say you must guard The Danger Line to preserve the vital fascination of good health



EVERY year, millions of women waken to the vital importance of proper care of their teeth and gums. For there is a mass of evidence which says: "If your teeth decay; if your gums weaken and become diseased, gradually your health will go. Those priceless assets, beauty and charm, will become but hollow shells, apt to crumble at any minute."

But what is proper care? How can the average person, busy with the affairs of every-day life, give her teeth and gums effective protection?

That the question might be answered by highest authorities, E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a world-famous research institution to make an investigation that would include the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions relating to mouth hygiene. Here is a summary of their replies:

95% of the answers agree that acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation.

95% of the answers state that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line.

85% state that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

The result of this investigation is truly overwhelming evidence of the soundness of the Squibb warning to guard The Danger Line.

Millions of people have found that Squibb's Dental Cream gives adequate protection because it is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice in sufficient quantity to neutralize the acids and give protection for a long time after use.

Nor is this all. Squibb's Dental Cream is a truly scientific dentifrice—safe—effective. It cleans beautifully. It is pleasant to use, delicately flavored. Because it contains no harsh abrasives, antiseptics or astringents, it is absolutely safe in the mouths of all—even in the tender mouth of a small child.

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. See your dentist regularly. Then you will know that your teeth, your gums, your health and charm, are safeguarded. At all druggists, only 40c for a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.



© 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Friendly Advice from

Carolyn Van Wyck

on

Girls' Problems



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
Don't you think a woman can be happy without a man—if she has a profession?

I am a girl who does not care for married life. I do not like the idea of being owned by someone—I want freedom, and the splendid progressiveness for which freedom stands.

And, then, at the present time, there seems to be a tide of divorce sweeping the land. As far as I am concerned I regard divorce as the most foolish thing in the world. Better to stay unmarried in the first place!

Oh, the whole silly system seems wrong to me. Marriage, bickering, worries, unhappiness and finally separation. Why can't girls be satisfied with business—why must they look for unnecessary trouble?

To be perfectly frank (haven't I been, already?) I am also sure that the up-to-date brand of young men—the sort we call "sheiks"—will not make good husbands. They are, in the main, triflers and spendthrifts.

I'm not a flapper—you've probably judged that from my letter. But neither am I a wallflower. I like to be admired by men, but I do not want to be loved by them. I am young yet—and if I were not afraid to marry I would probably settle down and be the best wife in the world.

M. T.

THIS is an ultra modern letter, isn't it? M. T.—bless her heart—is feeling the birth pangs of a new freedom!

Oh, of course, a woman may be happy without a man—if she has a profession. But I won't go so far as to say that she will be completely happy. For love has a place in every normal feminine life—a big place. And marriage is the happy ending (no matter what you young moderns say!) of the love story.

Of course every woman wants freedom—and the things that freedom mean. But a fine, sane marriage has its sense of freedom. There is no reason why two people can not live together—and care for each other—without dominating each other, without "owning" each other. Love—but do not possess. Have your marriage—and your freedom and, if you want it, your profession, too. Plenty of women are doing just that!

On another point I disagree with you, M. T. It is regrettable that there does seem to be a tide of divorce sweeping the land. But divorce is not the most foolish thing in the world. A wise divorce is much fairer and squarer than a miserable marriage. And I am inclined to think that even a marriage that turns out to be a failure—so long as it is entered into honestly—is better than no marriage at all.

Many people stay together—when they no longer love each other—because they do not believe in legalized separation. I think that *this* is the most foolish thing in the world! Have the courage to turn a page—and to make a new start.

Is a Profession Enough?

Is This Month's Problem

Women are becoming more and more interested in business—professional careers seem to mean more, to many of them, than the great career of marriage. But—is a profession enough for the normal girl?

It is Mid-Fall, now—and the year is beginning to fade. Beauty, too, will fade if we do not take care of it. I will be glad to answer letters on any subject relating to beauty, health or happiness—and that is a large order! The letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those unsigned, in the columns of the magazine. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope—and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

The up-to-date brand of young man—the sort called a "sheik"—may not be the most stable sort to choose as a life companion. I agree with you there, M. T. But there are plenty of young men who are fine and stable. And then—be a real person! Look at the matter from a young man's standpoint. Is the modern girl any more stable than the modern boy? I wonder?

PLENTY of young men and young women go through a fluffy stage—fluffy both mentally and spiritually. But the years take care of that matter.

You say, M. T., that you want admiration—but not love. You also say this: "If I were not afraid to marry I would probably settle down and be the best wife in the world."

I'm laughing just a little bit—very kindly, M. T., as any woman of the world would laugh! For, my dear girl, the only trouble with all of your reasoning is that *you are afraid*. Afraid to face life and the facts and the meanings of life.

You are afraid to stand up and say: "I'll make good in business—and I'll make good in marriage, too!" You are afraid to say: "If my marriage doesn't turn out to be ideal, I'll be brave enough to adjust matters." You are afraid to say: "I want all the fullness of life but I want it even though I may be taking a chance of being hurt!"

Nothing fine is ever gained by sitting still and watching the world pass by. But that is what the girl—who forfeits marriage to a career—is doing. If she's clever enough she can have her cake—and eat it, too. She can be a splendid professional woman—and a fine wife. And a contented mother.

A woman can be happy without a man—if she has a profession. Plenty of women are, of course. But I'm inclined to think that their brand of happiness has a tinge of resignation about it. That it is in the nature of a compromise.

UNTHRILLED:
Just because you are, as yet, uninterested in boys, does not mean that you are a *back* number. It just means that you are mentally more fastidious than the average young woman. You are waiting for the *one man in the world* to appear—and when you do meet him the thrill will come!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

TWO-THIRDS OF BEAUTY IS YOUR SMILE.
COULD YOU PASS THE SMILE TEST
— RIGHT *NOW*?



This brush polishes teeth *amazingly* white-

Because modern, and specially designed to do this

IN size, shape, and bristles, this *modern* tooth brush is like *no other*. It *actually polishes* teeth to *new* whiteness.

A Dr. West's brush fits the *inside* curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep clean all crevices between teeth—where decay starts. Special bristles, of premium quality, *remain erect*—their *tips* cleanse, polish, whiten all your teeth!

Use it two minutes each morning, two each evening. Brush always away from the gums. Employ any good dentifrice—the *brush* polishes.

An extra-durable brush, Dr. West's may still *look* all right, or *seem* usable, when use has impaired its special polishing quality. Don't risk that. After 90 days' use get a new one.

Find out how white your teeth *can* be. Get a Dr. West's brush at any drug store. Watch results.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.



3 REASONS FOR ITS POLISHING

Fits inside curve as well as outside. Sweeps interdental crevices clean. Special bristles remain always erect.

CAUTION! *Each Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized and sealed for your protection. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.*

He Knows All the Champs

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

him his word of honor that his picture would contain nothing to offend the Canal Zone. The President told him that a single little slip might start a revolution and cost him his job.

Meighan left the President's house with all the documents necessary to make film-making a peaceful occupation and the picture was finished to the complete satisfaction of the Canal Zone.

IN Washington, Meighan wanted to take some scenes around the White House so he called on President Coolidge. Coolidge was brief and to the point and gave his permission to take the scenes. Outside of the President's office was a long line of hand-shakers waiting to pay their respects to Calvin. But when the visitors from the Corn Belt saw Meighan and the motion picture paraphernalia, they turned their backs on the Chief Executive and followed along to see the movies being made.

Meighan doesn't care for a picture that is a long series of routine studio scenes. He likes travelling and he likes to take his episodes close to life. He would rather get his incidents first hand than from a scenario writer.

One of his pictures, for instance, was taken at Sing Sing and there he met another one of his champions—Warden Lawes. Warden Lawes has a grim job. In the hands of a brutal or stupid man, the big prison on the Hudson might be a hell on earth. But Warden Lawes is enlightened and humane and under his guidance, Sing Sing is no longer a blemish to the State.

If you followed the accounts of the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia, you probably read that, to overcome his nervousness before the battle, Gene Tunney concentrated on a friend sitting in the front row. The friend was Meighan and Tunney wig-wagged to him just before he stepped into the ring to take Jack's title away from him.

Meighan won't tell you the best stories about himself. The tales of his loyalty to his own profession must come from others. Recently when the producers attempted to make ten per cent cuts in the salaries Meighan was one of the leaders in the fight for the actors. And he didn't have to fight. His contract is iron-clad and nobody in the world could touch it. Moreover, he is a stock-holder in the company.

But Meighan went to the mat, just as though his whole career was at stake. As a stock owner, he was really agitating against himself.

And there's an actor in San Quentin Prison, serving a term for manslaughter, who looks upon Tommy Meighan as his best friend in the world. You've heard, of course, about poor Paul Kelly who was mixed up in an ugly mess in Los Angeles.

Meighan gave Kelly his first job in pictures and Kelly was a fine, hard-working boy until he got into bad company. And then came the death of Ray Raymond, another actor, and poor Kelly was involved in a sordid mess.

Kelly wasn't a big person in pictures; he was just a young actor beginning to get the breaks. Of course, when he got into trouble, a lot of people turned against him. But Meighan stuck by him, arranged for his defense and now he's doing his best to make things easier for him in San Quentin.

And, when Kelly gets out, it will be a safe bet that Meighan will see that he gets another start.

ONCE, too, Meighan helped out another actor. Do you remember when Rudolph Valentino got into a jam with the Los Angeles authorities over his Mexican marriage?

Meighan merely had a speaking acquaintance with him but when the storm broke, he got his own lawyers to handle Valentino's affairs and used his influence around the studio to make things smoother for Rudy. And this at a time when every other male in pictures was secretly hoping that the young Italian would fade as quickly as he rose.

Naturally, Meighan doesn't like these stories but they are true—and far more typical of the film colony than most of the scandals you read.

And if you know about them, then you realize that the sincerity you've always liked in the Meighan pictures is the real thing.

A Wise Colleen from Mexico

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

"*I* am Miss O'Hara," she smiled, "and I suppose you are here to find out how I got my start."

I choked, gagged, and drawing my chair closer sputtered:

"Why—yes—exactly. Will you tell me?"

She did tell me. She told of how she had lived in Mexico most of her life, although born in New York; of her months of waiting at the studios after classes at the University of California, Southern Branch, and of her final discovery by Adolphe Menjou who was looking for a leading lady for his "A Gentleman from Paris." Mr. Menjou couldn't have done better. Her talk convinced me that brains and good looks *can* be combined in one person, and that that person is none other than the brilliant Shirley O'Hara.

You'll have to take my word as to her brains. Her beauty? Oh, well, just take a squint at her!



"—they increase your smoke enjoyment"

A Trick Worth Knowing

Even his stenographer noticed it and commented about it.

"Since you began eating Life Savers between smokes," she ventured slyly, "I notice you don't have the frazzled nerves you used to have after a day of hard smoking."

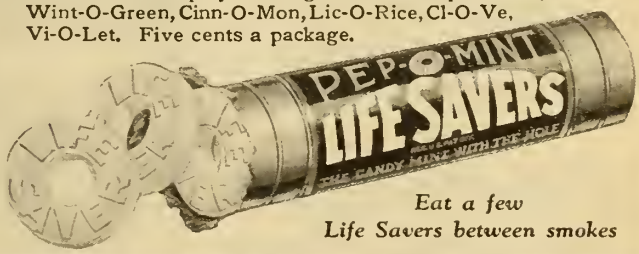
"They certainly are great between smokes," he grinned. "I wouldn't be without them. Have some?"

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six flavors are displayed at all good stores: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let. Five cents a package.



Eat a few
Life Savers between smokes



National

"Personal Christmas Cards always socially correct"

says

Nazimova

"PEOPLE of good taste are more and more using Personal Christmas Cards because they express individuality." These are the words of the great Nazimova, world-famed emotional star.

Truly, as Nazimova says, the use of Personal Christmas Cards upon which the sender's name is engraved or printed is recognized as the proper way to express the Season's greetings.

Sample books are now ready in the stores of established dealers everywhere. The books present an inexhaustible range of beautiful styles and treatments.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

The Mother Confessor of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

It is her task to tell them as gently as possible that it is largely a matter of luck when one of their names or one of their faces is remembered by a studio casting director.

In the second class are the dreamers, who call her to describe the glorious fabric of their visions. To them she talks frankly but seldom does she jolt them back to reality. That afternoon I sat beside her she talked to a young Hungarian girl who had always dreamed of becoming an actress. She knew little English and she was facing starvation. But she wouldn't face the fact that there was no room for her homely, untalented self in Hollywood. The mother confessor put in a call to the proper authorities. Some of the girl's countrymen were sent to visit her.

Then there is the trouble created through the lazy lies of assistant directors. "You can't blame them," she explains. "They have the calling of the extra workers and girls dog them so. A big set has been working—two hundred girls, perhaps. Next day only twenty are needed. Each girl pleads with the assistant to put her on the call. It's hard to refuse flatly. The assistant, to get rid of her, tells each girl her name is listed. Next day the disappointed hundred and eighty call me up. Sometimes that broken promise means they are without lodging or food. It can mean things as awful as suicide."

THE busiest hours at Central are between four and seven in the afternoon. She let me listen in on her calls during that time. Sitting with the head phone close to my ears, hearing the eager conversation of those extras who did not know her identity, who could not see her face, I realized it was not so much what this strange mother confessor said that mattered. It was the fact that she could be talked to. In cruelly ambitious Hollywood where fate is as impersonal as death and contentment unknown, there was somebody who listened kindly.

To the extras that was what counted.

"You've heard me get many less calls than usual," she explained as seven o'clock came and she closed her board. "There were not many coming in, even on the main switchboard. That big board with no lights showing, makes my heart ache worse than anything else. It means work's slow in the studios and the extras are watching nickels. When production is high, every wire is busy. I'd so much rather have them all calling at once, all grouching, than see this stillness that means misery and fear in so many little bungalows."

SHE swung off her high stool, her four-inch French heels hitting the floor sharply. "Not that it's all grief," she said. "Every once in a while you know you've really done some good, just as we now know Central has done good by forcing many of these unwanted kids away from Hollywood. We get a lot of runaway girls out here, you know, girls without husbands, who are going to have babies. One got acquainted with me, by telephone, some months ago. She had broken into one of the studios, somehow, and got a little work once in a while. She tried to support herself and her baby, but she was worried and she put all her money into baby clothes, instead of dressing herself. She told me most of her story, from time to time, and finally said she would take any work she could get. Few of them mean it, but she did. We did get her a job in a local department store. We got a home for her baby. We learned the name of her minister at home and he told her people. They came straight out here and gathered that poor kid into their arms. Can you imagine how happy it made me when I got a photograph from her, mailed from some Middle-Western town, showing her at home with her folks, and the grandmother proudly holding the baby?"

"Hollywood," she said. "It's a mad place. But I understand these folks who talk to me. Once here, how can you dream of ever living anywhere else? It's so beautifully unreal."

She stopped to rouge her cheeks and put lipstick on her pretty mouth. She slammed a hat down over her eyes and stepped out on the Boulevard—gay, unknown and gently wise, the mother confessor of Hollywood.



Hartford, Conn.

There has been a great deal said about banning Charlie Chaplin's pictures, since the unfortunate actor had difficulties with his wife.

If some people could see the joy that Chaplin brought to an eight year old boy who had lost both his legs, they would change their tune.

Two weeks ago I took the boy to see his first picture. The picture was good but the boy was somewhat nervous and bored. Then they showed one of Charlie's old pictures and how the boy laughed with delight! He forgot all about himself and his troubles, something he rarely does.

He is now one of Chaplin's greatest admirers. How I hope Chaplin will keep on making pictures. P. B.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Never a Hygienic Worry

No matter how strict the demands of the day —how filmy and sheer the frocks you wear!



(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

This NEW way provides absolute protection, besides ending forever embarrassment of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

FEW women today still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute—protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped; never a precious moment marred by slightest doubt or fear.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks under circumstances once adjudged impossible. Dance, motor, go about for hours in confidence and security. The dangers of the old-time "sanitary pad" have definitely been ended.

Protection women KNOW is real

Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *16 times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad!

(2) Kotex is scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering and strong gauze ends for pinning, to *eliminate absolutely* all chance of mishap.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorizes.* Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

Kotex, too, ends for all time the embarrassing problem of disposal. One uses it, then discards it—*as easily as tissue.*

Ask for them by name—Kotex

"Genuine Kotex" is plainly stamped on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Insanitarily made imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. *Watch out.*

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Obtain at any store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super. Eight in 10 better-class women, throughout America, employ this unique and *certain* protection.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as cotton.



(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any drug or dry goods store,* simply by saying "Kotex."



"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

James Stoner



Exquisite Footwear

Fifth Avenue's Smartest Styles for the new season. Send for your Fall Booklet showing the latest materials in the most striking designs—for Street, Dress and Sport wear.



Chic Colonial

(Round toe, short vamp)

All Patent Leather $12.50
All Black Suede 12.50
All Brown Suede 12.50
All Brown Kid 12.50
All Blue or Red Kid 12.50



Fantasie

Patent Leather Tip and Quarter Black Suede Inlay $12.50
Blue Kid Tip and Quarter, Blue Suede Inlay 12.50
Brown Kid Tip and Quarter Brown Suede Inlay 12.50



Ritz

Patent Leather, Gun Metal Satin Kid Trim $18.50
Black Suede, Gun Metal Satin Kid Trim 18.50
Brown Suede, Bronze Satin Kid Trim 18.50

WRITE FOR YOUR NEW BOOKLET OF FALL COLLEGE STYLES

JAMES STONER

The Fashion Cross Roads of the World

7 WEST 42ND AT 5TH AVE. NEW YORK

Please send my copy of your Style Book

Name.....

Address.....

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

MARY:

Gun metal hose are still the most practical to wear on a long trip. And they will be charming with a dark suit. Emily Post's book on etiquette will give you the best—and most up-to-date—hints on what to do, and where and how to do it.

PEGGY:

Any of the powders or brands of rouge advertised in this magazine will prove satisfactory. It is the shade that you will find important. With your complexion you must be conservative. Use powder in the "Naturelle" tint—and Ashes of Roses rouge. Try a good vanishing cream as a foundation.

MONA C.:

Do not try to make your lips seem smaller and paler. Rather build your whole style and personality about your mouth—make your defect into an asset. The French women—the most chic of all women—use a make-up of unrouged skin with red, red lips. And they are charming. So will you be, if you use a powder that will accentuate the unique beauty of your mouth. I should suggest the Rachel shade of powder.

A GEORGIA BLOND:

I am afraid that the young man with whom you are in love still thinks of you as a little friend of his sister. And I am also afraid that he is truly interested in this other, older girl, who has visited in his home. Seven years is a large gap—when a boy is twenty-two and a girl is fifteen. When a man is thirty-seven and a woman is thirty there isn't any gap at all. It is one of life's little unanswerable problems in arithmetic!

B. P.:

No—you are not in the least over-weight. One hundred and twenty-eight pounds is just about right for your height. Yellow and green and dark blue are good shades for you to wear—but I should like to see you in flame, and coral and tawny orange and the new intense red. With your gypsy hair and eyes, you can afford to wear striking colors. . . . About the college, I think you are, in a way, right—the manlessness of a woman's college is inclined to make a certain type of girl boy-conscious. But—this also is problematical—you may get more actual studying done at the non co-educational place of learning. A "wild" university need not trouble you—you can keep yourself above surface things if you have enough character.

PEG OF HOLLYWOOD:

It isn't necessary to drink, smoke or pet to be popular. Being "regular" is something altogether different. Being regular is being fine, honest, trustworthy and faithful. The only men worth attracting are the ones who will appreciate these qualities. And, remember this, an evening at home, alone, won't hurt you every so often!

R. H. B.:

If you will send a stamped self addressed envelope we will be glad to reply to your letter.

H. KATHRYN D.:

When you are with a man, and find it difficult to talk with him, let him be the aggressor. Let him start the conversation and you will not find it too hard to follow his lead. The most popular women I know are the ones who are good listeners. If you want to play bridge, you will find fine books on the subject by many of the experts—Foster, Work, Whitehead and Lenz.

B. W.:

It is never right to allow married liberties when one is unmarried. I speak frankly but I feel that frank speaking—in your case—is quite necessary. Petting that goes too far becomes an extremely serious matter.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]



Shoes by the hundreds—all sizes, shapes and styles. This is a small section of the shoe rack in the Paramount Studio wardrobe room. Fay Wray is reaching up for one of the smaller sizes



There . . . floating up from a garden, is a harmony of scent

ONLY FOR THOSE WHOSE NOSTRILS ARE KEENLY ATTUNED TO SCENTS

Out of a room heavy with a medley of tobacco odors—into a dark, fresh night.

There, floating up from a garden, is a harmony of scent.

You catch the sweet and haunting odor of oleander—there flashes through your mind the picture of a low white house on the coast, almost hidden by the deep rose-red blossoms.

The timid smell of a wild rose vine—and in your mind's eye you see a spot in Cornwall where the wild roses were thick last May.

But such graceful and elusive associations are only for persons keenly appreciative of scents.

To them, pictures conjured up by scents are more real, more lovely than the original.

To them, nothing is complete without its scent . . . old books would not be old without their odor of paper and ink—a teakwood table would not be rare without its oriental fragrance—and a soap would be unthinkable without the delicacy of a scent.

To the lovers of fragrance, a bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives sensuous joy. They would no more bathe with an unscented soap than they would have their garden planted with paper roses and wax tulips.

Only for those who are gifted with scent-consciousness is Cashmere Bouquet Soap made; only by those who revel in its distinguished fragrance is it used.

Exceptionally precious are the scents in Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . in addition to giving the soap daintiness and refinement, these scents make the lather gently, gloriously cleansing.

A full-sized cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap is twenty-five cents at drug stores.

A sample cake will please you or leave you quite indifferent

The piquancy of Cashmere Bouquet scent—are you responsive to its delicacy? A sample cake will acquaint you with this delightful scent—will give you several pleasant baths. Cashmere Bouquet, being a "hard-milled" soap, lasts a long time.

Send in the coupon—we will return to you a *free* sample cake together with a tiny book on the care of the skin. In this book, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin," all advice is endorsed by a skin specialist.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Colgate & Co., Dept. 32-J
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me a *free* sample cake of Cashmere Bouquet, with a copy of "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____





Charles Rogers, reformed trombone player

Necking *with* America's Sweetheart

Young "Buddy" Rogers actually gets paid real money for making love to Mary Pickford

By Ivan St. Johns

HE comes from Olathe, Kansas, and, my goodness, how far he's come!

Six feet tall and handsome in a clean-cut American way, brown eyes and black hair, but scarcely old enough to vote, this "Buddy" Rogers, reformed trombone player and valet to mules, is now making love to Mary Pickford—"necking" her, as it is called—and is getting paid for it.

That's an item, all right, about Burt Rogers' boy. The readers of Burt Rogers' weekly newspaper, the *Olathe Mirror*, will get a kick out of it. So will the fellows at the University of Kansas, where "Buddy," a junior, was majoring in journalism when Opportunity knocked on the door of the class-room. So will some folks in Barcelona, Spain, and Paris, France.

So will a lot of the rest of us—including probably "Buddy" Rogers himself, who, had he stuck to his original ambition to learn the newspaper business, might not have found all his assignments as pleasant as the one he's got now. For now he's Mary Pickford's new leading man and under the terms of his contract he's absolutely compelled to make love to Mary. This not wholly unbearable fate befalls him in her new picture—"My Best Girl"—the first one she's made in a long time in which there's some real, honest-to-goodness love-making with America's Sweetheart on both the receiving and sending end.



Won't the other students from the University of Kansas go green when they see this?

Howcome "Buddy" Rogers of Olathe, Kansas, is the other half of the battery?

Well, it's either another proof of the value of a college education or it's another proof of the value of a silver spoon.

Whichever it is, is deserving of considerable credit, because, before "Buddy" Rogers, whose first name really is Charles, was elected to collaborate on the love making in "My Best Girl," he had won his spurs as the hero in "Fascinating Youth" and done some really fine work in "Wings."

[CONT'D ON PAGE 106]



Specially posed by Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star



No. 87—Iridio-platinum only—popular style and price

For the RING of RINGS

Genuine Orange Blossom



No. 622—Groom's ring, iridio-platinum or gold

NO GIFT of jewelry will ever have quite the significance of the engagement ring. Select it, then, as carefully as you bestow it. Genuine Orange Blossom alone is worthy of this memorable occasion—not only because of the age-old sentiment connected with this lovely pattern, but because the trade-mark of Traub in every Orange Blossom Ring is a pledge of beauty and vogue and workmanship and value that are not equalled elsewhere. Choose the "ring of rings" from the wide variety of exquisite Orange Blossom engagement mountings displayed by all the better jewelers. Then match it later with a genuine Orange Blossom wedding ring. They are priced as low as $12.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY

1934 McGraw Avenue DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK
576 Fifth Avenue

WALKERVILLE
ONTARIO

SAN FRANCISCO
704 Market Street



German maidens of the 16th century were wed with rings adorned with precious stones. A scene from our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request

T R A U B

TRAUB Genuine
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

Trade Mark



The dainty Ben Hur Toilet Set selected by Clara Bow — containing Ben Hur Perfume, Ben Hur Toilet Water, and a silver-finished Ben Hur compact. The box is designed in rose and violet, with a rose-colored satin lining

"I like my powder and perfume to match. So I have selected this Ben Hur Toilet Set as my choice. I think it's charming, too."

Clara Bow

Bewitching Clara Bow

likes her powder and perfume to match

THERE is a subtle harmony between all the Ben Hur toilet articles—the perfume, so delicately seductive, the toilet water, with its delicious aromatic fragrance, the satin-soft Ben Hur Powder. Clara Bow has discovered this harmony and made it her own. She autographs the lovely Ben Hur Toilet Set, shown above, as her special choice.

Women of taste and discrimination everywhere agree with her preference. They love the soft Ben Hur fragrance with its touch of mystery—love the dainty perfection of all the Ben Hur packages.

Gift packages of Ben Hur, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, $1.00 to $10.00. They make beautiful gifts for Christmas and other occasions, too. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

YOU may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories for the toilette at leading druggists and toilet goods counters.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes for all occasions.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume and enjoy its seductive fragrance, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



CLARA BOW *is her most amusing and vivacious self in her latest Paramount picture, "Wings," a thrilling epic of the air*



Favorite Recipes *of the* Stars

Have you received Photoplay's Cook Book?

Dinner Menu

GUMBO SOUP
(*Laura La Plante*)

CHICKEN CHARTREUSE WITH RICE
(*Clara Bow*)

CREAMED CELERY
(*Louise Fazenda*)

VIRGINIA BEATEN BISCUITS
(*May Allison*)

FRESH VEGETABLE SALAD
(*Dorothy Dwan*)

MONTMARTRE NON-FATTENING PEACH ICE CREAM
(*Estelle Taylor*)

CLARA BOW'S contribution to PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book is Chicken Chartreuse. I think you will find that it has plenty of IT. If you want an extra nice treat for dinner, try this recipe:

Ingredients:

1 cup of cooked chicken, minced very fine
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons tomato juice
1 beaten egg
boiled rice to line pudding mold
a dash of pepper

Grease a charlotte russe or pudding mold, lining it one inch thick with boiled rice. Fill the center with the chicken, thoroughly mixed with the other ingredients, and cover the top with rice so that the chicken is entirely covered and the mold is full and even. Cover and cook in steamer for 45 minutes. Serve it with tomato sauce. Pour the sauce on the serving platter around the form, not over the top.

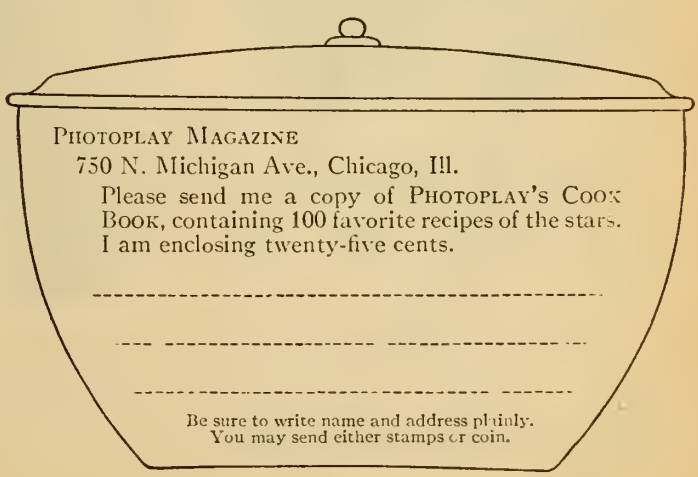
As this is a filling dish, made with rice, you will not have to serve potatoes with it. It is one of those combination dishes that are a tasty change from meat and potatoes. In arranging a menu with chicken chartreuse, I have chosen a fresh vegetable salad, sent in by Dorothy Dwan, because it is made of uncooked vegetables to supply the necessary vitamines. The dessert, too, is a non-fattening ice cream, selected by Estelle Taylor.

For the complete menus, see the little kettle to your right.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

THE suggested dinner menu given above is just one of the many delicious combinations of food that may be arranged from PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. In this collection of a hundred favorite recipes of the stars, you will find many delightful dishes, new to you and your friends.

Now write your name and address in the kettle below and twenty-five cents will bring you the most fascinating cook book you have ever owned.



BOURJOIS
Paris · 28, Rue de la Paix · France



For Luxurious Loveliness

Bourjois created Manon Lescaut Powder to adorn luxurious loveliness in exquisite settings!

Its diaphanous lightness and clinging smoothness embody an idea of excellence cherished devotedly by skilled generations of Bourjois artisans.

Thus, the fastidious woman of today prefers Manon Lescaut Powder for the gracious distinction of her charm.

Bourjois' eight handmade French Rouges—including Mandarine and Ashes of Roses*—suit every complexion, and harmonize with Bourjois Face Powders.*

BOURJOIS, INC.
Paris and New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MANON LESCAUT*
Face Powder

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocrée, Mauve.
Peaches-Powder, Peaches-and-Cream Powder.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

It gives them the type of pictures that appeal most to them and with careful selection serves to be instructive as well as entertaining.

Children who attend these performances are kept away from the larger theaters where the films are selected for an older audience and often unsuited for the younger generation.

CARMELA IPPOLITO.

The Irish Protest

Washington, D. C.

I am employed as a stenographer and my chief source of recreation in the evening is going to the movies. I also enjoy reading PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It is my opinion that the movies, when they are not objectionable, are the elixir of life to working people after a hard day in office or store. However, there are certain moving pictures which hold the Irish people up to contempt and ridicule, and the showing of them here in Washington, and I suppose in other cities, has evoked storms of protest from prominent citizens. For instance, there is a picture "The Callahans and The Murphys" which does not portray Irish life, as people not knowing any better would be led to believe, after seeing such a picture. We Catholics do not believe in blue laws or other irksome legislation which deprives people of recreation, and this is written in a friendly spirit of criticism in the hope that something can be done to eliminate such pictures, as the above, from the screen.

MISS JOSEPHINE GRAY.

Photoplay Takes a Bow

East Seattle, Wash.

Time was, if one didn't read up on current theatrical attractions, he was a hopeless "Dumb Kluck" and out of the conversation when congenial folk got together.

Time is, if one does not know all about the current photoplay and the players, he might just as well be dumb.

Right here PHOTOPLAY Magazine steps in and saves the day for me. I haven't the time nor money to waste on insipid plays so I just sit down with your magazine and plan my expense and time for weeks ahead. Another comforting thought—I never get my young daughter into a theater and wish to heaven I'd left her home—I can plan her amusements, thanks to you, as carefully as I do her meals.

MRS. G. MOYER.

Even the Children Complained

Battle Creek, Mich.

I like humor; it is the best tonic in the world for jaded nerves and tired body. As a mother and busy housewife, I need relaxation at the end of the day. But when I see a "comedy" such as "Goose Flesh" I lose temporary respect for the silver screen. My baby of three hides his face and whimpers: "Let's go home, Mother, I don't like to see this picture," while my girl of five remarks: "I thought there was going to be a *funny* picture." Give us humor, I pray producers, but make it *real* humor.

I have just seen Buster Keaton in "The General" and laughed myself dizzy. Hurray for the genuine article!

MRS. MILDRED CLAUNCH.

A Waste of Film

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have just seen "Convoy," a picture which has been advertised as a super production. I think it is a waste of film.

"Snapshots of the World War" would have been a more fitting title for the picture seven-eighths of it being composed of news reels. The battle scenes are the only interesting parts in the entire production.

CHARLES KLEIN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



One second before the blast! Evelyn Brent beats a hasty retreat but the cameraman—Otto Pierce—must stay and film the explosion. He is all dressed for the occasion in a cast-iron suit that is a combination of an umpire's outfit and a crusader's fighting clothes

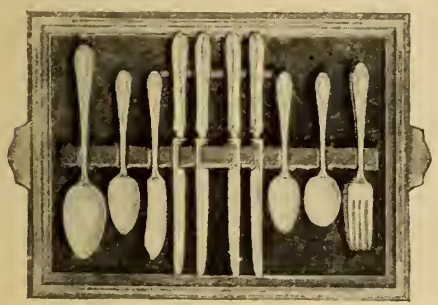
It wouldn't be legal!

"DARLING! Marry me tonight."
"Silly! We've no ring."
"We'll borrow the bishop's."
"I've no flowers and no veil."
"We'll wrap you in moon-mist."
"And—I haven't chosen my Community Plate."





COMMUNITY PLATE is as important as the bishop at fashionable weddings... more legal than the license . . . as much a part of the lovely background as white satin and tulle . . . And the bride's favorite gift in the neat, white-ticketed rows of presents is—always!—her pieces of Community Plate . . . *(Watch, yourself, where the bridesmaids linger, and the crowd throngs thickest!)* . . . For those who know, there's never any problem as to *what* to give: it's just a question of deciding what pieces of Community Plate! . . . For this season's bride, we suggest the FOURSOME: the chosen silver service of the *Younger Set,* today . . . ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.



The FOURSOME *Set*

presents the essentials of polite silver service from the point of view of the *Younger Set,* that motors and dances, and dines and golfs, *in fours* . . . It comes in six patterns, luminous and lovely. Brings with it, at its price of $25.00 a blue-and-gold tray—And it consists of four forks, four knives, *eight* teaspoons, five serving pieces . . . *At your jeweler's* . . . NOW!

When she sets the date—give COMMUNITY PLATE



Betsy gets a pointer on "face-finishing"

"I'm devastated to keep you waiting, Sally, but I've got to do this tea justice! Have a mint while I finish my face."

"My dear, I should think you *would* 'finish your face' if you use all those things on it."

"Not one I can give up. I've three soaps, besides. I think it'll drive me to the poorhouse. But my skin's like tissue paper—it shrivels at the first breath of wind."

"Look here, Betsy Collins, my husband's a doctor, and he knows something about skin. The trouble with your skin is, you've coddled it so much it hasn't any resistance left. His advice would be, sell out your beauty-shop, buy some Ivory Soap and a jar of cold cream, and you'll have everything you need."

Cosmetics?

If you like ··· but don't substitute them for this simple care!

If chosen with care and used with discretion, certain cosmetics help to enhance loveliness and protect it, too.

The point is: cosmetics can neither cure nor conceal skin imperfections. You have to start further back than that and *prevent* imperfections.

Can *soap* help to prevent them? Yes—by keeping the skin clean and leaving it soft and firm and smooth.

Lack of thorough cleansing causes skin-trouble.

Plenty of warm water and pure soap keep the texture of skin fine and fresh as nothing else can. Skin specialists say that blackheads, enlarged pores, and blemishes occur, in otherwise healthy skins, chiefly for the *want* of regular soap-and-water cleansing.

Of course, frequent washing requires as pure and fine a soap as money can buy. Ivory, as everyone knows, is that kind of soap! No soap, even the most expensive kinds, *can* be purer and finer than Ivory.

So, let Ivory and warm water cleanse your skin thoroughly and gently of dust, dirt and make-up. Rinse thoroughly and follow with a dash of cold water. At night, if your skin is naturally dry, add a bit of pure cold cream after the cold rinse. Give your skin this simple care once or twice every day and it will need little else to keep it smooth, fresh and fine in texture.

If you have not yet used Ivory to preserve the beauty of your complexion won't you let us contribute to the acquaintance? We shall be very glad to send you until November 15 —free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family—Guest Ivory. Simply send your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Department 450-J, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap

Kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure · It Floats



Guest IVORY – *shaped for slim, feminine fingers:* 5 *cents*

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

A. C. H., ATLANTIC CITY, N. Y.—We cannot, of course, give home addresses, but here are the studio addresses of the players you mention. Clara Bow and Richard Dix, Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Charles Chaplin and Jack Pickford, United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Eddie Cantor, care of Florenz Ziegfeld Offices, Ziegfeld Theater, New York City; Robert Ames, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.; Lon Chaney, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.; May Allison, care of Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York; Alice Day, First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.; Mary Pickford, Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Ben Turpin and Jack Holt are free-lancing.

I. E. P., ILWACO, WASH.—Thanks for the roses. Mae Murray gives her birth date as 1893; Richard Dix was born in 1895. Some stars read all their "fan" letters; others merely read the most interesting ones, selected by their secretaries. There is no hard and fast rule about who answers the letters. It all depends on the star. However, as a general thing all this work is in the hands of a secretary.

CHANEY FAN, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.—Don't bawl me out. I'll try to reform. No, on the Harold Lloyd question. Lon Chaney is forty-four. He always uses his own legs in pictures, although the face may be only partly his'n. Great Scott, man, PHOTOPLAY is always printing pictures of Lon Chaney; also he rates high in the reviews. Look over your back issues and see if it isn't so.

I. K., DALTON, ILL.—Helen Ware played the leading feminine rôle in the stage play of "The Garden of Allah." Alice Terry is playing in the screen version. Mary Pickford starred in "Tess of the Storm Country." She was born in Toronto, Canada. Syd Chaplin is the comedian who was born in Capetown, S. A.

M. J. S.—That picture of Ronald Colman was a scene from "A Night of Love." Write to Mr. Colman in care of United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

J. J. S.—Write to Norma Shearer and John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Barthelmess may be addressed at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. And Lois Moran may be reached at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

F. K., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Bessie Love's real name is Horton. Address her at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, California.

M. M. E., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Richard Dix's hobby is golf. Yes, he has a home—out in Hollywood. He lives with his mother. But we cannot give out home addresses.

H. L., PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS.—Here's the information for your scrap book. Clara Bow has brownish red hair—or reddish brown. Take your choice. But it is a very lively shade. She is twenty-two and, at the moment of writing, not married. Her next picture is "Hula." Ben Lyon is not married—as yet. He is twenty-six years old. Marion Davies is twenty-seven. Antonio Moreno is thirty-nine and married. Lloyd Hughes' next picture is "American Beauty." The stars usually get a few weeks' rest between pictures. But sometimes, the vacation only lasts a few days, because of the rush of work. It takes anywhere from two weeks to two years to make a picture, depending on the story, the director and the efficiency of the studio.

MARY ALLEN, READING, PA.—Johnny Hines is not married. Johnny was born in Golden, Colo., July 25, 1895. He is an American. Natli Barr is a Russian and so is Ivan Moskvine. But I do not know of very many Slavs now playing prominent parts in Hollywood.

M. C.—Shirley Mason is twenty-seven years old and just five feet tall. Her first husband died and she is now married to Sidney Landsfield. Address her in care of F. Fralick, Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. Joan Crawford has brown hair and blue eyes.

WESLEY FINNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.—There's your revenge. And it sure beats the local paper. Alice Terry was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1897. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Write for her picture to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

MARY C., SPOKANE, WASH.—Mary McAllister has played in pictures since she was a little girl. In fact, not so long ago, Mary was a child star. She was the girl in "One Minute to Play" and she appeared in "The Waning Sex" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Also she has played in "The Boomerang," "Simon the Jester," "Salvage," "God's Great Wilderness," and "Love o' Women."

F. F. A., DOUGLAS, GA.—Mary Pickford has no children.

A. L. SOMERSWORTH, N. H.—Hold on to that picture of me; it's very valuable. I've grown so old that I won't have any more taken. Seena Owen has blonde hair; Ruth Roland's hair is auburn; and Marguerite Clark has brown hair. Helen Holmes and J. P. McGowan were divorced in 1918. George Beban was playing in vaudeville, the last time I heard of him. Francis X. Bushman did have five children by his first wife. I think it was five—anyway it was a large family. Harold Lockwood's son appeared in "Twinkletoes," but he is not working in pictures at present.

FRANCES J., SANGER, TEXAS.—Gertrude Olmstead played opposite Reginald Denny in "The Cheerful Fraud." I don't know what has become of Gladys Walton. Hey, Gladys, where are you? John Bowers is—or was—married to Rita Heller. And Vilma Banky is five feet, six inches tall. I can only hope and pray, lady, that her marriage will be a success. As for the most popular actor or actress in the film colony, I'd hate to start a riot by making any guesses.

LUCILE C., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Mae Murray is about thirty-four years old, Viola Dana is twenty-nine and Shirley Mason is two years younger than sister Viola. Greta Nissen is twenty-two and the other Greta—Garbo—is a year younger. Alberta Vaughn is eighteen. Viola and Shirley are in real life Viola and Shirley Flugrath.

AGNES S., DETROIT, MICH.—James Hall is twenty-seven years old—and married. Larry Kent's latest picture is "Still Face." John Gilbert was born thirty years ago in Logan, Utah. And Lois Moran is eighteen. Oh, yes, you can write to Mr. Hall at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

A. S., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Robert Agnew is his real name. He was born in 1899 and is five feet, eight inches tall. He weighs 145 pounds. Not married. And a native of Dayton, Ky.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 157]



SUN-TINGED FACES
already passé

FICKLE FASHION now frowns upon your fondly acquired coat of tan—with its added crop of freckles, squint-lines, open pores and unmistakable signs of summer *"skin-fatigue."*

Clear, youthful skins—of satin-whiteness—are distinctly *en vogue!*

All chic femininity is, therefore, turning to HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the *world's foremost beauty specialist*—for timely preparations to clear, bleach and youthify the summer-fagged skin.

All-Important for After-Summer Use

Valaze Bleaching Cream—A mild whitener—clears away tan, light freckles. (1.00)

Valaze Freckle Cream—Effaces obstinate freckles and stubborn tan. (1.50)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—corrects crowsfeet, "squint lines," wrinkles, dry shriveled appearance. (1.75)

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores. (1.00)

Ideal for daily home care

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—molds out "tired look"—the only cleansing cream that benefits oily or pimpled skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

CHIC FINISHING TOUCHES!

[*Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—exquisitely pure and protective—in flattering tints.* (1.00 to 5.50)]

AT THE BETTER STORES
—or order direct from Dept. P-10

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN P-10
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me without charge full individual instructions for daily care of my skin.

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Enlarged Pores
( ) Oily Skin ( ) Double Chin
( ) Average Skin ( ) Puffy Eyes
( ) Wrinkles ( ) Flabbiness
( ) Crowsfeet ( ) Tan, Freckles
( ) Sallowness ( ) Pimples, Acne
( ) Blackheads ( ) Hollows

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

Necking with America's Sweetheart

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

Before this he had been in less distinguished company, to-wit, in that of 820 mules. During vacation, following his sophomore year, he, and fourteen other college lads equally desirous of seeing the world, chaperoned these mules to Barcelona, Spain. Out of the nineteen-day trip he got $1 per day and grub.

NINETEEN dollars being a somewhat skimpy bankroll upon which to see Europe, "Buddy" Rogers reached up his sleeve and pulled down the trombone and the drums, which he had played in his college orchestra. He and those of his two-legged colleagues who were musically inclined proceeded to blow and pound their merry way through Spain to the cabarets of Paris.

They came home in the steerage of a liner. But they had a lot of fun. More fun than had the 1,200 Germans who shared the steerage with them. For the college lads were allowed on deck with the cabin passengers—except when it came time to eat or sleep.

It was at the close of his junior year, when "Buddy" was about to sign up for a 'round-the-world tour with a college orchestra, that Paramount announced it would receive applications for its picture school. Buddy turned down the tour on a chance.

The school got more than 40,000 applications, including "Buddy" Rogers', but it wouldn't have had his had not the owner of the picture theater in Olathe gone to Kansas City to see what the Paramount exchange there had to offer in the way of pictures that would interest Olathe. At the exchange he heard about the new school.

"There's a good looking young chap in our town," said he, with the true Olathe spirit of boosting the native product. "His father runs the paper. Fine folks."

The upshot of the unsolicited testimonial was that "Buddy" Rogers became one of the eighteen survivors of the 40,000 applicants for the Paramount Pictures School.

BUT he didn't "graduate" until he had passed plenty of tests in fencing, riding, swimming, costuming, make-up, dancing and a number of other studies. High as was his standing, it would have been higher had his examiners shown any curiosity about the two subjects he knew best—journalism and the trombone.

He himself, like many others, has some curiosity as to whether his present pleasant assignment is due to the fact that he's had a college education or to the fact, motion-pictorially speaking, he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth when the exhibitor from Olathe dropped into Kansas City.

He cheerfully admits that it *is* a pleasant assignment, but further than that he doesn't have much to say about himself, which on the part of a young man who has come so far from Olathe, shows commendable modesty.

Certainly, if he wanted to blow his own horn, he's got his own horn to blow.



Raymond Hatton with his secretary and business manager—otherwise Mrs. Hatton. The Hattons rate a picture in these honorable columns because they have been married more years than Raymond has been in pictures

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



MISS MARY BRIAN
Paramount Star Whose Latest Picture is "MANPOWER"



Miss Brian Admires Her Autumn Gloves

Autumn Style Charts, from which to select your personal Glove-Robe, sent on request.

Miss Mary Brian's Glove-Robe for Autumn contains gloves in appropriate colors and styles to harmonize with her various costumes. For afternoon wear, she favors beige gloves in very light weight Cape with cuff faced with contrasting color. A pair of acorn colored Capes, she wears with brown costumes of tailored effect. The cream colored Pigskins, she considers smart for driving and sports wear. Her light gray Doeskin slip-ons harmonize beautifully with her gray, navy and black costumes.

Every well dressed woman can use such a Glove-Robe, selected according to her own wardrobe of costumes—appropriate in leathers, colors and styles for the occasions when they are to be worn.

Of course, her Glove-Robe will include, like Miss Brian's, several pairs of washable leather gloves that are so easily cleansed and remain so long presentable.

The Associated Glove Crafts

395 Broadway, New York City

Black *But Not* Blue

Our Comedians Struggle in the Dark for Laughs



A carbon copy of Keaton. In "College," Buster goes black to save his face when his favorite sheba enters the college cafeteria. But, we ask you, what does the right-hand *Mandy* think?



Here's *Topsy*. Midnight is noon compared to her. She has a heart of gold and a tin "pan." But, Lawdy Massa! she's a scream. It's Rosetta, the licorice half of the Duncan sisters



This is *Cally*, the girl *Ham* and *Eggs* left behind. But not far. *Cally* is that able trouper, Louise Fazenda



A couple of doughboys, gingerbread variety, confabbing with a well-done *Charmaine*. It's from "Ham and Eggs at the Front." The salesman to the right is Heinie Conklin. Tom Wilson adds his prayers. Myrna Loy as *Fifi* remains to be convinced

Printzess

PETITE · · COATS · · TRAVELURE



Carmel Myers, appearing in "The Demi-Bride" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sketched in style 201 by Frederic Dalrymple.

Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

Here are two famous stars wearing Printzess Coats. Others equally well known will appear in succeeding months. Be guided by the choice of America's best dressed women. There is a Printzess dealer in your town who has these and many other exclusive Printzess models. Printzess "Travelure" for travel and sport wear—Printzess "Petite" for the shorter figure. Ask for Printzess by name. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland—New York.

Price range: Dress Coats $39.50 to $150.00
"Travelure" $25.00 to $89.50



Laura LaPlante, Universal Star, now appearing in "Beware of Widows." Sketched in style 5207 by Frederic Dalrymple.

DISTINCTION IN DRESS — SINCE 1893



Oh, gentle reader!

Oh, gentle reader, are *you* so sure that you are always free from the unpleasant manifestations of perspiration?

Is there, then, never a sudden sense of dampness under your arms after some period of tenseness or excitement?

And do you not know that when there is perspiration moisture under the arms, there also is odor?

The truth — the hard truth is this: The odor of perspiration is seldom noticeable to ourselves.

Yet few human beings escape it. Five minutes after you have bathed and dressed, the perspiration glands will have done their work. And under your arms, where clothing prevents rapid evaporation, will be perspiration odor. Noticeable to others, but not to you.

There is only one way to be *sure*. But such an *easy* way. Just a little Odorono dabbed under the arms two nights a week will guard you against any possibility of offending.

Also, it will protect your clothing from the ruin of ugly stains of which you are in danger if only *half-way* precautions are taken. Odorono is the best clothes economy—the first necessity for being well dressed.

Millions of fastidious men and women have adopted this extra precaution — this double assurance of personal refinement which Odorono gives. Among them are most of our leading chemists, doctors and skin specialists who have examined the Odorono formula and approved it.

Any drug store, any toilet counter can supply you.

Don't you really think you ought to make sure?

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"Sport is more than clever; he's downright practical," said Neil.

"Why, when I asked that dog what he thought of the ten per cent salary cut, he frothed at the mouth and turned figure eights in the air until we told him it was all off."

HERE'S one Lya de Putti, now in the throes of learning the English language tells on herself:

"Everyone always tell me to say 'Yes' to everything a cop asks me while I am driving my car.

"I don't know all your English words, you see, so when I make a wrong turn and the cop he yells at me, 'Are you crazy?' I think real fast to myself, 'Crazy? Crazy? What does that mean?'

"So I play safe and answer, 'No, not now, but I have been.' And he laugh and let me go."

KATHRYN McGUIRE believes in publicity. She read several stories sent out about her while she was playing in a First National picture and liked them so much that she married George Landy, head of the publicity department at that studio. Miss McGuire must have figured it the safest way to keep a good press agent.

FIRST NATIONAL, doing right by the ten students who won the contest it held in the universities throughout the country to determine the ten handsomest college men, took the boys to dinner at Montmartre, Hollywood's leading cafe.

The boys were to judge the restaurant's dancing contest that evening, and to make everything particularly pleasant the studio undertook to provide girls for the boys.

What blind dates they were! Every girl present was really a baby star. Among them were Natalie Kingston, Alberta Vaughn, Alice White, Virginia Lee Corbin and several others.

It was one of the others, a glorious blonde, who thought up a snappy comeback. She had just admitted, inadvertently, that she had been in movies for six years.

"How old were you when you started?" asked one of the youths.

The blonde realized her error but recovered herself quickly.

"I wasn't quite ten," she lisped.

NOBODY has to be told that there are queer angles to home life as it is lived in Hollywood, and here's a new one for you.

Leah Baird and her husband, Arthur F. Beck, the producer, built a fine home, furnished it and before they'd lived in it long enough to give three or four parties, sold it at a profit. Buying another house,



A Rare Old "Still"

THE picture was "The Pullman Bride." The lot was Sennett's. The cast, reading from good to better, was Tom Kennedy, Mack Swain, Polly Moran, Gloria Swanson and Chester Conklin, the latter two playing the leads, and Phyllis Haver furnishing the big-eyed background behind Mack Swain's shoulder. Happy days, those. Their aggregate salaries were $250 a week. Now they're a hundred times that, $25,000



The guaranteed
TREATMENT
for
DANDRUFF

WILDROOT is not a cure-all. We make no extravagant claims for it. But it does remove dandruff—we guarantee to refund your money if it fails.

Wildroot loosens the dandruff, removes it—kills the dandruff germ—tones the scalp and leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

Tested for twenty-eight years

Why take chances with untried products? Wildroot has been an acknowledged treatment for dandruff for 28 years.

Use Wildroot *regularly,* both to remove dandruff and to prevent its return. Get a large bottle from your druggist today. Always ask your barber or hair dresser for a Wildroot treatment.



WILDROOT
HAIR TONIC

SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL BOTTLE

Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y., Dept. 3-10-8
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

they furnished it, moved in and sold it. Now they are building their third. And all within a year.

Someone asked Leah which house she was living in now.

"I'm not living in a house," she said, "I'm living in a serial."

THE two next best lines, pulled at the same dinner, both belong to Virginia Lee Corbin.

A boy from Maryland began showering the pastel Virginia with soulful sighs and glances.

Virginia gazed at him coldly. "Take off the mask and play yourself," she said, scornfully.

The boy continued to protest his love, his affection, his all.

"Aw, count yourself," wisecracked Miss Corbin, "you're not so numerous."

IF stars and picture folks were wise they would not often deport themselves before the public in bathing suits, *sans* powder, *sans* softly waved hair. Recently several visitors from the East were entertained at The Santa Monica Swimming Club, where most of the stars who haven't private swimming pools, take an ocean dip, and it proved an afternoon of complete disillusion. Not that the picture personages look less attractive than most in a bathing suit, but that an adoring public has placed each one upon a pedestal of physical perfection that does not permit of such flaws as a wet bathing suit reveals.

AN unforgettable picture was presented by the wife of our most famous comedian. Dressed in a red, black and white striped one piece bathing suit with heavy lip rouge and chewing gum, she was closely followed by a dark skinned Mexican nurse dragging two chubby youngsters, who bear slight resemblance to their famous father. Bringing up the rear was an extremely rotund grandmother, looking a bit coy in black taffeta bathing suit, with short full skirt, which disclosed enormous underpinnings.

The Visitors From The East were left quite speechless with this tableau, and just recovered in time to exclaim over the magnificent physique of Norman Kerry before he dove into an ocean breaker.

HELEN LEE WORTHING, former Follies girl now in pictures, surprised her friends by a double wedding. First she married Dr. Eugene Nelson of Los Angeles at Tia Juana and then they plighted their troth again at a religious ceremony in Mexico City. It ought to take, what with a double knot like that.

WITH all this fuss about reducing cost and deep mutterings concerning salaries, Paramount thought it a good time to refuse to raise Doris' salary. You may not have heard about Doris but everyone on the Famous Players-Lasky lot realizes she is Pola Negri's official hair dresser. Doris took her refusal by resigning. Pola came down to the lot the next morning and found her maiden-in-waiting missing. Temperament with a capital T refused to allow Pola to continue. Much persuasion succeeded in keeping the leading lady on the lot, but Temperament made the shooting a waste of money. The next morning Doris appeared as usual, wreathed in smiles at the ultimatum, "Name your own figure."

ADD laughs of the month: A quickie produced by a small company and touchingly titled "The Dog of Dogs."

We mean it.

JUST one of screenland's little ironies. A woman fan writer, from the East, arrived for a season in Hollywood. She mentioned to a group of friends that she wanted to learn to swim.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



The caption for this is "Alone at Last." Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque fled hectic Hollywood and spent their honeymoon at Banff and Lake Louise

"I owe this idea to Herbert Brenon"

Alton Hamilton remarks to his friend Carl de Mel as he offers him a Lucky Strike at the Manor Country Club.





Herbert Brenon,
noted Film Director,
writes:

During the pandemonium of motion picture production—as in my direction of 'Beau Geste'—I find Lucky Strikes are not only soothing to tired vocal chords, but they have the best flavor. The constant use of my voice in my work demands that I keep it in condition. Lucky Strikes are the only cigarettes which protect me from an irritated throat, and which I enjoy to the utmost."

Herbert Brenon

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



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Dear as the dreams of love itself are the dreams of that ring whose thousand captured fires and whose genuineness shall one day symbolize—on her slim finger—your rapt devotion. And here, in this new free book of Bluebird Diamonds, are those dreams come true: fine genuine diamonds in settings of exquisite workmanship; rings that will bring a gasp of admiration and envy from every girl who sees her wearing one; rings that are a known standard of value, the prices at which you can *buy them from reliable jewelers* all plainly marked upon the attached metal tag; rings backed by a Warranty Certificate—every one!

Fifty to five hundred are the prices, with some especially attractive rings at $75 to $125. You'll want to see this book—to go through it—you and she. Just mail the coupon now.

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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

"I feel silly," she confessed. "Here the Pacific is practically at my back door. Two-year-old children go splashing by like human ducks. If I could find another grown-up as ignorant as I, I'd take some swimming lessons."

"Let's study together," begged a beautiful girl, present in the group. "I've always wanted to know how to get about in the water."

The girl was Madeline Hurlock, Sennett bathing beauty extraordinary!

P. S.: Madeline and the fan writer really did learn to swim.

TALKING to Tim McCoy as he was boarding the train for a month's vacation on his cattle ranch in Wyoming, "Got a fan letter the other day asking for a picture of my horse," said Colonel Tim. "The writer said if she couldn't have that she'd take a picture of me instead."

MR. AND MRS. JESSE LASKY entertained friends at their Santa Monica beach home one languid Sunday afternoon.

Elsie Janis, Mrs. Janis, Julian Eltinge, and a number of others partook of the Lasky hospitality.

Miss Janis was prevailed upon to entertain with a few singing numbers. Julian Eltinge followed with several female impersonations.

Mrs. Gilbert Miller (the first Mrs. Miller) waited anxiously to see what clothes Mr. Eltinge wore.

"If he has on any of my dresses," she wailed, being very small while Eltinge is quite big, "I'll slay him, I'll positively slay him."

Unfortunately for the newspapers, Mr. Eltinge presented no such golden opportunity.

ELSIE JANIS, who can't do a single thing except sing, dance and give imitations just a little better than anybody in her line can sing, dance and give imitations, arrived unannounced in Hollywood recently.

She leased a house and began to take in the sights, including the studios.

To her entered, as they say on the stage, one enterprising motion picture booking agent, his eye all on fire with a burning idea.

"I could easy get you a good contract to star in a picture," said he.

"You could easy waste your time talking to me," said she, "I saw myself on the screen once. I was rotten. No more pictures." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



Another one of those things that seem so simple on the screen. Benjamin Christiansen had this elaborate contraption built so that he might get a good shot of Lon Chaney starting downstairs. The title of the newest Chaney picture—a Russian story—has been changed from "Terror" to "Mockery." It's all right with us

These wives of ours!

WE TOOK them from the shelter of their families, gave them two or three rooms and a share of our salary—then left them sitting there among the wedding presents, a bit bewildered.

BUT they knew how—these wives of ours. They knew how to make rooms into homes, and how to get more merchandise out of a dollar bill than we ever could. We're lucky to have wives. How do they do it?

LOOK through this magazine. You will find advertisements covering almost every human need. They are filled with hints for the household, hints for health, hints for clothing, hints for keeping young. They are virtually little essays on life. No wonder these wives of ours follow them so carefully. As one wise wife said: "It isn't so much that I know housekeeping so well. I know where to learn it!"

Most advertising is prepared especially for women. Read it. It forms an authoritative text book on good housekeeping

Your hair well groomed every moment of the day with

ACE

hard rubber Combs



The ACE COMB CABINET is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere.

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To comb out the towsled hair without pulling or breaking, use an Ace Dressing Comb (8 or 9 inch size, wide teeth.)

to dress the hair

And to acquire that close fitting effect that is popular now, the Ace all fine tooth Dressing Comb is used and recommended.

during the day

The Ace Pocket Comb is carried conveniently by men and women alike ready for use at any moment during the day.

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The Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. It reveals the natural lustre.

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Dept D9, 11 Mercer St., New York, N.Y.
Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."

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Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

CAN you vision Peter Pan as a "Western lady?"

That's just what has happened to petite Betty Bronson, for she is cast as Jack Luden's heroine in "Shooting Irons." Seems to me a bit strange that the little youngster who has heretofore been a heroine in her own right should now be supporting another youngster of far less experience.

LAST week a group of Baby Stars thought it would be a generous stunt to carry flowers, fruit and such out to the Old Soldiers Home at Sawtelle. They created quite a flutter among the old fellows, who gazed with admiration at the bevy of beauties. Tender memories stirred in the shriveled old hearts, and as the girls were leaving, one old fellow was heard to remark to his pal:

"John, do you remember the first girl you ever kissed?"

John pondered for a second and then said, "Shucks, no! I can't even remember the last one."

MAE MURRAY is back in New York after a trip to Europe and darkest Africa.

Mae didn't bring home any animals; in fact, she even left her husband in Europe; thereby giving rise to all sorts of chitchat about an impending divorce.

It is one horrid wise-cracker's notion that Mae ought to play in a screen version of "Chin Chin."

Mae denies the divorce talk.

WHETHER it's to get enough money to go back to Hungary to fight a duel, as he insists, or whether it's to earn money to fight hunger in Hollywood, remains to be seen. Anyway, it's a fact that Archduke Leopold of Austria is working as an extra in the new Fox production, "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters," and his secretary is working too. The archduke plays a German captain with a handsome head of hair and, as he is approaching baldness, a toupee was pasted on his royal pate. When not acting, the secretary spends his time mopping the brow of His Highness and making his lot as an "extra" as easy as possible.

IT is Dorothy Herzog's quaint notion that, before the debacle of the Hapsburgs, *seine Durchlaucht* was so elegant that he had velvet covered adenoids.

REALLY, these poor film stars do suffer.

Drop a tear over the case of poor Emil Jannings and his thirty thousand dollars' worth of automobiles.

The cars are Mercedes, most swanky and most German, made for Emil in his native land. But not so hot among the hills of Hollywood. Or, rather, too hot along the brake linings. Emil's Mercedes, rounding the corkscrew curves of California, literally burned up.

Mechanics were imperative. But there are no mechanics in Los Angeles who can repair foreign cars. So Emil has been forced to send all the way to New



Will Rogers is telling 'em about his operation. Now that he is all well again, Will has started work on "A Texas Steer." Sam Rork, in the center, is producing it and Richard Wallace, to the right, is directing

York and pay car fare plus wages over time plus board and room for two repair men.

Herr Jannings is now considering buying a flock of flivvers.

EMIL JANNINGS and Wallace Beery are the latest Hollywood David and Jonathan. Their peculiar friendship started on the train which bore Jannings on his first trip to Hollywood. Reporters seeking to interview Beery were forced to pay tribute to Jannings. "He is a better actor than I am and deserves more notice," Beery told them. Neither understands more than a few words spoken by the other. "But we have not the need of words, our hearts do our talking," is the way Jannings described it.

THERE is a lunch counter called The Greasy Elbow just outside the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios at Culver City, where some of the less pretentious extra boys and girls grab a quick lunch at noon. Seated on a high stool was a languid Englishman in "tails and topper," wiping his brow while waiting for a steak sandwich. Finally it arrived. He took one look at it and then called:

"I say, waitah, nevah bring me a steak like this again."

"Why not?" yelled the perspiring waiter.

"It simply isn't done, old thing," replied young John Bull.

KABAR, the late Rudolph Valentino's favorite dog, and Blanca, a Persian cat, are the bane of each other's existence upon the Famous Players-Lasky lot and cause their owners, Mauritz Stiller and Louise Brooks, no little exercise.

Recently, Louise returned from New York. She greeted Director Stiller:

"It's certainly great to be back. The heat in New York was terrific."

"New York—bah! Here it was so hot, that one day when I caught my Kabar chasing your Blanca, they were both *walking!*"

MRS. "PEG" TALMADGE can keep the social pace with the youngest of the film folk, but her daughter Connie had her begging for mercy whilst stopping in Manhattan ere sailing for Paris and a divorce.

"Peg" rounded up a postal card which sported a goodly sized tombstone. She dipped her thumb in butter and smudged it atop the tombstone.

"Trying to keep up with Connie," wrote Peg to a friend in Hollywood, "nearly brings one to this."

THREE title writers had been working on the titles for a certain picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They were having tough going, too. Finally, Irving Thalberg accepted part of the titles from each of them and then immediately arose the question as to who was to get credit.

The three went in a body to Mr. Thalberg. Each wanted credit, each thought his titles were the best. So they said, "What you should do is give each of us credit for his own titles. You could put our name on the screen at the end of each title. That would solve it."

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Take advantage of this Free Trial Offer—
See your teeth grow perfectly clean

TEETH that flash and sparkle when you smile; teeth so clean you love to show them . . . you can have them quickly, easily, if you will use this simple cleansing method.

It is a scientific method, developed after thousands of experiments. It is a method that has been used by three generations. Today more dentists recommend it and more people prefer it to any other dentifrice made. Leading dental authorities now say that the one function of a dentifrice is to clean. They warn against relying on any dentifrice to correct diseased conditions of teeth or gums.



CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean*. If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—but go to your dentist at once.

Simple—Scientific

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is based upon a scientific cleansing principle. It has a dual action. When you brush Colgate's on your teeth, two things happen: First, the finely ground calcium carbonate rubs loose the clinging food particles and safely polishes the enamel to a sparkling brilliance. Second, a delicious, aromatic foam sweeps over the teeth and gums, seeks out hidden crevices, rinsing them scientifically and removing the very causes of decay. Keep your teeth "Colgate" clean; visit your dentist regularly, and you are doing the safest, most sensible thing in the world to keep your teeth healthy and beautifully.



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Make this test—
See teeth grow cleaner

Send today for the generous trial tube of Colgate's. Brush your teeth with it for a week and note the difference! You will be amazed at the brilliant cleanliness which this method brings.

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"That couldn't possibly be done," said Thalberg.

"Sure it could," said one of them, "it's been done."

"I don't believe it," said Thalberg, "where?"

"Right in 'The King of Kings,'" insisted the title writer, "after every title doesn't it say—Matt., or Mark, or Luke or John?"

RENEE ADORÉE can't put anything over on that new husband, William Gill,—not if he knows it.

The French Renée was talking over the 'phone in her native language. The next evening the newly-acquired hubby came home with more than a dozen volumes. French grammars of every description!

"La maison est blanche—la maison est blanche" she heard him muttering midst the splashing of shower-waters. "My goodness, I won't be able to talk about white houses any more. Are there no secrets to marriage?" she demanded.

MARIE PREVOST'S own domestic life may be on the rocks, but on the screen she certainly is a "constant gal" in her affections. Harrison Ford, who has played opposite her in four comedies, is again cast as her leading man for the fifth time in "The Girl in the Pullman."

And now the news trickles around that Marie and Kenneth Harlan are going to call it quits and make up.

JOE ALLER, of the Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, and Ray Rockett, the First National producer, were squabbling in the projection room over the way some of the rushes on Dick Barthelmess' picture "The Drop Kick" were coming back from the lab.

Ray was expounding vigorously.

"Do you expect us to spend thousands of dollars on a production and then have you mess up the negative in which all that money is condensed without kicking about it?"

Joe may or may not have known of all the troubles Rockett had been having with the company filming this particular picture. In any case he vigorously denied the accusation and wound up by saying sagely:

"One thing I can tell you anyway from my experience, Mr. Rockett—no picture has ever been a financial loss because of the photography."

BESSIE LOVE is at West Point making "The West Pointer" for P. D. C. An earnest scientific student engaged her in conversation and Bessie told him of her recent motor trip through Yosemite Valley, the wonder of the High Sierras, etc.

"Ah, that must be marvelous," replied the student. "Which of the flora and fauna of the valley impressed you most?"

"A steak sandwich with asparagus tips," promptly replied Bessie.

The lad was still out at the last count.

AN incident which would have passed unheralded had I not seen it.

During the filming of Richard Dix' latest, "Shanghai Bound," Mr. Dix was in a pursuit by river bandits, part of which led into the Sacramento River.

Everything went smoothly until a



San Francisco, Calif.

I have recently left the place where undoubtedly the most critical audience of the silent drama resides—San Quentin Prison. Pretty name, that. We don't think much of beauty in walls of rock and doors of steel. We live in a world of our own, a world that we created and probably rightfully belong in.

In our cinema palace we had no pretty usherettes in bewitching uniforms to lead us to our seats; no thirty piece evening-dress orchestra to play sweet melodies; no air redolent of perfume. No. We had hard, backless benches, our own band—a good one. Perfume? Well, yes. And uniformed attendants.

But, we knew life. No group could easier pick the real from the unreal; we could detect sincerity like a Sherlock Holmes. And we had to admit that, by and large, there were mighty few flaws to find in the acting of these reel people. Mother dramas would bring tears; the villain would receive genuine hisses, even from us hard guys, while the triumph of right always brought applause. It was pathetic to see how these men, many of them case-hardened, would sit there, eyes glued to the screen while the picture unfolded. Always after a good picture, the men would file out silently, a longing and faraway look in their eyes that was hard to read. I know. Five years of it I had, and whether you can believe this or not, I have not enjoyed one show so much since I have been free as I did those I saw while mingled with a couple of thousand convicts in the City of Silent Men.

I sincerely hope that the players realize just how much they mean to those men; men who have their likes and dislikes, petty hates and strifes, but to whom the greatest thing in the world is missing—the main theme in every picture and the basis of everything—love.

San Quentin.

noise closely resembling the great Woof calling to its mate was heard. One of the bandits had changed banditing for drowning.

Richard heard it, and soon had the erstwhile bad man on dry land.

FOR once in his life Luther Reed had all the pop corn he could eat—and more.

The director, who was making "Shanghai Bound" with Richard Dix, and was on location on the Sacramento River when his birthday rolled around, was given a surprise party by Dix, Mary Brian and other members of the cast.

Among his presents were rattles, Teddy Bears and other suitable toys, but his most cherished gift was a bushel of nice crisp pop corn for which Reed has what is almost a mania.

IMAGINE hating to do a thing that made you famous, beloved, and the sum of $1,000 a week.

Such is the case of Alan Hale.

Alan hates acting. And the tragic part of it is he's a good actor. He loves directing.

More than a year ago he took a salary cut of the aforementioned $1,000 in order to get a chance to direct for Cecil B. De Mille.

He did "Braveheart" and one or two other pictures.

But now he's acting again in "The Wreck of the Hesperus." He's getting the extra $1,000.

Draw your own conclusions.

BILL HAINES still retains the brown derby for wise-cracks. He discharged his valet some weeks ago, and the fellow in looking for another position gave Bill as a reference. A few days later, some man called Bill on the telephone and said:

"What was the matter with that valet you discharged?"

Bill said, "I fired him for removing a spot from my trousers."

"Good Lord," said the voice on the phone, "Wasn't he supposed to do that?"

"Yes," replied Bill, "but this was a ten spot."

ONE of the best acting little boys in pictures is a little girl.

Ner name is Dorothy Brock and she gives an unusually fine performance as Poli Negri's son in "The Woman on Trial."

About five years old, slender and long-limbed, Dorothy is constantly employed about the studios—but always as a boy. No director has yet been able to see her ability at playing her own sex.

Not that it worries Dorothy. She earns her own lollipops and her dad has a regular job as messenger for the Central Casting Bureau.

HERE is a sure cure for fading stars. A certain director was given an assignment to direct Lon Chaney. He was excited about it, for Chaney pictures always sell and they always make money. No Chaney picture for years has been an outright failure and most of them are genuine box-office successes.

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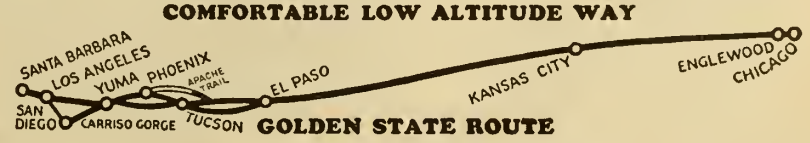
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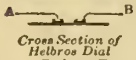
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A variety of models at $12 up

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The director sought out the star. "I shall direct the company thus and thus, Mr. Chaney," he said. "I shall not, of course, make any attempt to direct you."

"What did you say?" asked Lon.

The director repeated that he would let the star have his own way.

MR. CHANEY drew himself up to his full height. "I'm very sorry," he remarked, "but you cannot direct my picture.

"I need direction as much as any player in my company. I have learned one thing definitely in my years before the camera.

"It was not listening to my own ideas that made me a star. When I get so good I don't need direction, it will be time for me to retire. I'm not that good yet. Goodbye."

There you have the secret of Lon's success and the reason of one director's failure.

BUSTER Keaton and Snitz Edwards were looking at "College," Buster's latest laugh-getter.

"Looks good to me," said Snitz.

"O. K. here," almost smiled Buster. "Hope the college boys like it."

"Don't worry about that," returned Snitz. "You look collegiate all over. No garters, funny hat and," he added, "you even look hungry."

WE read recently that Harry Carey, erstwhile cowboy of the films, is going to play the "swashbuckling Sergeant Malone, daredevil officer of the Canadian Mounted Police," in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Rose Marie."

Now once upon a time Carey was a law student at New York University where he caught for the varsity nine between classes.

With all this experience at catching, Carey ought to get his man.

HERE'S one about Wilson Mizner, author of some of Broadway's greatest stage successes and one of America's most famous wits.

Mizner, you know, is the chap who once said of a New York Hotel, "This place is getting strict, they won't even let them take cocaine in the elevators any more."

Upon arriving in Hollywood recently to write for Paramount he was met by Walter Wanger, who greeted him thus:

"What do you know about movies?"

"I know a lot about 'em," smiled Mizner.

"I'll bet you don't even know what rushes are," said Wanger, referring to the shots of each previous day's work which are shown for the benefit of directors.

"Rushes?" returned Mizner, "Sure. That's where they found Moses."

VISITORS from the desert town of Guadalupe had gathered to watch picture folk emote in the making of "Beau Sabreur." They saw Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper, brave in desert garb, playing a scene in front of a decorative tent. It was a windy day and the sand putputted in their faces and the sun beat into their eyes unmercifully.

One youngster, four years old, persisted in turning his back on the players and yanking at his mother's skirts, crying petulantly.

"Mama, mama, where are the actors?"

After the umpty ump repetition of this subtle crack, Evelyn Brent turned to Director Johnny Waters and called: "Johnny, is that a critic I hear?"

DEATH refuses to wait for curtain calls.

Madge Kennedy, who back in the old Goldwyn Pictures days, was one of the great screen favorites, tried to finish her stage performance in San Francisco yet



What ho, aeroplanes! Will these flyers give us sailors no peace? Left to right, the crew consists of Buster Collier, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton

reach her husband's bedside in Los Angeles before he died.

Harold Bolster, her husband, played out his final scene first.

It was all ghastly tragedy. Madge and Bolster had been an ideally happy couple. In the days of her greatest success, Bolster gave up his own business to attend to managing hers. An astute banker, he arranged contracts, appointments, engagements, everything for Madge. Later Madge returned to the stage and he to the brokerage business.

MADGE was touring the West in "Love-in-a-Mist." Bolster, in bad health, accompanied her as far as Los Angeles. There he rested while Madge went on to San Francisco. When she got word that he was dying she arranged for a special airplane to be ready as the curtain went down on the last act. But the plane was forced down by bad weather. As her husband breathed his last, Madge was bucking strong head winds.

Even after the funeral, the unwritten law of the theater still held her. The show must go on. Miss Kennedy flew back to San Francisco and the waiting troupe.

"DOROTHY REVIER, a Wampas baby star of 1925 will marry New York clubman," says the press.

The New York clubman is none other than Charles Schoen Johnson, now husband of the beautiful Katherine McDonald.

She said, "We didn't want to talk about it yet, as our divorces are not final. It was our intention to announce the engagement at a luncheon party."

Poor girl—probably had to wait till dinner time.

That's the trouble nowadays—everything moves so *darn slow*—

PRACTICALLY every important director and producer was present at a thrift dinner given at the Biltmore the other night.

Douglas Fairbanks presided while the assembled guests threshed out such subjects as: waste, overhead and kindred foes of economy in the film business.

"Thrift dinner—where have I heard that before?" pondered Clara Bow. "Oh yes—that war we had. Which reminds me," she added, "there's just one thing *than* I'd rather not eat."

"Which is?" from me.

"Rhubarb!" from Clara.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE left recently for Europe.

"What is it, Connie, divorce?" we asked.

We referred to her recent break with Captain Alastair Mackintosh, Connie's latest husband.

"I thought I'd wait until fall," replied Constance. "That's when the crops are supposed to fail, isn't it?" she added.

THEODORE ROBERTS, who is convalescing from a prolonged illness, will soon be up and working again, say his physicians.

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Roberts, "but I warn you that if I ever do get out of



How Famous Movie Stars Keep their "BOBS" so Attractive

Why year after year, discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

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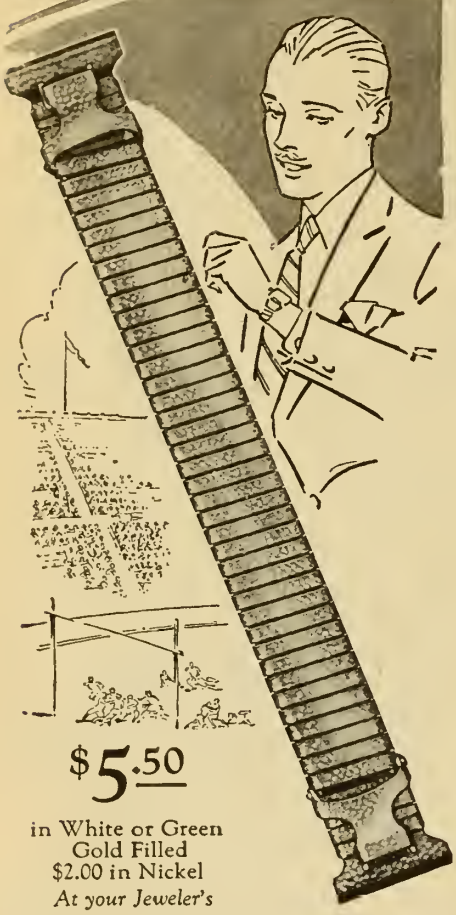
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bed I'll never take the part of a sick man in future pictures.

"In fact," he went on, "I think I'll even sleep standing up."

RICHARD DIX read that Al Cohen, one of Hollywood's best known writers, and also a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE editorial alumnus, is helping to adapt "We Americans" to the movies for Universal. He read it again. "Cohen —We Americans?"—and blinked. Then to the telephone.

"Hello, Al," said Richard. "What's this about 'We Americans'?"

"I know it doesn't sound right," returned Cohen, "but it's true!"

"Thanks," laughed Dix. "I thought maybe it was just another movie."

YOU'D know Mickey Neilan was responsible for this one no matter where you found it.

On the opening night of "The King



When Gertrude Olmstead ate her mush and milk and went to bed at eight o'clock. Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard at the age of three years and seven months



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of Kings" Mickey overheard a portly gentleman saying to his wife,

"Vell, Rachel, I think there are more of us here tonight than there were at the crucifixion."

FUNNY things can happen with studio officials as well as with the critics.

A five reel comedy, decidedly slapstick, featuring Patsy Ruth Miller and Glenn Tryon was shipped East recently labeled "Program" openly but in the privacy of the studio "rotten." This in spite of the fact that Uncle Carl Laemmle had attended a pre-view where the picture, "Painting the Town," was a howl. "Uncle Carl" thought he had a Jewel sure until he was talked out of it at the studio the next morning.

"Painting the Town" was a riot with the New York officials and selling force. It went into the Roxy theater on Broadway and broke all summer house records. It was released as a Super-Jewel and stands to be a clean-up.

"Sign up that young Poverty Row director who made 'Painting the Town' and also Tryon," was the wire that came west.

Both now have long term Universal contracts.

THE much rumored break between Jason Robards and his wife, Hope Maxine Robards, has come at last. Robards has filed suit for divorce on grounds of cruelty and sets a rather new precedent for Hollywood divorces by asking custody of their two children and all community property, including two automobiles and a mountain cabin. Robards is living in the family home with the two children, and his wife with friends.

ALAS! poor Mary Philbin. Universal has thrown her to the lions. With not a real part to her credit since "The Merry-Go-Round," they have loaned her to D. W. Griffith for his forthcoming United Artist production.

We do not know the story, nor the part, but unless "The Master" has had an awakening—unless he realizes the procession is passing—quickly—then fate has played the Philbin child another dirty trick.

FOR the love of misguided beauty, will First National please take Billie Dove out of bed. A few weeks ago, I strolled down the main thoroughfare and gazed upon a huge billboard depicting La Dove reclining most beautifully, with Ben Lyon bending over, cheek to cheek. The title was "The Tender Hour." Well, that's that! Every girl must have a tender hour, thinks I, but this week I stroll down the same avenue and to my utter amazement there is the same billboard, with La Dove reclining again most beautifully. BUT this time ANOTHER gent shares the Dove couch. It is Lloyd Hughes and the title is "The Stolen Bride." This is too much. La Dove, reclining, is a most seductive picture, but First National should have better judgment and good taste than to capitalize this in every picture. There is no surer way of killing great physical charm than overfeeding the public with it.

IN SEPTEMBER *condition your skin with* FROSTILLA



SUNBURN's great — and don't we love that satin coat of tan? But now that summer skies and sun-kissed cheeks are welcoming Fall, it's good to know Frostilla!

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

Terrifying the French Gendarmes

Chicago, Ill.

The aversion to approaching American Army deserters, manifested during the late war by the Parisian Gendarmes, was attributed to the fact that so many of our Western films are shown in France that the average Frenchman believes every American to be a dead shot with the revolver. I cite this as an example of the ease with which the motion picture can mold impressionable minds.

L. O.

Say It Ain't So!

Pineville, Ky.

I most heartily agree with F. M., of Lawrence, Kansas, about Dolores Costello. She certainly cannot act. Her fame was gained through John Barrymore.

MARIE VERNON BYRLEY.

Does Louise Use a Shoehorn?

Cleveland, Ohio.

Here's a "Brickbat" for Louise Brooks. Why doesn't somebody tell her how to dress? They say that she is "Glorifying the American Girl." Well, I certainly pity the American girl who follows her way of dressing. It is a wonder that she doesn't need a shoehorn to get into her clothes. Everyone knows she has cute legs, but gosh! she doesn't have to wear such skin tight clothes!

JEANNE SCHULTZ.

A Mother Registers a Kick

Montgomery, Ala.

Why are we surfeited with pictures portraying life as it is today? We are sick and tired of divorce cases, smoking and drinking, the mad rush for pleasure, as shown in such pictures as "Sensation Seekers," "Modern Youth," "The Cat's Pajamas," etc. Do you think parents who have gone through scenes with sons and daughters care to pay money to witness it over again?

ETHEL S. COOK.

And Here Is the Answer

Atlanta, Ga.

Being the mother of two "almost young lady" daughters is some job and selecting their movies is another job which PHOTOPLAY has been a great help in solving. There are some pictures which I heartily enjoy, yet feel that they are not fit mental food for Misses Fifteen and Seventeen.

MRS. B. K. C.

The "Perfect Photoplay"?

Newark, N. J.

I have beheld "The Show"—the perfect photoplay still lives! Suspense is carried with a vital force to the very end of the picture. "The Show" has given us acting. Each character has done his best. Surely this picture contains the dramatic elements that will hold any audience.

CLARA PATSURIS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



Some stars have books merely as "props" to fill up wall space. But Aileen Pringle not only reads her books, but she knows most of the authors that write 'em

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THREE'S A CROWD—First National

HARRY LANGDON reaches for the moon in this and grasps—a feeble glow-worm. He has tried to stuff the plots of Chaplin's "The Kid" and Charlie Ray's "The Girl I Loved" into one picture. The result is an absurd, unbelievable story. To top the blunder he makes you wade through thick layers of oleomargarine of pathos to get at the comedy. Harry clowns the part of a trunk heaver who always wanted a wife and a child. It didn't matter whose they were. He gets his wish one day but they are reclaimed. We like Harry Langdon and hate to hear the sound of his flops. May his next be louder and funnier.

NEVADA—Paramount

PRODUCTIONS like this explain the perennial popularity of Westerns. "Nevada" thrills with suspense, dazzles with fine performances, glamorous outdoor photography and a hero with a sense of humor, Gary Cooper. Gary's a bad boy of the plains, who, trying to reform, gets in with cattle thieves, meets the girl and foils the villain. Not a new plot, but here vitalized into real entertainment. Besides, there's William Powell and a clever new comedian, Ernie Adams, in the cast.

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS—Paramount

A DEADLY dullness seems to attack all Thomas Meighan pictures. Here a splendid original story by Sidney Howard emerges as worn hokum and James Cruze's direction becomes fatigued. Tom portrays a prizefighter, devoted to his foster mother, protector of a weakling brother, and in love with a swell society gal. There are night club shots, suicides, and fist fights, yet the production remains as still as a frozen lake. Don't go unless you are an unquestioning Meighan fan.

THE BROADWAY KID—Warner Bros.
Tentative Title

HERE is the graveyard of all the old comedy gags. They certainly have managed to resurrect a number of the "old boys" to duty in this new Georgie Jessel comedy feature. Anthony Coldewey, who did the story, took the liberty of utilizing the idea of the old vaudeville skit, "George Washington Cohen," for his basic plot. The picture will need a lot of editing and titling before it will prove palatable to an audience. One worth-while feature is that it serves as the medium of a screen debut for Audrey Ferris as an ingenue lead. You'll hear from her in the future. Gertrude Astor is also in the picture playing a marble-hearted gold-digger and doing it very well.

TIP TOES—British National

THIS is the third picture that Dorothy Cish has done abroad. Like its immediate predecessor, this one must be dubbed "a cheater." It will serve well enough to kill an hour if you have nothing better to do. Dorothy has the rôle of the girl in a three-act of American vaudevillians who've invaded England. They are broke and pose as wealthy Americans. This brings them in contact with English nobility. But the boy who loves the little dancer discovers the masquerade and in the end she is working out their hotel bill by cabaret dancing. Love triumphs in time and she marries the nobleman. Will Rogers plays one of the two hoofers in the act with her. He is as funny as Will Rogers can be.



If graying hair would only ache

WHEN disease attacks your tooth, the pain is anguishing and off you go to the dentist. If graying hair would only ache, you would probably realize that it, too, is a disease and one which should have prompt attention.

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HIS DOG—Pathe-De Mille

THIS started with a good idea: how a dog works out the regeneration of his master through his steadfast fidelity. And it had the direction of Karl Brown, who made "Stark Love." The result, however, is pretty inadequate. Mr. Brown could make untutored mountaineers act but he can not do as well by Joseph Schildkraut, who massacres the rôle of the dog owner. The direction is early Lubin. The only member of the cast to emerge with credit is the collie, an excellent canine actor.

THE RED RAIDERS—First National

DUE solely to Ken Maynard, this is pretty entertaining stuff. Certainly he has a lot to contend with, for rarely has a picture been cursed with worse subtitles or had so little new material on which to go. In spite of all we can do, the Izzy-Murphy combination of (some call it) humor is gaining ground on us. Worse, it seems to be improving. For instance, it was pretty hard to keep from laughing when the Izzy of this picture, when asked why he neglected to salute his officer, replied, "I thought you was sore on me, Kepten."

A HERO ON HORSEBACK—Universal

IN which Hoot Gibson does his bag of tricks for your enjoyment or ennui—whichever way he strikes you. The story? Well, it seems Hoot is a "ramblin' gamblin' kid" who somehow gets possession of a bank. The cashier, a regular devil—yes, he has a mustache, locks Hoot's gal in the safe and runs away with the money. Then Hoot goes to work and all the kiddies start clapping.

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First Nat'l

THIS is by no means a great comedy but John Francis Dillon has injected several scenes that will draw loud laughs from any audience. It is a story of salesmanship—Jack Mulhall is a shipping clerk who has ambitions to be a salesman. He is almost a failure due to the dirty work of the villain but the gal shows him up and the hero becomes sales-manager. Dorothy Mackaill is the girl.

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING—FBO

LET'S hope you feel the same way we do—this Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone too far. The first of these were funny but now they are beginning to be pathetic in their humor. This is one of the poorest comedies ever made. The comedy is forced, the situations trite and the acting very poor. But as long as we can't say something nice let's be charitable and end this thing.

PAINTED PONIES—Universal

THIS has little to offer with the exception of Hoot Gibson. The plot is one of those complicated affairs of the villain holding a ruling hand over the gal's father. Lots of fights and a couple of murders, just to stretch this over five reels. You know the inevitable.

WHITE PANTS WILLIE—First Nat'l

ONE of the funniest of the Johnny Hines comedies. Johnny's a greasy garage mechanic who has two dreams—white pants and his invention—a magnetic bumper. He falls in love with a girl and then he decides he must be a success. But see it yourself if you want some good hearty laughs. Johnny is always there with a series of funny gags. You can't go wrong on this.

THE SATIN WOMAN—Gotham

THE usual parental preachment given by Mrs. Wallace Reid—but, at least, an improvement on her previous efforts. A strong supporting cast and lavish sets take the wrinkles out of the old yarn of the beautiful wife who neglects her husband and child in quest of success. The final day of reckoning comes and all are united again in a rather surprising climax.

TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE—UFA

ANOTHER of those artistic German pieces that isn't worth a dime. A picture within a picture is always the height of intricate drama and between the queer lighting and wanderings of the actors this is plain bunk—not art. However, one cannot overlook the splendid performance of Emil Jannings even though the rôle itself is disgusting. For our elders only.

THE SILENT HERO—Rayart

INTRODUCING a new dog star—Napoleon Bonaparte—in the regular dog story. You know the one about a dog being a man's best pal and the canine hero who always makes his appearance just as the villain is getting the upper hand of either the hero or heroine. Trite stuff.

THE GINGHAM GIRL—FBO

SONGS and dances usually bolster up the weak plots of musical comedies. And when transferred to the screen they usually become draggy movies just aching to burst into a "I Love You, Darlin' Mine." This is no exception. Again the country gal comes to the big city and succeeds in getting her cookies on the market. Pretty flat.

THE MOJAVE KID—FBO

THIS introduces to you FBO's newest Western star—Bob Steele. Bob is one of the youngest Western stars on the screen, has a nice personality and is sure to be the "idol" of the kiddies. His first vehicle is crammed with action though at times the plot has its squeaky moments. The scenery is worth the price of admission alone.

THE BLOOD SHIP—Columbia

A REAL he-man picture and this is one time we feel the ladies will like to be excused. A picture that is well-produced and directed; filled with splendid performances; but its story is one of mutiny, brutality, murder and a girl. Too gruesome for real enjoyment. Hobart Bosworth, Jacqueline Logan and Richard Arlen are in the cast, with Bosworth giving one of the finest performances of the month.

PAID TO LOVE—Fox

HERE'S a sprightly little comedy which shows just what good direction means to a picture. The story comes from the mythical kingdom file—a bashful prince who must marry in order to obtain a loan from an American banker. Howard Hawks has kidded kingdoms and Parisian dives in one breath—the result—you are assured of an evening of pure enjoyment.

LONESOME LADIES—First National

ANOTHER of the domestic triangle affairs, deftly handled by Joseph Henaberry. The story is of a home-loving husband and a pleasure-loving wife. A divorce seems imminent after the reappearance of one of hubby's former flames, now a widow. But wifey really loves hubby and hubby ditto. All misunderstandings are nicely settled and the divorce averted. Lewis Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson and Jane Winton head the cast. You'll enjoy this.

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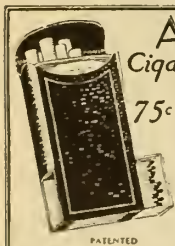
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Jesse James—"Hero"!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

to a decision. He ran away from home and joined his brother Frank with the Quantrell Guerrillas. Of the exploits of this daring Maryland Frenchman I could talk forever. His command, commissioned by Jefferson Davis, was on detached duty to raid the Union garrisons of the west. And raid they did, so successfully in fact that a Union General in Kansas City declared this cavalry 'outlaw' in 1863 and ordered his men to take no prisoners and spare no wounded whenever they came across the Quantrell band. At the close of the war when the other Confederate soldiers were restored to citizenship *en masse*, there was a special order to the effect that the Quantrell Guerrillas must surrender in person and each would have to sign a separate oath of allegiance.

"IN accord with this order, Jesse James in company of nine other comrades-in-arms went under a flag of truce to a little Missouri town to lay down their arms, sign the oath and return to his farm. Then they found that that was not all that was required of them. They were also to give the names of every other member that they could remember that served in the same command with them.

"This they would not do. They were willing to risk their own lives by coming in under a flag of truce, although they were declared outlaw, but each and every one of them refused to divulge the names of those with whom they fought side-by-side. Therefore they started to ride out of the town, still under the flag of truce, only to be fired on from ambush. Jesse James was shot through the lung.

"This was the beginning of Jesse James' life of outlawry. He had wanted to lay down his arms and return to his farm. The answer to his good intentions had been a bullet through the lung. Like a wounded animal he fled to the shelter of his mother's home to recuperate from the wound, and when he returned to health he took up a life that was to strike terror to the hearts of those that wronged him and his people. Twice while at his mother's, soldiers made attempts to surprise and capture him, but on each occasion he was forewarned in time to make his escape and lay low in the brush until the search was over. It was on the occasion of the second visit to the Samuel's home that someone threw a bomb into the house, killing Jesse's six year old stepbrother and blowing off part of his mother's arm.

"For seventeen years Jesse James lived a hunted man with a price on his head. Rewards for his capture, dead or alive, at one time totaled more than $100,000. For seventeen years he lived an outlaw and never did the law place a hand on him. In the end he was shot from behind by his own cousin, Bob Ford, with the very gun which James had given him as a present the week before. And Ford shot not in anger but to collect the blood money, as he later admitted.

"Had Jesse James been other than on the square in his dealings with the men who at various times comprised his band, he surely must have been betrayed long before he was, for the gold that was offered for his body was surely a lure for those who surrounded him. He must have been a man to inspire loyalty, love and faithfulness.

"Let me tell you a few anecdotes of Jesse James' life which may help clarify his character.

"FOLLOWING the Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery, one of the most daring of Jesse James' career, the band separated and Jesse with two others finally pulled up at a farmhouse, exhausted. They needed sleep and food. At the door they were met by a woman who offered them the best of her poor fare. She had been weeping and when pressed by Jesse for the cause she said she was about to lose the farm to an old skinflint to whom she had mortgaged her place in order to get money to bury her husband.

"Forgetting his own peril James drew up a receipt for the money, gave it to the widow together with the needed amount and cautioned her that when the money

Watch for Winners of Idea Contest

Because of the thousands of manuscripts received in PHOTOPLAY'S big $15,000 Idea Contest, it has been impossible for the judges to make an announcement of the winners. You may be sure, however, that your idea is being given careful and considerate attention.

Watch forthcoming issues of PHOTOPLAY for further information about the awarding of the big cash prizes.

shark came along an hour or so later to be sure to get the receipt signed by him when she gave him the money. Then he rode away. When the money lender arrived he was surprised to find that his intended victim was ready to pay him off. Grumblingly he signed the receipt and rode off toward his home, only to be met by the smiling face and scowling six-gun belonging to Jesse James, who relieved him of the money.

"AND here's another they tell of Jesse and his favorite thoroughbred 'Stonewall.' The band was operating in Missouri and at the same time some gamblers were cleaning up at the local fairs with some fast race horses, that they were running 'hot and cold' as it pleased their fancy and fleecing all the locals. Jesse knew that 'Stonewall' was faster than any of the nags that the gamblers had, and telling all of his friends to get a bet down on his horse, slipped into the town with the boys and entered his mount for the races.

"Did the gamblers guess that the big grey horse was owned by Jesse James? If they did the chances are that they never would have tried to pocket 'Stonewall' and his rider when their jockies saw that their mounts were being outstripped by the strange entry. But pocket him they did and try as he could the big grey couldn't get out of the rut and the result was that he lost. At the finish of the race Jesse and the boys pocketed the gamblers and in front of 10,000 people who were looking on, cleaned the gamblers of the illgotten gains and paid off just as though 'Stonewall' had won the race.

"And here's another! While in Okla-



Don't blame us if you are not up on all the newest sartorial whims. Adolphe Menjou swears that watch-chains are coming back in style again and that it will soon be hickish to be seen wearing a wrist watch

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Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

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Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

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Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. *As soon as you are the correct weight for your height do not try to reduce further.* No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

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"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

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"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.



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Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

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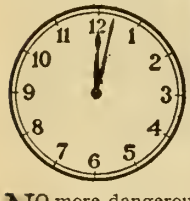




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Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown..... light auburn.....blonde..... [Print name]

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

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homa, James overtook a covered wagon in which there were a starved looking man and two little girls who were weeping. It was father and two daughters who, seeking a new home, were traveling light. They did take with them when they started one of their most cherished possessions, the organ at which their mother had taught them to play. A few hours earlier they had been met by a traveler who said he was an evangelist. He needed an organ and when the girls and their father refused to sell he simply took the instrument. James heard the story and without a word he rode off, returning a short time later driving the 'evangelist,' who was carrying the organ, in front of him."

WITH that the director called, and Fred left me flat on the lot to ponder when a "hero" is a "hero" and when he isn't. I haven't quite made up my mind as yet, but I am going to have a peek at Fred Thomson's conception of what Jesse James was when it is shown on the screen and possibly I'll be able to come to a decision at that time. But I do hope that he doesn't shatter all of my dime novel illusions.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

standard camera, were premature. The De Vry Corporation has started production on a 16 mm. projector, but not on a 16 mm. camera as yet.

A full description of this new projector will be published in PHOTOPLAY in the near future.

REPORTS that the Bell and Howell Company intend to launch a cheaper type of amateur camera than that organization's Filmo have been current in amateur movie circles for some months, doubtless due to the obvious fact that the Bell and Howell Company, like other concerns, is working upon several models of cameras, projectors and cine equipment.

The Bell and Howell Company informs us that the marketing of a cheaper camera is "quite some distance away."

It still remains among the interesting future possibilities of amateur cinematography.

SPEAKING of new equipment reminds us that the Bell and Howell Company has just launched a new selective color screen attachment for its Filmo projector.

This attachment is going to be a popular one among the amateurs.

It is a device, attached without tools, by which one of four color discs, or a combination of them, may be snapped into exact place in front of the projector lens.

Thus the amateur can get the effect of tinted film minus the cost. For a moonlight effect the blue disc is used. For woodland scenes, the green disc. For bright, sunny effects, the amber. The pink lends effect to fire scenes, sunsets, etc.

The price is very moderate.



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For Po-Go is that soft, creamy, blending rouge hand-made in France, the capital of the world of Cosmetics! It lends the cheeks that even, perfect *natural* tint—the birthright of glowing youth.

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WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge N.J.

A NEW YORK concern, the W. J. Ganz Company, is now issuing a semi-monthly news reel for owners of 16 mm. home projection machines. The idea started with the special reels showing Lindbergh's hop-off, his flight, his reception abroad and his return. These reels sold so well that the Ganz Company issued a reel of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight. Now the concern is promising a regular semi-monthly news reel. Amateurs can now show regular programs after the fashion of the professional film houses, including drama, comedy, short subjects and news reels.

THE Motion Picture Club of New Haven, Conn., lays claim to being one of the first organizations of motion picture amateurs, having been in existence for more than a year and a half.

There are over ten important amateur organizations in this country at the present time, among them being the Little Screen Players, of Watertown, Mass.; the Movie Makers Club of Chicago; the Roosevelt High School Amateur Movie Club of Des Moines, Iowa; the Paramount Movie Club of Mannheim, Pa.; the Cinema Guild, of Milwaukee, Wis.; the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, with headquarters at East Orange, N. J.; the Cinema Crafters of Philadelphia; The Philadelphia Amateur Moving Picture Club of Philadelphia; the San Diego Motion Picture Club of San Diego, Cal.; and the Petite Movie Makers Club of Toledo, Ohio.

The Motion Picture Club of New Haven is at present at work on an elaborate production, "Hands of Death." This started out to be a short drama and was to be called "The Strangler." Interest in the film grew, however, and "Hands of Death" will be something of an amateur special. During the past year the organization has made four productions, the best known being "The Thrill Proof Age," which has attracted wide attention from amateurs.

Practically all of the work done by the Motion Picture Club of New Haven has been with 16 mm. film, although the



Fred Thomson, Jr., in his first bathing suit. Don't you think he looks like his mother, Frances Marion? And would you ever believe that he is only six months old?

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow.** Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guaranteel No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. **And you are the sole judge.**

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public.** Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely **new way.** There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. **I know** I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

☛ *If you prefer, send $1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.*

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Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.
Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.
Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

* * *

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.
Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

* * *

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.
Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.
Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila, Pa.

* * *



Lucille Young, 76-A Lucille Young Bldg. Chicago, Ill.—Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



Losing 39 lbs.
in 6 Weeks Was Easy

Marjorie Crawford, 6704 Merrill Ave., Chicago, "was good looking" even when she weighed 189 pounds. She had the same features she has today but not the same figure. Today she is beautiful, as fair of form as of face.

A miracle, no, but a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form slender and graceful as any woman could wish for.

This great reduction of 39 pounds was accomplished easily, in less than six weeks, by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, turkish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She has a figure any woman might envy, wears stunning gowns and once more gets real enjoyment out of living.

She gives Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the real fun she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal—no more.

By this system the waist grows slender, hips straighten out, broad shoulders and oversize bust take on new shapeliness. Arms and limbs, too, lose all signs of ungainly fat and ankles become slender and graceful.

Best of all, health is improved by this method, which is endorsed by physicians and health authorities everywhere as well as by Photoplay Magazine.

No woman need carry a single pound of excess weight if she will write Wallace.

Wallace's Free Offer

For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, record and all, which he will gladly mail for free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—no postage—no deposit. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Miss Crawford and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 630 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., 640

Please send me free and postpaid, for a week's free trial, the Original Wallace Reducing Record with all instructions. This trial is not to cost me one cent.

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Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

organization is experimenting with a professional 36 mm. camera. This club is an interesting example of how a hobby will unite a group of people with a diversity of occupations, for among the thirty members are professors, doctors, lawyers, bankers, brokers, engineers and business men.

It is interesting to note that this club has been co-operating with the undergraduate motion picture club of Yale known as The Purity Players.

The officers of the Motion Picture Club are Kenneth E. Nettleton, president; Madge Russell, secretary; Frederick D. Grave, treasurer.

THE latest notable to join the field of amateur cinematographers is John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller recently invaded the front pages when he visited the scenes of his early youth, in upper New York state near Oswego. The famous oil king took along a camera to picture these scenes so that, as he expressed it, he could have them to refresh his memories in later years when he would be unable to make the trip.



What is the pretty little toy W. C. Fields is holding in his hands? It is a lighthouse. Yes, children, and what else? This little lighthouse stands at the three-mile limit and Heaven help the poor sailors on a night like this!

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124]

It's the Divorces That Hurt

Detroit, Mich.

Since Rod and Vilma announced their engagement, speculation has been rife as to their continued popularity. Personally, I don't think that getting married will cause the public to lose interest in 'em. It is getting unmarried that robs the stars of their ability to shine with undimmed splendor. To most of us, the screen folks are cherished ideals and once they topple off their pedestals, it's not easy for them to regain favor.

I. C.

Cheer Up, Vilma!

Lincoln, Neb.

I've gone and done it—the thing I said I never would do again. I have watched Vilma Banky weep through another picture. I saw her humid presentation of the heroine in "The Dark Angel," and thought it pardonable under the circumstances. I watched her at odd moments, when I could take my eyes off Valentino, in "The Eagle." I beheld her lachrymose rendition of the dancer in "The Son of the Sheik," and it was positively excruciating, so I swore off. Then I wanted so much to see Ronald Colman that I braved saturation again, and went to "A Night of Love." Believe me, she was all wet. Please, Mr. Director, give us a sample of Miss Banky as a real, honest-to-goodness human being, full of wim, wigor and witality; sans pallor, sans swoons and sans tears. We might like her, who knows?

OPAL PAAP.

Try the Absent Treatment

Hibbing, Minn.

There is only one cure for unclean plays or pictures and it's so old I hate to repeat it. Here goes, anyhow. If you see a poster outside your theater advertising "The Hot Bride" or some other such title, go home and stay there. Advise your friends to stay away. Don't go to the show and then kick. For Pete's sake, don't make unclean entertainments pay and then yell for the police.

A. T.

Copy Cats!

Storm Lake, Iowa.

Lloyd and Dix in a ripping riot of football and romance. Presto! Every mugwump in filmdom attempts to be collegiate. Must every comedy have an idiotic race for nowhere? Foreign audiences probably believe every American to be chasing his own tail from the way comedians romp around, climbing everything in sight.

Movie folks are box-office slaves, so, I suppose every company is lost, financially, unless it has a carbon copy of pictures which brought in the most coin and favorable criticism.

Copy cats!

MINNIE GEISINGER.

Not So Many Bulls!

Barcelona, Spain.

Sometimes it has occurred to me to think: what do the producers and foreign public think about Spain? Almost every time I have answered me: what can they think but the whole of Spain is not more than a bull-circus. Are not all the pictures which simulate to happen in Spain composed of a *toreador*, a *maja* and a jealous traitor with a blunderbuss or a poniard in his hands? Why cannot Spanish films show a more metropolitan background?

Oh, no! Spain is not as it is presented in the movies. Not so many bulls!! Not so many. . . .

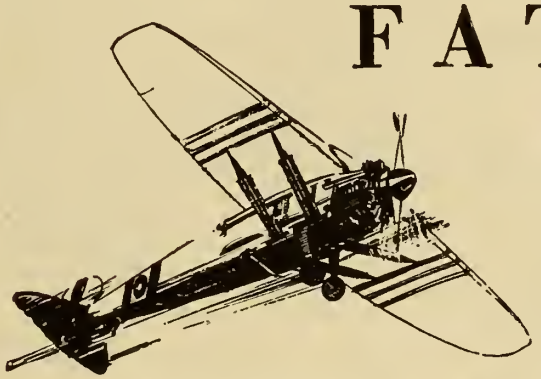
MIGUEL LLEBOT.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

"ACE HIGH" WITH THE YOUNGER CROWD!

ORDINARILY, this modern generation scorns precedent. History is nevertheless repeating—in a way which we find interesting and gratifying. Something about Fatima—its greater delicacy, its more skillful blending of flavors—has made it, as in other days, an outstanding favorite with the younger set.

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Gossip Never Hurts

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

by gossip as by her own deterioration as a screen comedienne, both in looks and ability.

But gossip? Just plain gossip, such as flows before, after and during dinner? The talk about who's going with who and why, about new love affairs or the recasting of old ones, about marriages that are heading for the rocks and secret passions that have become revered—and hoary with age—gossip doesn't seem to hurt anyone.

The most gossiped about woman who was ever on the screen was Barbara La Marr.

Naturally, that exotic, brilliant, erratic personality aroused the most intense curiosity of both sexes. The reckless, disordered life she led was a field for endless speculation. Her marriages filled newspaper columns and the list of her lovers sounded like a Who's Who in Filmdom. She lived on the crest of a wave until it broke and hurled her into a premature grave.

EVERYTHING that has been said about woman from the time of Lilith and Eve, down through Du Barry and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, was said about the lovely Barbara. One of her husbands had tried to kill her. One of her adorers had been in one room and one in another and they had found out about each other and attempted mutual murder. She was going to marry somebody else's husband, she had committed bigamy, suicide and fraud.

Yet when a blackmailing lawyer tried to trade upon a lot of this chitter-chatter, false or true, Barbara took him into court, got him convicted, and came forth drooping but victorious.

And all the time her screen fame mounted and soared, her public worshipped her and her friends asked nothing better than her company. Only her physical collapse brought about any dulling of her popularity.

For months before Wally Reid's last desperate struggle became public property, gossip was busy with its details, and the facts were whispered everywhere. Finally the awful truth broke like a flood about the greatest male idol of them all. And yet it is my positive belief, and the positive belief of many people who are supposed to know all there is to know about motion pictures, that had Wally Reid recovered, won his fight, and come back the Wally of "The Roaring Road" and "The Charm School," all would have been forgiven and he would have resumed his place upon the pedestal.

GLORIA SWANSON has as many adventures tacked to her name as Mary Stuart. She married Herbert Somborn. She married Wallace Beery. She married Henri de la Falaise de la Coudray. Her name was linked with that of Lew Cody, of Marshall Neilan, of Ben Lyon, of the young millionaire Craney Gartz, of Sport Ward, a New York blood. They said this, they said that. Even the maternity



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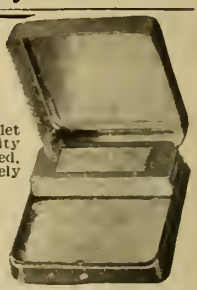
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of the little boy she brought back from France was questioned.

But through it all moved the serene and slightly smiling Gloria, amused, indifferent, unassailable, to emerge at last as the foremost woman star and a genuine marquise. And I doubt if even the ladies who ran up the steps of the guillotine humming the latest tune carried it off more successfully than the much talked about Miss Swanson.

THE things they say about Jack Gilbert! Most of those get into the newspapers, for Jack is as discreet and silent and tactful about his peculiarities and adventures as an erupting volcano. His disastrous romance with the strange Greta Garbo, who doesn't quite seem to know what it is all about—any of it, furnished table talk for months. He got himself into jail, after much persuasion of the officers, who begged him to go home. You hear rumors of leaps from third story windows and of startling shots in the dead of night about the Gilbert home. Yet Jack continues to reign in the hearts of female America and to seem a little more like a Michael Arlen hero every day.

Nobody knows whether Aileen Pringle is still married to her millionaire husband in Jamaica, or whether she is going to marry Cedric Gibbons, or H. L. Mencken, or Joe Hergesheimer (only he has a wife) or all of them, and nobody cares. Pringle has the only salon in Hollywood (it's actually in Santa Monica but figuratively it belongs to the colony) and her priceless wit and her amazing imitations insure its always being filled with people who like good conversation. The mystery that enshrouds the *distingué* Miss Pringle is naturally torn to shreds by everybody, but without results. And on the screen they can't get along without her. She is the only real woman of the world we have among the celluloids.

AS for Charlie Chaplin! Must we go into that? I suppose we must, if this subject is to be adequately dealt with. But it seems a momentous thing. To Charlie have been attributed, in print and by word of mouth, the crimes of Casanova and the eccentricities of Richard the Third. He has made a couple of the funniest marriages ever made by man, and made them in the strangest ways. He gets divorced amid battles compared with which Verdun and the Marne were mere target practice. He eats cherries out of a paper bag and spits the stones in the gutter of Hollywood Boulevard. He has been engaged to more beautiful women than Henry the Eighth, including Pola Negri and Peggy Hopkins Joyce, and we believe no other man has ever included both of these ladies in his repertoire.

Yet he spreads over it all the mantel of the one word "Genius" and gossip rolls off his back leaving only an aura of the most intense interest ever felt in any man around these parts.

Lilyan Tashman has been the heroine of episodes around which plays could be written, and even have been. But she is the best dressed woman in Hollywood, appears in most effective manner at the exclusive Mayfair Club and works in two or three pictures at once.

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!



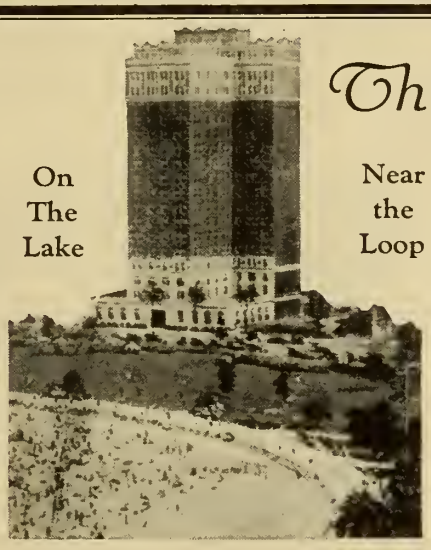
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As for Clara Bow—all that John Held ever drew and Michael Arlen ever wrote would be a tabloid if compared with Clara's numerous amatory adventures. Most of them get into the press, for Clara has red hair that is hard to miss, and she rather likes an audience for things. She and "Rough-House Rosie" have many things in common. Clara is as wild and dangerous as a young cyclone, where mere men are concerned, but she has "It," and she is herself, and she is at the very top of box office attractions.

GOSSIP has always been busy with the name of the blonde youngest Talmadge, who still remains, in my eyes at least, the most attractive girl in Hollywood. Connie is irresistible. Her engagements have occupied as much space in newspapers in the past eight years as all the championship prizefights put together. Nobody knows why she didn't marry Irving Berlin or William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr.—nor for that matter why she did marry Captain William Alastair Mackintosh and Pialoglo, the well-known Greek. Her last marriage still starts wide circles of speculation in all well-regulated cat parties, whether Connie is there or not. Why, after refusing him for years, she suddenly on a day's notice went to Burlingame and married him, only to leave him a few weeks later, return and go to England with him and then leave him for good, to be seen once more in her familiar haunts with her former playmate, Buster Collier, nobody knows.

Jack Barrymore keeps a whole room in the Ambassador Hotel for his pet monkey and he hasn't seen his wife in three years and he himself writes articles in which he refers scintillatingly to his familiarity with battles. He has a fighting disposition and when in the mood he doesn't care whom he fights or why or where.

But John Barrymore is John Barrymore. If you can get him to come to your house to dinner you consider yourself made as a hostess, and his acting and his profile do not seem to suffer from the gossip that sputters about his illustrious name.

The Charles Rays went through bankruptcy, after having lavished a fortune on one of the most elegantly furnished houses in Beverly Hills and upon a wardrobe and jewels that earned Mrs. Ray the title of the best dressed of the non-professional women in the movie set, and upon lavish entertaining. Everybody talked it all over, believe me. Wondered what the deuce the Rays would do now. Well, now they are still living in the same house, only they rent it, and they entertain just as charmingly, and pretty Mrs. Ray looks just as much like a *Vogue* model as ever. Charlie's work in "The Fire Brigade" helped to make it one of the year's best pictures and has returned him almost to his former popularity.

As for Rudy, who is missed more and more as time goes on I think, at least among his friends, his past was an endless source of Boccaccio yarns of one kind and another. The handsome young Italian was a romantic figure always, even in the early days when a tear in his only pair of pants sent him to bed for a day. And gossip never ceased concerning where he came from and what he had been.

Pola—ah, but Pola has made what is probably a fatal error. Nobody minded the gossip that surrounded her with poetic lovers who died in her arms in a garret, or impassioned grand dukes who fought duels for her sake, or titled officers who stopped the war to marry her. But there is one thing that is insurmountable if it creeps into the gossip about anybody. And that one thing is ridicule. Pola could allow her chauffeur to carry a fortune of her jewels around in his coat pocket, she could turn the Lasky studio upside down a dozen times a day and often did, and could have champagne served on the set to stimulate her acting. But now she has made people laugh and that, in America, is worse than first degree murder.

NO, gossip about love affairs doesn't matter. Gossip about temperament helps. Gossip, as a whole, even if it is a trifle tinged with scarlet or hung with tinsel, never hurts anybody. It adds a fillip to the dry round of everyday life, it puts a little spice in the tiresome bread of colorless existence.

My advice in this matter would be, avoid scandal, keep out of court, don't cheat at cards or fight with a man who weighs less than you do, and then pray that the gossips will help to make you famous.



Denver, Colo.

In this T. B. sanatorium we have movies twice a week. The best and the latest pictures are shown here. I need not tell you how much these evenings mean to us, who spend years in bed, and to whom a picture means everything in the world. Here we learn life, here we dream, here we forget our troubles and tribulations.

And, of course, we have our favorites. When a Lon Chaney picture is announced, the hall is crowded—two hundred people in all, patients, nurses and employees. Most everyone thinks he is the best actor on the screen now.

Just now we are much excited over "Resurrection." We were promised it this month. So we live in hopes and dreams, and the moving pictures help us to this end.

E. C.

Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the human race you are sure to like Roxy.

Roxy differs from the fictitious norm of the grand old public markedly in only one particular of importance. The public is lazy. Roxy has tremendous energy. He works, and he is reckless indeed about when he does it. The clock has nothing to do with the matter at all. The end of Roxy's day comes wherever, and whenever, if ever, he decides to end it.

His residence is an elaborate and ornate apartment, occupied by his family, on Riverside Drive. There is another home by the shore. But at least half the week finds Roxy at home in his considerably more elaborate and more ornate apartments in the theater building. He likes his job.

Roxy's own suite in the Riverside Drive apartment looks down on a majestic sweep of the Hudson.

NOW and then he gets home, most often in the middle of the last half of the night, to tiptoe out into a spacious kitchen and invent some new trifle of an omelette or raid the ice box.

Food is a factor in Roxy's life. He has a feeling for groceries. His pet dish is a hamburger steak, made in his own fashion. He has given lessons in the erection of a hamburger a la Roxy to some of New York's most notable chefs, even invading the kitchens of the Ritz.

Roxy's hamburger is made of roundsteak, none of the fancy cuts of tenderloin and porterhouse mind you, just round. It must be cut into minced bits with a pair of knives on a wooden block, not ground to a paste with a machine. It must have just the touch of chopped onion and a sprinkling of salt and pepper, and then a hot broiling fire with plenty of basting in the swift process.

And speaking of hot dogs, Roxy once upon a time, at the Rivoli theater, maintained a Japanese valet whose principal duty was to preside over an electric wiener broiler in a dressing room adjacent to the impresario's office.

AT the new Roxy theater the hot doggery has evolved into the fully equipped Roxy apartment, where on occasion, he serves pretentious dinners and conducts functions of state. Like his home it is bedecked to a considerable depth of elegance, with definite evidence of the cultural impress of the motion picture. The theater apartment is done in the English manner leaning toward the period of Charles II.

Roxy is, by the demands of necessity, an admixture of artist and business man. The weekly operating cost of his theater, now controlled by the Fox interests, totals approximately $85,000. So with each change of program Roxy has to paint a new succession of divertissements on the broad canvas of the space under



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the vast proscenium, a task which is largely the creation of stage pictures, appeals to the eye, at eighty-five thousand dollars per appeal. That, certainly, is big business, and maybe, if you like it, big art. Roxy sells the seats, which is the final test of the art of the movies and the screen theater. It can have no other purpose.

Roxy and his public, too, likes the nifty word and phrase. There is divertissement, for example. Roxy just doted on that when it burgeoned forth in the program at the Capitol. It is a word just a shade too big and erudite for use on a motion picture sub-title, and it is a trifle dangerous for a lobby display, but it has just that something about it that made Roxy love its atmospheric value in the printed house program. Most anybody, Ned Wayburn, or Adolph Bolm, or persons like that might stage a dance number or a ballet or a mere "act," but only Roxy can present a divertissement.

WORDS and labels count heavily. Roxy just will have that right word. One of the happiest days of his life was that one when he hit on the notion of calling his theater "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture." A number of years ago in the days of his reign at the Rialto and Rivoli he made a deep and serious impress upon the nomenclature of Broadway as the result of an afternoon's whim. He was reading a proof of a forthcoming copy of the house program when his eyes rested on the then familiar line "Dr. Firmin Schwinnen at the grand organ." It appears that Schwinnin had a Ph.D. and admitted it freely. Whereas, in a contrast that was painful to Roxy the name of the musical director appeared as just plain Hugo Reisenfeld. Roxy summoned Reisenfeld.

Roxy held conference with Reisenfeld. "You've been to a university?"

"Yes," responded Reisenfeld, "the University of Paris."

"Fine," responded Roxy, who forthwith ordered that henceforth the musical director of the Rialto and Rivoli should be designated as "*Dr.* Hugo Reisenfeld."

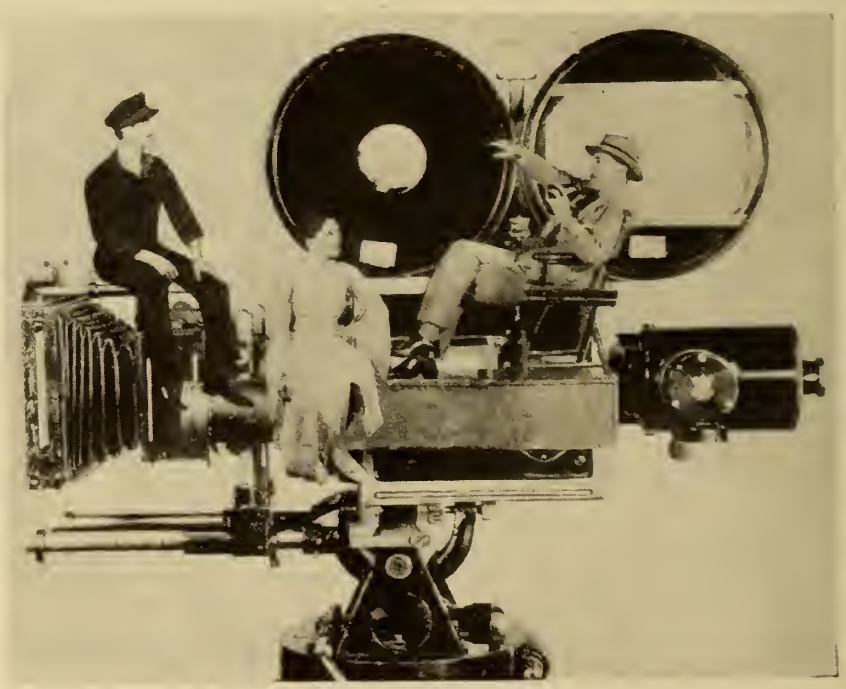
Hugo was Doctor Reisenfeld thereafter for some years. It was the source of some embarrassment when from time to time stage hands and visiting screen players asked him "what would you do for a cold?" When Roxy departed from the Rialto-Rivoli post Reisenfeld abolished his doctorial honors with vigorous promptness.

Roxy's labors, beside the broader problems of administration and policy, are filled with details, details, details. No item of the shows and the showhouse that make up his life and glory is too trivial—the buttons on the ushers' caps, the timing of a curtain fall or a light change, the exact shade of blue or green or red, the high note on the flute, the marcel on the girl in the ticket booth, the sub-title in the news-reel, the scrap of paper on the balcony stairs—everything is Roxy's business.

It is the pressure of hours filled with exacting details, a high pressure of flow of ideas, great and small, that sends him so often bursting into the night in a rocket of flight in his speed car—seeking relief, with action.

ACTION, action, action is always a-surge in Roxy. During one quiet evening at home he was through every room in the apartment twice, looked in seven books, and two newspapers, tuned in on half a dozen radio stations, and called up the theater three times.

The radio and Roxy's broadcasting from the Capitol theater, coming on top of his movie fame, made his name a household word to the millions. Roxy and "his gang," with the friendly byplay of Roxy's broadcast words have conveyed



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the personality worn in his genial moments to a vaster public than that of Broadway and the screen theater.

"Good night and God bless you."—from Roxy signing off tells the story of his radio garb and guise.

Roxy is studiedly friendly, "folksy" and familiar, with dignity. His dignity has been growing with the years. Once upon a time he was given to stormy, violent outbursts of passionate reproval and pleading at his trying rehearsals. He has grown calmer now, relying on the loud speakers to carry his voice about the theater and the impressiveness and firmness of his manner for emphasis.

"I WOULD rather," remarked Roxy, "that you might say something in this article about what the motion picture has done for me, than what I may have done for the motion picture." And that was sincere.

Roxy has come a long, long way, quite as far, indeed, as has the motion picture since that day he threw down his sample case of Stoddard's Lectures and quit being a book agent to become a bartender in a wayside tavern at Forest City, Pa., so many years ago. The story of how the dance hall upstairs and a broken down projection machine made him an exhibitor is a familiar bit of screen tradition now. That was in the dim days of the nickelodeon era.

Rosy's career through the succeeding years has been a building upon experiences and a richly adventurous youth. Some of the crisp snap and discipline that you see in the conduct of the house staff at Roxy theaters comes from away back there when he was a U. S. marine—years before they called them "devil dogs." Some time about the year of the world's fair in St. Louis this same Roxy, then Rothapfel, snappy young marine, was the ex-tempore and de facto governor of the remote and forlorn island marine corps post and colony of Dry Tortugas. There Roxy was drillmastering, and bossing the works right merrily, building that military sense of mustness and exactness and neatness which he now so blandly blends with a theatrical dictatorship.

But the iron of the military manner is left out of Roxy's official relations with his staff. "Now, my children," is a favorite phrase, and any usher, or janitor, can always "get to the boss" to have his word and tell his story.

ROXY enjoys the friendly colloquial ring of the name that the public has given him. When he was born out in Stillwater, Minnesota, his name was spelled Rothapfel. It has been going through a simplification process since. Somewhere between the Rivoli and the Capitol he knocked the "p" out of it, making it the present Rothafel. At times he has toyed with the notion of making it officially just "Roxy," but always deciding that might be taken as a gesture. When Roxy gestures he aims at artless art.

Back in the Forest City days Roxy married and through the years Mrs. Rosa Rothafel has administered the affairs of his household.

They have two children, Arthur, a student at Peekskill Military Academy, and Beta, a little miss in her early teens.



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"QUALITY STREET"—METRO.—From the story by James M. Barrie. Scenario by Albert Lewin and Hans Kraly. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Photography by Henry Sartov. The cast: *Phoebe Throssel*, Marion Davies; *Doctor Valentine Brown*, Conrad Nagel; *Susan Throssel*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mary Willoughby*, Flora Finch; *Nancy Willoughby*, Margaret Seddon; *Henrietta Turnbull*, Marcell Corday; *Patty*, Kate Price.

"MOCKERY" — METRO. — From the story by Benjamin Christensen. Continuity by Bradley King. Directed by Benjamin Christensen. Photography by Merritt Gerstad. The cast: *Sergei*, Lon Chaney; *Mimitri*, Ricardo Cortez; *Tatiana*, Barbara Bedford; *Mr. Gaidaroff*, Mack Swain; *Mrs. Gaidaroff*, Emily Fitzroy; *Ivan*, Charles Puffy; *Butler*, Kai Schmidt.

"HARD BOILED HAGGERTY" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Elliott White Springs. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Charles J. Brabin. The cast: *Lieut. Haggerty*, Milton Sills; *Germaine*, Molly O'Day; *Klaxon*, Arthur Stone; *Major Cotton*, Mitchell Lewis; *Brigadier General*, George Fawcett; *Cafe Dancer*, Yola d'Avril.

"SHANGHAI BOUND"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edward S. (Tex.) O'Reilly. Scenario by John Goodrich and Ray S. Harris. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Jim Bucklin*, Richard Dix; *Sheila*, Mary Brian; *Payson*, Charles Byer; *Louden*, George Irving; *Shanghai Rose*, Joselyn Lee; *Smith*, Tom Maguire; *Yen*, Frank Chew; *Scar Face*, Tetsu Koneai; *Algy*, Arthur Hoyt.

"SWIM, GIRL, SWIM"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Alice Smith*, Bebe Daniels; *Jerry Marvin*, James Hall; *Gertrude Ederle*, by Herself; *Helen Tracey*, Josephine Dunn; *Mr. Spangle, Ph.D.*, William Austin; *Professor Twinkle*, James Mack.

"HULA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Armine Von Tempski. Scenario by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *"Hula" Calhoun*, Clara Bow; *Anthony Haldane*, Clive Brook; *Mrs. Bane*, Arlette Marchal; *Harry Dehan*, Arnold Kent; *Margaret Haldane*, Maude Truax; *"Old Bill" Calhoun*, Albert Gran; *Uncle Edwin*, Agostino Borgato.

"CITY GOES WILD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles and Jules Furthman. Scenario by Jules Furthman. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *John Phelan*, Thomas Meighan; *Nada Winthrop*, Marietta Millner; *Gunner Gallagher*, Fred Kohler; *Snuggles Joy*, Louise Brooks; *Lefty Schroeder*, Duke Martin; *Lefty's Girl*, Nancy Phillips; *Franklin Ames*, Wyndham Standing; *Luther Winthrop*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Bondsman*, King Zany; *Policeman*, "Gunboat" Smith.

"THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE" — UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Scenario by Chas. A. Logue. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Henry Desmond*, Francis X. Bushman; *Helen Marsden*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Detective Sergeant Duff*, Fred Kelsey; *Butler*, Sidney Bracy; *Crook Butler*, Sailor Sharkey; *Dist. Attorney*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"LIFE OF RILEY, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Timothy Riley (Fire Chief)*, Charlie Murray; *Otto Meyer (Police Chief)*, George Sidney; *Steve Meyer*, Steve Carr; *Molly O'Rourke*, June Marlowe; *Penelope Jones*, Myrtle Stedman; *Al Montague*, Sam Hardy; *Aaron Brown*, Bert Woodruff; *John King*, Edwards Davies.

"CRYSTAL CUP, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gertrude Atherton. Scenario by Gerald Duffy. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Gita Carteret*, Dorothy Mackaill; *John Blake*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Geoffrey Pelham*, Jack Mulhall; *Mrs. Pleyden*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Polly Pleyden*, Jane Winton; *Mrs. Carteret*, Edythe Chapman.

"THREE'S A CROWD" — FIRST NATIONAL.—The cast: *The Odd Fellow*, Harry Langdon; *The Girl*, Gladys McConnell; *The Man*, Cornelius Keefe; *Others in Cast:* Henry Barrows, Frances Raymond, Agnes Steele, Brooks Benedict, Bobby Young, Julia Brown, Joe Butterworth, Fred Warren, John Kolb and Arthur Thalasso.

"TUMBLING RIVER"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by J. E. Grinstead. Scenario by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Tom Greer*, Tom Mix; *Edna Barton*, Dorothy Dwan; *Jim Barton*, William Conklin; *Eileen Barton*, Stella Essex; *Kit Mason*, Elmo Billings; *Roan Tibbets*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Keechie*, Wallace MacDonald; *Cory*, Buster Gardner; *Titus*, Harry Gripp.

"REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE" — PATHE-DE MILLE — From the play by Anne Warner. Adapted by Zelda Sears and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Aunt Mary Watkins*, May Robson; *Jack Watkins*, Harrison Ford; *Martha Rankin*, Phyllis Haver; *Melville*, Franklin Pangborn; *Judge Hopper*, Robert Edeson; *Gus Watkins*, Arthur Hoyt; *Alma*, Betty Brown.

"A MAN'S PAST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Emil Frost. Adapted by Paul Kohner. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Paul La Roche*, Conrad Veidt; *Yvonne*, Barbara Bedford; *Lieut. Destin*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Dr. Fontaine*, Ian Keith; *Governor of Prison*, George Siegmann; *Doctor of Prison*, Chas. Puffy; *Madame Cabot*, Corliss Palmer.

"AFTER MIDNIGHT" — METRO. — From the story by Monte Bell. Scenario by Lorna Moon. Directed by Monte Bell. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Mary*, Norma Shearer; *Joe Miller*, Lawrence Gray; *Maizie*, Gwen Lee; *Red Smith*, Eddie Sturgis; *Gus Van Gundy*, Philip Sleeman.

"MADAME POMPADOUR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Rudolph Schanzer & Ernst Welisch. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Photography by Roy Overbaugh. The cast: *Madame Pompadour*, Dorothy Gish; *Rene Laval*, Antonio Moreno; *King Louis XV*, Henri Bosc; *Comte Maurepas*, Gibb McLaughlin; *Duc de Courcelette*, Nelson Keys; *Gogo*, Cyril McLaglan; *Madame Poisson*, Marsa Beauplan; *Belotte*, Marie Ault; *Prunier*, Tom Reynolds.

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Monty

Brice & Tom Geraghty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Elmer*, Wallace Beery; *Sam*, Raymond Hatton; *Dora Dumston*, Josephine Dunn; *Captain Kennedy*, Tom Kennedy; *Walter*, Walter Goss; *Chief Dumston*, Joseph Girard.

"SPRING FEVER"—METRO.—From the stage comedy by Vincent Lawrence. Scenario by Albert Lewin & Frank Davis. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Jack Kelly*, William Haines; *Allie Monte*, Joan Crawford; *Eustace Tewksbury*, George K. Arthur; *Mr. Waters*, George Fawcett; *Martha Lomsdon*, Eileen Percy; *Johnson*, Edward Earle; *Pop Kelly*, Bert Woodruff; *Oscar*, Lee Moran.

"NEVADA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by John Stone & L. G. Rigby. Directed by John Waters. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: *Nevada*, Gary Cooper; *Hettie Ide*, Thelma Todd; *Clan Dillion*, William Powell; *Ben Ide*, Philip Strange; *Cash Burridge*, Ernie S. Adams; *Sheriff of Winthrop*, Christian J. Frank; *Cawthorne*, Ivan Christy; *Sheriff of Lineville*, Guy Oliver.

"SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Al Boasberg. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Jack*, Jack Mulhall; *Mildred*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Barnes*, T. Roy Barnes; *Renrod*, Philo McCollough; *Bowers*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Saunders*, Ernest Hilliard; *Potter*, Harry Dunkinson; *Daisy*, Yola d'Avril.

"CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING"—FBO.—From the story by J. G. Hawks. Adapted by Curtiss Benton & Gil Pratt. Directed by A. E. Gilstrom. Photography by Charles Boyle. The cast: *Hyman Cohen*, George Sydney; *Timothy Clancey*, Will Armstrong; *Mama Cohen*, Ann Brody; *Molly Clancey*, Mary Gordon; *Leah Cohen*, Sharon Lynn; *Tom Clancey*, Rex Lease; *Izzy Murphy*, Ed Brady.

"BLOOD SHIP, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Norman Springer; Scenario by Fred Myton. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by J. O. Taylor & Harry Davis. The cast: *James Newman*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mary*, Jacqueline Logan; *John Shreve*, Richard Arlen; *Captain Swope*, Walter James; *Fitzgibbons*, Fred Kohler; "*The Knitting Swede*," James Bradbury, Sr.; *Nils*, Arthur Rankin; *Cockney*, Syd Crossley; *Lynch*, Frank Hemphill; *Rev. Richard Deaken*, Chappell Dossett; *The negro*, Blue Washington.

"PAID TO LOVE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Harry Carr. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Prince Michael*, George O'Brien; *Gaby*, Virginia Valli; *Peter L. Roberts, U. S. A.*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *King Haakon*, Thomas Jefferson; *Prince Eric*, William Powell; *Maid to Gaby*, Merta Sterling; *Prince Michael's Man*, Hank Mann.

"A HERO ON HORSEBACK"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Arthur Statter & Mary Alice Scully. Directed by Del Andrews. Photography by Ed. Newmann. The cast: *Billy Garford*, Hoot Gibson; *Ollie*, Ethlyne Clair; *J. D. Starbuck*, Edwards Davis; *Harvey*, Edward Hearn; *Jimmie*, Dan Mason.

"PAINTED PONIES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John H. Hamlin. Adapted by F. Beresford. Directed by Reeves Eason. Photography by Harry Newmann. The cast: *Bucky Simms*, Hoot Gibson;

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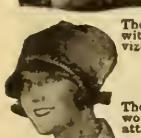
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"RED RAIDERS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Lieut. John Scott*, Ken Maynard; *Jane Logan*, Ann Drew; *Sergeant Murphy*, Paul Hurst; *Capt. Ortwell*, J. P. McGowan; *Scar Face Charlie*, Chief Yowlache; *Private Izzy*, Harry Shutan; *Earl Logan*, Tom Day; *Spike Dargan*, Hal Salter.

"WHITE PANTS WILLIE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Elmer Davis. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: *Willie Bascom*, Johnny Hines; *Helen Charters*, Leila Hyams; *Philip Charters*, Henry Barrows; *Judy*, Ruth Dwyer; *Mock Epply*, Walter Long; *Winifred Barnes*, Margaret Seddon; *Wong Lee*, George Kuwa; *Peaches*, Bozo.

"GINGHAM GIRL, THE"—FBO.—From the play by Daniel Kusell. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by David Kirkland. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Mary Thompson*, Lois Wilson; *John Cousins*, George K. Arthur; *Pat O'Day*, Charles B. Crockett; *Letty O'Day*, Hazel Keener; *Sonia Mason*, Myrta Bonillas; *Harrison Martlett*, Jerry Miley; *Mazie Le Lewer*, Betty Francisco; *Mildred Ripley*, Derelys Perdue; *Hayden*, Jed Prouty.

"MOJAVE KID, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Continuity by Oliver Drake. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. Photography by E. T. McManigal. The cast: *Bob Saunders*, Bob Steele; *Thelma Veddez*, Lillian Gilmore; *Silent*, Buck Connors; *Big Olaf*, Bob Fleming; *Bull Dugan*, Jay Marley; *Panamint Pete*, Theodore Henderson; *Zeke Hatch*, Nat Mills.

"A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Benjamin Glazer. Scenario by Chandler Sprague. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Edward de Sevigny*, Adolphe Menjou; *Marie Gallien*, Shirley O'Hara; *Valerie de Brissac*, Arlette Marchal; *Henriette*, Ivy Harris; *Joseph*, Nicholas Soussanin; *General Gallien*, Lawrence Grant; *Paoul de Brissac*, William B. Davidson; *Cloakroom Girl*, Lorraine Eddy.

"HIS DOG"—DE MILLE.—From the story by Albert Payson Terhune. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Karl Brown. The cast: *Peter Olsen*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Dorcas*, Julia Faye; *Mr. Gault*, Crauford Kent; *Marian Gault*, Sally Rand; *Colonel Marsden*, Robert Edeson, *Olive*, Annabelle Magnus; *Chatham*, Fred Walton.

"SATIN WOMAN, THE"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Walter Lang. Directed by Walter Lang. Photography by Ray June. The cast: *Mrs. Jean Taylor*, Mrs. Wallace Reid; *George Taylor*, Rockliffe Fellows; *Jean Taylor (the daughter)*, Alice White; *Maurice, the dancer*, John Miljan; *Maria, his partner*, Laska Winters; *Mons. Francis*, Chas. Buddy Post; *Claire*, Ruth Stonehouse; *Mae, the other woman*, Gladys Brockwell; *The Countess*, Ethel Wales.

"SILENT HERO, THE"—RAYART.—From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Ernest Smith. The cast: *Bud Taylor*, Robert Frazer; *Mary Stoddard*, Edna Murphy; *Wade Burton*, Ernest Hilliard; *John Stoddard*, Joseph Girard; "*Blinky*," Harry Allen; "*The Phantom*," Napoleon Bonaparte.



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"LONESOME LADIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Leonore J. Coffee. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast: *John Fosdick*, Lewis Stone; *Polly Fosdick*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Mrs. St. Clair*, Jane Winton; *Helen Wayne*, Doris Lloyd; *Motley Hunter*, Edward Martindal; *Dorothy, Bee, Liberty Hall Girls*, Fritzie Ridgeway, De Sacia Mooers; *Mr. Burton*, Captain E. H. Calvert; *Mrs. Burton*, Grace Carlisle; *Butler*, Fred Warren.

"TIP-TOES"—PARAMOUNT-BRITISH NATIONAL CORP.—From the story by Fred Thompson-Guy Bolton. Scenario by Herbert Wilcox. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. The cast: Dorothy Gish, Will Rogers, Nelson Keys.

"WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Sidney Howard. Scenario by Hope Loring. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Lucky Sam McCarver*, Thomas Meighan; *Carlotta Asche*, Marietta Millner; *Georgie McCarver*, Cullen Landis; *Monty Garside*, Philo McCullough; *Mrs. McCarver*, Gertrude Claire; *Gunboat*, Gunboat Smith; *Spec*, Spec O'Donnell.

"THE BROADWAY KID" (tentative title)—WARNER BROS.—The cast: *Ginsberg*, George Jessel; *Mary Muller*, Audrey Ferris; *Marcella La Rue*, Gertrude Astor; *Sam Hubert*, Douglas Gerrard; *Press Agent*, Jack Santoro; *Charles Wheeler*, Theo. Lorch; *Crook*, Jimmy Quinn; *Hercules*, Stanley Sanford.

"TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE"—UFA.—Scenario by Carl Mayer. Stage play by Moliere. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *The old gentleman*, Hermann Picha; *His housekeeper*, Rosa Valetti; *His grandson*, Andre Mattoni; *Mr. Orgon*, Werner Kraus; *Elmira, his wife*, Lil Dagover; *Dorine*, Lucie Hoeflich; *Tartuffe*, Emil Jannings.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

Thunderstorms in California?

Dixon, Ill.

Regarding Bebe Daniels in "Senorita": A corking picture, but why all the crashing thunder and dazzling lightning in San Francisco? Knowing the old town as I do, I believe the good San Franciscans would be scared to death by such unseemly wrath of the elements. Now, a nice little earthquake wouldn't be out of place, but a regular roaring mid-western thunderstorm! 'Tisn't being done.

ALICE BASSETTI.

An Idol Is Smashed

Salt Lake City, Utah.

I was all sympathy—eager to see the transformation of Lois Wilson. So I went to see her in "The Great Gatsby." I watched a newly-bobbed, very much in earnest young actress striving terrifically to make her naughtiness seem real. In a bath tub scene, *Daisy*, a trifle tight, murmurs inanely, "Daisy isn't going to marry anybody!" And I called myself a sentimental ass because my throat tightened. I saw only Lois Wilson's clear, young eyes; full, sweet mouth; her exceeding loveliness. It was like watching a rare porcelain being suddenly mud-splattered. We are a queer lot, we film fans. We don't like watching our ideals smashed in reel life. We get so much of it in real life.

GAYNOR WAGSTAFF.



BARBARA WORTH

Winsome Universal player, appearing with Hoot Gibson in "The Prairie King."

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P10

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

STOLEN BRIDE, THE — First National. — A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer —there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (*August.*)

SUNSET DERBY, THE — First National. — A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (*August.*)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (*August.*)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—FBO. —The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (*May.*)

TAXI DANCER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An unsavory story of an ambitious girl's adventures in Manhattan. Joan Crawford manages to triumph over inferior material. (*April.*)

TAXI, TAXI—Universal.—The sort of pleasant comedy that usually finds appreciative audiences. Edward Everett Horton and Marion Nixon are in it. (*April.*)

*TELEPHONE GIRL, THE — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS — Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and such-like, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (*September.*)

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (*August.*)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (*May.*)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (*August.*)

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste— (*September.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

TOPSY AND EVA—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (*September.*)

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (*July.*)

TWELVE MILES OUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (*September.*)

UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (*July.*)

*UNDERWORLD — Paramount. — Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (*September.*)



Jeannette Loff preferred being a grease paint lady to a stained glass saint. Hers were the pedal extremities that launched a thousand hymns. In other words, Jeannette played the one and only church organ in Wadena, Canada. But she left home to win, with perfect form, a contract at De Mille's

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UNEASY PAYMENTS—FBO.—Again the ambitious girl—this time played by Alberta Vaughn—comes to New York to knock the town for a row of filling stations. Trite but mildly funny. (*April.*)

*UNKNOWN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily seared. (*August.*)

UPSTREAM—Fox.—Not a trout fishing picture. A story of life back-stage—human and enjoyable. Think you'll like it. (*April.*)

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (*September.*)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (*May.*)

WAR HORSE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones in the adventures of a cowpuncher in France. It is his best picture. (*April.*)

*WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (*August.*)

WEDDING BILLS—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (*August.*)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (*May.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warner Bros.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (*September.*)

*WHEN A MAN LOVES—Warner Bros.—The scented story of *Manon* and *Des Grieux* made into a beetle movie melodrama. Dolores Costello is a lovely heroine and John Barrymore does his stuff with uneven success. (*April.*)

WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE—Paramount.—A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (*August.*)

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (*May.*)

*WINGS—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (*September.*)

*WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (*August.*)

*WORLD AT HER FEET, THE—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (*August.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

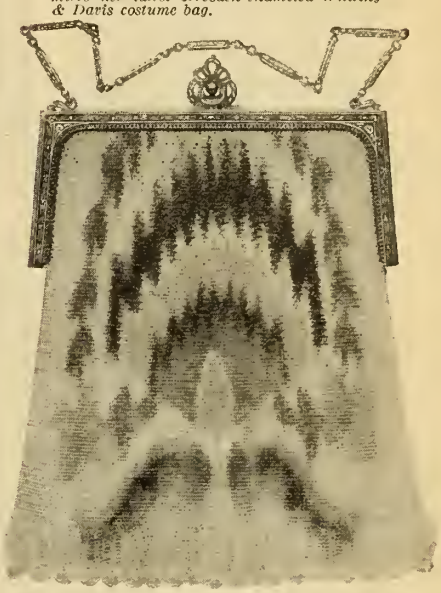
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Janet's "Jonsey"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"You've worked hard, little girl. Now run down to Florida and have a nice long vacation. When you come back will be time enough to talk about your becoming an actress."

Still Janet only laughed at the ever-repeated suggestion. And to prove what were *her* intentions she filled out all the blanks provided by her High School-Alma Mater with the "University of California" as her next step in education and "Teacher" as her anticipated vocation.

MISS JANET had no sooner flitted away on her graduation-vacation than daddy-Jonsey packed up the rest of his family and moved to a cottage in the heart of Hollywood and the moving-picture colony. So when Janet was ready to return home she was wired, "Have moved to Hollywood. Come directly here." And then, and then only, did she face the fact that "Jonsey" was quite earnest and that the casting-director's doors of the cinema-city lay before her.

No, "Jonsey" did not go with her. Alone, and unaided except for the constant sympathy and kind words of her understanding parent and step-parent, she made the rounds—just the same as any would-be "extra." Only the doors opened somehow, for Janet. Not so very wide at first. Just enough so she found herself playing little comedy rôles for Hal Roach and a few months later tiny comedy leads at Universal. But "Jonsey" was jubilant. "You see, my dear, it is as I have told you. You were born to be an actress."

And so sublime was his faith that this "Jonsey" harassed his friends, even his business acquaintances, with remarks of gloating. "My little Janet is to be the Bernhardt of the movies. She will be the greatest star—she will—"

Then came the call from the Fox Studio for a try-out for girls who wished to play the leading lady for the series of Van Bibber stories.

"There is your chance, Janet. Go to it." Of course it was "Jonsey" speaking.

And Janet went to it. With thirty others she applied for the position—and was *not* chosen. Yet, "Jonsey" was right—it was her opportunity. Winfield R. Sheehan, that far-seeing Fox official, glimpsed the wraith of a girl waiting in her corner.

What was it these two men saw in this five-foot, ninety-six pound bit of femininity? Did their eyes focus on the same vision? Whatever it was, little Janet went into the picture of the "Johnstown Flood." And you know the rest of the story—"The Shamrock Handicap" —"The Blue Eagle"—"The Return of Peter Grimm"—and one or two others.

Then that stupendous announcement! "Seventh Heaven," *Diane*, the choicest morsel thirsted for by every famous dramatic actress of the screen. The one story, 'tis whispered in the most authentic circles, that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks coveted for their one and only dual appearance and for which they left no stone unturned in their attempts to wrest it from the Fox officials.

THEN the bomb-shell, the challenge to all of the well-known paths of the motion picture industry made by Winfield R. Sheehan: Janet Gaynor as *Diane*; Charles Farrell as *Chico*. Two babies, practically unknown.

Only "Jonsey" showed no consternation. "Certainly," he declared calmly. "No more than I expected."

Little Janet told me this story between her appearances on the set of her next starring vehicle, "Two Girls Wanted." It was on Monday. She had buried her



A 100 per cent film family—the Rossons. Here are Hal, Arthur and Richard. They all work on the Paramount lot. Hall is a cameraman and the two others are directors. A sister is secretary to Cecil B. De Mille

"Jonsey" the preceding Friday. It was her first day at work since the sad services.

"Oh, I am so glad you are going to write about 'Jonsey.' You see I am really just what 'Jonsey' and mother have made me. Why 'Jonsey' taught me everything I know. I haven't dared grieve for his death, for fear he would return and say, 'Is this the result of what I have taught you?'"

"You see, 'Jonsey' was not such a big success in business. He was a philosopher and he wrote poetry. And he just made me be an actress.

"ISN'T it wonderful that he did live to see me do something of what he expected? You see, he saw me in 'Seventh Heaven' and 'Sunrise'." "Sunrise" is the F. W. Murnau super-production which is finished but has not yet been released.

"Ah, Jonsey was my severest critic. When he saw 'Seventh Heaven' he liked it but he said I would have done better five years later. He told me about holding my mouth, using my hands—he wanted me to take dancing—and always urged me to read. And that's another thing that makes me happy. Just a little time before—before he left us, I started reading in earnest.

"And do you know, although 'Jonsey' was really such a great thinker and philosopher, isn't it funny that all he left of himself to the world was what he has given me? Whatever I do or become will be due to him. So he's sort of left me as his message—I can't help but make good, can I?—"

"Miss Gaynor, Miss Gaynor—" called the assistant director, and she was off to her rôle in the rollicking, jolly comedy of "Two Girls Wanted."

AND when she returned—"Isn't it funny? While I was making 'Seventh Heaven' and playing all that tragedy I was so happy. We were all so happy, mother and 'Jonsey' and I. And now I'm in my really first big comedy, 'Jonsey' is— But I don't believe I quite realize yet that 'Jonsey' is—"

"Miss Gaynor, Miss Gaynor. Some close-ups, please—" called the assistant.

And little Janet Gaynor in her trim maid's costume of silvery gray and lacy white cap hurried to her place behind the commonplace, everyday tea-wagon.

"Lights—lights—" Electricians and prop men jumped to arrange the great Kleig brilliants. They jostled this way; they jostled that— One interfered with the other.

One moment, two, three—My eyes had not left the piquant little face above the gray and white bosom.

Then it happened.

"*Diane!*"

I was not the only one on that set who gave the involuntary exclamation. For the face that had carried the tears of *Diane* to an unparalleled place of dramatic glory around the world, trickled tears of the same intensity onto the gray dress of the little figure trying to play a comedy rôle before us.

"J-o-n-s-e-y—"

The tears which in a way Jonsey had created—the tears he brought to this world to immortalize the *Diane* of "Seventh Heaven," were now running in real earnest for—Janet's "Jonsey."



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Ladies in Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

laughed. "No man could be expected to show much pep, trying to live up to a card-index system."

"I suppose not. But I couldn't see why he should treat *me* like one of his wives. I thought I'd start something.

"'Are you fond of games, Solomon dear?' I asked.

"HE said he wasn't sure, and what kind of a game was it? If it was a ring game, he wasn't interested.

"'This is something new,' I told him, 'which has been quite the rage in my home town all winter, and it is a question game called ask me another.'

"'I have never heard of that particular game,' he admitted, 'but it sounds pretty safe, and they tell me I am a wizard at answering questions so I will take a chance. How do you play it?'

"'Well, I said, 'you have a book with a lot of difficult questions in it, like Who Invented Ford Cars? and Where is Cairo, Illinois? and you ask your friends what are the answers. And whenever one of them happens to make a good guess, he is so pleased with himself that he says right out, ask me another. I have not got the book with me having left it in my trunk, but there are three questions I have been saving up in my mind to ask you because I know you are the wisest man in the world and can answer any question no matter how hard it may be. So I will now ask you these three questions and you can tell me the answers. Each question has a very interesting point to it, and before we get through I am sure you will not fail to see the point. The first question is, What is God's greatest gift to woman?'

"SOLOMON looked rather puzzled, when I asked him this, and I was afraid he was going to muff it. But he didn't.

"'A man,' he said, acting as though he suspected there was a catch in it.

"'Right,' I told him, 'and you certainly show a lot of ability at this game. Now I shall ask you the second question, which is, What is God's greatest gift to man?'

"'A woman,' he exclaimed, right off the bat.

"'Correct again,' I said, 'and I think it is wonderful the way you answer these questions so quickly.'

"'They do not seem such hard questions to me,' he mumbled, 'and in spite of what you say I do not see any point to them.'

"'Why, Solomon,' I laughed. 'That is very simple. The point of the first question is a man, of course. And the point of the second question is a woman. Now, since you are so good at numbers, perhaps you can tell me what is the shortest distance between two points."

"If he missed that one," Sappho exclaimed, "he should have been taken out and given a shot in the arm."

"My dears," the Queen of Sheba went on, "I thought he was going to, at first, but all of a sudden he must have got it, for he leaned over and kissed me. After that, what with the ice being broken, we had a very enjoyable evening.

"I stayed at the palace a month. The Superintendent of the Royal Wives took a vacation and went fishing. When I left for home Solomon gave me back all my presents and a lot of new ones, to show how much he enjoyed my visit. I was rather glad to leave. He was a nice fatherly old gentleman, but as one of his wives—Number 642 I think it was said to me—he certainly did owe a lot to his press agent.

Delilah, who had been following Queen Sheba's story closely, laughed.

"Samson was like that, too," she said. "Always bragging about himself, showing his muscle and everything, but to tell the truth—"

JUST what the truth was about Samson the Club did not hear, at least not at that time. There was a sudden commotion at the rear of the hall and one of the under demons came in, pushing a somewhat dishevelled figure ahead of him with his pitchfork.

"Just caught this bird climbing in the cellar window, ma'am," he said. "What'll I do with him?"

The members of the Club all gathered about, smiling.

"If it isn't my old friend Don Juan," Lucrezia Borgia exclaimed, gazing through her lorgnette. "Greetings, Don. Didn't you make a mistake in the house? Men are not admitted—"

"I throw myself on your mercy, ladies," the Don said, executing a graceful bow. "The odds are a trifle against me, but I have always been of a hopeful disposition." In spite of the coal dust upon his small-clothes, he looked very handsome, and all the members began to make eyes at him.

Eve rapped on the table for order.

"It's all right, officer," she said, smiling. "We don't care to prefer charges. You can leave him to us."

"God help him," the demon grinned, and went out.

"ALTHOUGH it is strictly against our rules," Eve went on, "we have decided Don, since the discussion of the evening is over, to permit you to remain for supper on one condition. You must disclose the name of the particular member whose charms have brought you here tonight. Don't be afraid. We're all good friends, and promise not to be jealous."

The Don looked very uncomfortable. His face grew red.

"You want the truth, I suppose?" he asked.

"Certainly. What a question!"

"Very well. Since you insist, I may as well tell you that I was crawling through the coal hole, while you ladies were engaged upon your philosophical discussions, in the hope of making the acquaintance of your very pretty French maid."

Twelve members of the Club gasped in chorus. Eve was the first to speak.

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"Hold the wretch!" she cried, running to the door. "I will be back in a moment." She left the room, while Don Juan, surrounded by the outraged Club members, vainly tried to make his escape.

When Eve returned to the room she held in her hand three sheets.

"Help me to tear these into strips," she said. "Then we will show him a trick, they play in Egypt, called the mummy game."

A dozen eager hands helped her rip the sheets into narrow bandages. An instant later, in spite of his struggles, the unfortunate Don had been wound from head to heels in snowy wrappings, and propped against the wall as helpless as a figure of stone.

"Now," Eve cried, with a malicious grin, "we will have Salome do the Dance of the Seven Veils for him. Under the circumstances, I hope he enjoys it."

"And if he survives," added Cleopatra, "we might carry him out into the garden and let him watch us while we take a dip in the pool."

SALOME was magnificent. She had never danced with greater abandon. At the removal of the first veil the tall figure of the Don was seen to quiver slightly; at the second, his face turned the color of a beet; at the third, he groaned; at the fourth, he tried to speak; at the fifth, his eyes took on a glassy stare; at the sixth, his jaw dropped, and at the seventh he gave a loud gasp and toppled to the floor, unconscious. The excitement of the dance had proved too much for him; he had fainted. Leaving him stretched out like some ridiculous lay figure, the Club members went to supper.

"Whenever you are ready," Mrs. Potiphar said to Eve as they took their seats at the table, "I would like to say a few words on the subject of alibis."

"It is a subject," Eve replied laughing, "in which every married woman is likely to be interested. I'll put you down for our next meeting."



Klamath Falls.

Visiting hour is over and Miss May has just moved Flora over near my bed, so we can look at PHOTOPLAY. Mother just brought me the July issue.

At last Norma is going to Paris . . . Eddie Cantor is leaving the screen to go on the stage . . . My old friends Richard Dix and Louise Fazenda are shining forth from the Gallery . . . Meet my son Fred Thomson, Jr. He surely is a darling . . . Barbara Ann celebrates her first birthday and gives a party for the younger set . . . Tommy Meighan and his wife arrive in California. . . .

"Here's your dinner, girls!"

And we were just getting ready to solve the Cut Puzzle and Name Contest. So we pass away a few of those long hours with PHOTOPLAY.

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Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Rose stepped over to one of the brass buttoned guards. "Who is he?" she asked, indicating the man explaining the telescope.

"That's Dr. David Kendal. THE Dr. Kendal!"

"Oh!" said Rose, nodding and trying to look as though she knew all about him.

THERE was certainly nothing in the appearance of David Kendal to suggest the fact that he was a member of the American Astronomical Society, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and was entitled to write B. S., A. M., and Ph. D. after his name.

But there was something in his appearance that made the men she had been associating with, for all their grooming and *savoir faire*, seem cheap and tawdry and shallow, in comparison.

Dr. Kendal looked at her again and smiled.

"Can I explain anything to you?" he asked.

Rose looked questioningly at the big strange clock, ticking rhythmically behind him, then down at her own platinum and diamond watch, then back at the clock.

"This is Sidereal time," exclaimed the youth.

"Oh, this is Elgin!" said the girl.

They both grinned again.

Then Dr. Kendal raised his voice and the crowd stood silent while he gave a brief explanation of the amazing mechanism of the telescope, and, touching various buttons on the small table beside him, he caused the giant instrument to swing east or west, north or south and gently and unerringly to point in the direction he desired; he made the shutters in the dark ceiling open to the blue sky, and the whole balcony on which they stood, and the great dome itself, to revolve so smoothly and steadily that but for the sound of purring machinery and the sight of the landscape sweeping past an open door, the visitors would have believed they were on a stationary floor.

IT was all superlatively interesting to Rose, and she asked Dr. Kendal many questions while the guards were ushering the crowd out of the building.

"You don't look like an astronomer," she said as she was about to leave.

"How do they look?" he asked, grinning.

"Whiskers, of course."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"And a big pointed hat and a long robe, cut *a la* Mother Hubbard and emblazoned with stars and moons—"

"You're getting me mixed with an astrologer!" A tone of reverence came into his voice: "This is different."



Do you think she looks like Mary Pickford? Isabelle Sheridan, Mary's cousin, takes her first lesson in make-up from an authority on the subject. Isabelle is following the rest of the family into the movies

"You seem keen about it!"

"It's thrilling! I've loved it ever since I can remember. When you were a child didn't you dream of doing what you are now doing?"

"Acting? No," she answered, shaking her head. "I never thought of acting till a year ago, when my cousin sent my photo to a newspaper contest and I won, and first thing I knew, I was a movie. But it's nice to make a lot of money—don't you think so?"

"I don't know. My family want to drag me down into the market place where I'd make a lot, but this is too much fun."

THEY had sauntered down to the door of the Observatory and Rose was suddenly conscious that the Assistant Director was hastening along the path toward her and was beckoning frantically. She gave a squeal of dismay.

"Oh dear—I'm late! I've overstayed my time. Thanks for all you've given me. Good-bye!" And she rushed off.

After dinner that night, Robert Swinton managed to elude the rest of his courtiers and get Rose off by himself.

"The astronomer said the other big telescope, the sixty-inch, will be open to the public tonight, for a couple of hours," she told him. "I simply cannot bear to go back to Hollywood without having looked through one of these great lenses at a star."

"I'll let you look through my lenses at a star, any time you want," said the director facetiously, and stroking his sleek hair with a hand on which a rare jewel flashed. "It's not always such a treat. When you get back to the studio tomorrow, you can look at the great Gita Garnette and perhaps you can give me some advice as to how to light her so she won't look as old as she is. I'll not have to worry about that sort of thing in the next picture—when you are playing the lead," he added in his beguiling way, gently squeezing her arm as he assisted her along the trail.

HE perched her on a large rock beside him and pointed out to her the brightest spots in that twinkling carpet of lights from the sixty-two cities spread over the floor of the valley below; those that designated Santa Monica, Hollywood, Pasadena, and brightest and densest of all—Los Angeles. He chatted gaily and in his most fascinating manner. A few hours ago she would have thrilled to his siren song, but now she was not listening. The quivering beauty of the field of gold, the star-pierced blue vault overhead, the fragrance of the mountain air, and the soughing of the nearby pines, filled her with such wonder, intoxicated her senses so—that she could neither hear the man's voice nor reply to it. He put his arm around her and kissed her.

"I can hardly wait till tomorrow night, Rosie darling. We'll slip away from the Ambassador party early. You've kept me waiting for a long, long time—you little devil." He gave her hand a playful slap, then kissed it. "I hope you have arranged an alibi."

The girl acted as though dazed.

"An alibi?" she repeated.

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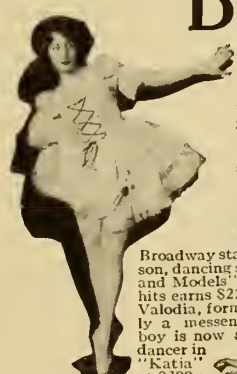
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What becomes of Follies girls? Well, they usually go into the movies and then they get married. Here is Jane Winton, for instance. Jane graduated from the Follies into pictures and recently she married Charles Kenyon, the playwright

with her, so your aunt won't wonder and snoop around to find out where you really are?"

"Yes—yes," said the girl in a bewildered way. Pushing herself free from him she rose to her feet. "It isn't right somehow—even if I do love you. Even if you do love me—it doesn't seem right. You are married and even if you don't love your wife and she doesn't appreciate and understand you and isn't your real mate—even so—I can't believe it's right somehow for me to—anyway, please don't talk to me about it now—I can't think about anything tonight but this beauty—and the stars." She was starting away.

"Where are you going?" he asked in an almost peremptory tone.

She found the trail.

"To look through the telescope, the sixty-inch one; you can come if you like!" And rapidly she walked away.

("You can come if you like"—the girl's manner and tone were certainly changed. She seemed somehow to have forgotten that he was the king!)

But he followed.

HE caught up with her where the path broadened, near the hotel, and holding her arm caressingly, walked beside her the rest of the way. But she was reticent, as he had never known her before.

This being the only night in the week that any of the telescopes were open to the public, a crowd of college and high school students with their astronomy instructors, as well as the ubiquitous collection of California tourists, were swarming through the buildings. They stood in line to get a chance for a minute's look through the eye piece; they wandered about peering at the peculiar apparatus; they worked out astronomical problems in little note books; they gossiped; they giggled, and they flirted. The great dome was like the inside of a beehive.

Robert Swinton and Rose Lorraine wandered with the crowd. He was rather bored. She was distinctly alert.

"Can I explain anything to you?" said a cheery voice in her ear. She turned and saw Dr. Kendal.

SHE was not wearing her screen make-up or the smart mannish riding togs he'd seen her in, earlier in the day. Instead, she was her ordinary feminine little self, huddled deep into a motor coat. But obviously he had recognized her.

"Anything here you want to know about?" he asked again.

"Everything!" she answered.

He looked as boyish as ever and the same unruly spike of hair stuck out at the back of his head. He had soft, high, fur-lined boots like flapping galoshes on his legs and wore a leather pea-jacket, lined with thick, white wool.

"Sheep's skin?" she asked, indicating his coat.

"Yes, it's good for lots of other things besides diplomas. I'm rigged this way for work. One gets rather chilly during an all night's vigil, with the cold air pouring down through the slit in the dome. I often wish I could get off my perch and sprint a bit. But of course I can't."

"Why not—what's your work like?"

"Photographing with the telescope. The camera sees so much more than the eye."

"I'll say it does!" acquiesced the director.

The astronomer continued: "We are photographing the spectrum of O'Eridani-C. I am in charge of the job. For eighty-two hours I am exposing the plate. So every night, until the negative is finished, I watch the star from the time she rises, holding the telescope pointing to her—till she sets."

"My word," exclaimed the director. "Imagine a man's spending that length of time with any one star!" He laughed at his own joke. Rose stared at him. But he did not notice her.



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"How long did it take you to learn to do this work?" he was asking the astronomer.

"I've been studying it since I was a child, of course. All my efforts were focused this way at grammar and high school. And then I had eight years of University. I've been here for nearly a year. I'm twenty-five."

"You ought to get big pay."

"Two thousand now," answered Dr. David Kendal, a trifle proudly.

"GOOD BOY!" said the director. "That's what this little lady is going to get. In her next picture she is to be featured. She'll really be a star—and then she'll get $2000." He smiled his fascinating smile on Rose. "One hundred and four thousand dollars will not be such a bad yearly haul for a kid of twenty who has been in the business only some ten months!"

"Two thousand a week, did you mean?" gasped the youth. "I thought you meant two thousand a year. That's what I get."

"If your face was as beautiful as Rose Lorraine's—you'd get more," said the older man, beaming on the girl.

David looked at her searchingly, impersonally. For some inexpressible reason she rather regretted her use of cosmetics.

"Well," said David, and his eyes twinkled, "tastes may differ as to beauty. But it's a useful face anyway."

Rose experienced a new sensation. For the first time since she could remember, a man had looked at her and not flattered her. She flushed with something akin to resentment. But Swinton laughed. He turned to the astronomer.

"Your own face is not so bad and could be useful too. I'll give you a job in the movies. Better quit this star gazing. Of what use is it, anyway, aside from giving a poor little Ph. D. a living and being a fine excuse to be out all night?"

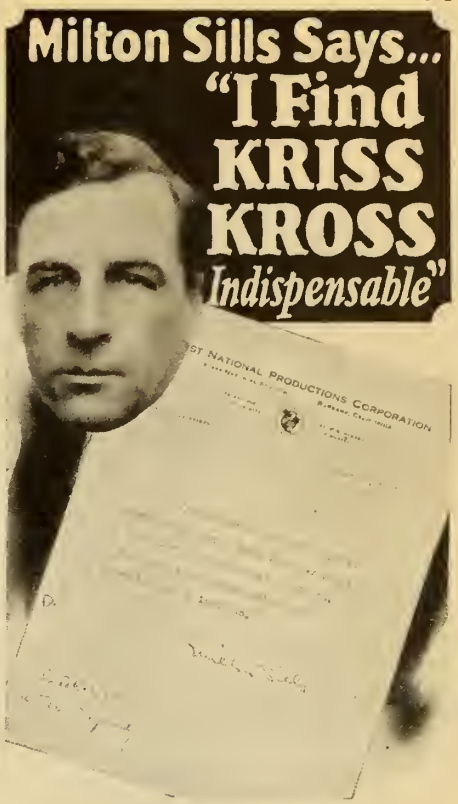
"OF what use is it?" repeated David in a tone of amazement. "*Of what use is it?*" He paused, nonplussed, for a second, before he continued. "Even if it had no use in the material sense, it is Truth. Men die for Truth—I don't know why, but they do. They struggle to learn, to achieve—and never count the cost. 'To work you have the right, but not to the fruits thereof,'" he quoted. He turned directly to the other man. "You work for the sake of the work—and not for what you get out of it—don't you?" he asked.

"God! boy, you don't suppose I grind out the miles of hokum I sell to the dear public because I personally believe in it, do you? I do it for money—and money is power."

"Is it?" asked the youth and for a moment Swinton wondered whether his own statement was correct.

"You asked what use this is," said David, making a sweeping gesture that designated the paraphernalia of science.

"Thousands of years ago the astronomers of those times observed, as Herschel expressed it, that 'stars are the landmarks of the universe.' They discovered that in the great dome of heaven, there was a speck of light that remained always in the same place, constant, steady, season after

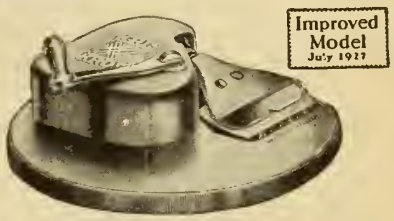


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season, year after year. It didn't change its course, approaching horizon or zenith, rising and setting as the other suns did. And since then navigators in every age, on every sea, have steered their courses by the North Star. We use the stars to measure time and to determine the boundary of a farmer's field or of a great empire; we use the stars—"

"HELP, help!" cried Swinton. "I'll give in! I see star gazing has uses, after all!"

Rose's turn at the telescope had come. With David's hand steadying her she climbed the ladder and looked through the ocular at what appeared to be only a prick of light but was in reality a great sun.

"The star that you are looking at may have ceased to be, a thousand years ago," he told her when she descended. "But the light continues to come to us and will continue for a thousand years more—"

"Just as the effects of our actions go on—after us!" she said, slowly ruminatingly.

He nodded. "And of our thoughts." They joined Swinton.

"Rose, haven't you had enough of this—let's go back to the hotel," he said.

"And I must go to work," said David. "Over to the hundred inch, till dawn."

"Just as I shall be getting up to see the sunrise," said the girl.

"I'm glad you're going to do that. It's wonderfully beautiful here in the mountains. But it's cold. You have a warmer coat than the one you're wearing?"

"Not with me," she replied.

"If you'll walk over to the other observatory I'll get you a sweater." The moonlight was weaving an enchantment over everything and as they approached the great white building, silhouetted against the blue, star-pierced sky, the girl suddenly stood still.

"I've never seen the Taj Mahal," she said, in a hushed voice. "But does this make you think of it, Bob?"

"It hadn't occurred to me," said the director stroking his shiny hair and cocking a critical eye. "But this is rather good. I'd like to shoot it sometime. We'd have to photograph it in daylight and dye it blue to get the moonlight effect."

The astronomer drew a key from his pocket and opened the white door and they entered the mysterious, silent building and climbed the long flight of stairs to the great dome.

David darted into a dark recess and returned with a faded and worn woolen sweater which he thrust into Rose's hands.

"I'LL find you in the dawn," he said. "You can give it back to me then. And now in five minutes my star will be up and I must climb to my perch and be ready." He held a brief and to them, an unintelligible conversation with the only other person in sight—a white haired old man who sat at a small table on the balcony and seemed to be working over a ledger. David moved swiftly about the strange place, into deep shadows where the small electric lights could not pierce and in and out among the strange apparatus. Sharp, incomprehensible little sounds resulted from his touch upon the mysterious objects of steel and glass and stone.

Then he made for a ladder that hung vertically, and climbing it, settled himself on a tiny platform suspended some thirty feet above the floor.

"I'm just in time," he called down blithely. "O Eridani-C is just arriving." He evidently touched the buttons on the



Greta Garbo does *not* tink she vill go home. Greta positively enjoys her work in "Love," now that John Gilbert is definitely cast as her leading man. Here is the first photograph of Greta as *Anna Karenina* and John as *Vronsky*

stand at his side, controlling the instrument, for presently the great cylinder of latticed steel swung gently into a new position and with the accompanying whirring noise the dome turned and let in a new slice of heaven through the roof.

"I've got my star!" came down the gay voice.

"That being the case—I'll take mine away," said Swinton. "Come on, Rose."

"I'm sorry you won't stay and talk to me a little longer," called David. "And sorry I can't do the polite and see you to the door, but you will find a man at the switchboard at the foot of the stairs, who will let you out. Good night."

When he and the reluctant girl had left the building, Swinton remarked testily:

"Nerve that kid had to think you'd put on a ragged and dirty old sweater like that. Here, give it to me."

BUT Rose kept it tightly in her hand during the walk back to the hotel. Her companion chatted volubly, but she was silent.

"Good night, Bob," was all she said. "I'm tired. I must turn in."

"Wise little girlie. Sleep well and late, so's you'll look rested and pretty tomorrow. We have a big close-up and two other very telling shots to make. It's much more important that you look well than that you see the sun rise. Heaven knows how I wish this were tomorrow night. Rosie darling. It is hard to let you go now."

She was scarcely able to endure his caress and with a mumbled "good night" she hurried into her cabin.

She could not sleep. Her mind was spinning as it had never spun before. She got up and dressed and stood by the open window and gazed into the terrifying star depths and thought things that were strange and new to her. And through it all was the memory of the boy in that dark tower, fearlessly, patiently groping through Time and across Space for Truth—asking no reward but the joy that achievement gives. Her own life seemed so vapid and starved compared to his, it was as tinsel compared to gold, as noise compared to melody, and she grew conscious of a great hunger in the soul of her—an emptiness that could not be filled by the fleeting joys or worldly gain that a little king could offer. And a mist seemed to pass from before her inner vision—a veil to be drawn away, and she saw things she had never seen before and understood what had been blurred and dim.

"It's not too late, it's not too late," she sobbed.

And suddenly she realized she was no longer frightened by those awful stars—God's Hand was there—somewhere.

SHE watched thus until nearly dawn. As she passed through the little sitting room to the front door, her colored maid, who had been sleeping on the couch, awakened with a jerk and sat up.

"Law, Miss Rose, you ain't sick, are you?"

"No, Hattie. I never was so well in all my life."

"You look so funny, Miss Rose. You ain't er-goin' out of the house like that, are you, without no make-up of any kind on, are you? Somebody might see you! You looks, if I may say, almost nood."



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"I feel almost clean," said the actress, switching off the electric light and going out.

A faint pink was creeping up the sky from behind Greyback and Baldy and Rose stood transfixed by the miracle of opal colors melding one into another on the vast canvas. As above the pall of grey mist that covered the cities in the valley, the blazing disk of the sun appeared behind the mountain ridge and splashed the sky with garish reds and yellows—the beauty became almost unendurable.

HARDLY breathing, utterly unconscious of her body, of herself, she watched the great orb emerge. A sound like a sob escaped her.

No other sound pierced the vast silence, but for some reason she suddenly wheeled—and saw him.

When he had come, how long he had stood there, she could not guess.

Neither of them spoke. Side by side they gazed at the Wonder spread before them.

After a time she knew that he was looking at her. She turned her eyes to his. His gaze was quiet, dispassionate, unattached, and then it changed.

"You are beautiful," he said. "Very beautiful," he repeated softly. And he was not looking at the glory of her hair turned burnished copper by the morning sun, nor at the velvet whiteness of her skin, nor at the red curve of her lips—he was looking beyond the shell of her, and with his look he touched something within her that no one had ever touched before.

And something went from her to the depths of him and David Kendal, Ph. D., F. R. A. S., suddenly became gauche and dumb as an untutored child.

With a woman's power to bridge an awkward situation, the girl spoke:

"It was good of you to lend me this sweater. I should have been cold without it."

"I hate to let you go," he said.

"Maybe some day I'll come back. Will you lend me this again, if I do?" she asked gently, taking off the worn garment and handing it to him.

A smile illumined his face.

"Sure I will!" he said joyously.

WITHOUT even touching her hand, he turned slowly on his heel and left her—the smile still transforming his face. He wanted to sing, but because that might have awakened those who were still sleeping, he refrained. Instead he jiggled his fingers and wriggled his body and when he came to a clump of pine trees he took shuffling steps and kicked the carpeted needles into swirls—as a frisky colt might have done. And when he reached his cabin, instead of going to bed as a good little astronomer should do, when the night's work is finished—he very tenderly laid the sweater on his table, flung his sheep's skin coat on a chair and started on a three hours' sprint, by a seldom used trail, over to Mt. Lowe.

By eleven o'clock the last scenes of the motion picture had been photographed and the twelve people who had assisted in the filming of one small girl climbing a mountain and roaming the woods on a white horse were getting packed into the

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three automobiles, preparatory to their migration back to Hollywood.

"Hattie can go in the car with the grips. I'll sit here in the front seat with the chauffeur, if you please," said Rose to Robert Swinton, as he started to assist her into his Rolls-Royce. "I do not want to talk."

"BUT I want to talk—and to you, Rosie dear," he said in a tone that a few days ago would have thrilled her. "Come sit beside me, like a good little girl."

She turned and saw David.

Slowly she spoke:

"Like a good little girl, I will not sit beside you—ever again, Bob."

"What do you mean?"

She nodded slowly, significantly.

A glowering expression came over his face, an expression she had seen there once before when he had peremptorily dismissed a nervous and clumsy assistant.

"Do you mean—?" He was very angry—this man who had the making or unmaking of her career, who could cut the part she had just played almost out of the picture, who instead of starring her in the next, at a salary of $2000.00 a week, could pass the word around the studios that would make it difficult for her to get even the job of an extra.

"Don't tempt me to get cross with you, Rose. Stop trying to be coy and come sit beside me now—and tonight at the Ambassador—"

"Tonight," said the girl and she spoke gently but with a tone of finality, "tonight I am not going to the party at the Ambassador. Instead, after my two last scenes are finished at the studio—I'm going home to get my Aunt—and—"

"Good-bye, Miss Loraine," said a bass voice behind her.

"Oh, I didn't expect to see you again! I thought you slept in the day time," she said.

"I COULDN'T today," he answered quietly, looking deep into her eyes. "Some time may I go down into the valley and find you?"

Rose took her seat beside the chauffeur. She turned to David. "You will not find me in the valley," she said. "I sha'n't be there, for tonight," and her voice was so soft he could hardly hear it, "tonight—I'm coming up here to the mountain top—and the Stars."

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

C. F. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Rolling up my sleeves, I take a morning off to answer your questions. Billie Dove is twenty-four years old and married to Irvin Willat, a director. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Clara Bow is twenty-two and Esther Ralston was born in 1902. Esther is married to George W. Webb. Write to Clara and Esther at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios and address Madge Bellamy at the Fox Studios—both Hollywood, Calif.

DOT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Here's the information for your club. Write to me again, if you get in another dispute—not that I want to encourage arguments. Bebe Daniels, Marion Nixon, Lois Moran, Norma Shearer and Laura La Plante all appear in pictures under their real names. Joan Crawford is Lucille Le Sueur and Marion Davies was born Marion Douras. Blanche's real name is not Sweet but Alexander. Clara Bow is twenty-two years old and Joan Crawford about twenty-three.



Thirty years ago, A. J. Leonard said "yes" all day long as secretary to President McKinley. Today he says "no" all day to visitors trying to crash the gate at Warner Brothers' studio. Just a typical romantic off-screen figure of Hollywood

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

NOVEMBER
25 CENTS



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Charles Sheldon

WILL ROGERS

Starts in this Issue

CORONA

in six beautiful Duco colors to suit your taste.



IF ATMOSPHERE has anything to do with the way you think and write—this gay Corona portable will simply breathe life into the words you type.

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Mechanically these new colored Coronas are as nearly perfect as typewriters can be, embodying as they do, all of our twenty years of experience in this field.

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How dentists strive to repair the damage done by cooks



The profession blames soft food for the prevalence of "pink tooth brush" and points out a simple way to combat it.



FACED with a grave increase in disorders of the gum structure, dentists have worked, long and arduously, to uncover the cause of these stubborn troubles as well as to effect their cure.

Almost unanimously they blame the foods we eat for our gum troubles—these soft and delicious foods, stripped, as they are, of the fibre and the roughage which should stimulate and "rub" the gums.

Why soft foods cause gum disorders

For the gums need activity and exercise as urgently as any other living tissue. They need stimulation, to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls, and unless this fresh blood nourishes and sustains them, the gums grow flabby, tender and unhealthy.

Then "pink tooth brush" comes—a warning and a sign that more troubles, more dangers, perhaps, are ahead.

How Ipana helps to restore the gums to health

Above all the American dentist is practical. He doesn't seek to change the culinary habits of the nation, but he does recommend that we restore to our gums the stimulation which they need to keep them in health.

The majority of dentists recommend massage—a simple means of supplying stimulation through a few minutes' brushing of the gums every time you brush your teeth.

But, as your own dentist will probably tell you, not all tooth pastes are suitable for such a purpose. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana, for Ipana is specifically compounded to be beneficial to the gums as well as to clean the teeth.

Ipana contains ziratol, a soothing and healing hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists have used for many years to stop bleeding after extraction and to strengthen weakened tissues. Indeed, it was through dental recommendations that Ipana first became known to the public, and today it is doubtful if there is another tooth paste so highly regarded by the profession at large.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon on this page will bring you the ten day tube—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its remarkable power to clean and whiten your teeth.

But it's both simpler and quicker to ask for a regular tube at the next drug store you pass. You will then have enough Ipana for more than a hundred brushings—a much fairer test of its good effects on your gums. So make the full-tube trial of Ipana—very likely it will bring you a new conception of oral health and cleanliness.

Read what the dentists say! Though their language is technical their meaning is clear

From a text book on preventive dentistry:
"Unfortunately the use of natural foods has been replaced by highly processed substitutes from which the coarseness is removed."

From an address by a noted authority:
"The majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:
"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth."

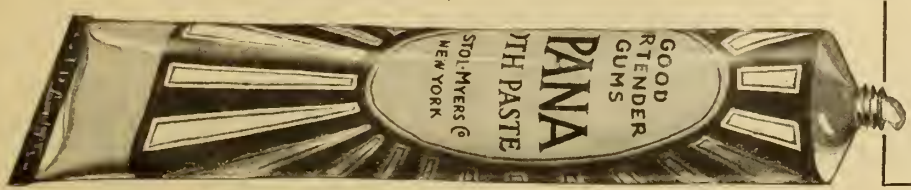
From a standard text:
"There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance in the mouth. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in the chewing of coarse, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

Statement by an authority on gum disorders:
"One cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvement in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation."



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POLA NEGRI in "THE WOMAN ON TRIAL." With Einar Hanson and Arnold Kent. A Mauritz Stiller Production.



CLARA BOW in "RED HAIR." With Charles Rogers. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Story by Elinor Glyn, author of "It."



ADOLPHE MENJOU in "A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS." With Shirley O'Hara and Arlette Marchal. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast.



RICHARD DIX in "SHANGHAI BOUND." With Mary Brian, Jocelyn Lee and George Irving. Directed by Luther Reed.



THOMAS MEIGHAN in "THE CITY GONE WILD." With Marietta Millner and Louise Brooks. A James Cruze Production.

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MANAGING EDITOR

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Last Minute News from East and West

As we go to PRESS



WALLACE BEERY is being sued for a million dollars by Juanita Montanya, said to be a Spanish dancer who migrated to Hollywood from Broadway two years ago. Miss Montanya charges assault. Before judging this suit, film fans will be wise to consider Miss Montanya's record. She was arrested some time ago for creating a disturbance at Richard Dix's home and later, when the police attempted to question her at her hotel, she barricaded herself in her room with a revolver. Her sanity was tested at the time. She was found sane and committed to a home.

ALICE WHITE, borrowed from First National, has been given the rôle of *Dorothy* in Famous Players' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Louise Brooks was first announced for this part but later withdrawn.

FAMOUS PLAYERS has taken up its option upon Louise Brooks' services for another five years, despite her loss of *Dorothy*. Miss Brooks succeeded in getting a new contract and an increase in salary.

EDWIN CAREWE recently announced that he had just signed up one Roland Drew, an ex-New York newspaper man, for an important rôle in "Romola." Imagine Hollywood's surprise to discover that Roland Drew is no other than Walter Goss, graduate of the Paramount School who hasn't been very busy in pictures since he got his diploma.

THE death of George Nichols, veteran character actor, occurred at Los Angeles on September 20. Mr. Nichols had been ill for several months with heart trouble.

MAE MURRAY is back in Hollywood, but there appears to be no indication that she will sign up with any movie producer. In fact, Miss Murray is said to be looking for a dancing partner for her return to the varieties. It may be of sentimental interest to fans to know that David Mdivani has rejoined his wife, Miss Murray, after arousing a lot of gossip by remaining behind in Europe. Miss Murray reports that her African hunting trip did not prove successful. It appears that someone gave her bad advice about the time of year to try the expedition. Consequently, the animals weren't in when Miss Murray and her husband dropped around to call.

BETTY BRONSON has severed connections with Famous Players and has signed with Warner Brothers.

RUTH ROLAND admits that if her California real estate holdings were to be liquidated today, her profits would be in the neighborhood of $2,500,000. All of which puts Miss Roland in the exclusive millionaire class!

THEY talk about efficiency in Hollywood, but they keep on shelving partly made productions. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer powers-that-be, for instance, have just shelved "Rose Marie," in which Renee Adoree was starring. Renee was all right, but they discovered that the story was awful after making part of it.

ALBERTO GUGLIELMI, brother of Rudolph Valentino, is going to perpetuate the name of Valentino in the films. He has had his face remodelled by a plastic surgeon, he has shifted his name to Alberto Valentino and he is all ready to start his first feature production.

REGINALD DENNY is going to return to the prize fight ring background in his next film, "Use Your Feet."

PARAMOUNT has purchased Clara Bow's contract from Benjamin Schulberg, one of its chief executives, for a reported sum of $150,000. Mr. Schulberg had Miss Bow under contract when he joined the Paramount executive staff.

ARE you interested in writing scenarios or dashing off snappy movie reviews? The University of Southern California is establishing a course in motion pictures, including the writing of scripts, photography and the construction of criticisms.

HOOT GIBSON has just re-signed with Universal. Gibson has been on the "U" lot for eight years. Something of a Hollywood record, at that.

MARSHALL NEILAN is directing Colleen Moore in "I'll Tell the World."

ANTONIO MORENO is making his first appearance since his recent film-making in England opposite Olive Borden in "Come to My House."

REMEMBER Arthur Guy Empey, the soldier star of those early Vitagraph war epics? He has turned up in Hollywood, selling a story, "The Flag Pole Sitter," to Universal. The sitter hasn't been selected yet.

ROBERT KANE has signed Allan Dwan to direct five productions for him. The first will be a story by Ben Hecht, who just now is in demand following the sensational hit of his "Underworld."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has brought suit in Edinburgh, Scotland, for divorce from Captain Alastair MacIntosh.

ELLIOTT DEXTER, film actor, has been sued for divorce by Nina C. Dexter.

FRED THOMSON, Western star, former chaplain in the marines, and the man who induced Gene Tunney to take up boxing, was at the ringside in Chicago when Estelle Taylor's husband, Jack Dempsey, failed in his attempt to stage a come-back.



When life or death is a question of inches. A remarkable photograph of Al Johnson, stunt man, shifting from 'plane to automobile. He made the jump



"—they're just as important to me as the smoke itself"

"And Some of These, Please—"

"And two packages of Life Savers," he said to the clerk when he had chosen his day's supply of cigars.

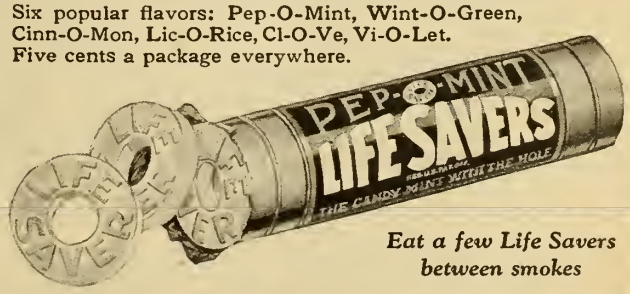
"They're just as important as the tobacco itself," he went on. "Great between smokes. I use them now all the time. You'll always find a couple of packages on my desk at the office. And in my pocket at other times. I wouldn't be without them."

* * *

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, those little candy mints with the hole: how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke taste so much better.

It's a fact: Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you're really thirsty—and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes, you'll always have a package handy.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let.
Five cents a package everywhere.



Eat a few Life Savers between smokes



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ADAM AND EVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a dual rôle. What could be sweeter? (*September.*)

AFFAIR OF THE FOLLIES, AN—First National.—Billie Dove and Lewis Stone in an entertaining and snappy story of stage life. Honestly! (*May.*)

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (*October.*)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a psalm-singing card sharp with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (*September.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANKLES PREFERRED—Fox.—A silk stocking comedy full of runs—and mostly cotton, anyway. Madge Bellamy is a pretty kid and too good for the story. (*May.*)

***ANNIE LAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (*July.*)

ARIZONA WHIRLWIND, THE—Pathe.—Guess what? A Western story! And a pretty good one, at that. Bill Cody is the star. (*May.*)

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (*July.*)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also splendidly played by Renee Adoree and a fine cast. (*September.*)

BARBED WIRE—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Einar Hansen. (*September.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—FBO—A swell series of two reelers, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (*September.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE—United Artists.—John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (*July.*)

BLIND ALLEYS—Paramount.—Lots of laughs in this one, but they all come at the serious moments. Don't blame Thomas Meighan—nor yet Greta Nissen nor Evelyn Brent. (*May.*)

BLOOD SHIP, THE—Columbia.—Mutiny, brutality and murder. A fine performance by Hobart Bosworth. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (*October.*)

BROADWAY KID, THE—Warner Bros.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old gags. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a newcomer. (*October.*)

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (*July.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another Western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (*July.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"The Way of All Flesh"
"The Big Parade"
"Quality Street"
"Underworld"
"The Patent Leather Kid"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (*September.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (*July.*)

CASEY AT THE BAT—Paramount.—A baseball comedy, laid back in the gay old Floradora Days. Another home run for Wallace Beery. This picture gives the baseball "fans" somewhere to go on rainy afternoons. (*May.*)

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (*July.*)

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (*July.*)

CITY GONE WILD, THE—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a lively meller of the Chicago Underworld. Good stuff. (*October.*)

CIRCUS ACE, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (*August.*)

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING—FBO—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye!" (*October.*)

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (*July.*)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (*July.*)

CLOSED GATES—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (*August.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

***COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkraut in the title rôle. For discriminating audiences. (*September.*)

***CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (*August.*)

CRYSTAL CUP, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in the drama of a man-hater that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (*October.*)

DANCE MAGIC—First National.—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (*September.*)

DEARIE—Warner Bros.—A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (*August.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

WILLIAM FOX *presents*



Loves of CARMEN

with DOLORES DEL RIO *and* VICTOR McLAGLEN

******* The devil was bored and he summoned his henchman. "Pour for me," he said, "into one mold, the heart of a child, the body of a wanton and the soul of a woman. Let us see what will happen." ****** The result was CARMEN.*

"Loves of Carmen," a screen adaptation based upon the celebrated novel and opera known to the world as "Carmen," has been pronounced one of the finest photoplays ever produced. Abounding in humor, it is a gripping story of a woman's passion, elemental, all-conquering, vividly set upon the screen and superbly mounted with authentic old world costumes and furnishings assembled in Spain by Fox representatives.

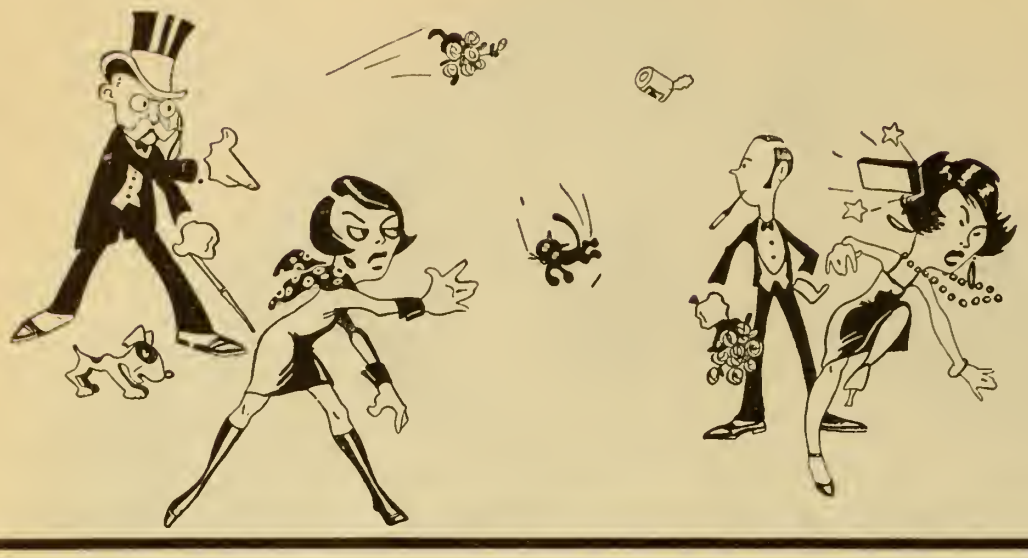
Dolores Del Rio is the raven-haired, olive-skinned sinuous-limbed *Carmen,* the girl who barters her soul on the altar of love. She is the foil of the amorous wooing of the toreador *Escamillo,* portrayed by Victor McLaglen, a bronzed giant with an infectious smile and devil-may-care spirit. In their respective roles, these two great stars surpass their brilliant performances in the renowned Fox Picture "What Price Glory."

"Loves of Carmen" is another high-water mark in artistic achievement in motion pictures and is well worthy of its place alongside other recent Fox supreme achievements, such as "7th Heaven" and "What Price Glory." All leading theatres are presenting William Fox pictures this year.

FOX

RAOUL WALSH *Production* *Based on story by* PROSPER MERIMEE *Adapted for screen by* GERTRUDE ORR

Brickbats *and* Bouquets



LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters— $25, $10 and $5

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

The Monthly Barometer

FIRST place this month to "What Price Glory," "Twelve Miles Out," "Seventh Heaven," "Captain Salvation," and "The King of Kings."

Ward Hutchinson's list of Cambridge Favorites aroused a small storm and the Greta Garbo controversy is still on. John Gilbert, Richard Dix and Lon Chaney were the most consistently praised, with Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky leading the girls.

"Beau Geste" and "Ben-Hur" are the most popular of the older pictures.

The producers received many well-earned sneers for their attempted economy program and plenty of "fans" look askance at the idea of substituting newcomers for the established favorites.

Women "fan" writers, as a rule, are more interested in the moral aspects of the pictures. Men, generally speaking, are more concerned with technical faults or excellencies.

The younger girls and boys are chiefly interested in personalities. They pen the loudest praises and they also throw the heaviest bricks.

Now speak up!

$25.00 Letter

Kellogg, Idaho.

My family and I have nothing but bouquets to cast at motion pictures for their varied and economical entertainment, knowledge and inspiration. And to PHOTOPLAY for its valuable guidance in "Brief Reviews." Although we live in a small mining town up in the mountains, we've travelled with the cameraman to the four corners of the world.

We've visited every country in the world, learning something of its people and their customs. We've crawled to the bottom of the sea and scaled the world's highest peaks. We've mined gold in Alaska and diamonds in South Africa.

We've pioneered, fought Indians and helped win the World War. We've flown to the North Pole with Captain Byrd and crossed the Atlantic with Lindy. We've trekked the northlands with Rin-Tin-Tin and roamed the plains with Tom and Tony. We've suffered with Frederick, Nilsson and Terry and romanced with Barthelmess, Colman and Stone. We've laughed with Talmadge, Pickford and Davies and with Hamilton, Keaton and Lloyd.

We've hobnobbed with royalty and rubbed shoulders with adventurers, beggars and thieves.

"A quarter and a dime anytime. Shows seven and nine."

MRS. C. A. WALKER.

$10.00 Letter

Little Rock, Ark.

I think I am the most appreciative reader of PHOTOPLAY in the world. I am a "shut-in" and have not been to a picture show for a year. Probably I shall never go again. Yet with PHOTOPLAY I keep up with all the pictures. I read the reviews and can discuss intelligently the plots and the players. I can even give little interesting gossip about the stars which my friends have not had time to read.

I read the magazine from cover to cover —editorials, advertisements and all. The shopping service fills a great need. Since I can't shop, it is wonderful to have up-to-date merchandise brought to my very door at reasonable prices. I always turn to that page first to see if there is something I need for myself or for a gift to a friend. My Christmas shopping is quite delightful.

A suggestion to readers: save your copies of PHOTOPLAY for shut-in friends or, better still, give them yearly subscriptions.

MRS. CLYDE PAGE.

$5.00 Letter

Wyoming, Penn.

As a teacher of English and History in the public schools, I have found the movies a great help in visualizing the books which the pupils are required to read. I accompanied fifty pupils to see "Ben-Hur" and never before had a group of pupils display so much enthusiasm in studying the work of an author. We take many interesting trips to the movies during each term and the pupils study the facial expressions of the leading characters, later comparing them with the author's description.

PHOTOPLAY magazine has aided me by giving a list of the latest pictures and also a hint of the plot, so that I know what pictures are suitable for the pupils to see.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus," which is now being filmed, will certainly add to the study of the poem.

MARIE W. GEBHART.

True Enough

Cincinnati, O.

There is just one thing about which I wish to protest—those horrid Irish comedies. In vain I've watched them all for a portrayal of a *real* Irishman. Each has been made up of characters who were good at heart but riotous, ignorant and often vulgar. We're not an uncouth, intoxicant loving race. We have our faults and foibles, but we also had our schools, our learned men and a highly developed culture long before Europe saw the dawn of civilization. So why choose the worst of a fine people to display before the eyes of the world?

HELEN O'BOYLE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

THE ARTISTRY OF THE GREATEST STARS EXPRESSED IN PATHE FEATURES!

MILLIONS of fans who follow the Pathe trade-mark as a guide to the best in motion picture entertainment now look forward with new eagerness to the Greater Pathe deluxe feature photoplays for 1927-28 in which these players appear.

This is the great entertainment ideal made possible by the affiliation of the Cecil B. DeMille Studios with the Pathe organization.

What an incomparable array of screen talent —Rod La Rocque, Jetta Goudal, Leatrice Joy, William Boyd, Marie Prevost and Vera Reynolds—vivid, glowing personalities who represent every phase of histrionic ability.

And the famous DeMille Stock Company, including such celebrated players as Virginia Bradford, Clarence Burton, Junior Coghlan, Robert Edeson, Elinor Fair, Julia Faye, Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Jacqueline Logan, Frank Marion, Louis Natheaux, Seena Owen, Franklin Pangborn, Sally Rand, May Robson, Joseph Schildkraut, Rudolph Schildkraut, Kenneth Thomson, Victor Varconi, Ethel Wales, H. B. Warner and a score of others comprising the greatest artistic and dramatic talent of the stage and screen.

Superb casts in unusual stories is the entertainment goal for 1927-28. Baffling mystery, flaming romance, high adventure and sparkling comedy are all embraced in the great stories and plays selected from the works of the world's best authors, writers and dramatists to be produced at the vast Pathe-DeMille Studios, under the skilled guidance of Cecil B. DeMille, master producer, and his corps of screen craftsmen.



ROD LA ROCQUE



LEATRICE JOY



MARIE PREVOST



JETTA GOUDAL



WILLIAM BOYD



VERA REYNOLDS

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The School Famous for Successful Students

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DEMI-BRIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—French farce, as Hollywood understands it. Naughty, in spots, but ultimately as pure as snow. Norma Shearer and Lew Cody are in it. (*May.*)

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show, with plenty of excitement. (*July.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (*July.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

FAST AND FURIOUS — Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (*September.*)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE — Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (*September.*)

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (*August.*)

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a Western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (*October.*)

FIRST AUTO, THE—Warner Bros.—Missing on all sixes, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (*September.*)

FRAMED—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (*September.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—M.-G.-M.—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GAY OLD BIRD, THE—Warner Bros.—Once more the old tale of the substitute wife, engaged to please a rich relative. But Louise Fazenda and John T. Murray make it amusing. (*May.*)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (*October.*)

GINGHAM GIRL, THE—FBO—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (*October.*)

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (*August.*)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (*September.*)

***HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY**—First National.—No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-lines. Milton Sills at his best. (*October.*)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warner Bros.—Now it is Dolores Costello's turn to swing on the bell. An old favorite. (*September.*)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (*July.*)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light rôle, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (*July.*)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (*October.*)

HEY, HEY, COWBOY—Universal.—For the 999th time, Hoot Gibson settles the war between the battling ranchers. (*June.*)

HIGH HAT—First National.—Life among the movie extras—which might have been more interesting than the film would have you believe. Ben Lyon plays the extra boy. (*May.*)

HILLS OF KENTUCKY—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits. The story is good for children, but the dog is the Edwin Booth of the Silent Drammer. (*May.*)

HIS DOG—Pathe-De Mille.—Fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone blah. (*October.*)

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date, but Harry is funny. (*July.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

***HULA**—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (*October.*)

HUSBAND HUNTERS—Tiffany.—A further investigation into the lives and habits of the gold-diggers. Trivial but fairly amusing, my dear Watson. (*May.*)

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (*August.*)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (*July.*)

***KING OF KINGS, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

KISS IN A TAXI, A—Paramount.—Hey, Bebe Daniels, Chester Conklin stole your picture. But don't cry, little girl, it wasn't much of a film, anyway. (*May.*)

***KNOCKOUT REILLY**—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (*July.*)

LET IT RAIN—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean makes a comedy of life among the sailors and marines. Good gags and good titles. Most people will like it. (*May.*)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray in—you'll never guess—another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (*October.*)

LONESOME LADIES—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic ructions. (*October.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (*August.*)

LOVE MAKES 'EM WILD—Fox.—Yes, and pictures like this make 'em wild, too. (*May.*)

***LOVE OF SUNYA, THE**—United Artists. — Gloria Swanson didn't pick much of a story for herself for her first independent film. But her acting is swell and the direction is handsome. And Gloria grows prettier every day. (*May.*)

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (*July.*)

LOVERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

***LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (*September.*)

MADAME POMPADOUR—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (*October.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN — Fox. — Made in Germany. Just an insult. Stay away. (*June.*)

***MAGIC FLAME, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (*September.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Who Has the Most Heart-Warming Grin in America?



BIG BOY!

When his flashing smile lights up the screen, Pallid Care and Wrinkled Worry scramble for the nearest exit.

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ARE YOU SPIKED TO YOUR JOB ?

Take inventory of yourself. Are you getting anywhere? What is the outlook for your future? Don't let yourself get stale on the job. There are thousands of men and women right now in offices, factories, or working at trades literally spiked to their jobs.

Success is not just simply a matter of luck. There is a real reason why some people of seemingly less ability step ahead of the fellows who really know. Whatever you have, your success depends on your ability to put over your ideas with others, in short, your ability to sell. And what is there so mysterious about this business of selling? Like every other seemingly difficult problem, it is very simple after you have once solved it.

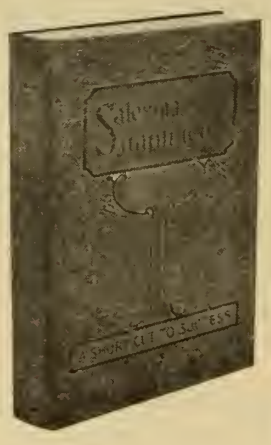
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

*MAN POWER—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (*August.*)

MAN'S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (*October.*)

MATINEE LADIES—Warner Bros.—A silly story of the "all wet" set and another unfortunate occurrence in the career of May McAvoy. (*June.*)

MEN OF DARING—Universal.—Wherein action again triumphs over plot and common sense. But it sure do move. Jack Hoxie is the hero. (*June.*)

*METROPOLIS—UFA-Paramount.—Marvellous settings, gorgeous camera work, awful German acting and terrible English titles. It's an imaginative story of the City of the Future and might, alas, have been one of the greatest pictures of the year. (*May.*)

MILLION BID, A—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (*August.*)

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (*July.*)

*MOCKERY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (*October.*)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (*October.*)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (*September.*)

MOTHER—FBO.—Mammy! A sentimental story of a weak, thoughtless husband who steps out with a "vamp" after his long-suffering "ball-and-chain" has slaved and slaved and slaved to make him a success. (*May.*)

MR. WU — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (*August.*)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (*September.*)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (*October.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner Bros.—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (*September.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A sprightly, charmingly directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (*October.*)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breath-taking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (*October.*)

PAINTING THE TOWN — Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (*September.*)

*PATENT LEATHER KID, THE—First National. Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prize-fighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (*September.*)

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (*July.*)

POOR NUT, THE—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of overdrawn characterizations. Not so much. (*September.*)

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (*September.*)

***QUALITY STREET**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. (*October.*)

RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard does *his* version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (*October.*)

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE—Pathe-DeMille.—May Robson plays the screen version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. (*October.*)

***RESURRECTION** — United Artists.—Tolstoy's powerful story made into one of the best pictures of the season by Edwin Carewe. Intelligently and stirringly presented, it also introduces Dolores del Rio as one of our greatest actresses. (*May.*)

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (*July.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

RITZY—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (*September.*)

ROLLED STOCKINGS — Paramount.— The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (*September.*)

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (*July.*)

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (*August.*)

***ROUGH RIDERS, THE**—Paramount.—Thrilling history, plus authentic American backgrounds and characterizations. It is built, of course, about the exploits of Our Teddy, but it is really a complete panorama of an entire epoch. Fine acting by Charles Farrell, the late Charles Emmett Mack, George Bancroft and Noah Beery. (*May.*)

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (*September.*)

RUBBER TIRES—Producers Dist. Corp.—A merry comedy evolved from the adventures of pioneer motor transcontinental tourists. A good original idea. (*May.*)

RUNNING WILD—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (*September.*)

SATIN WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preachments—if you care for them. (*October.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SECRET STUDIO, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (*September.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (*July.*)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (*August.*)

***SEVENTH HEAVEN**—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (*July.*)

***SHANGHAI BOUND** — Paramount. —Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambuctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (*October.*)

SILENT HERO, THE—Rayart.—A new dog—one Napoleon Bonaparte—in the same old story. But you'll like Nap. (*October.*)

SILK STOCKINGS—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (*September.*)



MARGARITA FISCHER

As "Eliza" in *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*

There is probably no heroine in American history better known than "Eliza" who crossed the ice to escape the bloodhounds, carrying her little one in her arms in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. MARGARITA FISCHER takes the part of "Eliza" in Universal's magnificent production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** and her work in this trying role has been enthusiastically praised by noted critics.

Unless I am badly mistaken, this picture will score a great triumph in entertainment. That's what it was made for and every character in the long cast is a star well known to all movie-fans. It is a Harry Pollard Production, and the cast also includes ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD, VIVIAN OAKLAND and JAMES B. LOWE.

LAURA LA PLANTE in the mystery play ***"The Cat and the Canary"*** is adding vastly to her laurels. Some critics have gone so far as to say that this is the best thing she has ever done. The director is likewise praised for his wonderful settings and groupings. The picture is a Paul Leni Production, from John Willard's play, with a cast including ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW and many stars.

If you will ask the manager of your favorite theatre to secure Universal Pictures, you will enjoy many sterling productions which you might otherwise miss. The manager of any movie-theatre is grateful for suggestions.

Meantime, please write me a letter about the Universal pictures you have seen and give me your unbiased opinion of plays and stars.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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The Favorite!

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Pathe, the first newsreel, is still the first It is the first on the scene—first on the screen—and the most interesting of all motion pictures.

Ask for it at your favorite motion picture theatre—look for the Rooster!

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"Sees all—knows all"

SILVER COMES THRU—FBO.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (*August.*)

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (*August.*)

SINGED—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (*September.*)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (*August.*)

*SLIDE, KELLY, SLIDE — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—We urge you to see this honestly funny comedy of the great national game. It is the story of a conceited rookie, played shrewdly and engagingly by Bill Haines. Attaboy! (*May.*)

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First National.—Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (*October.*)

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (*July.*)

SPRING FEVER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines and Joan Crawford in a mildly funny comedy built about the golf mania. (*October.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

*STARK LOVE—Paramount.—A folk drama, made in the Carolina hills, by James Brown. Astonishingly well acted by native players. An important contribution to the American theater. (*May.*)

STOLEN BRIDE, THE — First National. — A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer—there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (*August.*)

SUNSET DERBY, THE — First National. — A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (*August.*)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (*August.*)

*SWIM, GIRL, SWIM—Paramount.—Credit Bebe Daniels with another personal hit in a story of college life. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (*October.*)

TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE—UFA.— Proving that when the Germans make a bad one, they can equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings cannot save it. (*October.*)

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION—FBO.—The original "Tarzan" stories were good. This is one of the biggest pieces of nonsense ever fed to a suffering camera. (*May.*)

*TELEPHONE GIRL, THE — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS — Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and such-like, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (*September.*)

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous setting, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (*August.*)

THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE—Universal. — A satisfying and well-made picture, with Francis X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson doing fine work. See it. (*October.*)

THREE'S A CROWD—First National.—Harry Langdon attempts too much in this one. The boy's good, but he's not Chaplin yet. Better luck next time. (*October.*)

THREE HOURS—First National.—Underacting by Corinne Griffith; overacting by the rest of the cast. A slow and unpleasant story. Too harrowing for sensitive nerves. (*May.*)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (*August.*)

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste—(*September.*)

TIP TOES—British National.—Dorothy Gish in another English picture that is just a filler-in. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (*October.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

TOPSY AND EVA—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (*September.*)

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (*July.*)

TUMBLING RIVER—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (*October.*)

TWELVE MILES OUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (*September.*)

UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (*July.*)

*UNDERWORLD — Paramount. — Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (*September.*)

*UNKNOWN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (*August.*)

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (*September.*)

VENUS FROM VENICE, THE—First National.—Constance Talmadge plays a light-hearted, light-fingered Italian girl. Light but agreeable. (*May.*)

*WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (*August.*)

WEDDING BILLS—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (*August.*)

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (*October.*)

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW—Warner Bros.—The title has nothing to do with the story. Patsy Ruth Miller does an imitation of Mary Pickford. Fancy that! (*May.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warner Bros.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (*September.*)

WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE—Paramount.—A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (*August.*)

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE GOLD—Producers Dist. Corp.—A fine, exciting narrative, told in masterly style by William K. Howard. Crowded out of the "six best" of the month. But don't miss it. (*May.*)

WHITE PANTS WILLIE—First National.—Some snappy celluloid dedicated to the Art of Johnny Hines. (*October.*)

*WINGS—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (*September.*)

*WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (*August.*)

*WORLD AT HER FEET, THE—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (*August.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

NEW YORK HAS A NEW

SENSATION!

The Greatest Screen Hit that ever sent Broadway Frantic!

WATCH—WAIT—and SAVE YOUR PENNIES for—

RICHARD A ROWLAND
presents RICHARD

BARTHELMESS

in

the PATENT LEATHER KID

by RUPERT HUGHES

An ALFRED SANTELL ··· production

Directed by ··· ALFRED SANTELL

Production management ····· AL. ROCKETT

TITLES by GERALD C. DUFFY

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

All the people who've TRIED to see this phenomenally popular Romance would have filled 4 theatres the size of the New York Globe, where it is now playing an Indefinite Run to Over-Capacity at every performance at $2.20 top per seat!

YOU WON'T SEE ANOTHER PICTURE LIKE IT THIS YEAR!

Just ONE of the MANY Super-Pictures that will make this

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"... My dear! It's a silver gift to dream about—the Community Plate you gave me!.. If Paul Revere could see the pattern named after him he'd stage another midnight ride . . . he'd just HAVE *to tell the neighbors about it!"*

—PHYLLIS



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This new, Early-American pattern of Community Plate is on radiant display at your jeweler's NOW

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Richee

New Pictures

CLARA BOW and the famous Hollywood Overhead—a hobgoblin that haunts the studios on Hallowe'en and 364 other days of the year. This is the first time that this ferocious monster has been photographed. Clara can afford to laugh at him. Isn't she the pet daughter of Old Man Box-office?



Spurr

AN artist whose eyes speak an international language— Emil Jannings. His next picture — and we can hardly wait — will be "The Street of Sin," a story of the Salvation Army and the slums of London



SADIE THOMPSON—the lady who enlivened the rainy season in Pango-Pango and several seasons on Broadway—comes to the screen in the person of Gloria Swanson. This is the first portrait of Gloria in her new role.



Spurr

FOLLOWERS of the romantic drama are imploring Mr. Goldwyn not to break up the co-starring team of Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. But there are those who think Mr. Colman can jolly well go it alone.



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE good little trouper of Metro-Goldwyn gets her long-delayed reward. Renee Adoree will play the title rôle of "Rose-Marie." It's a story of the French Canadians and an ideal choice for Miss Adoree.



Homme!

THE character actors are getting all the bouquets these days, proving that it's better to be a bright fellow than a pretty boy. George Bancroft jumped to stellar position after his hit in "Underworld."

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty



You will find this elastic step-in
Model 572—a particularly satisfactory
foundation for a youthful silhouette
Reinforced and lightly boned
over the diaphragm, it is
exceedingly pliant
and surprisingly
light and soft
— $5.



Stockings of the Albertina Rasch ballet must always look lustrous and new in the Ziegfeld success, "Rio Rita"

EVERY Musical Show in New York uses Lux to *double* the life of stockings

What other stockings are subjected to such critical scrutiny, such strenuous wear as those of Broadway's musical comedies?

SILK STOCKINGS today are incredibly fine. Even the service weight are less bulky than a pocket handkerchief. When stockings represent such a large part of her clothes budget, it is of vital interest to every woman to get the *most wear* from every single pair.

Certainly no stockings meet such close inspection and such hard wear as those of New York musical shows. The wardrobe mistress must keep thousands of dollars' worth of cobwebby stockings in *perfect* condition.

And she must make them *last!*

All the various soaps—different methods of washing—have been experimented with to find the safest way to wash sheer stockings.

And the fact is disclosed that *stockings washed in Lux wear twice as long!* Twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as from those laundered by any other method!

This means so much in dollars and cents that each producer has standardized the method by which the stockings of the cast are washed. As the famous star and producer, Eddie Dowling, puts it—"We would provide Lux for laundering stockings if it cost $1.00 a box!"

Now the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York specifies Lux for washing silk stockings.



Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



MRS. BEATRICE CONIFF, the wardrobe mistress of the Shubert production, "A Night in Spain," says, "Garter runs are more to be feared than any other stocking trouble. Anything which weakens the fabric of stockings must be avoided. That's why I specifically warn our laundress against rubbing with cake soap, and strong soaps of every kind. I see to it that she uses only Lux for all of our stockings. They are swished about in lukewarm Lux suds and the last rinsing water squeezed out without twisting or wringing. And we get twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as we ever got from those laundered by any other method."

Women Everywhere Have Learned the Secret

All over the country women are using the same method of caring for silk stockings as the wardobe mistresses of Broadway. They have found that stockings wear twice as long when washed in Lux, and keep their "new" look!

Rubbing with cake soap, or exposure to the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—shortens the life of sheer silk stockings. Today most women use gentle Lux for washing their lovely hose, whether service weight or sheerest chiffon.

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER—IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

November, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



ALL foreign pictures are art. All Hollywood productions are crude and moronic. All German directors are geniuses. All Hollywood megaphone men are cinematic brick-layers. All American producers are money-grabbing pants-pressers. All foreign producers are idealists.

This is the credo of the group of pseudo-intellectuals who are so noisily advocating the little theater movement of the motion picture.

Once in a while we get a "Caligari," a "Last Laugh," a "Variety," or a "Metropolis," but if these admirers of foreign art had to sit through the fifty or more foreign productions that are turned out in the European studios, instead of merely seeing the cream of the market, the punishment would be cruel and inhumane.

AND it is a strange commentary that the pants-pressers make up ninety per cent of these motion picture Bolsheviks. I attended a showing of the Russian film masterpiece, "Potemkin," at a crowded New York theater one Sunday afternoon. The noise drowned out the orchestra. One-half the audience was loudly translating the English titles into ten different languages, including the Scandinavian, for the benefit of the other half.

ANOTHER strange thing about these so-called little art theaters is that they are very fond of showing venerable American classics which they rent for almost nothing.

Their programs are made up of new foreign pictures that cannot be sold to the average American theater or of fairly good old American movies. Anything that is cheap is a classic.

One of the "gems" shown at a little art theater in New York was called "Streets of Sorrow." If "Streets of Sorrow" is art, then the Gypsy's Fortune Telling Dream Book is a masterpiece of literature.

I HAVE tried for years to expose myself to contagion for this line of art, just as I have tried, in my dull way, to puzzle out the mystery of the impressionistic and futuristic schools of painting and in inwardness of the free verse type of literature.

I must have been vaccinated by an American sense of humor, for I cannot get a reaction.

SIX people told me that they were responsible for the success of a production now nearing completion in one of the Hollywood studios. I was amazed when, one by one, they claimed exclusive credit. This is a fact. Six executives on one lot said, "I put over my idea in that picture. I—I— I—"

If, in the final cutting and titling, the picture is ruined, that lot will be deluged by alibis.

I have heard "we" used only four times in fourteen years.

No great picture was ever made by one individual, yet when a creditable thing is done egotism jumps a-horseback and the studio resembles a rodeo.

IN the Hollywood studios they talk pictures. In the New York offices they talk theaters.

All the big companies are battling for houses

in which to show their pictures, and, with fierce competition for screens between Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn, First National, United Artists, Producers Distributing, Fox and Universal, it has come to a point where some towns have a greater theater seating capacity than population.

The ownership of some groups of theaters are so divided up between several companies that the number of each brand of pictures shown depends exactly upon the relative shares of ownership.

It isn't the years of service that make gray hairs in motion pictures. It's the competition.

Competition is the life of this trade, also.



Mr. Callahan: Did you protest against showing the movie that represents the Irish as disorderly? Mr. Murphy: Did we? We wrecked the place!—*Life*

A GIRL with an unsavory record sues Wallace Beery for one million dollars, and again the newspapers have a front page Hollywood scandal headline. Any motion picture star is a splendid target for this sort of thing.

It is the simplest thing in the world to ruin anybody's reputation by making outrageous and preposterous claims through a so-called court of justice.

That such a case never comes to trial means nothing. The damage is done, not in the court-room, but in the newspapers.

Any man or woman, with a reputation for having money, can be sued for anything without the slightest foundation. It is unfortunate that a way cannot be found to prevent the use of the courts for such purposes.

ONE motion picture producer has fourteen relatives on the studio payroll, at an expense of about a hundred thousand dollars a year.

A conscientious studio manager once referred gently to the inefficiency of the family crew.

"Mind your own business," was the answer he got. He lasted three months after that.

And it is a notorious fact that these relatives have demoralized the whole studio with their family politics, and cost the company at least a million dollars a year.

The minority stockholders bear it — but they don't grin.

THERE are several foreigners in Hollywood who can give American actors lessons in the value of independence. Without exception the capable foreigners who have fought for the conditions they wanted have secured them and produced fine pictures. And equally the foreigners who have submitted to the factory methods of the cinemetropolis' high-powered supervisors have lost all their original value.

MAURITZ STILLER refused to accept the dictum of Irving Thalberg and left the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot for Paramount where he has produced two pictures so fine that they hold great promise of his future. Greta Garbo has consistently gone home when dissatisfied with studio treatment.

"Women Love Diamonds," one of the stories she wisely refused to do, was one of the prize flops of the year. Reversely, every Garbo picture has been distinguished, adapted from stories by such authors as Ibanez, Sudermann and Tolstoi.

PARAMOUNT had a struggle with Emil Jannings, which Emil won. He would not touch any of the stories the company had purchased for him. Finally the organization gave in and made "The Way of All Flesh," expecting to lose money on it. It is one of the season's outstanding successes.

VON STROHEIM makes pictures according to no rules of sanity or cents. But the productions he eventually turns out are close to art, and only one of his many pictures, "Greed," has failed to make money.

Maria Corda refused to take a series of trifling parts. The reward of her temperament was one of the biggest acting parts of the year, *Helen*, in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"

But Pola Negri and Lya de Putti, to take but two examples, who tried to adapt themselves to American amenities, secured nothing but partial eclipse.

OUR native actors could copy the courage of the foreign legion to their own good. It is pitiful to see a great box-office star like Richard Dix walk off the lot because he won't play another wishy-washy rôle, only to return an hour later to accept the rôle, when his company handed him a verbal lollipop of praise and promises.

"To His Lita Grey Home in the West"



Gale in Los Angeles Times

Judge Ben Lindsey Defends Flapper Movies

By Ruth Biery

He says the screen is eliminating sex inhibitions

"I BELIEVE that the over-emphasizing of the sex-episodes in the motion pictures of today is paving the way for teaching the much neglected Art of Love!"

Judge Ben Lindsey looked me firmly in the eye across the breakfast table and reiterated his statement. Then the eminent Denver jurist, now in Hollywood, continued:

"From what I know of the intimate lives of girls and women in what are called sex cases among the unmarried and domestic relation cases among the married, I have become enthusiastic over the constructive possibilities of teaching the Art of Love.

"The motion pictures in showing love scenes and depicting sex-episodes are hastening the day when *sex will be neither a secret nor a sin!*

"Sex has been made a secret and therefore a sin by deception. Because young girls have been taught by the conventions of their mothers and grandmothers that sex is secret, it has become to them sinful. From this lack of knowledge youth has mistaken passion for love; infatuation for companionship—which is the basis of marriage."

"Do you think the so-called flapper picture is causing restlessness among our young people, as many claim, Judge?"

"ABSOLUTELY!" His answer was emphatic. "Many of the pictures are as thoughtless and heedless as youth itself. They are undoubtedly creating much dissatisfaction with life. They are often untrue to life. So are many conditions in the school and the church untrue to the basic principles of life.

"But that does not mean that they are necessarily or permanently harmful. Clara Bow may be good or bad. She may be increasing the idea of flirting and easy infatuation—

"All of which may be a false impression for the moment. But if it is to bring the idea of Love and Sex from under cover, if it is opening the subject to all women, it may *look* wrong now, but it is to prove an eventual advantage.

"From the so-called Flapper Picture, I look for much good generally to the country. Of course, the movies can do more and will do more in this line than they are today. Pictures should show that pure sex attraction is not love; should prove that an infatuation of the moment is not permanent. Many of them do. 'Stage Madness' is an example."

Says Judge Lindsey:

"The motion pictures, in showing love scenes and depicting sex episodes, are hastening the day when sex will be neither a secret nor a sin.

"From the so-called Flapper Picture I look for much good generally to the country.

"If it is to bring the ideas of Love and Sex from under cover, if it is opening the subject to all women, it may look wrong now, but it is to prove an eventual advantage."

"HAVE you had any striking examples among the women who have come before you of the influence of the movies?"

He thought for a few moments before remarking:

"I had one case that showed how the world blames the movies for the indiscretions of women. In this instance they nearly proved an innocent young flapper guilty just because she attended the movies!"

The judge waxed indignant.

"Four hundred dollars' worth of goods were stolen from a Denver department store. Two women were arrested for the theft. One, a typical flapper of nineteen; the other a woman of thirty and the mother of four children. Both were identified by clerks as the ones who took the goods.

"Among the things taken were more than sixty dollars' worth of cosmetics. Not a trace of them had been found among either woman's possessions.

"Both were brought before me. The mother of the four children had an able lawyer.

[CONT'D ON PAGE 141]



Judge Ben Lindsey calls upon Colleen Moore and tells her the flapper type of motion picture drama is doing a lot towards teaching America that sex isn't a sin



"Be hard. Live dangerously"

Risking Life

True tales of "stunt" men and women. You cannot afford to miss a single paragraph of these thrilling yarns. There's one towards the end of the story that alone is worth the price of admission. Read—and don't jump—this story

DUST—the crash of six-shooters—the thunder of horses' hoofs on hard ground—the roar and rumble of an onrushing train—the shrill call of man to man—and out of the dust and roar ride thirty men to board the speeding train. Jesse James and his men are on the loose and heaven help the poor working girl!

The horses are alongside the train—and the dirty deed is done. No one seemed to notice that the train was going thirty miles an hour when the men "transferred" from horse to car and engine. No one seemed to care that underfoot the ground was dangerously uneven. No one seemed to worry about the wheels rolling over the steel rails. Nasty wheels that would cut, mangle and kill anything getting under them.

And closest to these wheels, riding the brake beams under the oldest and most dilapidated coach Fred Thomson could find for his latest feature, "Jesse James," was one man. As Thomson climbed down out of the engineer's cab he saw him.

"Mason! What the devil are you doing under there? That's one stunt I don't remember the script calling for. What's the idea?" He really seemed put out about it. Those brake beams *were* old and rusted and liable to fall apart.

"Aw, Boss, don't get sore. I didn't have anything to do on that scene and wanted to get a good look at you crawling into that cab from your horse."

And so I first saw "Suicide" Buddy Mason, stunt man extraordinary. Like the mail-carrier who went walking on his day off Buddy liked to be in the middle of things. Later I talked to him.

"Who are stunt men," I asked him. "And have you any standard by which stunt men are judged—by other stunt men?"

"Nope. It's just—well, when you get so they call you by your first name when you come into the hospital, then you belong."

Their creed might be Nietzsche's famous line, "Be hard. Live dangerously."

It was Winnie Brown, most famous of feminine "stunt men," who once defended a director like this: "Can't nobody run that man down to me. He treated me whiter than any director I ever worked for. You remember the time I was doing that stuff on a trestle in one of Mix's pictures? Say, every time I made that jump he had an ambulance waiting right there on the bank for me. That's the kind of a guy he is."

AN author will have a nightmare and wake up with it still in his mind. He'll put it in his next script and think it's fine. And it is because when the time comes to do it the casting director for Fox or First National or M-G-M will just take down the telephone and call Al Wilson.

"Hop over to the studio, kid. You're due to take a dive out of a flaming aeroplane with a parachute which won't open for company."



Immediately after the crash in "Wings," Dick Grace (center) was photographed with his aeroplane. Later, it was discovered that his neck was broken!

and Limb *for* $25

By Dick Hylan



"Speed" Osbourne raced his motorcycle off a cliff for a news reel thrill. He was supposed to open a parachute but—

And Al will hop—and dive—and then the nurse will say, "Hello, Al. Back again?"

The golden age of the stunt men is passing. That is why it is well to write this brief saga now. To sing a little of the song of their amazing deeds, their mad courage, and their inevitable laughter. Nor is it well to forget that some of the greatest stunt men in the world are high salaried stars, such as Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks.

But the progress of photography is rapidly writing the epitaph of the stunt man. The magic double exposure of the Williams process and other inventions in trick photography and development of film are fast rendering it unnecessary to subject any man to the long chances of "stunts."

So, before they pass, let's chronicle a few tales by which to remember them.

The average life of the stunt man in motion pictures is under five years. He either gets killed or he gets a little sense and quits.

When you've talked to a few of them you'll realize that they are the kind you like to have around when a fight is brewing, but that they have more nerve and less sense than any other men you've ever met. Few quit.

The greatest stunt man who ever lived—he is dead now and the manner of his death, of which I will tell you, is a typical page in stunt history—was Gene Perkins. The fraternity itself, and such directors as specialize in stunt pictures, seem to agree on that. He was twenty-four when he was killed and had been in the game a little over four years.

THE secret of Perkins' greatness lay in his amazing ability to figure out a stunt ahead of time, calculating it perfectly according to time and distance, and in the icy clear-headedness which enabled him to carry it out to the hairline the way he had planned it. His nerves—he had none.

Clarence Brown, the director who has just finished "The Trail of '98" and who has put on a heap of thrilling stunts in his day, told me a lot of things about "Perk," particularly the day he asked him if he'd jump into the top of Nevada Falls in Yosemite National Park.

Now Nevada Falls is seven hundred feet high and the water in the stream just before it pours over the cliff, from which drop no man could possibly return alive, dashes and whirls along over jagged rocks at a perilous speed.

Brown and Perkins went to the river bank and shouted at each other above the roar of the falls.



"Speed" failed to pull his 'chute and crashed to the ground. He's in the hospital now, figuring out how he can make the leap in a Ford coupe. There's your true stunt man!

When the Doctors Call You by Your



A stunt man in "Rookies" transferred from an aeroplane to a balloon. He climbed down the ropes into the basket and finished off with a parachute jump to the ground

"Can you make it, Perk?" Brown asked. "I want you to jump in here," indicating a spot some forty feet from the edge of the falls, "and go as near to the edge as you think safe."

"Just a minute and I'll tell you," said Perk.

He broke the branch off a tree and threw it into the water at the spot the jump was to be made. His eyes narrowed as he watched it intently.

"Sure, I can do it," he said. "When I get here," he pointed to a spot only two feet from the brink, "throw me a rope and try not to miss me. That water looks cold."

According to Brown he did the thing with the perfection of a machine.

"I'll never forget the first time Perk ever worked for me," Brown went on. "When I saw him I thought he was the coolest looking person I'd ever seen. His self-control was astounding. His eyes were like ice, yet they were always smiling.

"I wanted him to jump out of a fourth story window. It was a night shot. We stalled around most of the afternoon waiting for it to get dark enough to shoot and about dusk I decided we could do it. I went looking for Perk and found him shooting craps with some of the boys. 'All ready, Perk?' I said. He looked at his watch. 'Excuse me a minute while I telephone,' he said. I heard him behind me talking over the phone to his wife. 'I'm sorry, honey,' he said, 'I'm going to be a little late for supper. I got to jump out of a fourth story window and then I'll be right along home.' "

Yet Perkins was killed doing something Clarence Brown begged him not to do, warned him against.

"He had a hankering to play around with aeroplanes and used to ask me questions about them," said Brown, who was himself an aviator during the war. "The advice I gave him was to stay out of them and he'd stay healthy."

In telling me of Gene Perkins' last stunt, Brown brought out clearly that greatest of all dangers to the stunt man—the other fellow. You've probably heard a hundred people say about automobile driving, "I don't worry about myself. It's what the other fellow is going to do that bothers me."

IN a stunt man's office hours, that danger is magnified a thousand fold, because a couple of feet one way or the other may mean life or death. For instance, take the rather common stunt of jumping from the top of one moving automobile to another. Properly timed, it's as easy as picking pansies. But let one of the drivers get a bit excited and the boy making the jump is apt to find himself looking a balloon tire in the face.

A perfect illustration of this is a stunt pulled at Fort Lee Ferry by Leo Noomis, whose specialty is wrecking autos.

Leo was to drive a car through a "breakaway" gate (one built to be crashed into and so made that it would break in the right spots when hit) just as the ferry was pulling away from the slip. With infinite pains, they figured that if the boat got just one car length away from the apron by the time Leo hit the edge of it, the calculated speed of the automobile would carry





Above: Ralph Forbes about to be crowned with a Yucca chair. Below: Harry Carey plays a human torch. Both in "The Trail of '98"

First Name, You're a Real Stunt Man

it through the air and onto the deck in safety. All right. Simple enough.

Noomis took the car up about a mile and brought it down hill so that he would crash the gate at a certain speed. Naturally, he couldn't see until he'd crashed through the gate, what was being done the other side of it. And the gate was just on the land side of the apron. When he did see it, it was too late to stop. The engineer of the ferry boat had made a mistake and was three automobile lengths away instead of one. The car and Leo shot into space, did a beautiful one and a half gainor, and came down in forty feet of black and dangerous water. Fortunately the centrifugal force of the thing threw the driver out of the car and they fished him out more dead than alive.

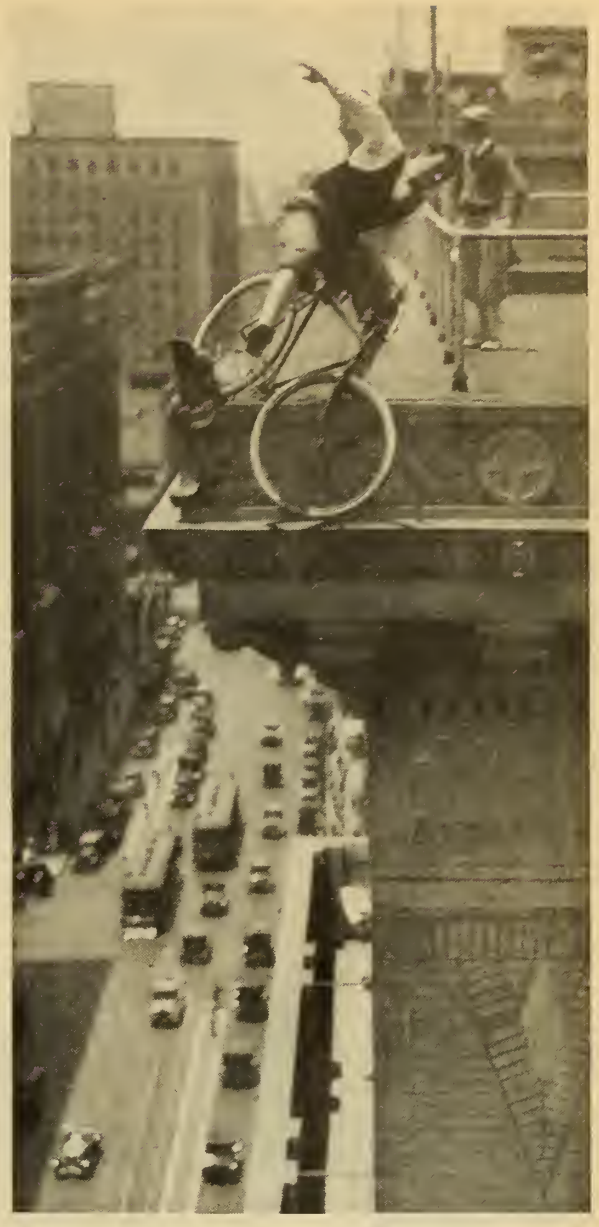
The same sort of a mistake on the part of the "other fellow" cost Perkins his life.

"I TOLD him," said Clarence Brown, "to stay on the ground. Told him he was all right as long as he did his stuff alone. His sense of timing and distance was so perfect and his body control was so fine that he had a pretty good chance to pull through most of his stunts. But he didn't listen. They never do. One day he did a stunt from a rope ladder hanging from a plane. The pilot was supposed to swoop down and let Perk drop to the top of a freight train. He swooped too low. The ladder banged Perk against the side of a freight car at seventy-five miles an hour—and Mrs. Gene Perkins was a stunt window, that's all."

It's a funny thing how a man wants to see his family carry on the tradition of his work. Gene Perkins had a kid brother whom he tried to break in as a stunt man. But after a few months the kid lost his nerve and went back to—a clothing store! He's still alive.

As a stunt man Tom Mix has no superiors and few equals. The man doesn't know the word fear, is as inventive as the devil when it comes to figuring out safe ways of doing dangerous things, and has a positive genius coupled with extraordinary physical strength, for getting himself out of tight places. The thin vein of philosophy, which is the foundation of Tom's character, colors even his viewpoint on stunts.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



This stunt man took a bicycle ride around a twelve-story building. He got $25.00. And he also nearly got an obituary notice in the Los Angeles newspapers



The crash in the "Ben-Hur" chariot race was planned for a certain turn where ten cameras were working. The axle was sawed with careful calculation to break at that turn

The Movie That Came True



Richard Barthelmess and his fiancee, Katherine Wilson, the girl who played the "other woman" in "New Toys" in which Mary Hay appeared as the wife



Mary Hay and her new husband, Vivian Bath, now living in Singapore, far from the Broadway that broke up the romance of Dick and Mary



The prophetic poster of "New Toys." Mary Hay sees Dick in the arms of Miss Wilson



Katherine Wilson and Dick Barthelmess in a scene from "New Toys" made in 1924. Dick, left alone by a stage struck wife, finds a sympathetic friend in Katherine. At the time the film was made Dick and Katherine were merely casual acquaintances. But when they met again in 1927, the scene was enacted in real life

The plot: In "New Toys" Richard Barthelmess played the rôle of a man whose wife left him because she wanted a stage career. Mary Hay, then Mrs. Barthelmess, played the wife and subsequently in real life separated from Dick to go back on the stage. In the film the girl who consoled Dick was played by Katherine Wilson. Now Miss Wilson completes the drama by becoming Mrs. Barthelmess.

Will Rogers *Says*

Everything is O.K. as far as he is concerned



Well, the movies are at that stage now with automobiles. They think that their success will be judged by the price of the car they drive. There is nineteen Rolls Royces on our lot, and they say that it is about the cheapest lot out here for cars.

ALL you hear and you read, everybody is always asking, "What is the matter with the picture business?" All I can see the matter with it is that hundreds, yes, thousands of people are making more money than they ever made in their lives, or dreamed of making.

Name one that is in it, star, producer, writer or any one else that ever made that much money in any other business. So that is about all there is the matter with the picture business.

Personal income tax is about the only thing that can hold this business back.

I hadn't any more than been thrown out as Mayor of Beverly Hills than Sam Rork engaged me to play "The Oxen" in "The Texas Steer." It was one of the most famous plays of the stage twenty-five years ago (of course that was before my time) but Sam Hardy, Louise Fazenda, Lilyan Tashman, George Marion and a lot of these old timers we have in it remember it well, and have told me a lot about it.

Ann Rork, Sam's daughter, and young Doug Fairbanks (we was going to use the old man, but we had too many old timers as it was). Well, Ann and Doug Junior and I are about the only young folks in it.

We carry the love interest while these others and Mack Swain and Lucien Littlefield wrestle along with the comedy and heart interest.

I got out as Mayor of Beverly because I made a holler. The society people of the town were making so much noise at their parties that the movie colony couldn't sleep.

It wouldn't have been so bad if they had invited any of us, but when they made all that noise alone it got us sore. Hollywood has made me an offer to be Mayor for them, but there is nobody living over there now but extras, and they are always smart enough to mind their own business.

THE editor wants me to note a few of the changes since the days at Goldwyn's, when I come West with the eminent authors.

Movie stars are at the stage where variety or vaudeville actors were when I was first in vaudeville fifteen or twenty years ago. In those days every one of us was paying payments on a big diamond ring, generally yellow. We either bought it at Boastberg's in Buffalo, or Castleberg's in Washington. We thought our whole success depended on the show that we put up with that ring. Yes, and a horseshoe pin. If we went in to see an agent the first thing he saw coming through the door was the ring. I used to wear mine on the hand I spinned the rope with. It wasn't vanity. I really thought that it was furthering me in the estimation of the people who saw it.

Mickey Neilan says that he is just waiting until a property boy drives in in one and then he will commit suicide. Well, it took us actors about five years to find out that there wasn't anybody doing that except us and the gamblers. Now that's the way it will be in the movies, with all the expensive cars.

THE actors will wake up some day to find out that there is nobody making that kind of a display but them and the bootleggers. I lived on Long Island, out near the Meadowbrook Polo Field, and all those rich Long Islanders (any one of which could buy these here studios and never miss it) drives to the games in these here yellow buckboard Ford cars, station wagons they calls them, or at the most in a Chrysler roadster.

It is not exactly good taste that is making The Texas Steer Company what it is, but we have a typical Buick cast. Young Doug is the only high hat. He has a Packard, but he's trying to trade it in now on a Buick.

Was over to Big Doug's studio the other day. He had seven hundred long-horned Texas steers that he showed me. He has had them on the lot for three months. Why, that's more steers than some studios have actors. Most all the other big specials use hundreds of extras, but I bet this big scene where Doug used all these steers will be great, and a big novelty.

Everybody knows what seven hundred actors in one bunch will do. They will all wave their hands at the same time, shout at the same time and look the same way. But no director in the world can make these steers act. Each one is going to be doing what he wants to be doing and that's the novelty of looking at it to see what they are doing. If they were actors you would know before you looked.

I believe that will be the future of pictures—more steers and less actors—at least that is what Doug intimated to me. But Lord, they do eat. Doug said they eat more'n actors. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Will Rogers Is Writing for PHOTOPLAY Every Month



"THEY vill never make me all a good voman. They vill never all tame thees *Helen!*" We can believe Maria Corda when we look at the temperamental soul portrayed in this picture.



A scene from "Helen of Troy." Tights never made a Greek frieze

The Taming of Helen

When Greek meets efficiency man, the "face that launched a thousand ships" starts another Trojan War

By Ruth Biery

A YOUNG man stood on a corner in an old Hungarian city listening to a band of wandering gypsy musicians. His ear caught the choral voices, but his eye sighted only one figure—a dusky-eyed maiden of twenty.

The youth was himself a musician; a descendant of an old noble family. He had the choice of many women, yet nowhere had he met one as attractive as this itinerant, raven-haired young woman.

He married the full-blooded gypsy.

A fair-haired, blue-eyed infant graced the home of the young couple.

"As fair as Helen of Troy," murmured the young father, as he slipped his bulky finger into the moist palm waving above the tiny bundle.

When the youngster had grown big enough to kick and scream when it wanted its own way, he added: "And as temperamental as Helen."

The years passed. The baby became a young woman. Young men swarmed around her like bees haunting the paths of their Queen-leader.

"As beautiful as Helen; as temperamental, as enticing!" was now the father's description.

Now this proud parent did not live to see the fulfillment of his comparison to Helen. But the gypsy mother, anxiously reading the press notices of her daughter, Maria Corda—the new Helen of Troy in the pictorial interpretation of the Grecian lady's private life now being produced by First National—must smile, and perhaps weep a little, in her far-away Hungarian homestead, as she remembers the words of the war-stricken father:

"As beautiful, as temperamental, as enticing."

I went onto the lot where they are making that picture to view for myself this woman who has such a rare opportunity to display her histrionic talents in her first American-made picture, the picture which she makes under the name of "Corda," which name her director-husband spells "Korda."

They were chariot racing. Teams of four horses raced madly up and down the main street of a Grecian city. We raced along with them on the camera wagon.

But despite the excitement of the unwieldy horses; despite the two accidents to the chariot drivers, no one had eyes for other than Helen. 'Twas as though they expected even more excitement from Helen. Helen, lying indolently in a litter accompanied by Paris; Helen, smiling and coaxing in the subtle ways of fair women the handsome Ricardo Cortez, the lover in the production.

SHE looked so sweetly alluring, so delicately molded, that it was hard to believe those vague whisperings which have become so current in Hollywood conversation—

"She tears her clothes in a frenzy—

"She won't wear any clothes in the picture—

"She torments her husband even while he is directing—

"She refused to work for eight months because they would not give her the part she desired—

"She tells them all, 'If you won't do as I say, I will go back to Europe—'

"She will not ride in an open car—

"She abuses her servants—"

How the tongues of all those connected with the picture were wagging!

"More temperamental than Greta Garbo; more insistent than Pola Negri—"

A lull in the afternoon's production! I sought out the fair damsel and her husband. It is necessary to talk with the two at one time, for what one does not know in English is supplied by the other.

"Just how do you feel about Helen?"—A safe enough question. { CONTINUED ON PAGE *132* }



Why Can't They Stay

PICTURE people apparently like to marry, but somehow they don't seem to like staying married.

Divorces and separations are so common in the profession that some people accept a marriage announcement between two movie actors, or between an actor and a non-professional, as a kind of joke.

Divorces are, of course, common in all professions and walks of life. The divorce courts are, in fact, getting more crowded each year. But movie stars hold the record. To hear of one obtaining a divorce for the third or fourth time no longer causes surprise.

In my psychoanalytic work among actors and actresses, the problem of unhappiness in marriage has often come up.

During the process of a mental analysis, when the deepest and most secret thoughts and feelings are brought to the surface and discussed, these men and women of the screen have frequently unburdened their souls to me as to no one else.

And this much I have learned:

I have learned that a picture star, no matter how celebrated he or she may be, is every bit as human as any other man or woman in any other line of activity.

I have also learned that no matter how high and mighty the public may think they are, each and every one of them is fundamentally quite unpretentious, simple and natural.

THESE people don't put on airs and graces at all. They do that only when they are in the limelight.

Segregate a popular picture idol and get him to talk and you may be surprised to find—provided your conversation is not intended for publication—that they don't relish their inability to remain married at all. They don't get divorces for fun or because they crave headlines in the newspapers. They can't stay married because they cannot help themselves!

"People somehow get the notion that we picture people are a sort of freak of nature," confided one of the so-called movie queens to me. "We weren't born on the lot, you know. All of us have fathers and mothers and have ties and sentiments like the rest of mankind. Since I sued for divorce I have been deluged with letters, many of them telling me I'm a hard-boiled, selfish, unprincipled creature—in fact that none of us in this business deserves a decent husband.

"But what does the public know about what I have suffered? I certainly tried with all my heart to make a go of our marriage. And I love my husband, despite what has happened, to this very day."

I agree with everything this star confided to me except the last part.

SHE is strikingly beautiful even out of the studio and I know for a fact that she is kind and generous, full of ideals, loves a home, would go wild over a baby, takes a fancy to cooking, is not in the least bit up-stage. In short, not only is the lady most human, her appearance, traits and tastes are such as ought to make her a most acceptable and contented wife.

Yet the divorce she refers to is her third!

The part I don't agree to is the statement she makes about being in love with her husband.

She thinks she loves her husband, I admit. She was positively dumbfounded when I told her she did not.

But her difficulty is the difficulty most of these movie people suffer from.

They want to love but they can't.

They really don't know what love is!

In all ordinary emotional respects picture people are identical with other folks. In respect to love, however, they are different. And that is the reason why they are unable to stay married.

In order to find an explanation of this curious phenomenon we must look



Here is Doctor Bisch's analysis of the emotional barrier that often shuts off the actor or actress from a truly happy marriage:

"If you pretend love almost every day of your life, if you are continually acting love, you can't stop yourself pretending love, even if it be with a red-blooded human in private life who is in dead earnest. You find yourself unable to take such an individual seriously. You have lost in large measure your contact with reality. Or, what is even worse, you may think you are genuinely in love yourself, while all the time, unconsciously, you are acting.

"Furthermore, gaited for flight as you are, what are you most likely to do when discord steps in to mar your marital bliss? . . . . You run for a divorce."



Married?

By Louis E. Bisch M. D., Ph. D.

After the glamour and romance of the honeymoon fades away, the actor, with his innate habit of pretending, can't face the realities of life, says the doctor, in analyzing film divorces

to psychology, especially to analytic psychology which deals so largely with the whys and wherefores of our emotions.

If you stop to think of it, you will notice that all your feelings either are experienced in your imagination or they are expressed through actuality.

Either you day-dream and feed your soul on your own mental images, actually built within your own mind by yourself, or you gain satisfaction by centering your interests upon some object outside yourself, toward which there is an outpouring of the feelings which nature has implanted within you.

I don't mean to imply that an individual does wholly one thing or the other. Each of us is a mixture of both tendencies.

NEVERTHELESS, as we mature, we tend more and more to try ourselves out in projecting our feelings. We try to find somebody or something to love. Each time we succeed in this quest of love we become bolder and more courageous. And with each love conquest in the outside world there results correspondingly less imagery, less reliance for satisfaction upon the imagination.

What happens, however, if our love conquests are not so successful, if repeated attempts to project our feelings of love are thwarted? Why, then we undergo what psychoanalysts call a "flight from reality."

We run away. We become timid and afraid. We become gun-shy of expressing our feelings.

We get so bad sometimes that even when love comes in at the door we have lost both the ability to recognize such love and the ability to embrace it.

We lose the faculty of knowing what love is.

We get so we can't make love even if we want to.

Now the point is that photoplay actors and actresses are continually fleeing from reality.

Their work makes them that way.

Living so largely in a world of fancy while acting, they unintentionally carry out with them into the outside world this very selfsame tendency of flight.

Let me put it another way. If, for instance, you pretend love almost every day of your life, if you are continually acting love, you can't stop yourself pretending love, even if it be with a red-blooded human in private life who is in dead earnest. You find yourself unable to take such an individual seriously. You have lost in large measure your contact with reality. Or, what is even worse, you may think you are genuinely in love yourself, while all the time, unconsciously, you are acting.

Furthermore, gaited for flight as you are, what are you most likely to do when discord steps in to mar your marital bliss?

You flee from reality some more. You separate yourself from the reality of love physically. You remove your body from it, so to speak. You make the separation as complete and absolute as possible. You run for a divorce.

Romance, to be sure, is anything but a serious common sense grappling with reality.

In the romantic love stage that precedes marriage both the man and the woman are far too excited and upset emotionally to realize fully what they are doing. Everything looks rosy in love. The stern, hard, cold facts of reality are camouflaged by love until even the danger signs are misinterpreted. Character faults that make for incompatibility of temperament are overlooked. The sex urge often sweeps people off their feet and blinds them to the real issues involved. Infatuation shoves logic and reason to the wall. You cannot think any more, you only feel. And the hectic, highly-colored feeling tone of romantic love is often as different from the prosaic feeling-tone that marriage changes it to as day and night.

ALL this is true of you and me when love grips us. We are unable to realize how we will feel after the white heat of love cools off.

That is why so many of us wake up disappointed after the romantic months pass and we find ourselves face to face with a situation we believe we did not bargain for. We blame our partners, of course—seldom do we hold ourselves to account. We often honestly think that we have been deliberately deceived.

What is true of you and me as regards this business of love is a hundred-fold truer of movie people.

They are in a romantic atmosphere most of the time. Even if they do not actually play love parts, the influence is the same. It is all imaginative stuff they do. They are always playing at pretending. A business or professional man, a mechanic, a laborer, a salesgirl or office worker, these people grapple with reality. Actors, contrariwise, grapple with phantoms and shadows.

And so, of course, actors [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Actors and actresses don't get divorces for fun

Scrap-

Here's a lesson from the clothes and scraps to make

By Lois

THE economy wave among the motion picture producers may be causing a furor among studio workers in Hollywood, but it is bringing forth some surprisingly helpful suggestions for the low cost of home adornments for the women.

In practically every studio in the Cinema City, price restriction following upon the heels of lavish expenditure is forcing genius to devise new methods to maintain the same luxurious display at less than one-tenth of the original expenditures.

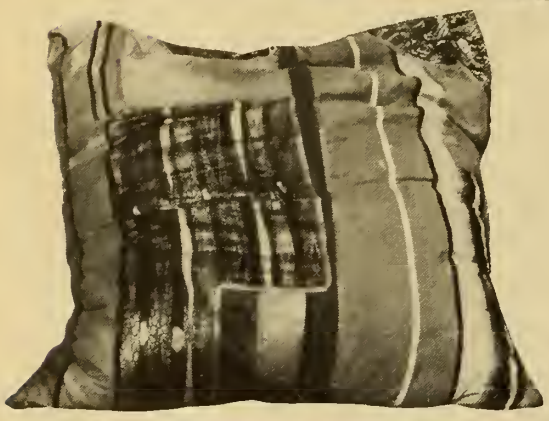
Cushions!

Is there any article of interior, or exterior, furnishings more subtly alluring than the various offsprings of the old-fashioned cushion?

On the floor, the divan, the window seat; snuggled together in heaps at the heads of beds, chaise-longues or day beds; dotted profusely in patio corners, hammocks, porch swings and garden retreats!



Cheery harem pillows particularly adapted to hammocks, porch swings and shady reading nooks



How to patch your pillows with effectiveness

The harem pillows and hassock at the top are of long strips of sateen, in diversified colors. Black tape, or white, is interspersed for variety. The "innards" of the huge mattress of "Sunrise" filled half these pillows. The pillow just above shows how scraps may be inserted. The patch is part of Charles Farrell's dressing robe. The pillow below was made of taffeta from one of Madge Bellamy's "Colleen" costumes. Note how lace is used to hide the piecing



Madge Bellamy once wore most of this



Janet Gaynor with cushions salvaged from *Diane's* dress in "Seventh Heaven" and other stars' lace gowns

More pillows on pages 139 and 140

Pillows

studios in utilizing old beautiful sofa pillows

Shirley

What more homelike attraction can be introduced to the woman's club building, the professional hall or even the official lodge rooms, in the lounging department, than heaps upon heaps of artistically arranged pillows?

Motion picture sets have utilized pillows for years among their most simple and most voluptuous adornments. But until the recent cost-reduction mania, these pillows have been for a large part rented at exorbitant rates from costume houses.

A few weeks ago an order came into the Fox interior decorating department for several dozen pillows for various productions.

Seventy-five dollars was marked on the ticket as the amount to be expended.

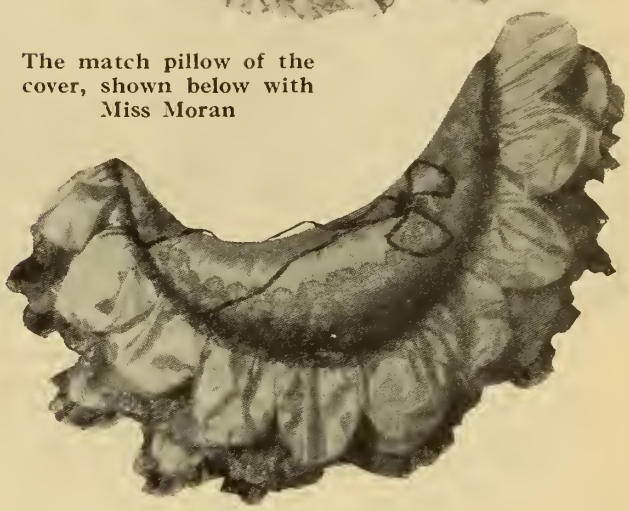
Richard Smith, interior artist, looked in horror at the figures. To rent the pillows ordered would cost a minimum of $600. Allowing for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]



Lois Moran's wedding dress in "The Music Master" supplied the satin background for this chaise longue cover

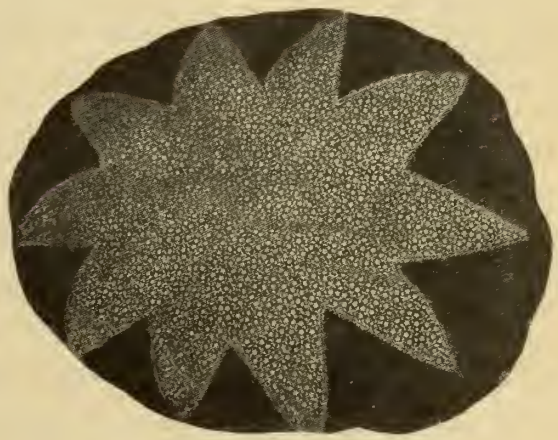


The match pillow of the cover, shown below with Miss Moran



What became of Olive Borden's "Secret Studio" taffeta

Note how flowers are used to cover the flaws on the upper pillow. The pillow just above was constructed from the largest usable scrap of an Olive Borden costume. Just the thing for the small of your back. The pillow below is designed to be tied to the top of the kitchen stool. The wedding dress from "The Music Master," transformed into the longue cover at the left, is highly effective. All the materials used were cut from discarded costumes and dyed



A calico and gingham kitchen pillow

Next month—Draperies

Gossip of All *the*



PHOTOPLAY hereby hands Lucien Littlefield, one of our favorite character actors, a big bouquet for this almost perfect impersonation of President Coolidge. He has used scarcely any make-up. It is an exceptionally shrewd study in facial expression

THE most perfectly poised patootie in all Hollywood is Louise Brooks. No one is going to kid her.

A woman writer was trying to gurgle over Louise.

"Oh, Miss Brooks," gushed the writer, observing Louise's very black bob, very white skin, very smart printed silk frock, "you are so Manhattan. You are so completely the spirit of sophisticated New York. . . ."

"From Wichita, Kansas," sighed Louise.

"But really," came back the writer, "you are like the vogue of Fifth Avenue, the lyric of Longacre Square, the . . ."

"Burnt toast of Broadway," suggested Louise.

The writer subsided.

WILSON MIZNER was summing up the intellectual qualities of a certain supervisor: "An afterdinner coffee cup," he cried, "would make that man a sunbonnet!"

HE is the brother of a famous comedian whom, for convenience, we will call Percy Snooks. Recently he came to New York and was invited to a smart Long Island golf club. When he showed up at the first tee, he was carrying a golf bag on which was blazoned this billing: "Mortimer Snooks of the Percy Snooks Film Corporation."

Anyway, it impressed the caddies. They couldn't find a ball all day.

AMONG those headed for the altar or who have already taken the matrimonial leap are: Richard Barthelmess and Katherine Wilson; Louise Fazenda and Hal Wallis; Ethel Clayton and Ian Keith; Dorothy Sebastian and Clarence Brown, the director; Anna Q. Nilsson and Ernest Krause, Hollywood business man; Edna Murphy and Mervyn Le Roy, young director; Diana Kane, sister of Lois Wilson, and George Fitzmaurice; Cullen Landis and Loca Hearne; Pauline Starke and Jack White, picture producer.

For further comment, see our own News Reel in Rhyme.

THERE has been much discussion anent the choice of the comparatively unknown Ruth Taylor for the rôle of *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Ruth has been haunting the casting offices for more than six months following the expiration of her Sennett contract, and now all the casting directors who turned her down are trying to think of alibis.



Just a happy family and the sort of picture you might find in any home album. Nevertheless, Harold Lloyd is the screen's highest salaried comedian. With him, of course, are Mildred and little Gloria

It was one of them who was talking to Anita Loos, *demitasse* authoress of the famous book from which the film will be made.

"But how can you use Ruth Taylor?" demanded the casting director.

"The girl is a fair trouper but she has no profile. Do you want an actress without a profile?"

"I much prefer that to a profile without an actress," Anita answered him.

MISS TAYLOR was talking to a new acquaintance about her rôle of *Lorelei Lee*.

"But I think *Dorothy* was the cleverest girl in the story," quoth the acquaintance.

"But *Lorelei* got all the bracelets," was the prompt answer.

She'll do—even though she is unknown, according to the new acquaintance.

Studios *By* Cal York



After many months of hesitation, Norma Shearer finally said "yes" to Irving Thalberg, executive of M-G-M. Can you see the resemblance between Thalberg and that other successful Irving—one Mr. Berlin?

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY has been busy renewing old acquaintances during his stay in California. All types of acquaintances! While talking with a director he noted a cameraman close by, trying to hide behind his machine. He watched so closely that the director followed his glance and remarked:

"That fellow is a good shooter."

"Yes, so I am aware," the Judge replied drily.

"Oh, you've heard about his work. No wonder. He's one of the best in the business. Absolutely without fear. Goes up in an aeroplane and gets wonderful pictures—"

The Judge slipped away and went over to the camera.

"Bill, you always were a good shooter, but you're shooting for a better cause than when I knew you."

From which the Judge points out the moral lesson that the same characteristics which make the best daredevil criminal gunman in Denver may make the most capable—and honest—cameraman in Hollywood.

BILL HART, JR., is a bit roly-poly for his age, so when Thomasina Mix declared her dislike for fat boys and then sailed away to Europe with her mother, Bill went on a starvation diet to reduce. He was only persuaded back to normalcy by a generous spanking which his grandmother Westover administered.



Aileen Pringle lets her hair grow and manages successfully to avoid that terrible awkward stage. The side pieces are long and worn coiled over the ears. The back is kept shingled. Or the side pieces may be worn to conceal the bob at the back

WITH a clash, clang and clatter, the whole Hollywood fire department came flying along Vine Street the other afternoon. A crowd gathered and gaped.

Suddenly a voice was heard above the hubbub: "Nothing to worry about, it's just Looie Mayer making another picture."

MAY ALLISON and Anita Stewart recently attended their first prize fight in Hollywood. In the first preliminary two palukas mixed it up with gory but not fatal results. May and Anita covered their eyes and announced that they were going right home. Not for them such brutal sport!

However, they were persuaded to stay. And when the big match of the evening came along and things got really dangerous and exciting, the spectators in adjacent seats might have heard two girls shouting: "Finish him off! Knock him out!"

GEORGE JESSEL, he of "Ginsburg the Great," is the only twenty-four hour a day humorist we know. He is always funny, never strains, and is entirely original.

Recently he was talking of miraculous financial rises in America today.

"For instance," he pointed out, "look at the ——— brothers. Fifteen years ago they had seventeen dollars. Today they owe eleven millions."

AMONG those present at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago was Gil Boag. When someone asked him whether he had bet any money on the fight, Mr. Boag gave the following profound advice: "No. Never bet on anything that can talk."

THE engagement between these two babes in the Hollywoods—an actress and a picture executive (who shall be nameless of course)—had been long. The mother of the girl was worried. Eventually the marriage came round—as marriages have a habit of doing occasionally.



Corinne Griffith, whose only business heretofore has been looking pretty, is now her own production manager. And, oh, how nice it is to get into one's own pool after a hard day wrestling with those studio problems!

Hence the mother, who is a person of great humor, breathed a sigh of relief and sent the following wedding announcement around:—

"Mr. ———— has finally decided to do right by our Nell."

THE John Gilberts, the Ronald Colmans, the Adolphe Menjous and the Richard Dixes may be the ultimate in S. A. to the public, but they are not the sheiks of Hollywood. Oh dear no! All the he-vamping of Hollywood is being done by such youths as "Buddy" Rogers, William Haines, Gilbert Roland and Doug., Jr. They are the ones sought after by the girls—both on and off the screen. And what slays us is the fact that the girls who are selecting them as leading men and dinner partners are several years older than the little boys.

RICHARD ROWLAND, head of First National, whose story is told by Terry Ramsaye elsewhere in this issue, and his pal, Fred Churchill, an advertising agent (not in motion pictures), were returning from Los Angeles. Every morning on the train Rowland would receive telegrams from his New York brokers, advising him of twenty or thirty thousand dollars profits on General Motors and U. S. Steel.

During the trip from the Coast, his winnings mounted $100,000 in four days.

"If I listen to you talking much more about profits, I'll be playing with spools," said Churchill.

"Forget it," said Dick, "that stock market borrowed all that from me in 1920. They're only returning a loan."



Lois Moran and Edmund Lowe were ordered to kiss during an aeroplane scene. What with the wind and the speed, it can't be done. This is the nearest to a kiss they could get. They call it the aviation kiss

JETTA GOUDAL, who swore she was cured of temperament, has had a fight with her dear Papa De Mille and is now suffering from compound fracture of her contract. It was broken both by Jetta and by Cecil.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., thinks that John Barrymore is the greatest actor in the world and expresses his admiration by letting his hair grow long over his collar.

GRETA NISSEN is piling up high score in the game of hearts in Hollywood. Two betrothals plus two infatuations is her record during the filming of "Prince Fazil," her current production.

That is—newspaper engagements. Charlie Farrell was so busy denying the story that he sent two telegrams a day back to "Mama" Farrell on Cape Cod telling her it was all a mistake. Just to prove it to herself and the rest of the world, Mrs. Farrell raced to Hollywood and took Charlie home, away from the danger zone.

Then, of course, there was Prince Singh, the turban-hatted mystic from India, who fitted so neatly into the complexes of the "Prince" picture.

The fair Greta met stubborn opposition when she turned her burning glances on John Boles, it is rumored.

Now, newspaper stories have it that Raoul Walsh will provide the fourth-finger circlet.

Fast work, Greta! However, we withhold congratulations until the three day warning, required by the new California law, is issued.

ULTIMATE in criticism overheard at the Hollywood Pilgrimage Play the other evening!

"Mother," said a little girl in front of us, "are we going to see motion picture stars?"

"No, dear," was the reply, "we shall see actors and actresses."

WAY back in the days of the filming of "Old Ironsides," when Charlie Farrell was an unknown youngster, his room-mate, Dick Arlen, dubbed him the Mayor of Cape Cod. All because Charlie's mother and father, faithful New Englanders, sent him a huge aluminum fish for his room and a red fish-pennant for his Ford car, that he might remember his home community.



Constance Talmadge has taken leave from her husband, Captain Alastair MacIntosh, and she's asking the daisies who will be next. But daisies, who are not native to Hollywood, won't tell

The other night Dick and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, were sleeping peacefully when a great pounding on the window awakened them.

"Wake up. I have something to show you," Charlie ordered.

They let him in and he displayed a pocketful of new watches, one inscribed "To the Mayor of Cape Cod."

"All the towns on the Cape clubbed together and made me Honorary Mayor," Charlie boasted. "They gave me all these watches and—"

"That's nothing," Dick interrupted. "You been mayor of those joints ever since you got those twin fishes."

AN out-of-town friend came to visit Chester Conklin. Chester took him sightseeing.

"Oh, look," cried the friend as they drove down one of the more important streets, "the Los Angeles College of Embalming."

Chester glanced at the little building. "They give a stiff course there," he came back quickly.

WHEN Marcus Loew died, the industry lost one of its finest and squarest executives. Our own Will Rogers said of him that Loew would have been a credit even to a respectable business. Be that as it may, Loew's honesty was sometimes like a beacon in a dark world.

LOEW, you know, was a self-made man. He had little schooling, because he went to work at the age of nine to support his family. And his favorite story was of a man who stopped him in his offices and announced, "I want to speak to Loew."

"I am Loew."

"I mean Marcus Loew."

"But I am Marcus Loew."

"That's odd," exclaimed the man, "but I thought from your letters that you were a big, broad-shouldered man—the college type."

"Yes?" laughed Loew. "I never went to college, but I've got plenty of college men working for me."

PAULINE STARKE and Jack White, comedy producer, were married recently. Pauline and Jack kept company several years ago. But they had one of those little tiffs and for a long time the romance was cold. Then Donald Freeman, editor of *Vanity Fair*, played swain to Pauline so persistently that



Any girl with a heavy black pencil can draw her own stockings and they will look like the sheerest French importations—from a distance. Laura La Plante tries her hand at making run-less hosiery

Pauline spent several weeks denying that they were engaged.

When Pauline returned to Hollywood from New York, Jack asked her to reconsider. And, *pronto*, they were married.

DO you know the Meighan song? Sure you do. It begins: "Meighan my shadow."

Or the four wheel brake song? Like this: "Four wheel brake the news to mother."

Or the Ufa song? Follow along: "UFA got to remember."

The court is adjourned.

WE are glad to report that Al Jolson has a splendid picture in "The Jazz Singer." One of our scouts who saw it at a secret preview given at a theater near Los Angeles reports that Jolson does some remarkable work in it, and that it ought to be a great box office attraction.

LILLIAN GISH is no longer working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in spite of the lure of the $8,000 per Saturday night salary. At present, Lillian is in New York, taking care of her invalid mother. Dorothy is also in New York, having refused to play in "The Constant Nymph" for an English company. "The Constant Nymph" is frowned upon by Will Hays, hence Dorothy's hesitation about rushing in where Louis B. Mayers fear to tread.

HAPPY days in the Carewe family. They have a new house and a new baby—Edwin, Jr. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

YOUTH

New stars. New ideas. There's a new and youth



Charles Rogers



Dolores del Rio



Charles Farrell



Louise Brooks, Lasky's leading subdeb

YOUTH!

It's the new battle cry of filmdom.

Youth! Paramount has been doing most of the shouting about it—but then Paramount always does shout vigorously. Paramount screams over Clara Bow, rushes forward Gary Cooper, advertises five junior stars, its Paramount school graduates, its fledgling favorites.

Youth!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer goes Paramount one better and electrics not only flip William Haines and saucy Sally O'Neill, but young executives like the dynamic Irving Thalberg, young directors like Monta Bell and George Hill, young writers, young exhibitors, young advertisers.

Youth!

Fox outmarathons them all, for quietly and without bombast it has created two genuine girl stars, Janet Gaynor and Olive Borden, signed Lois Moran, has in the grooming Charles Farrell, Barry Norton, Richard Walling, Charles Morton and Nick Stuart.

Youth!

Cecil B. De Mille, hampered by intense and old loyalties, frees himself enough to signature Frank Marion, Virginia Brad-



Janet Gaynor

The youth movement is not restricted to any one lot in Hollywood. This season it is dominating the whole screen world. It pertains not only to actors but to executives, writers, directors, technicians, salesmen. *Passé* personalities have given way. Youth, cry the studios and the fans. This year marks the complete downfall of the older dynasty in favor of one joyous in quality and bright with promise.

names. New faces. New spirit abroad in Hollywood is its slogan

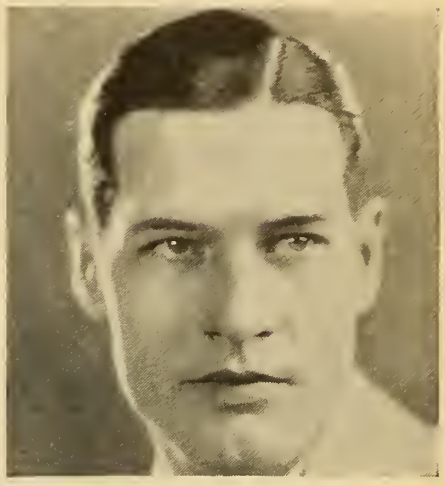
By
Ruth Waterbury



Gary Cooper



Josephine Dunn



Richard Arlen

ford, Junior Coughlan, Jeanette Loff, Joseph Striker, Sally Rand.

Universal, pushing aside a couple of Germans, highlights Barbara Kent, Arthur Lake, George Lewis, Raymond Keane, and a real boy cowboy, Newton House.

First National close-ups on Alice White, Yola d'Avril, Maria Corda, Gilbert Roland, John Westwood, Loretta Young, Donald Reed. Warner's have Dolores Costello.

Even United Artists, where good stars go when they die, has among its tired profiles that vibrant daughter of the Dons, Dolores del Rio. This, however, is largely accident, for it is not quite polite to be young at United Artists.

Dolores is under contract to Edwin Carewe and her success has been achieved all over Hollywood, at First National, Fox, Inspiration, Metro, wherever Eddie farmed her out. Now Eddie belongs to United Artists and when Dolores makes "Ramona," United Artists will release it.

Consider the miracle of it, names unknown two years ago, world famous today, names world famous yesterday shunned tomorrow. The motion picture industry deals essentially in commodities and its greatest commodity today is youth. Youth is the common dream of all mankind. Childhood looks forward to it, age looks back at it, but [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Paramount's Hall boy, James, the sheba slayer

Comes the second dawn in the movies, heralded by whole constellations of new stars in the movie sky. The older stars, overshadowed by the glow of the newly discovered, have become as pale sparks, twinkling feebly. Already many of them have set in the uncharted ocean of movie oblivion, their frescoed charms and starring vehicles worthless compared to the unstudied splendor of the young lights now holding the world's attention.

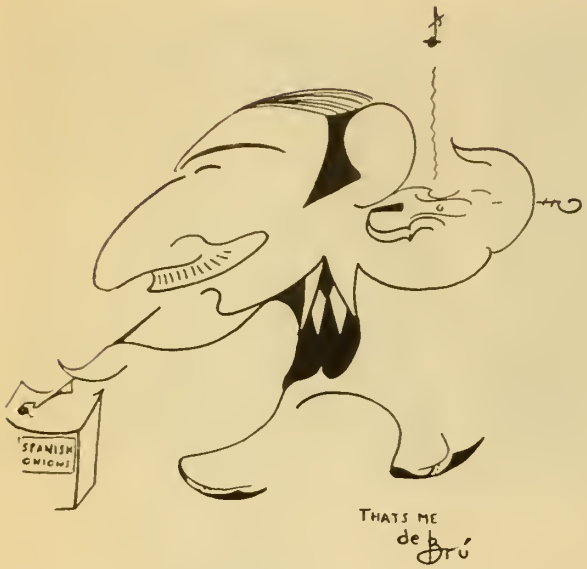


Thelma Todd

How They Look *to* De Bru,

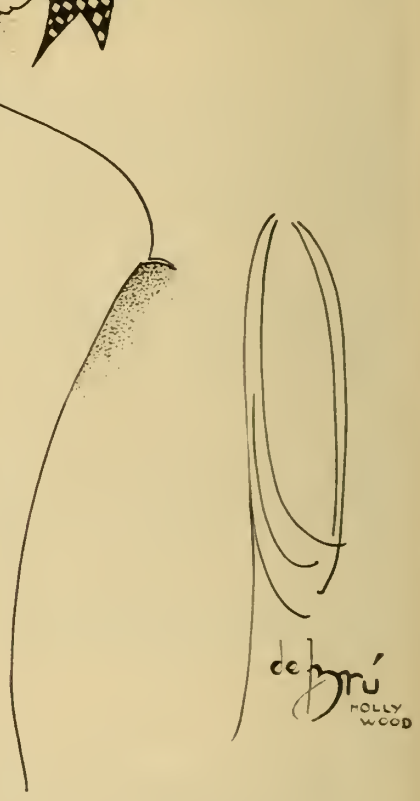
Introducing an artist and musician who satirizes the

DE BRU, the famous European caricaturist, is also Xavier Cugat, the celebrated Spanish violinist. He came to Los Angeles to give a few recitals and was loudly acclaimed as a superb musician. He first appeared in this country as an assisting artist with Caruso on his concert tours. His work will appear regularly in PHOTOPLAY. At the left is his own idea of himself.



De Bru—caricaturist
Also Cugat—violinist





Will Rogers
Sketched in action



Wallace Beery
in soup and fish



Who is this? Her initials are L. G.

the Great Spanish Caricaturist

personalities of Hollywood in a few simple lines



Pola Negri and dog



None other than Ben Turpin



Gloria Swanson in a few lines



Adolphe Menjou—stepping out



Douglas Fairbanks on the set

Intimate Visits



Richard Rowland, First National production boss

Richard Rowland has run the gamut of business thrills in making motion pictures, going broke three times but always coming back. His formula for success is: keep doing your best—but always take a chance.

A MERRY chunk of a man somewhere in his middle forties, athletic, genially belligerent, bald and smiling sits in the gloaming of a summer evening on a gay veranda spoofing and ragging his guests—always jocose, but now and again with a deeply padded punch in his jests.

Spread out around the great white house are landscaped acres—something like a million dollars' worth of them—with luring vistas of walks and pools and pines.

As he talks the eyes of the host now and again take satisfaction of the view or some favorite exotic of tree or shrub. There is a continuous patter of persiflage and badinage interspersed with the tinkle of ice in tall glasses and the constant but unobtrusive attentions of a black boy officiating with a very tall silver amphora, frosty white with the coolness of the poignant and potent content.

The array of guests in that verandah party is likely to include a considerable representation of the Who's Who of the film world. The host makes them all decidedly at home, with a technique of *facetiae* which does not let Sam Katz forget he was once a piano player, or Sidney Kent that he is the billysunday of salesmanship, or Spyros Skouras that for all his concern about Greek culture he is a movie exhibitor, or Florence Straus that her perfect coiffure is none the less grey, or Richard Barthelmess that he is after all just an actor, or James R. Quirk that he was once a police reporter.

The place is the country home of Richard A. Rowland. It is a luxurious enclave of contentment, knee deep in swankless comfort. The world of hard serious fact and struggle is fenced out. It does not seem to exist. In the distance from through the tall, darksome hedges of hemlock there is a continuous rippling whispering and hissing of hurrying tires and the muffled hum of striving motors. This river of Boston Post Road traffic flows by and on through the adjacent village of Rye, New York, unheeded, pertaining to a world that is left behind at the gates.

THIS is Sunday and the end of the week-end. Tomorrow will find this same jocular host at his desk betimes in the morning, crisply executing and administering the considerable affairs of First National Pictures from his offices in Madison Avenue, as general manager and general manager of production as well.

Now it is Paris and evening in Montmartre. A casual trio, Rowland of First National, Frank Brockliss, the



The Richard Rowland estate at Rye is a lavish expanse of landscape gardening, with plenty of tennis and handball courts. Beyond the hedges of hemlock is the Boston Post Road

to the Homes *of* Famous Film Magnates



Rowland with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Caroline Clemmer. "It was fifteen years before I got acquainted with my mother-in-law," says Rowland. "What a bet I overlooked!"

By Terry Ramsaye

Author of "A Million and One Nights"

London picture representative, and Count Chipico, are strolling in Place Pigalle. They have been in at la Paroquet for a vermouth casiss and at La Chaumiere for a "Pernot" and now they enter Zelli's to dine at their leisure and to confer on matters of sober serious business against this background of abandoned frivols.

Zelli's, be it known, is famous to the world as the quintessence of that which is connoted by Paris and Montmartre. The girls who flit about among the tables with their daring merriment and dancing steps are gem buds of youthful beauty. A girl of twenty would be rated something akin to a crone at Zelli's.

The waiter has the order and Rowland, Brockliss and Chipico are deep in their confab, with only a casual eye for the rigadoon of abandon around them.

A wisp of a Cyprian, sixteen and provocative, comes flitting up and smiles upon the group. She elects Rowland for her advances and playfully flicks a rosebud across his bald pate.

"*Mon chere*—let us dance!"

Rowland waved her aside and went on with his talk, earnestly addressing his companions.

But the girl was not to be ignored. She lingered and approached again.

"Nize daddy?" Her essay at English, or rather American, was heavily colored of French accent.

"Please go away—can't you see we are talking business?"

Rowland was stern and annoyed.

The girl dropped her beguiling manner in a flash and drew up in frigid dignity.

"In view of that, sir, I would suggest you choose a business office—not Zelli's. Do you think this sort of thing is my pleasure—it is merely my living—*my business*, if you please." Her French accent was gone. She was talking in cold, hard, plain English. She started away.

Rowland was as shocked as though he had been dashed with ice water.

"Come back here—I want to talk to you."

The girl, still a shade haughty and offended, returned and took a chair at the table. Rowland looked at her thoughtfully for a moment.

"Go ahead—kid—tell me about it."

Rowland's kindly manner broke through the little grisette's defenses. She poured out her story—a tale of family disasters, a widowed and invalid mother, an infant sister, the loss of fortune, the trickle of keepsakes and heirlooms to the pawnshops—until at last there was nothing left to sell or pawn—except her own charm. It was a little too much like a scenario to be true, and a great deal too earnestly related to be untrue.

ROWLAND sat listening through it all without an interruption. His face was unreadably blank as though he was examining the hole card in a stud poker hand. When the girl had finished he spoke, most coolly.

"I am sailing in a few days. I am going to ask my friend Mr. Brockliss to check up on you and your story. If it is true you will get from me, through him, ten thousand francs a month to take care of your living and your family until things are all straightened out. If I find out that you are on the level, and I do this, the condition is that you keep away from the cafes, dress yourself like a lady and go to tea at the Ritz. I want you to meet some nice young fellow and marry him."

The girl was overflowing with gratitude. She made the only response she could think of at the moment. She threw herself at Rowland.

"Now—Sir Galahad—we will dance."

"We will not—and I don't want to see any more of you—ever," Rowland [CONTINUED ON PAGE 156]

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The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



THE WIND—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

OUT where men are men and weather is weather. Where life is a constant battle against wind and sand. That's the background for Lillian Gish's newest emotionalism.

Miss Gish plays a little orphan Virginia girl who is taken into a cousin's home. To escape the distrust and hatred of the cousin's wife, she enters into a loveless marriage with a rough young rancher. Does she come to love her diamond in the rough? Of course, but not until she kills a scoundrelly cattle buyer who attempts to attack her.

As the lonely, distraught girl, Miss Gish gives a fine emotional performance, reaching genuine histrionic heights. Lars Hanson, as the rancher husband, displays an excellent sense of repression and wins your sympathy. It is Montagu Love who supplies the convincing menace.



ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National

THE romance of the month, beauty blessed by the direction of George Fitzmaurice, made a flapper's delight by the scorching love scenes of Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor.

The time is just prior to the annexation of California by the United States, when it appeared as though Russia might successfully seize the territory. The settings are the beautiful haciendas of the halcyon days of the early West and the action is fast and glamorous.

Juan, a young patriot, is selected to assassinate California's enemy, *General Vallero*. *Juan* loves *Elena* and they are about to elope when he is called to fulfill his oath. Both of them are unaware that *Vallero* is *Elena's* father. *Juan* is captured but *Elena* saves him, as well as their happiness and the whole state of California. This must not be missed.



LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"LOVE" is right. The original title of "Anna Karenina" would have been wrong. It isn't Tolstoi, but it is John Gilbert and Greta Garbo which, after "Flesh and the Devil," is what the "fans" are crying for. Tolstoi's devastating analysis of the tragedy of illicit love is almost completely made over into the recounting of a love affair between a desirable woman and a desiring man, beautifully presented and magnetically acted.

You will have tremendous sympathy for *Anna* and *Aleksei Vronsky*, two honorable persons who are the victims of an anti-social force. Even in the new set of circumstances invented for them by Frances Marion, there is something of the original strength of their characters. And *Anna* throws herself under the grinding wheels of a train at the end, thereby risking an unhappy ending as one little concession to Tolstoi, the censors and those who love the novel. But if you think that the finer side of the book—the romance of *Kitty* and *Kostia Levin*—is even hinted at, you are nothing but a silly. The movie has separated the wheat of sex from the chaff of preachment

And so the film comes to us as a glamorous and picturesque romance, untroubled by stern moralizing and flecked by comedy generously presented to Tolstoi in the person of George Fawcett as a *Grand Duke*.

Credit Gilbert with a double assist. Not only does he give a great performance, but he assisted Edmund Goulding in the direction. Greta Garbo is beautiful and touching. Brandan Hurst, as *Karenine*, also gets in on the glory.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

LOVE — TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS
THE WIND — ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST
THE STUDENT PRINCE
MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE

The Best Performances of the Month

Lilllan Gish in "The Wind"
Greta Garbo in "Love"
Jack Gilbert in "Love"
Mary Astor in "Rose of the Golden West"
Janet La Verne in "Mile-a-Minute Love"
Aileen Pringle in "Tea for Three"
William Boyd in "Two Arabian Knights"
Louis Wolheim in "Two Arabian Knights"
Gilbert Roland in "Rose of the Golden West"
Ivan Petrovitch in "The Garden of Allah"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 159



TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS—United Artists

THIS is real comedy. "Gags" to be sure, but new ones, —and spicy!

Although the action starts in the trenches, it is not just "another old war story." A hard-boiled army sergeant and one of his men are gassed, recuperate to go into a fistic encounter and be captured by the Germans.

They escape, in the stolen white uniforms of two Arabic prisoners. Past watch dogs, beneath electrified wires, into the arms of more prisoners. They land on a ship bound for Arabic cities, where they encounter one of the harem-variety beauties. Naturally, both fall for the veiled, mystic woman.

How to outrival one another? The sergeant soaks the clothes of his private, who retaliates by stealing the pants of his superior. Then the Turkish rival and the plot for the doughboy's extermination. A duel—but you must see it.

The clever titles add materially to the picture, even though they are a bit risque in places. Louis Wolheim, the new screen-actor with a face so homely that it requires no make-up, will make a hit in this picture. You will remember him as *Captain Flagg* in the stage version of "What Price Glory." William Boyd rises to new comedy heights. He is funny, yet sympathetic. Mary Astor sparkles by her dashing young beauty.

To Lewis Milestone, the twenty-nine year old director, goes the credit for the production. He started with a drama script, threw it away and created a comedy. Over the heads of the children, but lively entertainment for the rest of the family.



THE STUDENT PRINCE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

WHEN the doctors disagree, it is usually hard on the patient. It was in this case. Ernst Lubitsch originally directed the picture. John Stahl redid the love scenes. Someone else inserted new backgrounds. Yet above the doctoring triumphantly rises the deeply poignant love story of *Karl Heinrich* and *Kathie*, of the German prince and the pretty serving maid who loved him so devotedly she made him study and go back to his kingdom, though it broke the hearts of both of them.

The distinguished work of the entire cast gives the picture its greatest appeal. Equal honors go to Ramon Novarro as the *Prince*, Norma Shearer as *Kathie*, Jean Hersholt as the tutor and Phillippe de Lacy as the young Prince. This is a film for all young hearts from babyhood to beards.



MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—Universal

A LITTLE child will lead this straight into the box-office hits. Exactly as Chaplin's "The Kid" belonged to Jackie Coogan, this Reginald Denny vehicle belongs to five-year-old Janet La Verne. Give Reggy a hand for his business sense and big heartedness in submerging his work in favor of the little girl's.

Reggy is a bachelor, who, on the day before his wedding, becomes a father. The child is an orphan who firmly adopts Reggy as her male parent, thereby getting him in a series of misunderstandings with his frigid fiancee and eventually finding him the right wife.

A charming picture, censor-proof, comic and tender. The cast is great. Fred Newmeyer is congratulated for his direction and Alfred DeMond for his subtitles. Take the children.

Photoplay's Review Department Must

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



THIS is the best picture Rex Ingram has made since he tore up his return ticket and decided to remain in France. An excellent telling of Robert Hichens' famous novel—of the monk who ran away from his vows but couldn't get away from his conscience. Ivan Petrovitch is admirable as the run-away Trappist, and Alice Terry is satisfying as the woman the man of religion marries. Beautiful desert backgrounds.



AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount

GIVEN, Florence Vidor at her sweetest, Theodor Von Eltz, handsome as the perennial farce clubman, George Marion's exceptionally clever titles, Frank Tuttle's adept directorial touch and a charming nothing of a farcical story—and the sum total is as light-hearted an hour's cinema pleasantness as we can recommend as substitute for evening bridge. Jolly, sweet nonsense, we calls it!

THE HIGH SCHOOL HERO—Fox



IN the rush of college stories to the box office, here is the first prep school yarn, full of the clean, competitive life of young America, and played with pep and dash by a cast of gay young troupers. Nick Stuart and John Darrow are two boys who carry on a feud begun by their fathers. They enter "Colton High" together, rush the same girl, Sally Phillips, make the basket ball team together. See this. It's a thriller.



THE JOY GIRL—Fox

OLIVE BORDEN has reached the stage where one questions her acting ability. Here she does nothing else but pose and smile prettily and the remainder of the cast follows suit. It's all about a poor girl who decides she must marry a wealthy man. And in Palm Beach where everyone puts on the Ritz it's pretty hard to tell a chauffeur-millionaire from a millionaire-chauffeur. Not so hot.

SOFT CUSHIONS—Paramount



A YOUNG go-getter loose in a Bagdad harem. Doug MacLean plays a gay pickpocket who flits about the harem emitting flip Broadwayese sub-titles. They depended too much upon the captions and too little upon ingenuity of action. Sue Carol runs away with a hit as a decidedly personable harem cutie who does a dance and how—as MacLean wise cracks himself. What if it is a Charleston in 26 B. C.?



"TEA FOR THREE"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

CLEVER comedy. The second of the Lew Cody, Aileen Pringle co-starring series. Guarantees an evening of clean fun for those old enough to understand the "Two's company, three's a crowd" story. Owen Moore as hubby's bachelor friend gives an excellent portrayal of the "crowd." Relies upon subtle action and neatly worded titles rather than old-line gags to maintain the lively, humorous interest.

Be Good — So Many Imitate It

FIGURES DON'T LIE— Paramount



A WAFER-WEIGHT farce in which title and story mean nothing here becomes a thing of charm and a lyric of laughter through the zippy direction of Eddie Sutherland and the gaily spontaneous acting of Esther Ralston. The girl's good and improves with every picture. The plot concerns a business man, Richard Arlen, and the efforts of Esther, as a stenographer, to land him. You'll enjoy it.

THE DROP KICK— First National



AFTER "The Patent Leather Kid" we hoped Richard Barthelmess would continue to get his much needed better stories. This is not one of them but simply another college story with a thin trickle of plot concerning the falsely accused football hero, the naughty wife and the big game saved by our hero, of course, for dear old Alma Mater. Fair enough entertainment but not worthy of its star.

COLLEGE— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



A NOTHER variation of the grind who sets out to become the varsity athletic star. Buster tackles the baseball nine, the track team and the crew but, of course, he wins the heroine. He cops the boat race by strapping the lost rudder to his back and sitting in the water behind the shell. The dead pan star isn't as funny as he was a year or so ago and "College" is just a fair farce.

"THE ANGEL OF BROADWAY" —Pathe-De Mille



THIS just misses being a big picture. Lois Weber proves again that she can direct. Not only women but men as well, for Victor Varconi's work is flawless. Leatrice Joy, dancer of an exclusive night club, seeks from the Salvation Army atmosphere for her new act. She gets it. This will give you a sob and a laugh and a thrill. What more could you ask in one evening?

"THE GIRL FROM RIO" —Gotham



HERE you'll get a load of Carmel Myers as a Spanish senorita tangoing in a Rio cabaret. It's an independently made picture directed by Tom Terris that is an unusual one of its type. Carmel looks very alluring in it and Walter Pidgeon makes a very handsome young Englishman. Richard Tucker furnishes the menace in the early portion but turns out to be a rather good-hearted cuss after all.

"TELL IT TO SWEENEY"— Paramount



THIS production introduces a new comedy team comprising Chester Conklin and George Bancroft. The result of the union is the birth of a rather sad picture. It is an action story of the type that was ground out years ago when anything would attract crowds. Gregory LaCava directed and delivered a rather laboured effort. The George Marion titles are far-fetched and forced.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

LADIES *in* HADES

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Gordon Ross



Satan pointed at Eve. "I have just been informed that you had a man in here the other night"

IV

MRS. POTIPHAR ON "ALIBIS"

MARIE, Eve's maid, was straightening up the reception room in preparation for the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Club when the doorbell rang.

A distinguished looking gentleman in evening clothes entered and announced himself as Mr. Satan. He wished to see Eve at once, he said.

Marie tried to hide her embarrassment. She had never met His Satanic Majesty before, and had pictured him with horns and a tail. Instead, she found him quite handsome, although not in a very good humor.

Eve, who was taking a bath, slipped on a figleaf dressing gown and came down the stairs.

"Pardon my negligee," she laughed, giving Satan a sideways glance. "It makes me think of old times. Only you were much nicer, in the Garden. Why the sulphurous glances? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes," Satan remarked sourly. "When I gave my consent to the formation of your club I stipulated that its meetings were to be held in secret. No outsiders allowed. Yet I have just been informed by Police Headquarters that you had a man in here the other night."

"Don't be absurd." Eve turned up her nose. "We didn't invite him—"

"Whether you invited him or not is beside the point. He was here. And, naturally, he talked. The newspapers have gotten hold of the matter and are bothering the life out of me. As for the reform crowd, they insist your club is a nuisance and ought to be suppressed."

"I didn't suppose you'd pay any attention to such things."

"I have to. It's bad enough, trying to keep those radicals in order, without you and your friends adding

Mrs. Potiphar Takes Up the Subject of Alibis

to my difficulties. The only way to maintain discipline in a place like this is to keep every sinner convinced that he really has sinned. You can't expect a man to burn gracefully for having been untrue to his wife, for instance, if some busybody comes along and tells him that monogamy is only a convention and doesn't mean anything."

"But we haven't made any of our discussions public."

"They're leaking out. You'll have to be more careful. Hell is nothing if not respectable. It has got to be run on old-fashioned, conservative lines. Free-thinking is barred. I simply cannot have the whole place upset just because you and your crowd have gone in for a lot of new-fangled modern ideas."

Eve began to laugh.

"NOW that you have gotten *that* off your chest," she said, "I may as well tell you that the man in question was only our old friend, Don Juan, trying to seduce my French maid."

"Oh!" Satan seemed relieved. "Has the girl been encouraging him?"

"No. She's rather pretty, which is all the encouragement the Don ever needs. A very modest young person. I don't see why she was sent to Hell in the first place."

Satan drew a notebook from his pocket.

"That reminds me," he said, "that Adam asked me the other night to look up her case."

"Adam? Well—I like that." Eve seemed very much disturbed. "Anyone might suppose, at his time of life—"

"Don't be worried. His interest wasn't personal. In spite of the blame which has been heaped on him I find your husband a very decent sort. H—m—let me see—number 863,749,518—26—A—4—the usual thing—love without a marriage license—other party involved an American aviator—heroically shot down in the service of his country—awarded gold-plated halo, third class, with wings and harp, in addition to his Croix de Guerre."

"While the girl is given the gate. Is that fair?"

"Don't blame me. I didn't make the rules."

"You know how I feel about the double standard. The man was just as guilty as she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



"There was a big date and fig man from Damascus who made Memphis five times a year"



"It Is Just Your Color, Madame!"

Just to get the trick of it, Mary Pickford disguised herself and went to work in a Ten Cent Store. Nobody recognized her, but three customers told her that she looked like Mary Pickford. Once she short-changed a buyer and the other girls apologized for her because she was "green"

Back of the Mask

The Man—LON CHANEY



BEGINNING in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY, the real life story of Lon Chaney—as fascinating, as strange, as mysterious as any story he has ever played.

¶ For the first time in his career, Mr. Chaney breaks through the veil of mystery that has surrounded him and tells of his early struggles, his rise to prominence.

¶ Ruth Waterbury, who wrote that startling series, "Breaking Into the Movies," in PHOTOPLAY, has written the story of his life, just as Mr. Chaney related it to her. You will find it more thrilling than any fiction.



Preston Duncan

THIS photograph of May McAvoy is just one of the proofs of the beautiful manner in which the producers are treating Al Jolson. May, playing a ballet dancer, will lend perfect support to Al in "The Jazz Singer."



Spurr

WITH the demands of fan critics becoming more exacting, the necessity for actresses thoroughly schooled in technique becomes imperative. Seena Owen is such an actress. Cecil De Mille has signed Seena to a long term contract.



Noel

ONE of Janet Gaynor's few off-screen portraits—the real Janet. She is just a kid, but her acting has depth and sincerity and William Fox wouldn't trade young Janet for a dozen more spectacular and more haughty beauties.



Hommel

FOUND at last—the Preferred Blonde. She is Ruth Lee Taylor, formerly leading woman for such hoydens as Harry Langdon and Ben Turpin. On the opposite page, Ruth Waterbury tells you the story of the girl who is to be *Lorelei Lee*.

The Search for Lorelei Lee

Ruth Taylor, another Hollywood Cinderella, wins the fiercely fought Battle of the Blondes

By

Ruth Waterbury

THERE is a new Cinderella in the cinematropolis. There is another kid who has won the lucky break. This kid's name is Ruth Taylor. Her hair is golden as a miner's dream, her eyes are blue as the notes of a tenor sax, and her skin is white as a paper cup.

She has won the biggest part of the 1927-28 season. Ruth is going to play *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Ruth is a marvelous story, but behind the finding of her there is a still better story, a story of how henna ran red in the streets of Hollywood and peroxide ruled the waves and of how the nights of Anita Loos and John Emerson were dream-haunted with memories of miles and miles of dumb, vacuous faces rampant on a field of yellow hair.

Finding the right actress for a great rôle is always difficult.

Peter Pan, *Mary the Virgin*, *Camille*, *Mary Magdalene*, *Helen of Troy* and *Little Eva* are but a few of the girls who have worried casting directors in the last two years. (Don't bother me. If *Peter Pan* wasn't a perfect lady, what was he?) But finding the right actress for each of those parts was as difficult as handing a politician a cigar compared to the travail of finding the girl to play *Lorelei Lee*.

NEVER before has there been a rôle quite like *Lorelei*. Born to the brain of Anita Loos on a transcontinental journey and designed to live through a single issue of a frigid fashion magazine, *Lorelei* could not be killed. She was too potent, the answer to the modern maiden's prayer—(prayer that the maiden might do unto others as *Lorelei* did to *Sir Francis Beekman*), the call of the wild to every male in matrimonial captivity.

Women imagined themselves within the soul of *Lorelei*. Men visioned themselves in the toils of *Lorelei*. Editors and producers cried for *Lorelei* and the public ate her up.

It was a great day for petite, brunette Anita Loos who originated her. The book of *Lorelei's* adventures went into many editions. The play concerning *Lorelei* ran for many months on Broadway. Miss Loos, together with her husband and collaborator, Mr. Emerson, purchased a villa at Palm Beach and a castle in Vienna. Life was simply their Christmas tree until they set out for Hollywood.

Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson have been in Hollywood before, so they write their own contracts. They used to do scintillating satires for Douglas Fairbanks and Connie Talmadge. Now their contract reads that besides doing the scenario for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" for Paramount they were to pick the cast. Particularly *Lorelei*. Only a *Lorelei* of their choosing would be acceptable. But they didn't know what they were getting into.

THEY were mildly prepared, due to the search they had experienced for a stage *Lorelei*. But every girl in Hollywood wanted to play *Lorelei* and there are as many blondes to the square inch in the flicker village as there are bootleggers to the block in Manhattan. Moreover a girl who starts breakfast as a Culver City brunette frequently emerges a pure Nordic when she reaches Los Angeles for luncheon. Yet Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson agreed to see all comers for the part.

At the end of four weeks Miss Loos was carried fainting back to her scenario. Stern as an Arctic explorer, Mr. Emerson, wearing dark goggles, went on alone. Fred Datig, casting director for Paramount, and Mal St. Clair, who will direct the picture, weeded out the more dizzy blondes, but there still remained some two hundred to whom they had promised screen tests.

The screen test was the meeting between *Lorelei* and her wise-cracking friend, *Dorothy*. *Lorelei*, dining with *Mr. Eisman*, the Jewish gentleman who, desiring to introduce *Lorelei* to books, gains a liberal education for himself, sees *Dorothy* enter the restaurant, also with a Hebraic hero. *Lorelei* motions for *Dorothy* to join her at her table. "We Christian martyrs must stick together," she whispers.

Every girl un-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



P. and A.

Ruth Taylor and Anita Loos watch Jesse L. Lasky sign that golden contract



Edwin Bower Hesser

DON'T go near the water, daughter! Of course Leota Winters, the newest Mack Sennett bathing beauty, is somebody's daughter, and the chances are that her mother would give her that advice were she to see the little lady in her screen bathing costume.

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest—Activities of Amateur Clubs—Filming Death Battle Between a Police Dog and a Rattler

FAME is tapping at your door!

By fame we mean one of the four prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest, the first competition of its kind ever conducted by any magazine anywhere.

PHOTOPLAY is offering $500 for the best films submitted in the 36, 16 and 9 millimeter divisions, with an added prize of $500 for the best amateur film submitted in any one of these classes. There are between 50,000 and 100,000 users of Pathex, Filmo, Cine-Kodak, De Vry, Victor, Eyemo and other cameras in America and, judging from the letters received by this department, a good percentage of amateur cinematographers will be represented in the contest. Better get busy on your amateur production.



The Motion Picture Club of the Oranges making a scene for "Hey-Hay!" uses a real interior with two 20-ampere arc lamps

ONE more suggestion: Clubs may submit contest films in the names of their organizations. A contest film need not necessarily be made entirely by one person. Any group may get together in making a film. In the event of a club winning one of the prizes, the prize check will go to the organization.

EACH month PHOTOPLAY presents the prize adventure of an amateur movie enthusiast. This month first place goes to C. H. Godshall, owner of the Ihmsen ranch near Victorville, Cal. Mr. Godshall succeeded in catching a hundred feet of film of a battle to the death between his police dog, King Figaro von Jensen, and a deadly rattlesnake. Mr. Godshall used a Cine-Kodak B, with a 3.5 lens, in filming the battle.

Mr. Godshall succeeded in catching the fight because he was prepared. The police dog has made a habit of catching and killing rattlers and Mr. Godshall made up his mind to film the next encounter. The dog started out on his snake-killing career while protecting Godshall's seven-year-old baby daughter, Jeanne. The dog had disposed of over twenty rattlers when Mr. Godshall bought his Cine-Kodak.

THE filmed battle occurred between King Figaro and a four-foot rattler. The dog harried the snake, dodging stroke after stroke of the deadly head, until finally, like a flash, he jumped in and caught the reptile behind the neck. Even then the snake gave the dog a struggle but, in the end, King Figaro killed his opponent. The dog's only scar was a bite over the eye, but, because the snake had lost venom through striking unsuccessfully many times and because King Figaro received immediate treatment, he did not suffer from the poison.

The hundred feet, in the opinion of the Eastman experts, constitute one of the most extraordinary films ever taken. Mr. Godshall was complimented on his nerve in filming the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Heads of the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges: R. T. Irvin, Jr., cameraman; G. E. Bernard, director; R. E. Child, assistant. Not a studio supervisor in sight!

Peter's Wife

By
Dana Burnet

Illustrated by
Corinne Dillon



THIS is a story about a man named Peter. And it was said of him, as it was said of another man named Peter—(an odd fellow with a passion for pumpkins)—that he had a wife and couldn't keep her. How much truth there was in this assertion will presently be disclosed. But at least it was true that the Peter of whom I write had a wife, and a charming one. Indeed, if the lady had not been charming, he probably would not have married her, and then there would not have existed that particular problem which the earlier Peter solved by means of a pumpkin shell.

However, as everyone knows, modern problems, especially as they involve the sexes, are entirely psychological. And how can you practise psychology with a pumpkin shell? Besides, Peter Dunham cared nothing for pumpkins. He was a young surgeon with a reputation just within reach, and his passion was for anatomy, both in whole and in part. To be sure he loved Lydia, his wife, and he was very fond of deer-shooting; but these things cannot be compared, and to young Dr. Dunham his work was, after all, his prime excuse for living.

He had met Lydia Harcourt in her own drawing-room, to which he had been conducted, more or less against his will, by his mother, who thought that he needed social distraction. He did not want to go to Lydia's precious afternoon tea. He did not want to meet Lydia. She was, he had heard, a gay and frivolous young woman, who broke hearts for the fun of the thing. But his mother—dear old Mrs. Dunham!—argued that he was becoming altogether too serious about his surgery, and should go and get his heart broken like a sensible man.

So he went, and sat down in a corner with a chicken sandwich, hoping to avoid attention. But he was large for his age, which was twenty-nine, and was soon dragged out by his mother and presented to Lydia, whose hair was reddish-blonde, whose great dark-blue eyes looked widely and warmly at whatever chanced to interest them, and whose long, thin hands fluttered charmingly when she talked.

"Hello," said young Dr. Dunham; and lapsed into an unhappy silence.

She was gay, charming and elusive and he faced murder to keep her



Bang! went something bright in Peter's hand. It was not a very loud bang. It was hardly more than a sharp pop. But the man slumped limply into a chair

Lydia was thinking, at the moment, of Gale Forrest; wondering whether she liked or hated the man. He pretended to be in love with her. Yet there he was flirting, quite obviously, with Maude Deschart, whom he knew she detested. . . .

Someone had said, "Hello." She glanced up and saw young Dr. Dunham looking down at her.

How large and silent he was. Really quite good-looking in a way.

But so very mute!

"Cat's got your tongue," said Lydia.

He blushed. She was delighted.

"I know who you are," she rattled on, with an impudence inspired by Gale Forrest's duplicity. "You're Mrs. Dunham's little boy, and you've been forced to come to the party when you'd much rather be home playing with your toys."

"You're right," admitted Peter.

"And what are your toys?"

"Surgical instruments," he replied shortly.

"Oh, yes, I know! Your mother told me. . . . How frightfully interesting! And how frightfully silly you must think me, Dr. Dunham—!"

"Why?" he asked, startled.

"Because I am silly. I can't help it. I have a pain," said Lydia, and sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"A pain?"

"I've had it all afternoon. Shrimps for luncheon. And a lobster sandwich just now. And a man I like is flirting with a woman I despise. Do you blame me for having a pain?"

He laughed. This Dr. Dunham had, she decided instantly, a nice laugh.

"Well," he said, "if I can be of any assistance—?"

"Oh, thanks! What would you prescribe?"

"That depends. If your pain's on the right side I might be able to do something about it. But if it's on the left—"

"Isn't that unjust discrimination?" she demanded.

Again he laughed. And this time Lydia decided that he was a nice man.

Twenty-four hours later she thought him a very nice man. Because during that interval he had seen her into a hospital, had removed her appendix and was generally in command of her young life. And Lydia was grateful.

"This," she said weakly, on the morning after the operation, "is *so* sudden."

Dr. Dunham had to speak twice to the youthful

He broke rules to win the game



"You're a completely frivolous person—thank God!" said Peter. And sitting up, he drew her against his breast and kissed her

interne who was hovering, at the moment, near Lydia's bed. The interne should have been listening respectfully to Dr. Dunham's orders; instead, he was gazing absent-mindedly at Lydia, whose loveliness, just then, was that of an incapacitated angel.

Before she left the hospital the youthful interne had proposed three times to Lydia, which was decidedly against the rules; but each time she saved the situation by refusing him.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, in conclusion, "but I'm never going to marry anyone."

That was in April. The first of June she married Dr. Peter Dunham. They went to Maine on their honeymoon, vanished into the woods for a month and then returned to the sea-coast. Lydia's mother had a cottage at Lord's Harbor, which is, as everyone knows, a smart summer resort and very gay in the season.

It was at Lord's Harbor that Peter first discovered that marriage does not, necessarily, abate a woman's charm, or isolate her from extraneous masculine admiration. This fact he learned definitely at a dance at the Casino, when his wife was snatched from his arms early in the evening by the slender, smiling Gale Forrest, who said: "Hello, Lydia! How's life in the wilderness?" And Peter thereafter saw her only at odd moments, kaleidoscopically, as a figure caught up in a bright pattern to which he must remain, both by nature and by inclination, a stranger.

The next morning, in the locker-room of the golf club, an unidentified gentleman was heard to remark that, in *his* opinion, the Harcourt-Dunham marriage wouldn't last six months. "Nice chap, young Dunham. I used to know his mother. But he's no husband for Lydia. It'll be all over by Christmas."

"Oh, give 'em till Easter," replied a fellow cynic, generously. But the first gentleman wouldn't.

And on that same morning, possibly at that same moment, Peter and Lydia were lying side by side on the beach, in the hollow between two lonely dunes, and he was saying to her: "Rather a pity that there has to be an end to this."

"An end—to what?"

"Oh, to this," he repeated, and waved his hand in a circle that comprehended the horizon of their present enchantment.

She stretched out her arm; her hand crept lightly and curiously over his face; lay curled against his cheek.

"Why need there be an end to it?" she asked quietly, dreamily.

"Because tomorrow I go back to town. Besides, it would end of itself in time. This particular phase of it," he added gently.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

Our News Reel *in* Rhyme

Indian Summer in Hollywood

This might be June, so merrily
The wedding bells are ringing out;
Dan Cupid is a busy boy,
To bring such romancing about!
This news reel that we print in rhyme,
Might be a marriage license sheet—
So all we do is fold our hands
And murmur gently, "Ain't love sweet!"

Gentlemen Prefer Them

An unknown Sennett girl will make
The picture of men's hearts that break—
Anita Loos' great mystery,
The telling tale of *Lorelei.*
We wish Ruth Taylor luck, indeed,
And all the charm the part will need!

Publicity

Louise Fazenda never had
Much trouble getting in the papers—
So fine she was at playing leads,
At dressing up and cutting capers!
Now with her marriage—bless her heart!—
The news about Louise will flow;
Hal Wallis will exploit her art,
He does publicity, you know!

The French Influence

Edna Murphy's name was Irish,
There's no doubt about that name;
Now she's changed it to Le Roy—
We call it quite a shame!
Our Irish stars are few, alas,
We sort of hate to see them pass!

A Passing

He was a figure great and kind,
With patient smile, and clean-cut mind—
The screen will find the place he leaves,
As empty as a heart that grieves.

The theaters that have borne his name,
The ventures that have brought him fame,
Will blaze a trail for youth to go,
And keep in memory Marcus Loew!

Richard Barthelmess and Katherine Wilson

First in the line is Barthelmess,
His second venturing will be
With a young girl who played a rôle
In Dreiser's sullen "Tragedy."

Mary Astor Marries

Kenneth Hawkes saw Mary Astor,
And he said—"I'll hold her faster,
Than these managers can, ever—
With a knot quite hard to sever!"



Lillian Gish *as* LETTY *in* The Wind

A Sonnet Impression of the Month's Best Performance—

A fragrant flower, frail and fine as lace,
Against the wind of hatred and desire,
Singed by the passion of the sun's keen fire,
Beaten by rain that sweeps the garden place.
A flower with a fragile April grace
That, scarcely hopes to rise, or to aspire
To any more than sweetness. . . . Nor acquire
More than a smile upon some passing face!

The wind is cruel—it rises in a manner
That leaves the garden crushed and grimly bare
Save for the single flower clinging there,
That holds its beauty like a gallant banner.
A flower that, in trust and hoping, lives
Just for the loveliness its blooming gives!

Anna Q. Will Try Again

It hasn't been announced, as yet,
But people say it's safe to bet
That Anna Nilsson will again,
Take on the bridal bit and rein.

The man—his name is Ernest Krause,
His gain will be somebody's loss!
For Anna's fans in every region
Are known—and rightly so—as legion.

Pauline Starke Weds

And Pauline Starke, with tragic smile,
And wistful eyes, now takes the name
Of young Jack White, whose comedies
Have brought to him producing fame.

Two Directors Change Their Direction

Said George Fitzmaurice to Clarence Brown,
"I think that it's time we settled down!"
And Clarence Brown, he answered G,
"Yes, George, it seems that way to me!"

So George Fitz and Clarence Brown,
Looked carefully about the town;
And George spied out Diana Kane,
And said, "She looks as right as rain."

But Clarence said—"It seems to me,
I'd like a wife named Dorothy!"
So Miss Sebastian took his mitt,
(Such slang!) and told him—"Boy, I'm it!"

Harold Lloyd Migrates

Harold will come east awhile,
Will live right in New York;
And he will do the thing in style,
If one believes the talk.
He'll have a home on that great street,
That is New York's first pride—
Fifth Avenue will have a treat,
For there will he reside!

A Sweet Girl Graauate

Thelma Todd passed out of Paramount School,
Head of the class, so they say—
Then she met Lebedeff, from the chill Russian steppes . . .
Well, the best baby stars go that way!

The Poor Little

Tired of society or disillusioned in to the studio in a limousine to

By Grace Kingsley



Esther Benson of Portland, Ore.



Julia Myatt of Nevada



Ilona Marlowe of Los Angeles



Zaidalee Foster of Houston Tex.



Gloria Juul of Chicago

IF you are a pretty girl going out to look for a job as extra in the movies be sure always to carry your own chauffeur and limousine. If possible, indeed, have car and chauffeur to match each of your costumes! It is being done all the time.

The fans who have been sobbing over the Cinderellas of the screen—those lovely young things who are envisioned by sympathetic souls as going about, half-starved, wearing out shoe-leather as they walk from studio to studio seeking work in the movies—may dry their tears.

Because, you see, now-a-days there are literally dozens of young women who are merely working in pictures for the fun of it or because they have tired of society life and are seeking a career.

Cinderellas there may be, but it is certainly hard to find them. Why, a lot of extras these days would stick up their noses at a fairy godmother! An f.g. could do nothing for these rich young girls who are invading the movies. Fancy her offering a coach-and-four to one of these curled darlings!

"Ha, ha!" laughs our rich young extra. "Why, I have a Lincoln that can beat your coach all hollow!"

If, indeed, she does not turn to her mother and inquire, "Mama, what is a coach?"

As for anything so vulgar as riding on a street car, why it simply isn't done. And if a girl were to be seen walking—well, people would think she was trying to reduce.

I don't mean that the extra uses somebody else's car, either, I mean she has her own car. It may be only a measly Rolls-Ford, but she has one.

Popper and mommer, no matter how wealthy, are usually complaisant about daughter's seeking a job in the movies. Indeed they often come from points far distant and settle in Los Angeles to give her a chance. Sometimes husbands prove more difficult, but even they can usually be managed by the suggestion that they will see the Mrs. on the screen, the admired of all admirers.

Take lovely Esther Benson, for instance, who looks so much like Corinne Griffith, and has so much of Corinne's own personality that she could double for her. Esther just couldn't a-bear society. So, though she is the daughter of Amos Benson, who has vast lumber interests in Portland, Oregon, and though she dwells with her father and mother in a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, she is working to carve out a film career. She prefers the Lincoln to drive to work in!

Esther probably inherits some of her dad's energy and business ability, for, directly she finished her course at Oregon Agricultural College, she went right into her father's dull old lumber office in Portland, where she stenoged and juggled figures all summer.

Coming down to Hollywood with her father and mother on a visit, she met Ann Rork, daughter of Sam Rork, the producer, and Ann invited Esther to work as extra in a picture with her. And you know that, once you face the camera, you're a goner!

It's just as George Ade says about golf—once you hit the ball, you're a golfer for life.

"I did it at first for fun," related Miss Benson, "and then I saw how much there is to picture work, and so I stuck. A friend of mine, a society girl from Oregon, was down here visiting me. She said, 'Pooh! You call that work? You certainly earn your money easily!' I invited her over to First National Studios to visit the set one day. It was one of those terribly hot days. She fainted twice. When she came to the second time she said, 'You earn all you get about five times over!' "

Rich Extra Girl

marriage, the de luxe extra rides earn money she doesn't need



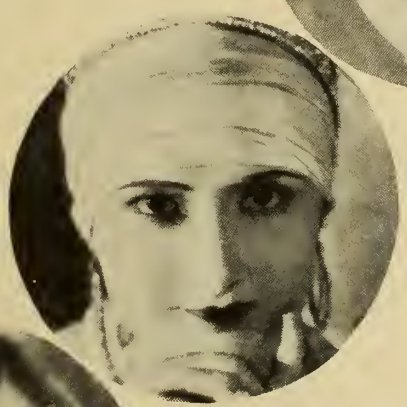
Lucille Irwin of Hawaii



Dorothy Henry of Los Angeles



Gertrude Bliss of Texas



Babette Berneau of San Francisco



Lucille Balart of South America

Asked what she was doing with the money she earned, Miss Benson said she was saving it.

Then there is Julia Myatt, who is married to a borax king of Nevada. But, my goodness, who wouldn't find borax a bore! Anyhow Julia did, and one day she said to her husband, Henry Blumenberg, "Daddy, it's just awful up here in Nevada, boring for borax! Please may I go into the movies?"

Mr. Blumenberg was adamant for a while about it. But who could long resist the please-oh-please-may-I look in Julia's charming blue eyes? Not, apparently, a borax king, or anyhow this borax king.

"All right, dearie," he said, finally. "Run along, if you will be any happier."

So Julia has her own home in Windsor Square, in Los Angeles, her own Cadillac, and a perfectly gorgeous array of gowns.

Julia knew the casting director at the De Mille Studio, and in that way got into "The King of Kings" as an extra.

"They tried to make it tough for me so I'd give up," explained the pretty and peppy young actress. "The first work I did was in the earthquake sequence of 'The King of Kings.' They had fourteen wind machines going on the set. I was so frightened I didn't have to act any to register fear. They let the dirt down on us from above. I thought to myself as the avalanche came down—'This may be the beginning of my career, but it may also be the end.' But I wouldn't give up. Every day they would ask, in the office, 'Are you coming back tomorrow?' I would always answer, 'I am coming back tomorrow.'"

Unless they should suddenly find a substitute for borax, or the borax fields should suddenly turn into a lake or something, Julia is going to stick.

Ethel Jackson is the daughter of Herbert R. Jackson, Hollywood financier. Though her dad owns whole squares of real estate in Hollywood and elsewhere, and though she can have a new car with all the fussy gew-gaws every few days if she wants it (she merely drives a specially built Marmon roadster now, scorning the family Cadillac as not chic enough), she is trying to win out in her own right.

We chatted about it over at the Edgewater Club, where popper and mommer took us all, including Mary Carr's two adorable kids, Maybeth and Thomas, the other night.

Ethel isn't trying to get in through pull at all, though her father knows all the picture producers and constantly has a finger in the financing pie in connection with them.

Ethel is a musician as well, having graduated from the Wallace School. She is about eighteen, has sparkling greenish-hazel eyes and black hair.

Gorgeously beautiful is Ilona Marlowe, who has been an extra in pictures a whole year, though she has the advantage of being June Marlowe's sister.

Mr. Marlowe, Ilona's and June's father, is a wealthy retired banker; the family lives in a great, handsome house on Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles. There are three big cars in the family, but Ilona usually prefers to drive the Lincoln to work.

Ilona is considered the best dressed extra girl in pictures, and one of the prettiest.

"Harold Lloyd came over to Hollywood High School, when I was attending there," related Ilona, "to get some real collegiates for his picture, 'The Freshman.' I was among those he picked out. I played in the picture, and then went back to school, but it all seemed so dull after the pictures. School didn't interest me any more, after dancing in a picture with Harold Lloyd! So I left, deciding that pictures were for me.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 154]

Please, Dear Lord, *Make Me Look Like An* Old Woman



Naturally blonde hair, clear blue eyes and a smooth shell-like skin are Bodil Rosing's fatal handicaps in the minds of casting directors

That is the nightly prayer of Bodil Rosing, who is much too young at forty for the character rôles she longs to play

By Ruth Biery

"OH, if I could only look like an old woman. If I could only make the casting directors believe I can be any age they desire over forty. Every night I end my prayer with the one plea, 'Please, dear Lord, make me look like an old woman.'"

I looked across the tiny dinette table at Bodil Rosing in open-eyed amazement.

"But I mean it, my dear, I mean it."

Tears, real tears rolled out of the clear blue eyes onto the shell-hued complexion which is the envy of many twenties.

"This youth of mine at forty is my greatest burden. I want to do mothers, old ladies. When I get the chance, I can do them. But casting directors are looking for types, not actors. 'You're too young for the part.' That sentence is the greatest curse of my existence.

"Why can't I develop wrinkles?" Dainty hands traced imaginary lines beneath the eyes, over the temples. "When I say this, people usually think I am posing. If they could only hear my nightly prayers, perhaps they would believe me.

" 'This is Monte Blue's mother-in-law. The youngest grandmother in the movies.' How sick, how tired I am of that introduction. I don't want that said about me. I want people to say, 'Meet Monte Blue, the son-in-law of Bodil Rosing. The finest character actress in the movies, even though she is an old woman.'"

"But you seem to get many fine parts in spite of your youthful appearance, Miss Rosing."

She smiled a wan smile which showed tiny wrinkles —nothing that would be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 152]



If you want to hurt Miss Rosing's feelings, call her Monte Blue's mother-in-law and the youngest grandmother in Hollywood

SNOW *or* RAIN ?



Greta Garbo, the Norse goddess, aloof, silent, inscrutable. Does Miss Eagels' friendship for John Gilbert worry her? No one will ever know from Greta



Jeanne Eagels, recently star of "Rain," a pal of John Gilbert's since the early movie days, now flaming opposite him in "The Fires of Youth"



John Gilbert, the angle of the triangle that needs a thermostat. Will "Love" tell Jack which way to turn?

THE soft, melting snows of Sweden, or the hot, drenching rains of the South Sea Islands!

Which are preferred by John Gilbert?

Ah, perhaps time will tell us that secret, since Jeanne Eagels has now come to Hollywood and will make pictures on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set, side by side with Greta Garbo.

Greta—that unfathomable person from the snow country whom John Gilbert has eulogized to newspaper and magazine writers!

Jeanne—that daring "Rain" impersonator of the South Sea Island countries, who has freely told friends she came to the movies that she might make just one picture with John Gilbert. Who admits his are her favorite pictures. Who dares to inquire openly, "Just who is this Garbo person? Where did she come from? When did she meet John Gilbert?"

In this day of modern civilization our minds do not turn easily to stilettos or hidden poison. But when two of the world's most emotional women—

And between them, the dashing, heart-warming John Gilbert.

Snow versus rain!

The hidden depths of a woman from the frozen country versus the joyous warmth of a South Sea Island proponent.

And between them—

John Gilbert!

Let Photoplay Do Your

Combining beauty and utility—a corduroy negligee made coat style with standing collar and lined throughout. A special value at $7.95. In black with border and lining of king blue, nile green or red. Or in all copenhagen, rose, fuchsia or poppy. Sizes—small, medium or large

You will find smartness and individuality in the one-piece canton crepe dress pictured below. Note the attractive treatment of tucks that trim the blouse. The skirt has front pleats. Sizes—14-20. Priced at $15.75. In navy, cocoa or green

To your right, below, a gay bath-robe of Indian and Navaho patterns. Ideal for the girl-away-at-school. Unusually low priced at $4.95. Sizes—small, medium or large. In tan, grey, blue and red

Directly below is a one-piece dress of flannel, particularly becoming to the youthful figure. It has the narrow leather belt characteristic of this season's most popular models. In tan, copenhagen, green, cocoa or rust brown. Sizes 14-40. Price—$10.95

To the left, below, is a two-piece knitted sport suit with the new V neckline. Trimmed with bands of contrasting colors around the bottom of the blouse and the sleeves. In tan, green or blue. Sizes 14-20. Price—$9.95

It would be hard to find the equal of this warm coat at $29.75. Of novelty tweed mixture and lined with plaid wool, it has a collar of ringtail opossum and a leather belt. In gray or tan. Sizes 14, 16, 18 or 20



How to Order

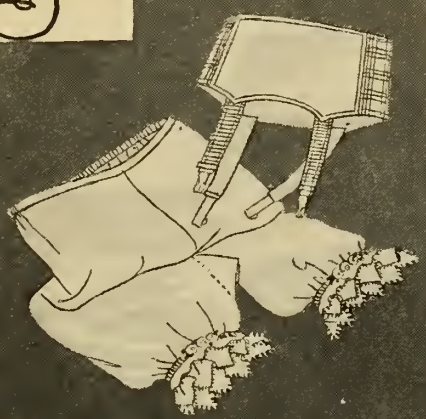
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Thousands of Readers Delighted with this Service

Shopping



One of the prettiest night-gowns we have ever presented—and only $3.95. The new round yoke is of lace, edged with net. The graceful pointed hem is also edged with net. Of crepe de chine in flesh, peach, orchid or nile. Sizes—15, 16 or 17



Two charming pieces of underwear. The daintiest corset of crepe de chine and elastic, made especially for girls or small women. Flesh only—$3.50. And heavy crepe de chine bloomers with knee bands, finished with georgette petals. In white, flesh or black for $3.95. Sizes, 21, 23 and 25

Shopping Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck

THIS is the month for buying your winter furs, and I cannot too strongly advise you against purchasing cheap skins.

It is the day of imitations, and you will pay a good price for some new fur, brought out this year, which will serve you for one season only.

Baby lamb is probably the smartest of the season's pelts, and, combined with sable, is a thing of beauty.

Goat, unborn, brand new, or full grown variety, is good. They dye it in shades of brown, beige or gray. White antelope, natural seal, shaved lamb—the list is endless. These are the fads for this season, but they are not warm and they do not wear particularly well.

This is rather hard on the girl of limited income, who could formerly buy a substantial fur coat and have it remodeled each year.

Since this is no longer possible, if one is to be chic, I would advise you not to have an off fur coat this winter. The faddy furs will not wear you another year, and the fashionable skins are very expensive.

Get a good looking cloth coat, fur trimmed, and have an extra wool lining put in for warmth. This will serve you in all kinds of winter weather, and will have far more style than a cheap fur wrap.

This is to be a fur winter. Dresses, coats, and even hats, will be fur trimmed, so if you have any odd pieces of skins put away, bring them out and dress up an otherwise plain coat or frock.



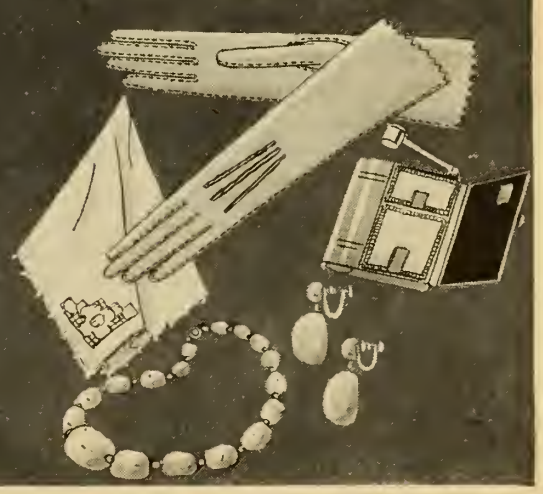
This chemise of French crepe de chine is of an unusual design that follows the line of the new silhouette. You will find that it will fit trimly under your winter dresses. It has bands of georgette and feather stitching in front. Attractively priced at $3.95. In flesh, peach, nile or orchid

Four little things that make the costume. The Dunhill vanity case, for instance, is New York's new smart accessory. It is a twin sister to the popular Dunhill lighter. Of plated silver or gold with lip stick, powder and rouge. A delightful thing to own. We can supply refills too. Price—$5.00

The pull-on gloves of washable glacé kid are a real find at $2.75. Colors—willow and acorn. Sizes 5¾ to 7½

The adorable colored hand-made handkerchiefs of fine batiste have Mosaic motifs in the corners. Only $1.75 a dozen

And lastly, a choker necklace of French pearls for $0.95. The drop ear-rings to match are also $0.95



Photoplay's Star Recipes



Dorothy Sebastian teaches you how to make Southern Gingerbread. Sift 4 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon soda



Mix flour and spices with 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar and ½ cup melted butter which also have been well mixed. Add 1 cup hot water and beat well



Put mixture into a well greased pan and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. A moderate oven means about 350 degrees Fahrenheit by your oven thermometer



And there's your gingerbread, as made by Miss Sebastian who learned it in Alabama. This is only one of a hundred delicious recipes in PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK

Winter is coming on and that means company dinners, luncheon parties, bridge-teas and supper parties.

In the little kettle on your right, you will find a coupon that will solve your party problems.

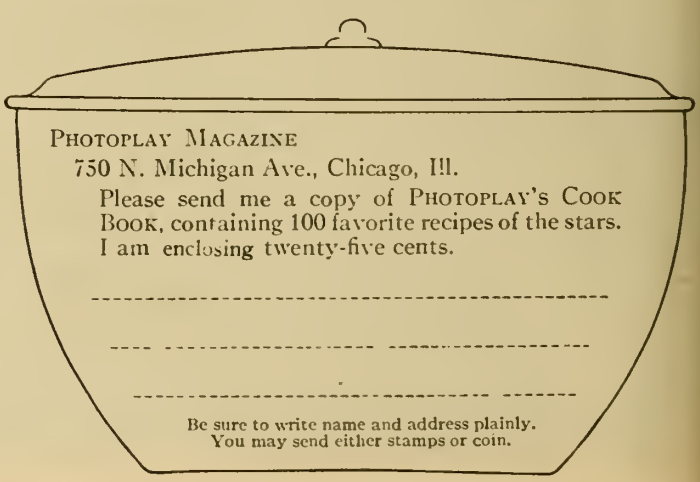
PHOTOPLAY has mailed thousands of these attractive Cook Books to its readers. The book contains 100 unusual recipes, each one representing the favorite dish of a star.

Here are dishes that will add zest and enjoyment to any occasion from a plain family dinner to an elaborate entertainment.

Of special interest are the many distinctive European recipes supplied by the members, all of whom are noted for the excellence of the food they serve.

Here is your opportunity to have the best cooks in America plan your meals for you.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK







Lady Louis Mountbatten

whose husband is cousin to His Majesty, the King of England, is one of England's wealthiest heiresses. Her position in English life is second only to that of the immediate members of the Royal Family. Lady Louis, an ardent horsewoman, is shown above on her spirited Arabian mount, Messaoud.



Brook House, Park Lane, Lady Louis's London mansion, inherited from her grandfather.

BRIGHT chestnut hair that warms to red-gold in the light; eyes as blue as the delphinium, her favorite flower; a complexion delicate as an English hedge rose unfolding in the coolness of dawn! This is Lady Louis Mountbatten, loveliest woman in London Society.

The brief and thrilling year that followed her debut reached its climax in her marriage to a cousin of the King of England and great-grandson of Queen Victoria—the second son of the first Marquess of Milford Haven.

Conscious of the high position she holds as a member of the British Royal Family, Lady Louis never fails to set an exquisite example.

Beautiful to an unusual degree, she also possesses the wisdom that teaches her how to guard her loveliness. She chooses Two Creams—Pond's—to cleanse and keep her skin firm, to add a delicate bloom. Both stand always on her dressing table—ready for her daily use! This is how you should use them:



On Lady Louis's dressing table are crystal and gold and cloudy amber, and jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams —her favorites—which she uses daily.

Before retiring, and often by day, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, letting it stay on several moments to lift the dirt from the pores. Wipe off. Repeat. If your skin is dry, leave fresh cream on overnight.

After each daytime cleansing, use a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is a soft protection against wind and dust and chapping cold, lends your skin an exquisite tone and holds your powder.

Use these Two Creams daily and, like Lady Louis Mountbatten, keep your skin firm, supple, velvety.

Free Offer: *Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two famous Creams and directions for using them.*

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Y
114 Hudson Street, New York City.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



MAMMY!

A GREAT, big, fervent moment in the Drama is transferred to the screen. Here you behold Al Jolson, piteously imploring the world in general to take him back down South to Georgia, Alabama or Virginny to the sunny cotton fields, the little old cabin or Mammy's knees. This moment is the climax of "The Jazz Singer," his first movie vehicle.



After school days—

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion, By Following This Simple Rule in Skin Care—Night and Morning

In Paris, too, it's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.



Retail Price 10c

3755

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

IT'S not only in the thirties and the forties that Youth Preservation presents itself as a problem. It starts in the late *'teens* and the early twenties, with the admonition of experts that the time to safeguard youth is *in* youth.

The rule for so doing, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

In the morning and at bedtime—this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and especially in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Do you cherish beautiful teeth and coral gums—



then heed this *warning*—



MOUTH beauty is so important these days! Not only for the charm of a pleasing smile—but also because decayed teeth and infected gums will often poison the entire system.

But how are you to protect your teeth and gums? Look through your favorite publications. You will find a dozen theories on what causes tooth decay and gum infections Look at your druggist's counter. You will find 25 or 50 dentifrices competing for your favor.

That the dangerous situation caused by this confusion might be brought to an end, E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to get a verdict from the only authoritative source—the dental profession. A research institution, world famous for its high standard and impartiality, asked 50,000 practicing dentists certain questions on mouth hygiene.

The replies received show that the dental profession agrees almost unanimously on what is the principal cause of tooth decay and gum infections and its safeguard.

95% of the answers agreed that acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.

95% agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet—known as The Danger Line.

85% agreed that the best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth is Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form. When you brush your teeth with it, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they remain to safeguard your teeth and gums for a long time after use.

See your dentist twice a year and use Squibb's Dental Cream regularly. You will be doing everything possible to safeguard your teeth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleanses thoroughly, it soothes and strengthens the gums, it relieves sensitive teeth. It is pleasant to use and safe. At all druggists—40c a large tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.* © 1927

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems



DEAR MISS VAN WYCK:
I am writing to you for advice upon a subject that has puzzled and distressed me—my personal appearance. I am one of those unfortunates who have been cursed with straight red hair—not auburn, but *red!* And brick red, into the bargain. I wear it long—it is too straight to look well bobbed. My skin is a pasty white—it seems impossible for me to have a healthy flush; even rouge refuses to stay upon my cheeks, apparently. And my lashes and eyebrows are sandy and my mouth is large and quite colorless. Perhaps it is the shade of my hair that makes the rest of me seem so drab—I don't know. I only know that I am desperate in regard to myself. I want to be attractive—doesn't every woman? And my handicap seems too great to overcome. I hardly expect that you will be able to help me, but—as they say—"hope springs eternal." And so I will anxiously wait for your answer.

KATE D.

KATE D. is not facing so great a problem as she may suppose. From her letter I can see no reason why she should not be an extremely attractive girl. Not attractive, perhaps, in the conventional sense. But in a striking, bizarre manner.

Of course, Kate will never be *pretty*. She does not belong in the curled, long eyelashed class that looks well in a ruffled organdie frock. Kate must realize that her one great chance lies in her ability to attain distinction. Which she may do if she uses her imagination—and is clever with cosmetics.

I know Kate's type of red hair—straight, uncompromising. It should be brushed hard, very hard, until it shines with the burnished shine of copper. And then it should be drawn back simply from the white face, and fastened close in a knot at the nape of the neck.

Kate should never wear rouge. But she should darken her lashes and her eyebrows. And she should use a lipstick very liberally, a lipstick in a shade that is slightly more vivid than brunette. The contrast of the red lips and the dark lashes below the flaming hair and above the white skin will be amazingly lovely.

Making Defects into Assets

Is This Month's Problem

WE all have defects. But they need not be barriers to our attractiveness or our popularity. The clever woman can consider her defects—and make them into real assets.

I will be glad to help in this transformation by endeavoring to answer letters on any subject relating to beauty, health or happiness. The letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without return postage, in the columns of the magazine. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope — and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Kate—by capitalizing on her faults, by transforming her defects into assets—can make herself into the sort of a girl at whom people turn and stare. She must dress simply—going in for good fabrics and lines rather than elaborate things. Greens, browns, tawny oranges, glorious violets, will be her best shades. And, of course, black for evening.

Many a girl is faced with Kate's problem. And does not know quite how to meet it. I wish that I might talk with each one of these young women who is worried about her appearance—that I might advise her personally. But, since I can not, I must make my suggestion a general one.

If you feel that you are not attractive stand seriously and soberly in front of your mirror and consider the points that seem, to you, your most insurmountable obstacles to beauty. And then analyze them, one by one, until they have been brought down to their bare essentials. And then ask yourself how they can be made into factors that will be more favorable—that will work for you. You'll be surprised to find how often your defects may be used to your advantage.

Red hair, a large nose, too full lips, wide shoulders, an over-slender body. The lack of complexion, or too much tinting of the cheeks. Why worry over these things? Make them into the most interesting features that you possess. *Capitalize on them.*

Many a famous actress has built her whole personality about some feature that the world, unknowing, would have called unattractive. One of the younger stars of the stage, with a sallow skin and a large, shapeless mouth, has become known as a great beauty because of the way in which she has applied face powder and the warmth of the artificial color that she uses upon her lips. No one, looking at her, thinks of these defects of hers as defects. They are more apt to say:

"She has a curious charm, that one! She is unique."

I myself had rather be interesting than pretty. I would rather own poise and distinction than surface handsomeness. I would rather be the sort of a woman who fascinates one unwittingly than the sort whose regularity of feature is unchangingly sweet.

Do not hesitate to use make-up to accentuate your good points, or to cover your bad ones. Artificial aids to beauty are not harmful or wrong. It is every woman's privilege—no, every woman's duty!—to be beautiful.

And cosmetics, so long as they are of a good quality and are used with skill, are invaluable aids to feminine loveliness.

It seems to me that they are often as necessary as clothing.

NOLA:
You should weigh about one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



WILLIAM HAINES: "Halt! Who goes there, friend or foe?"
Joan Crawford: "Friend."
William: "Give the countersign."
Joan does the Black Bottom.
William: "Pass, friend."
A little scene at West Point, where Joan and William are making a story of the United States Military Academy.



MR. CHARLES LE MAIRE, *New York City, at work on one of the costume designs for which he is famous*

"Long hours of exacting work had made me stale"



ABOVE

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I had been troubled with constipation and headaches. I was skeptical when one of my friends advised me to use Fleischmann's Yeast. But finally I decided to try it. I took 3 cakes a day, one before each meal, dissolved in water. Now I feel like a new woman. I also gave Fleischmann's Yeast to my young son. He was always constipated, his skin full of pimples. I gave him one cake in the morning and one at night. Today my boy has a nice clear skin—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARION DECLERCQ, Detroit, Mich.

RIGHT

"MY DIGESTION got in such a condition that I was no longer able to enjoy my hunting and fishing. Taking the advice of a friend, I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It made a very great change in my health. Now I am again able to enjoy the outdoors. I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast to any one with indigestion."

A. J. JOHNSON, Dallas, Texas

New York City

"THE COSTUME DESIGNER is expected to create new ideas every day, oversee the making of his costumes to the minutest detail, and spend many evenings a week at the new plays and revues or at dress rehearsals.

"Continuing in this routine for a number of years, I gradually became run down. I would get up in the morning with a splitting headache. My work and my reputation were endangered.

"At a friend's suggestion, I ate Fleischmann's Yeast before meals—and often while at work. In a short time I found myself enthusiastic again about my work. I slept better. My appetite and digestion improved. Fleischmann's Yeast built up my system, recharged my creative energy."

Charles Le Maire

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is not a medicine. It is a food as fresh as any vegetable from the garden.

Fleischmann's Yeast cleanses the intestines of noxious wastes, brings about a healthful regularity and *completeness* in elimination. Your digestion is improved. Your complexion and color are better than ever. Your whole outlook on life becomes cheerier.

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep it in any cool dry place. Write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. 35, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



A simple means to rebuild health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water—cold or hot—or any other way you like. For stubborn cases of constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before each meal and at bedtime.





GILDA'S *New* Devil Dance

Hey! Hey! Gilda's Thrown Her Lei Away. "The Devil Dancer" is the title of her new starring picture which Samuel Goldwyn is making. Gilliard T. Boag, who is Gilda's hubby, persuaded Willy Pogany to design the settings for the production, and now all Hollywood is trying to secure his artistic talents for their pictures. Below are a couple of his sketches. The story is of Thibet where girls of fifteen are "married" to the Devil and attend him in his Temple



The Willy Pogany sketch of the Temple of Devil Worship in "The Devil Dancers." Keep this and compare it with the executed scene as you will see it in Gilda Gray's new picture



A comparison of this sketch with the actual picture of Gilda Gray above will show you one of the phases in the evolution of picture production. Note the suggestions in the drawing and how they have been carried out



Are you prettier

when your hair doesn't show?

Are you just a little thankful you can keep your hat *on* at a tea? A little sorry to take it off at the theatre—because of your *hair?*

Or does your hair make you *prettier?* Is it so shining, so softly alive that it flatters your features, your coloring? It can be! Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair fluffy, gleaming with life and lustre. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians.

1. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, cocoanut oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!
2. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, a dark-amber liquid that contains the soothing benefits of olive and cocoanut oils and—in addition—healthful pine tar, without the tar odor.

In each bottle—*safe* cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair. So quick and safe, you can use them on oily hair as often as you wish—every 4 or 5 days if need be. With Packer's you can keep your hair always fluffy, soft, entrancing. Packer's will help it to make you *prettier!*

Send 10c for Sample and Manual!

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either *Olive Oil* or *Pine Tar*—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most modern scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for making your hair healthier and lovelier. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER *Shampoos*

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin specialists prescribe Packer's Tar Soap as the most effective nice way to give your scalp the benefits of pine tar. Each cake now in an individual metal soap box.



OLIVE OIL **PINE TAR**

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-K
Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me your Manual and sample of the type of Packer's Shampoo I have checked:

☐ Olive Oil ☐ Pine Tar

(If you wish samples of both *types send* 20 *cents)*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

To insure correct mailing PRINT name and address



You don't *need* to have a poor complexion . . .

NO woman can help being self-conscious if her skin is dull and broken out. She feels that even the tiniest blemish is conspicuous.

The natural impulse is to cover up skin defects—to try to improve the complexion with external treatment.

But to *correct* a poor complexion you must get at the condition that causes it. Radiant beauty, a fine clear skin, must come from within—from physical well-being.

The approved way to free the skin of blemishes is to keep internally clean by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica corrects "stoppage" and sweeps away the poisons of waste that render the blood impure and that cause the skin to become blotchy and broken out. It does its work promptly and gently by stimulating the natural secretion of water in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is also widely used in the treatment of stomach disorders, colds, headaches, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles and many other ills traceable to self-poisoning. For it combines the same health-giving salines as the famous European spas where so many physicians send their patients to "take the cure."

Dissolved in a glass of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, palatable drink. The best time to take it is half an hour before breakfast or before any other meal.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how to avoid skin blemishes and how to correct the many ills that come from self-poisoning.

For booklet please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-117
71 West St., New York City



Sal Hepatica

c 1927

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Alton Doesn't Agree

Alton, Ill.

If there is any one actor who will, by his own skill and ability, keep motion pictures well above the dull level of mediocrity, that actor is Lon Chaney. Never, in my estimation, can any picture starring Lon Chaney fail to be interesting to the point of fascination.

PHILLIPS RAYMOND.

Fair Enough!

Intervilla, P. O., Pa.

The latest announcement of the movie producers is that nothing will be screened that sneers at the U. S. Constitution or the clergy. The consideration shown ministers by the producers might be reciprocated by the clergy, and uncharitable references to the players omitted in sermons. Newspapers might assist by not headlining an unfortunate extra as a film star.

JOSEPH E. KERR.

Try This Plan, Mothers

Evansville, Ind.

I have a small son who objected so strenuously to being hauled through the crowds on Saturday night, when I must do my marketing, that I decided to leave him each Saturday night at some movie. This plan has proven a blessing, since I can complete my purchases more quickly, knowing that my laddie is happy and being entertained by a good, clean show.

B. D. WILLIAMS.

Prophecy

San Antonio, Tex.

In my opinion Charles "Buddy" Rogers is the most handsome young man in the movies and so far as acting is concerned, he is as good as any of the rest, if not better. Of course, everyone doesn't know this yet, but time will prove that I am right.

EDWIN DANIELS.

Ouch!

Plymouth, Wis.

Are Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Anna Q. Nilsson and a few other more mature stars trying to revive their lost youth? If so, please tell them to do it in private life, not on the screen by playing opposite young fellows like "Buddy" Rogers, Gilbert Roland, Ben Lyon and a few others.

A MOVIE FAN.

The Reformer's Mind

Bennington, Vt.

I see that the National Educational Association of Washington has protested against Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's appearance there because they "recall the scandal" of some years ago.

What a pity such supposedly high-minded people should cherish unpleasant thoughts! It reminds me of the old woman in Burns' poem who was "nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.



Marceline Day never lets her left hand know what her right hand is doing. Ramon Novarro is in possession of the right hand and John Robertson has a firm hold on the left. This is the trio that is making Conrad's "Romance"

Three weeks without salary



Guard against sore throat

WE'VE rolled around to it again—the season when a wicked cold or a nasty sore throat may lay you up for weeks. Most of us can't afford that; nothing coming in; everything going out.

In avoiding colds and sore throat, one of your most valuable aids is Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

After exposure to cold weather, or sudden changes in temperature, after mingling with crowds, after your feet have been wet—gargle with Listerine when you get home.

It may be—and very probably will be—the means of saving you a trying siege of illness. Listerine, being antiseptic, immediately attacks the countless bacteria that lodge in the mouth waiting until bodily resistance is low to strike.

For your own protection against cold weather complaints you ought to make a daily habit of rinsing the mouth and gargling with Listerine. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SOUNDS LOGICAL
The great success of Listerine Tooth Paste has proved that the idea of a scientific dentifrice at 25c (for the large tube) is a popular one.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

When the Doctors Disagree

The newspaper critics have their say—and your guess is as good as anybody's

"SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE"

"In this type of photoplay she (Dorothy Mackaill) seems to have found her *metier*. She is much better . . . than in anything since 'Coney Island.'"—HERBERT CRUIKSHANK, *N. Y. Telegraph.*

"Dorothy Mackaill is absolutely lost in the picture."—IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News.*

"BECKY"

" 'Becky' is a lively, humorous yarn about a harum-scarum gal who gets fired from a department store only to land in a Broadway review before the day is done."—CAROL FRINK, *Chicago Herald-Examiner.*

"Editorial—We can't say much for 'Becky' either. It's a long drawn out and tiresome picture founded on a story that's trashy and obvious."—MAE TINEE, *Chicago Tribune.*

"THE CRUEL TRUTH"

"The man, impersonated by Hugh Allan, does a good piece of work and at some moments is Valentino reincarnated."—*Exhibitors' Daily Review.*

"Hugh Allan too stilted."—*Film Daily.*

"HIS DOG"

"Mr. Brown, however, has on the whole done a satisfactory job with his material."—RICHARD WATTS, JR., *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

"The film . . . is a slushy story of a small town drunk and a pedigreed dog whom he befriends. Needless to say, Mr. Brown directs it very badly."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"MOCKERY"

"Chaney does some fine work."—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

"Mr. Chaney's performance, too, is disappointing."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

"FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE"

"Ben Lyon, besides looking as though he might have attended college, gives a sincere and generally convincing characterization." — HERBERT CRUIKSHANK, *N. Y. Telegraph.*

"Ben Lyon looks no more like a Yale athlete than Richard 'Skeets' Gallagher looks like a coxswain of a racing shell."—MORDAUNT HALL, *N. Y. Times.*

"TUMBLING RIVER"

"It is more interesting, appealing and thrilling than any one of the last three or four Tom Mix pictures." — *Harrison's Reports.*

"Not quite so much action as in the average Tom Mix Western."—*Variety.*

"THE DESIRED WOMAN"

"Irene Rich has not been so happily cast in a long while. There are few actresses who bring more sincerity and restraint to a portrayal than does Miss Rich when she is playing a part suited to her."—REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"Irene Rich is—well, Irene Rich. You can take her or leave her alone." — RICHARD WATTS, JR., *N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

"THE FIGHTING EAGLE"

"Phyllis Haver, in a rather negative part, gives an excellent performance and all but steals the show from the very capable Rod La Rocque."—J. K., *N. Y. World.*

"Miss Haver is a blonde, she has dimpled cheeks, bright blue eyes, trifling ability as an actress, and as such is well suited to the part of the lucky chorus girl who becomes a star. But she cannot make a noise like an honest-to-goodness countess."—JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *N. Y. Daily Mirror.*



Harold Lloyd is welcomed to the Big City. Although New York is the last stronghold of the horse-car, Harold took no chances and brought three of these charming antiques with him. This scene was filmed on the lower West Side, where movie stars were heretofore only a legend



"LIKE THE SUNSHINE"



The choice of lovely Lois Wilson—Ben Hur Toilet Water, deliciously fragrant and aromatic

Lois Wilson—remembered by millions as the spirited and lovely young heroine of "The Covered Wagon"—has written this charming autographed inscription for Ben Hur Toilet Water:

"Good toilet water is like the sunshine—so refreshing, so stimulating. That is why my choice of all the lovely Ben Hur Perfumes is this graceful bottle."

Lois Wilson



Mountain and sagebrush plain, desert and canyon walls—and against the mighty panorama of Nature, the courageous march of the westward-moving caravans



Ben Hur Toilet Water—wonderfully refreshing, elusively fragrant. The gracefully shaped bottle comes in a confetti-covered box lined with gold-colored satin



No matter how brilliant her later successes—the world will always remember lovely Lois Wilson *as the brave little heroine, "Molly Wingate," in the Paramount spectacle, "The Covered Wagon"*

Why Lovely Lois Wilson chose this Ben Hur from all the rest

THERE is something fresh and sweet and unspoiled about Lois Wilson, even in her most sophisticated parts.

Perhaps that is why she loves a toilet water that is, as she says, "like the sunshine."

"*Ben Hur Toilet Water is so refreshing, so stimulating,*" she declares. "*My choice of all the Ben Hur Perfumes is this graceful bottle.*" And she has autographed it in her own handwriting, to make her preference unmistakable.

For the woman of taste, of discrimination—nothing quite equals Ben Hur Toilet Water as an accessory of the toilet. Deliciously, delicately fragrant—it has an aromatic quality as reviving as cool flower petals. Used after the bath—or whenever one is the least bit tired or fagged—it gives the whole personality a new freshness and charm.

GET a bottle of the toilet water today! Or if you would like to try the famous Ben Hur Perfume, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without.

Gift packages of Ben Hur, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, $1.00 to $10.00. They make beautiful gifts for Christmas and other occasions, too. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories for the toilette at leading druggists and toilet goods counters.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes for Christmas this year. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Spurr

SOMEHOW or other, word got around that Wallace Beery is fond of animals. And now his camp in the country looks like the Bronx Zoo. Here is Wallace trying to coax a laugh from his favorite dog.

Exquisite taste was her ladder

She was well connected—this woman everyone knows. But her family was too poor to launch her in society and give her the necessary background. So she turned the talent she had shown in amateur dramatics to professional use. But she never rose to first rank as an actress.

Then gradually she began to suggest stage-settings. And from that time her success was assured.

For her taste was exquisite. Delightfully inventive! Always correct! Charmingly simple and fine!

For years now this woman has been an interior decorator whose income runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. A brilliant figure, she goes everywhere—owns a charming home in New York and a chateau in France—knows all the interesting, amusing people on two continents.



One secret of the most successful woman you know-

Look at the most successful woman in your own circle (she'll have charm, of course, for no woman is wholly successful if she hasn't!)—and you'll notice one significant fact: the fine simple taste of everything she chooses.

Her hats—they're such clever, simple things! Her frocks—they're so quietly, simply *right!* Simplicity is apt to distinguish the house she has made for herself and all the tiny appointments with which she surrounds herself.

Probably this first principle of good taste — simplicity — explains why, more than any other, cultivated women today prefer Ivory for a toilet soap. For you find Ivory in most of our finer homes—in lovely old Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia; in Washington's aristocratic Du Pont Circle; on Cleveland's spacious Euclid Avenue.

Ivory's well-bred, unassuming whiteness pleases these women of sensitive taste. To them its pearly translucence of color suggests cleanliness as gaudiness never can!

Ivory has the delicate fineness, too, which they demand in their intimate personal things. Only pure essences carefully extracted from selected oils go into Ivory's blending.

These cultivated modern women love Ivory's creamy, mellow lather—so gentle to complexions of patrician thinness. So gaily efficient, too, leaving face and hands silky-smooth, glowing with the sense of perfect grooming!

They enjoy the final courtesy of Ivory's floating — always amiably within their reach!

Because they are naturally connoisseurs in *all* things, they are not misled by Ivory's modesty in price, for they know that such things as perfume, artificial coloring and costly wrappers could not add one bit to its value as a toilet soap.

You women of fine taste who have yet to know Ivory—won't you let us contribute to the acquaintance? Until December first we shall be very glad to send you—free—three cakes of the dainty new member of the Ivory family, Guest Ivory. Simply send your request with your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. 450-K, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

The best taste is the simplest taste

© 1927, P. & G. Co.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. E. B., DALLAS, TEX.—"The Tender Hour" wasn't too tender, but maybe Dallas was. While it isn't a wonderful picture, I can't see why it was barred. But, you know the old saying, "to the pure all things are impure." Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman are co-starred in "The Magic Flame." Tell your room-mate that Gary Cooper will play in "Beau Sabreur." "Buddy" Rogers was born in Olathe, Kan., twenty-two years ago. My regards to you both.

"WHITTIE," PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Listen, "Whittie," don't you let me hear of your going to Hollywood to get into the movies! In the first place, you are too young. (I bet you are tired of hearing that.) And in the second place, there are thousands of girls out there now who can't earn a living. After this grandfatherly advice, I'll answer your questions. Clara Bow is twenty-two, Mary Astor is twenty-one and Jetta Goudal is twenty-nine. Lloyd Hughes is six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes. Enjoy the movies at your neighborhood theater but don't get to thinking about going to Hollywood. But write to me again, just to prove you are not angry.

TOM W., FORT WAYNE, IND.—Gosh, boy, you certainly took a long trip to see "The King of Kings." I am glad you weren't disappointed. In New York, it is customary to lease one of the smaller, legitimate theaters for the big movie specials. The large movie houses—like the Paramount, Capitol and Roxy—are used for films that only run one or two weeks. Junior Coughlin may be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Junior's next film will be "Gallagher." Write to Don Marion at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

P. B., W. HARTFORD, CONN.—Inquisitive soul! Colleen Moore's name is Kathleen Morrison. She is twenty-five years old and has brown hair. One eye is brown and the other is blue. Honestly! Vilma Banky is twenty-four years old. That's her real name. Vilma has blonde hair and blue eyes and weighs 120 pounds. She's five feet, six inches tall. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9, 1897. He has dark brown hair and eyes to match. Write to him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

BETTY EVANS, LIZTON, IND.—Greta Nissen was born in Norway and she is twenty-two years old. She has no brother connected with the movies.

DIANE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Agnes Ayres played opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik." Mae Murray is not working at present, so I do not know her address. She gives her birth-date as May 10, 1893. And her eyes are gray-blue. Renee Adoree is about twenty-five years old and is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. And married to William Sherman Gill. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell are divorced.

DOROTHY B., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Corinne Griffith was born Corinne Griffith, and she is thirty-one years old. She weighs 120 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Born in your state, too.

"BROWNIE."—Write to "Buddy" Rogers in care of United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Lawrence Gray played in "The Callahans and the Murphys." Larry is five feet, ten inches tall and was born in San Francisco, July 27, 1898.

L. R., NORTH MIDDLETOWN, KY.—Jason Robards has been in pictures since 1925. He is thirty-four years old and married. Address him at the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Ramon Novarro is not married.

L. H. W., ALMONT, N. D.—Jackie Coogan was born in 1914. Write to him at 516 S. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

J. Z., MEMPHIS, TENN.—John Barrymore is five feet, ten inches tall and is now working in a picture called "The Tempest." Address him at United Artists, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Your other John—Mr. Gilbert—may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

F. C. K., SASKATOON, CAN.—Write to Billie Dove at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

IN writing to the stars for pictures, PHOTOPLAY advises you all to be careful to enclose twenty-five cents. This covers the cost of the photograph and postage. The stars are all glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost of it is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted. The younger stars cannot afford to keep up with these requests unless you help them. You do your share and they'll do theirs.

B. L., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I positively refuse to use the name you selected for yourself. I don't believe it. Taking a deep breath, I'll try to answer all your questions. Richard Talmadge isn't married. Thomas Meighan's next picture will be "The City Gone Wild," and Marietta Millner, an Austrian beauty, will be his leading woman. George K. Arthur was a Londoner. He's five feet, six inches tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. John Barrymore is forty-five and Lewis Stone is three years older. Sally O'Neil's real name is Chatsy Noonan. Lois Moran uses her own name. She was born in Pittsburgh and is eighteen years old. Blue eyes, blonde hair, five feet, one and one-half inches tall. Her next picture is "Publicity Madness."

MARTHA FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—Thank you for your nice letter. Ernest Gillen changed his name to Donald Reed, probably because it is nicer sounding. Never played with Bebe Daniels. He made a serial for Pathe called "The Mark of the Frog" and was Colleen Moore's leading man in "Naughty but Nice." Donald is twenty-four years old and weighs 160 pounds. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Call again.

CAROL B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A PHOTOPLAY scrap-book sounds like a good idea. Paste this item in it, just to please me. Elinor Fair was born in Richmond, Va., Dec. 21, 1904. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, but I don't know the date. Will you please send me the date, Mr. Boyd? Miss Fair and Mr. Boyd were married at Santa Ana, Calif., Jan. 18, 1925.

E. G., ELMONT, N. Y.—I'll have to cut down your list a little as I can't answer so many questions. It's forbidden, because the editor wants to print something besides my masterpieces in this y'here gazette. Write to John Gilbert, Norma Shearer and William Haines at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Lois Moran may be reached at the William Fox Studios, 1401 S. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Milton Sills, Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall receive their mail at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Write me again.

O. G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Not the faintest bit of trouble. Richard Arlen, Louise Brooks and James Hall all may be addressed at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

E. S., JOPLIN, MO.—Yes, John Gilbert was supposed to have died in "Twelve Miles Out," thereby taking another crack at the tradition that a picture must have a happy ending to be successful.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



The Complexion that retains a soft fresh appearance under all conditions

You can dance, motor or indulge in vigorous sports fully confident your complexion will always retain a soft, velvety freshness. "Touching up" is unnecessary as there is no need to worry over streaking, spotting, rubbing off or the effects of perspiration.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders a fascinating, youthful appearance to the skin and complexion that lasts. It also exerts an astringent and antiseptic action which proves highly beneficial in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, freckles, tan, muddy skins, redness, oiliness and similar conditions. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette Street
New York



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Check shade desired: Pho, Nov.
White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

M-32-7

Why Can't They Stay Married?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

make greater mistakes when they fall in love than individuals in whom the experience of reality acts as a balance wheel. There are actors, indeed, who scarcely know what reality is. With their heads so much up in the clouds, is it any wonder they don't see where they are walking and that they so often stumble and fall?

The science of psychoanalysis has another explanation to offer in this matter of why they can't stay married.

This concerns what is technically called the "libido."

Libido is that something within us that struggles on and keeps us going.

IT is instinctive. We are born with it. It is a sort of will to live. It is the desire and wishing and striving of life. Libido is an emotional urge, a driving power, that exerts its influence constantly upon our thoughts and actions.

It is difficult to define just what libido means because it activates us unconsciously. We do not recognize it as such. It is the animating spirit that makes us think and feel and act the way we do. Without libido we would lead a merely vegetative existence.

The instinct of love is a form of libidinous wishing.

In some libidinous love is strong. In others it is weak.

If it is weak, marriage is delayed. Such individuals have no strong urge toward propagation of the species. They are not activated by the feeling that, to achieve happiness, they must unite with a member of the opposite sex. Women don't feel the necessity of close companionship with men, nor men with women.

Marriages between persons with weak libidoes never last long. If the love libido of one of the contracting parties alone is weak, dissatisfaction, because of lack of interest, is, of course, inevitable.

The libido of the average actor is notoriously weak.

As a class they are careless, lack planfulness and sticktoitiveness, worry little about the cares of the morrow. Their libidinous urges are not strong enough as a rule to spur them on with the spirit of a conqueror. They tend to be too easy-going. They lack interest in forcing their wills to the front.

To be successful at love, however, you must be a conqueror.

First of all, you must be stirred profoundly with the desire to be a husband or wife or a father or mother as the case may be. Secondly, you must possess the conqueror's vitality to overcome the obstacles, the trials and vexations, the various domestic difficulties that are sure to follow in the wake of the honeymoon.

If the whole business doesn't appeal to you to start with, you naturally will not fight to make a go of it despite everything.

NATURALLY, such marriages, based upon such flimsy foundations, cannot last.

All actors and actresses do not, of course, show this flight from reality and this weakness of love libido.

The ones who do not are the ones who stay married—stay happily married.

But best of all, if the actor or actress can be made to realize these pitfalls in his emotional tendencies he can readily avoid them.

He can overcome them.

"Know Thyself!" said Socrates hundreds of years ago.

That's all they have to do—that anyone has to do—to help cut down the divorce rate.



Wichita, Kans.

This is in praise of "Barbed Wire." It is a true representation of the hate that existed after the war, and it is very nearly my own story.

I am a German. Before the war, my home was in southern Germany. I myself was educated in England and France and was rapidly becoming a cosmopolitan. When war was declared, I rushed home to find my brothers already gone to their regiments and my parents doing all they could to aid Germany.

I will omit the interval between that time and the end of the war, and only say that when it was all over I found that I loved a young American officer who was stationed in our village.

I thought the war was over, but I soon found it quite otherwise. When I told my parents of our attachment, they cursed us both and said I need never come back if I married him.

Well, I married him and my parents never yet have shown any signs of relenting. Soon after, my husband and I sailed for America.

Now you see why I admire "Barbed Wire" so much. I hope that something will happen to erase the bitterness in men's hearts.

Mrs. W. H.

Powerful Evidence

"It's Toasted" gives Lucky Strikes the finest flavor and protects the throat

What 11,105* doctors write about smoking





Photo by Irving Chidnoff, N.Y.

Allan Dwan,
Noted Motion Picture Director,
writes:

"The director of film plays must take even more care of his voice than the actor. Into his voice he must put every emotion that appears upon the faces of the film players. While directing 'The Joy Girl' I used my voice twelve hours daily for weeks—often having to shout directions in the open to ensembles at a great distance. And I always kept my package of 'Lucky Strikes' in my pocket for I have found they are the only cigarettes which I now really enjoy and which I can smoke without impairing my voice. I'm grateful to 'Luckies.'"

WHAT is the quality that Tito Schipa, Jeanne Gordon, Clarence Whitehill, Nina Morgana, Frank Keenan, Ezio Pinza, William Hodge, Laura Hope Crews, and other famous singers, actors, broadcasters and public speakers have found that makes LUCKY STRIKES delightful and of no possible injury to their voices?

For the answer we turned to medical men and asked them this question:

Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes, whatever the reason?

11,105 doctors answered this question "YES."

Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, those whose business it is to know.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

*We hereby certify that we have examined 11,105 signed cards confirming the above statement.

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. & MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.

J & T Cousins
exclusively fine shoes



Which will you wear?

OF COURSE you will want either Lizard or Boa Snake Shoes if you expect your feet to be really smart this season. Both will be very much in evidence in New York—especially among those who dictate shoe styles.

And Cousins, as usual, anticipating the trend, offers a most amazing, delightful and chic selection.



Rosalind
Patent Leather Lizard Quarter, Braided Strap. $18.50

Pompadour
Golden Brown Kid, Lizard trim $20.00
Brown Suede, Boa Snake trim $22.50





Flash Oxford
Black Suede, genuine Grey Snake trim. $25.00

And now you can shop in the very same store which smart New Yorkers patronize. We will submit these models for your approval, if you like. Our booklet, "*The Subtle Art of Line*," makes shopping by mail so simple. It's yours for the asking. Use the coupon below. Mail it today.

J. & T. COUSINS, 17 W. 57th ST.
Dept. A, New York City

Please send catalogue to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The Search for Lorelei Lee

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

der contract to Paramount from red-headed Clara Bow to brown-haired Mary Brian was tried out on that scene. Then the outside, natural, decided, and determined blondes came. ¶ And went. Mr. Emerson believes they tried out every actress in Hollywood up to and including Mary Carr. Almost without exception the dear girls thought the line about the Christian martyrs meant a cut-back to a Biblical sequence, and began to get as abandoned as safe-deposit vaults. Fred Datig swooned with over-work. Mal St. Clair took to ice-cream sodas. John Emerson became color blind and the time went on and on.

"The trouble was that *Lorelei* requires brains," John Emerson explained. "*Lorelei* is just as dumb as John D. Rockefeller in an oil field."

CAME the day when Paramount made threats of putting in a girl already under contract and when the Emerson-Loos duo countered with threats of tearing up their contract. Came the day when Fred Datig declared that beyond six more names every casting directory of Hollywood was exhausted. Mr. Emerson announced that beyond those six he would not go. He couldn't. The six were called for ten o'clock the next morning.

Out of the two hundred already tried there were just three possibilities—Sally Rand, Blanche Mehaffey, a brunette subject to change upon notice, and Josephine Dunn.

The six called that final day looked no different from the other two hundred. From ten in the morning until seven at night five of them were tried out. Mr. Emerson went over and spoke to the sixth blonde, sitting a crumpled, discouraged little heap in the corner. He felt he simply couldn't give another test but the girl spoke up and said she had been waiting nine hours.

"The moment I heard those pipes of hers I knew she was *Lorelei*," John says. "She had *Lorelei's* drawl, *Lorelei's* pathos. She had *Lorelei's* figure and carriage and while I don't know how she got them amid the fluffy frills of Hollywood she had *Lorelei's* clothes. We tried her out. She proved her intelligence by knowing every scene in the book. She reacted immediately to the slightest suggestion. She was perfect."

Next morning, along with the three others being considered, Ruth's test was shown to the Paramount executives. The choice was instantaneous and unanimous.

Now for Ruth herself. She is delightful to interview.

Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, she went to school in Portland, Oregon, and invaded Hollywood with her mother and father and won a two-year contract at Sennett's. But when the contract expired Sennett didn't renew it and when Ruth tried for work on other lots, she was told she lacked experience. She was just about to give up when this chance came along. Now she dreams of becoming a great comedienne and a greater star.

She has never seen New York or Paris or London or any of the capitals where girls get along so very, very well. Yet I doubt that Ruth will need any lessons.

THERE is, for instance, her contract with Paramount. She was an unknown getting a big chance, Paramount told her, and they realized that she would be glad to sign a contract, long on time and opportunity though a little shy on money, a contract such as Betty Bronson signed for *Peter Pan*.

Ruth was very agreeable but it just happened she had brought her agent and her lawyer along that day and you know how such men are. Certainly it wasn't Ruth's fault if rather than argue Paramount adjusted the contract to twice what they had expected to pay her to begin on and with twice the amount of increases falling twice as quickly as they had expected for the next five years.

Ruth has another tremendous asset for film success. She is the kind of girl that modern girls will like tremendously. She is chic, charming, sophisticated and capable. She is just twenty and if her success goes to her head, that will be all right. It's obviously a very good head. She isn't in the least hard-boiled but she is completely poised and behind the languid lure of her smile one can behold the armor of her intense ambition.

At least, a woman can behold it.

And heaven will protect the working man!

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

G. R., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Clara Bow is the lady's real name. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall.

MARJORIE L., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Rod La Rocque may be addressed at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Antonio Moreno is not working at present.

WINIFRED T., PETALUMA, CALIF.—Ramon Novarro was christened Ramon Samoniegos. He is twenty-eight years old. Rex Lease is twenty-four years old. And you may write to William Boyd at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

JANE S.—James Hall was the lad who played with Bebe Daniels in "Senorita." You may write to Bebe at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MISS M. A.—John Boles played in "The Love of Sunya." Write to him at the United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Mrs. Jack Alden was such a woman

PEOPLE were jealous of her invitations. Her little informal afternoons were as eagerly sought as big, formal evenings.

Hers was the secret of entertaining well—of saying and doing and serving just the right thing always.

Those fortunate women who may be called perfect hostesses are becoming more and more numerous every day. You no longer find them only in the ranks of wealth—but every day in every society.

Advertising keeps these women ahead of the commonplace. The advertisements tell them what is new—what is most delightful to serve and what to do. Above all, the advertisements tell how to accomplish much on little money—how to buy wisely and profitably.

Advertisements are a directory of the better things in life. Read them to know where and what to buy.

To buy advertised goods is to profit by the experience of the best informed

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

WILL the boys and girls of Hollywood please hang this sage saying of Fannie Brice in a conspicuous place in their homes? "Divorce," says Fannie, "is just as sacred, just as personal as marriage."

AND there's the story of the magnate who had his press agent write all his statements for him—those oracular utterances issued to the newspapers. The hard-working press agent took a vacation and the duty was delegated to an assistant.

The assistant wrote out a statement for the great man to sign and sent it in for an O. K. The document came back with the following notation: "Please re-write this. It is not in my literary style."

AILEEN PRINGLE and Lew Cody have actually been living the cat-and-dog emotions supposed to go hand in hand with married life, in their series of "happily married" comedies.

"Can they remain friends and still play such intimate parts?" was a common question on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in Culver City.

"We remained friends," Cody declared at the completion of the series, "because we actually fought our differences in the fights of the picture. That wasn't all acting. Aileen and I had some real spats during the shooting."

Which makes us wonder if Mabel Normand showed proper gratitude toward Aileen for sending home a chastened husband each evening.

THE series is called off for the present, and Cody is going on a vaudeville tour. Mabel Normand will remain in Hollywood and later on, go to Europe.

OFF-SCREEN tragedy: A foreigner, who was a war-hero extraordinary, lives in Hollywood with a large family. He is an actor but cannot get work. He ekes out bread money by renting out the chest full of medals he won in the war to Von Stroheim for that worthy director's uniforms.

STILL another: Seen in a Lasky war mob. An actual Colonel, late of the British war staff, resplendent in "brass" hat, perfect-cut uniform, fancy medals and trappings, earning his seven-fifty a day as war extra. Or perhaps he gets ten dollars for, after all, he was an important officer in an important war.

"AND the hardest part of directing," murmured one electrician on the Lasky set to another, "is getting the job."

THERE seems to be a never ending stream of the ready wit of Wilson Mizner. Mizner is now engaged in what he styles "knitting a ditty" for Paramount-Famous-Lasky. In a niche in what is known as the "Whispering Gallery" at the studio he recently reduced his play "The Deep Purple" to a fifty word synopsis. He took it to one of the production executives and presented it.

The executive glanced at the single piece of paper on which the play was outlined, looked up in surprise, and blurted at Mizner; "Say you're not handing me this for serious consideration are you?"

Mizner assured him that he was. With that there was an explosion on the part of the rather youthful executive. When he calmed down, Mizner, who had been standing by all during the tirade with a smile on his features, softly queried in a surprised tone:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



Our Own Little Outline of Undies

Will the class please come to order? At the extreme left is Fay Webb in the pantalettes and long slip worn during the Civil War period. A decade later, skirts were shorter but three petticoats were still the minimum. Came the cold winter of '98 and the necessary long flannels. In 1910 the foundation consisted of a corset, shirt and bloomers. In 1910 we had ruffles and ruffles. The 1927 girl is overdressed in a lace "teddy." No predictions, please!

H A V E A C A M E L



Camels—so mellow, mild and unfailingly good

MODERN, particular smokers, it is your insistence upon the best that makes Camel lead all other cigarettes. You are hard to please. In the true spirit of the modern age, you look for until you find value supreme in a cigarette. And it is this unremitting search for quality that puts Camel overwhelmingly first.

For Camel combines all those virtues so indispensable to the cool, satisfying smoke. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that Nature's sunny fields produce. And a blending that brings these inimitable flavors and fragrances to the delighted taste of the smoker. Really, there is no other smoke like Camel. No other can be so everlastingly good.

If your taste calls for the enchantment of the finest, just try Camels. Always tasteful and smooth. Always so mellow and mild.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927



-not Blonde?···not Brunette?

-then you are just the type to use

NUDE

~the New Pompeian Shade of Powder

By

Mme. Jeannette De Cordet
Beauty Specialist

YOU may have dark hair with light eyes, or light hair with dark eyes—but your skin has the warm lure of ivory and rose. You are, perhaps, more typically American than any other type—an interesting combination of *all* types—a delightful blending of *all* blondes and *all* brunettes.

For you, then, we have created this new shade of powder. It, too, is a delightful blend of the more extreme shades, each one softened, each one yielding more beauty by its subtle mixture with the other. It has the same alluring attribute as your chiffon-light hose in the "nude" shade, you know. It delicately enhances the natural smooth beauty of your skin. Indeed, it may well be a gossamer-thin bit of chiffon laid smoothly over brow and cheek to glorify the beauty of one's own complexion and natural coloring.

The new Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is made expressly for the typical American girl. Unless you have the dazzlingly white skin that is so rare, or the dark olive skin of the true Spanish type, you will surely claim this perfect shade for your most effective use—to make the utmost of your natural charms.

With it can be worn the Medium or Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom. Some women can successfully use the Orange tint as well, for the Nude shade of powder is most suitable with all shades of rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom, a rouge of exceptional quality, come in perfect shades and tones for the various types of skin. Both are absolutely pure, and have the virtue of adhering well to the skin. Pompeian Bloom is now presented in the daintiest of new containers. Ask for the "purse-size." Powder and Bloom each 60c.

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER *and* BLOOM



FRANKLY RED HAIRED

Her hair is definitely, undeniably red, and her skin is most unusually delicate and fine. Her eyes are green or blue and if she hasn't dark lashes and brows naturally she should make them so. For her—Naturelle shade of Pompeian Powder and Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom.



THE CREOLE BEAUTY

Her smooth skin is firm like creamy velvet. Her hair is dark, with just a hint of copper. Her eyes, like dark pools, with a star reflected in their depths. Her lips, the color of ripe strawberries. For her—the Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and the Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom.



THE WATER LILY BLONDE

Her hair is like spun gold, and very silky. Her eyes are soft grey blue. Her skin is white—with a pale pink tint. Her lips are often richly-colored. She should mix two-thirds White and one-third Flesh-Pink Pompeian Beauty Powder, and use the Light tone of Pompeian Bloom.

WHAT IS *YOUR* TYPE OF BEAUTY?

Send for my fascinating Beauty Sampler—5 little vials of the 5 perfect shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder with my new 20-page booklet showing 24 types of lovely women, in natural colors. You will find *your* type among them with interesting new information on how to obtain your *correct* shade and tone of powder and rouge.

Madame Jeannette de Cordet,
The Pompeian Company,
Dept. 405-K, 595 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
I enclose 10c for your Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

"You don't want this little ditty of mine?" Receiving an explosive and emphatic "No," he picked up the fifty word play and started for the door. As he passed over the threshold he paused to say:

"Of course you know that it ran for three years on Broadway," and started back to his office.

But the young executive was right at his heels with an emphatic plea that he "embellish it a little" and permit him to see it again.

THERE is a very pretty girl in Hollywood who is becoming popular with the directors. They call her "The Girl Who Kisses with Her Eyes Open."

AL COHN, another of the "Cohens and the Kelleys" has always posed as a pure blooded Semite.

It now develops that his great-grandmother was born in Ireland and the Irish contingent of the Writer's Club is going to hold a Hibernian evening in celebration of another Irish victory.

WALTER WINCHELL vouches for this one, so it must be the lily-white truth. The Hollywood Hohenzollerns have a way of making their appointments at eleven minutes after one o'clock or three minutes after four or some such odd time. And when visitors are led before the thrones, they are warned that they may only remain three, six, or nine minutes, as the case may be.



Eighteen guesses who this is. Give up? It's Leatrice Joy, playing *Eve* in "The Angel of Broadway." Incidentally, this is an entirely feminine production, directed by Lois Weber



A really good bust of Rudolph Valentino, shown for the first time after the memorial services held for him in Hollywood on the first anniversary of his death. The bust was made by a young Italian sculptor in Los Angeles. Rudy had three sittings with him before he left for New York, where he died

Irvin Cobb was called to California to consult with Cecil B. De Mille on a story. Cobb applied for an appointment and was told that he might see Mr. De Mille for five minutes at two minutes after two.

"Yes," roared Cobb, "and you may tell Mr. De Mille that I have gone back to my hotel and that he may call on me at eighteen minutes past six on Wednesday."

Whereupon Cobb walked out followed by a crowd of flurried flunkies who ushered him into De Mille's presence and begged him not to tell the story in an after-dinner speech.

MAE MURRAY is having tough luck these days. She went to Africa to hunt wild animals, but arriving there discovered it was the wrong season for the animals to play, so back to California she came, and into the midst of a law suit. Mae bought a house filled with antiques and heirlooms, but getting sick of her bargain, she told the court the things weren't real—that Mrs. Jeannette Donovan had "dearied" and "honeyed" her into buying the house. Now the Judge must decide if it is lawful to take advantage of a girl's susceptibility to terms of endearment.

SOUL stirring news:. David Mdivani has returned from wherever he was and joined his wife, Mae Murray, thereby proving that all those horrid rumors were untrue.

THERE is not a stenographer in the whole film center. All are secretaries, and even secretaries have secretaries! Title writers and secretaries and authors have secretaries. In all Hollywood I have found no one who would admit personal acquaintance with a typewriter. No wonder there is so much talk out here. It is very evident that no letters are ever written.

AT the next meeting the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will conduct a discussion on the moral uplift of the animal actors.

THE doubles are beginning to work single.

The most famous "double" of all is, of course, Ramon Novarro. Ramon started doubling for Rudy Valentino and

when Rex Ingram had his first quarrel with Rudy back in the old Metro days he threatened to make a star of Ramon, and succeeded brilliantly.

But naught was said of Ramon's double until this season when he stepped forward to take a bow as Gilbert Roland, the dashing lover of *Camille*. Gilbert also spent some time doubling for another Gilbert, first named John.

Then came a third—Don Alvarado stepping from the ranks of the long shots to the close ups and better pay checks. Don has doubled for nearly all the "great lovers," Ronald Colman included.

The newest of the boys is Charles Delaney. De Mille has just put Charlie under a long time contract and his first picture will be "The Main Event." Charlie has been a lot of stars in the dangerous distance.

And not to let the girls be outdone, there's the fact that Molly O'Day got her first chance doubling for sister Sally O'Neill in the ill-fated and never released "Mysterious Island."

THE story of the Panama Canal which M.-G.-M. hoped to make into a big special may never be filmed at all. Irvin Cobb wrote the first draught story and then Laurence Stallings was engaged to write another. The fact that M.-G.-M. may shelve the idea is no reflection on the merit of the story—as the rejection slips say—but it merely means that the officials of the company believe that the public is fed up on epics.

LEST you read this story and cry "Breach of good taste to have written it down," it must be explained that Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks are man and wife.

It happened that the other morning toward dawn, Hollywood was shaken severely by two sharp earthquakes. Our hero, Mr. Sutherland, was awakened promptly afterwards, not by the shock, but, strangely, by an awfully stiff wallop to the jaw. He opened his eyes in pain.

Miss Brooks was sitting up in bed next to him. She was in a fury and had evidently dealt the jolt to Eddie.

"And if you do that again," she was saying, "I'll move right out to a hotel."

Business of a man apologizing for an earthquake followed.

JEANNE EAGELS hadn't see Edmund Lowe since they sang a grand opera selection together between acts in "In



Dream Moments

"NARCISSUS"

A LAMP glows . . . . orange . . . . in the blue quiet. Words fade into silence. His eyes see you . . . . golden . . . . radiant . . . . desirable. Soundlessly . . . . out of the little Oriental vase . . . . slips a slender column of smoke . . . . weaving a grey witchery . . . . of incense . . . . slowly . . . . fantastically . . . . until:

Tinkling bells . . . . far up on a dreaming pagoda . . . . touched . . . . exquisitely . . . . by a phantom wind . . . . fleeing the slim bamboos . . . . Pale narcissus . . . . breathing . . . . to you . . . . to him . . . . the sharp, sweet breath of two who kissed and sighed . . . . once upon a time . . . . in a forgotten place.

IT IS unchanged—this Orient magic that summons the spell of old romance—in Vantine's Temple Incense. You may command its potent charm to gather the subtle allure of dreams around you. It awaits you—in nine exquisite Vantine fragrances—at any drug or department store.

Learn to use the power of incense. Send ten cents for nine sample fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 3 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK





The slicker made smart. Madge Bellamy wears this very latest in raincoats. It is of silver water-proof material trimmed in striking grey and red plaid. The chic little hat is also of silver water-proof and plaid. While it is extremely ornamental, the costume has the added distinction of being practical. Let it rain!

the Night Watch" in New York in 1921, in which they played together.

Recently Edmund went to call for Jeanne to take her to a party at his home. She was in a bungalow court and he did not know her number. So he went down the courtway singing the old selection. Jeanne came running out to meet him.

They told the story. The next day nothing must do but they sing the song at Mrs. Lionel Barrymore's luncheon. Since then, the duet from the last act of "Aida" has risen to new heights of fame at social functions in the Cinema City.

RUTH HARRIET LOUISE just couldn't keep away from the camera even at her own wedding. In spite of the fact that it was one of those ultra formal, solemn occasions with a real lace veil and bridesmaids, when the ceremony was completed and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Jacobson were ready for their official wedding pictures, Ruth dashed behind the cameras to make certain that the lighting effects were just as she would have them. She wanted to make sure that her bridal photographs were as good as those of Renee Adoree, Eleanor Boardman, Gertrude Olmsted and the to-be bride, Norma Shearer,—all of which she had taken as chief photographer of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

Now we wonder if Mr. Jacobson, a scenario writer at Universal, followed the lead of his only-woman-photographer mate and wrote the newspaper accounts of the wedding!

HOW folks do change with their jobs! Only a few years ago Olive Borden's mother kept a tiny restaurant where she cooked the beans and Olive served them.

"Hey, Ollie, pass the ketchup," used to be answered by a quick tilt of the head—a bright smile. On the Fox lot the other day, what a surprise it was to see the change. An expensive limousine rolled up. A liveried chauffeur dismounted and opened the door. Out came a maid, followed by a secretary, followed by mother, followed by Olive. It was all done as a comedy director might serve a scene of royalty with the retinue, but Olive and her Ma seem to take it seriously.

AT the Montmartre Cafe, where visitors go to neglect the good food and strain their necks to watch film celebrities exercise their table manners, two new definitions of Hollywood were heard recently:

"Hollywood, the Port of Men who Miss."

"Hollywood, the Garden of Self Satisfaction."

IN case anybody cares, Lita Grey Chaplin is in New York. The children are in Hollywood. With nearly a million dollar settlement to her credit, Lita says she still loves Charlie. Some of the wise ones are saying that Lita hopes to win back Charlie. If Chaplin marries her again, it will be for her—or his—money.

IT was during the filming of "The Hypnotist," Lon Chaney's newest picture. Polly Moran was playing a parlor



"Echoing a Common Sentiment"

—say the famous Duncan sisters in endorsing the *Golden State Limited.*

Topsy and Eva are enthusiastic about this great train across the continent. They declare it "the best train in the world".

Experienced travelers everywhere endorse it. They prefer to "go *Golden State*" when they travel between Chicago and Los Angeles. Every refinement in service; yet only $10 extra fare.

A deluxe flyer in every particular, *Golden State Limited's* 63-hour schedule makes the most of travel hours. Only two business days enroute; the *Golden State* country's most interesting sections traversed in daylight.

On your next transcontinental trip get, as Topsy and Eva say, "more than you expect" aboard the

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F. S. McGINNIS, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
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A POSITIVE RAGE



This starry shell-pink nail polish

The irresistible flutter of bright, star-lit finger tips!

The marvelous new polish that does such wonders for work-aday fingers is simply the rage. Your nails stay bright as spangles for a week or more. Even hot water won't dim or discolor its thin natural brilliance.

In Natural Pink and Deep Rose. Each 35c. So is the Cutex Polish Remover. Or mail coupon with 10c for samples.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

Brighter and more natural



I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink □ Deep Rose □ (Check your preference).
Northam Warren, Dept. QQ-11A
114 West 17th St., New York

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_____



Wide World Photo

Not all the movie stars marry in haste. Jack White, comedy producer, wooed Pauline Starke for eight years; for five years—off and on—they were engaged. And finally Pauline believed her suitor was really in earnest and married him

maid. The scene demanded that Polly explain to Lon, as a visiting detective, that she had seen a strange figure go through the room and fly out the window.

Polly is a stage graduate and she talks all through the shooting of a sequence, suiting the words to the action.

The set being the interior of an English country house, Polly, in this instance, employed the speech of an ignorant English girl.

Tod Browning was directing the scene, which didn't go so well.

Polly worked hard and valiantly, shouting, "And I sawr him go right through the window."

"Sorry," Browning would murmur after each attempt. "Let's try again, Polly."

Finally they decided to give the scene up altogether but not without a parting thrust from Miss Moran.

"Anyhow, my accent was perfect," Polly sighed.

THE aftermath to Vera Reynolds' illness, whereby she was erroneously reported to have tried suicide, is the distressing fact that a rumor of this sort can do an endless amount of harm. We understand Vera was considering application for a considerable life insurance policy, which may not be obtainable now, since insurance companies are becoming more and more exacting with reference to the conduct clause.

CONSIDER the case of John Kolb, who is playing the name part in "The Gorilla" for First National. John has been told that he must double as an electrician on the days he is not working as an actor. It is true, John has worked for the Edison Company before First National introduced him to the grease paint, but if this method is generally adopted, we may see Adolphe Menjou gaily mowing the studio lawn during waits, or Jack Gilbert rustling props on his off days, but to date we have heard no rumor of reduction in salaries of dumb and useless supervisors.

ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD of Austria, playing small bits in pictures, and his secretary were horseback riding at Lake Arrowhead behind an automobile containing two pretty young ladies and a tiny, fluffy puppy.

The car swerved up a hill. As the pair trotted to the turn, the Duke noted a small puff-ball on the road.

"Ah, they have lost their puppy. We must return it to them—"

Gallantly, he jumped to the rescue. Put his hand on the animal.

Presto!

The "dog" was of the skunk variety.

They burned all the aristocratic garments. And the Los Angeles Turkish baths have been overly busy.

The Archduke is now studying books on "exclusive" American animals.

ALL you movie-struck girls, please take note that last week two very well known actresses filed petitions in bankruptcy, due to the irregularity of the pay-check!—Virginia Brown Faire and Helen Lee Worthing—and another girl was arrested, accused of scheme to defraud.

This last one had arrived in California some time ago with small funds but great dreams of a motion picture career, which never materialized.

TO the world: Miss Madeline Hurlock, who will shortly be starred in Mack Sennett's forthcoming "Romance of a Bathing Girl," can hardly swim a stroke. Figure it out for yourself.

THE following conversation took place between two flappers, talking on Hollywood Boulevard:

First Flapper: "I hear they're going to make 'Rain' a plea for tolerance—a great moral lesson."

Second Flapper: "Hot diggidy dog, now for 'Casanova's Homecoming' with Jackie Coogan playing the title rôle."

WALTER WINCHELL, dramatic editor, columnist and a regular nightly visitor to whatever club Texas Guinan may be hostess at the moment, pulled the following "nifty" in his column:

"A celeb in New York for the first time from the west coast was discussing the lack of genuine enthusiasm at some of New York's first nights.

"'You people are so cold here,' she said. 'Out in California at almost every premiere there are calls for "Author! Author!" Is it because your audiences are so particular?'

"'No ma'am,' some one answered. 'They're afraid that the first two rows will stand up.'"

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD and George K. Arthur have a rival for the limelight in their picture "Baby Mine," now in production. A little white angora cat who lies on his back and waves his legs in the air when hungry, is high-binder for even Director Robert Z. Leonard's attention. Everyone on the set rushes for the cat-bottle when the feline youngster begins crying.

And they've named their new pet, who plays an important rôle in the picture, Colleen.

Because it has one blue eye and one brown, like the well known star with that cognomen.

"WHAT are they going to do with Charlotte Greenwood in the movies?" is a current question in the Hollywood game of "Ask Me Another."

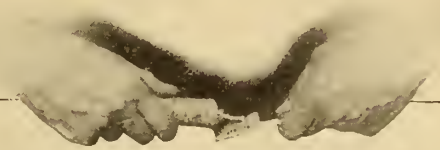
Charlotte was a "wow" on the stage. But her long, gawky legs swinging nonchalantly over pianos, six-foot leading men and bothersome scenery—coupled with her pitter-patter humor—put her over.

Never mind, Charlotte, they've found use for many-a-pair of legs in the movies. Why not yours, which surely have the coveted advantage of being "different"?

THE nicest crack of the month was pulled by the lovely non-professional. When the lady heard that the wife of her particular boy friend was coming to California, she remarked, "I am going to sue that woman for alienation of affections."

"BRUNCH" is the latest fad in Hollywood. It means a combination of breakfast and lunch and is served at noon. All smart Sunday morning invitations are now for brunch, and PHOTOPLAY Cook Book, with one hundred

Now—for YOU: Cleaner Teeth



Try this unique cleansing method—see teeth grow beautifully clean

The flash of a smile that reveals brilliantly clean teeth — what an asset!

NOW—you can have teeth that sparkle, they are so *clean*—teeth that make you proud to smile. Thousands have gained this wonderful result after a few weeks' use of this unique cleansing dentifrice. Ribbon Dental Cream is designed to *clean* teeth—leading dental authorities say that this is the *one* function of a dentifrice. Its famous formula is based upon the cleansing principle, the result of many laboratory tests and years of experience.

When Ribbon Dental Cream is brushed upon the teeth it breaks into a delicious, aromatic foam. This foam contains calcium carbonate, a material which safely *rubs loose* the imbedded food particles, releasing their hold and dividing them into minute bits—at the same time polishing the teeth brilliantly. Then this remarkable foam sweeps over every tooth and gum surface, through every tiny crevice—*rinsing away* all impurities and removing the very causes of tooth decay. Thus Colgate's *cleans.*

Once you have cleaned your teeth with this cleansing dentifrice you will realize that, after all, the best thing you can do for your teeth is to keep them really clean.

Thereby you are doing your utmost to preserve the health of teeth and gums and the flashing brilliance of your smile.



CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for *one* reason only—to keep your teeth *clean.* If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.

Even smokers' teeth kept sparkling, clean



Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

TRY THIS—see teeth grow cleaner!

If you want to have beautiful, clean teeth, you will gladly take a little trouble to find the dentifrice that really cleans them best. Send for a trial tube of Colgate's and compare its cleansing quality with that of any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 206-K.
595 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentifrice.

Name _____

Address _____

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In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

TWO-THIRDS OF BEAUTY IS YOUR SMILE
COULD YOU PASS THE SMILE TEST—
NOW?

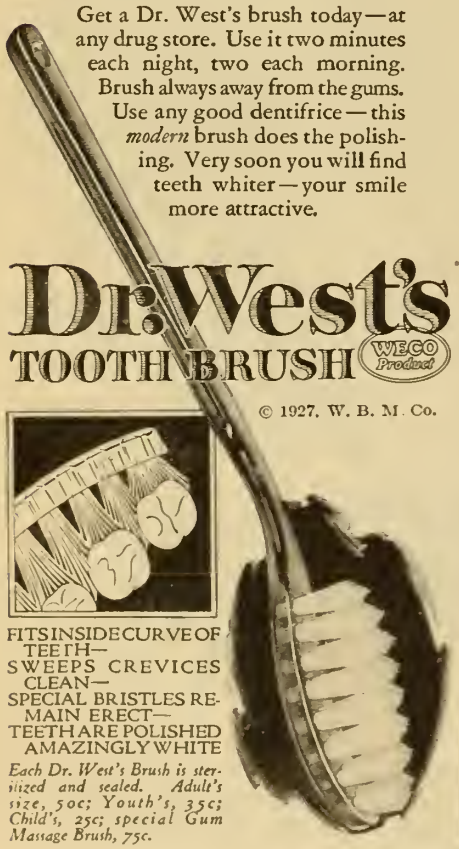


Your Teeth *amazingly* Whitened *by the polishing action of this* modern brush

TEETH *can* be polished each time you brush them. See why —and how.

This *modern* brush—Dr. West's—perfectly fits the *inner* curve of teeth. And the outside curve, of course. Wide-spaced tufts sweep clean all crevices between teeth—where decay starts. Yet, always, the special bristles *remain erect*—their tips in firm contact with each curve and surface of each tooth! Polishing—or even cleaning—can only be done by bristle *tips. And these are special bristles for which* premium prices are paid.

Get a Dr. West's brush today—at any drug store. Use it two minutes each night, two each morning. Brush always away from the gums. Use any good dentifrice—this *modern* brush does the polishing. Very soon you will find teeth whiter—your smile more attractive.



Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

FITS INSIDE CURVE OF TEETH—
SWEEPS CREVICES CLEAN—
SPECIAL BRISTLES REMAIN ERECT—
TEETH ARE POLISHED AMAZINGLY WHITE

Each Dr. West's Brush is sterilized and sealed. Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c.

recipes of famous stars, usually supplies the menu. It is quite the thing to serve your guest of honor's favorite dish from her own recipe.

SARTORIAL note. All the handsome boys of Hollywood are wearing hairnets these days.

What's more they are doing it for a woman.

The gal's name is Helen of Troy. In ancient Greece Helen launched a thousand ships, but today in Hollywood she has launched a thousand waves on male heads.

It's really for the theater sequences of First National's version of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." All handsome Greek youths had curls, but there are heavier breezes in Hollywood than in old Sparta and the extra boys have been ordered by the harassed studio hairdressers to wear nets to keep their locks in order.

ALL Richard Dix needs now to make him a John Gilbert is a little "sex stuff" in the plot of his stories. Richard has grown side-burns and a prickly mustache so much like John's that all of Hollywood is talking. But, alas, the plot of "The Gay Defender," Dix's new starring vehicle, leaves out the hot love scenes, so there is no chance of a screen mix-up, at least in this production.

A WAVE of economy has hit the studios, due to the recent agitation over high production costs, and some novel means of cutting down the over-head have been brought to light.

A fairly well known actor was called for a part at one of the studios. When he arrived, there was no discussion of salary, or his suitability to the rôle. The assistant director merely said, "What size suit do you wear?"

The actor answered, "40," whereupon the assistant called the wardrobe department and asked what size suits they had on hand. The answer came back, "Sizes 38, 42 and 44." "Sorry, we can't use you," said the assistant to the actor.

AL SANTELL is a director and a good one. He recently wielded the megaphone for Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid," which had its premiere at the Globe theater, New York. The following day Al was all over the First National lot showing a telegram to the effect that the audience not only cheered his picture but that they actually stood up to voice their approval. What Al didn't know was that the orchestra was playing "The Star Spangled Banner" at that precise moment in the picture.

YOU can tell Santell's name at any time.

You merely have to look at Al's watch. In place of the ordinary numerals on his watch's face the distinguished director of "The Patent Leather Kid" has the letters of his name. "A" is where "one" is placed on most timepieces, "L" at two, "E" at three and so on until twelve where Al has the double "L" which finishes his surname.

Neat, we calls it.

"ACCEPT this little piggie from one of your admirers. Pass him on to another. Don't break the link of the chain or bad luck will befall you."

Thus did Bebe Daniels get rid of an unwelcome pet when she passed him on to Marion Davies. Yes, Marion, if you haven't yet discovered it, 'twas Bebe who sent you the hog-present.

John McDermott started the trouble when he awarded Bebe a live pig as a prize at his party. Bebe, who was in evening dress, failed to take home her winnings. After piggie had "growed up" a little and eaten twelve of John's pet turkeys, he chartered a special wagon to deposit the animal at the Paramount studios. He attached a note, "You won him, you keep him."

Piggie, being of the male gender, immediately fell in love with the long eyelashed Bebe. But not with her pet leopard. Rumbles of the jungle caused consternation among studio employees and Bebe thought of Marion Davies. Marion hasn't picked upon her successor.

Applications are in order!

HE was small and rather raggedy, but there was something in his eye that betokened the fact that he knew his avocados, likewise it was evident that he didn't "belong" in the Beverly Hills section where he was wandering.

But there he was, and, finally he came to the fence about a house and yard and, looking, he spied another youngster about his own age playing there. It was the home of Mrs. William S. Hart.

"Hey," said the urchin to the lad in the yard by the way of greeting, and as the other turned, "who are you?"

"William S. Hart, Jr. Who are you?"

"Tom Mix!" was the disgusted retort as he continued his way whistling.

AT one period in his crazy-quilt career, Wilson Mizner managed prize-fighters. Into his "stable" came one "Kentucky Rosebud." Through careful training the Rosebud rose quickly to his peak and finally stood as a contender for the lightweight crown. Only one lone fighter stood between him and the championship—a negro.

The colored boy, however, was absolute dynamite. His knockout ability was dempseyan. Still he had to be downed, so Mizner signed his Rosebud for a fight with him.

Since it was impossible to beat the colored lad in the ring, Mizner decided to beat him out of it. The night before the fight, he sent a gang of tough kidnappers into the colored section of San Francisco, where this all took place, and captured the boxer in bed. Forcibly they fed him a quart of gin and tied him to the rear of a horse and buggy and trotted him far out into the country where they left him at dawn, an exhausted wreck.

The next night fight time came round.

The Kentucky Rosebud sat in his corner confident. The fight would be a cinch. The colored lad could hardly have the strength to last a round—if he showed up.

But he did show up. In fact, he stepped in the ring and crushed the Rosebud within one round.

It seems that the Mizner gang had got hold of the wrong Ethiopian.

THE scene was a "story conference." They were all present. The author, director, assistant director, the official "yessers," the scenarist and the star producer. The latter had been sitting quietly listening for hours to the various discussions of the motivation of plot, etc. Finally, there was a scene brought up in which the star would dress for the street. It was a simple scene, but she immediately made it an important one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



The sole support of two husky sons—Bryant Washburn. Bryant is back on the screen playing the rôle of a "chiseler" in Connie Talmadge's comedy, "Breakfast at Sunrise." In case you don't know, a "chiseler" is a fellow with no girl of his own who tries to "chisel" his way into the affections of another man's girl friend. You know the type

If you would like complete news of the winner of the second annual Romance-Hollywood Contest, which closed June 1st, write for *Contest Announcement Bulletin*, which will be sent free on request

Touraine
Real cocoanuts are freshly opened and their contents cooked with molasses to make this chewy dainty

Date
The soft, moist sweetness of a golden date from far away Mesopotamia

Colonial Pepps
A teal old-fashioned "Pepp"

Orange
Daintiest of real fruit creams, full of golden bits of otange

One dollar

is just the right price to pay!

Nut Mellos
Fluffy marshmallow with walnuts in chewy molasses

Plantation
The kind of molasses candy you used to "pull" at home

Castana
A whole solid nut

Crystallized Almond
A whole Alicant almond from sunny Italy, embedded in swirls of rich chocolate

Fruit
Raspberry Cream
Luscious raspberries in mellow cream

Patricia
Chocolate and pistachio creams in neat layers, an unusual combination

HONEST and delicious chocolates demand a definite variety of highest grade materials per pound. Less than a dollar must cheapen the assortment . . . and the quality. More than a dollar should add more than fancy trimmings to the box.

ROMANCE SELECTIONS at $1—per pound (except at distant points) offer a very exceptional variety of centers — more than twenty kinds—and each piece is as delicious as the finest ingredients can make it. If your dealer doesn't carry them, we will gladly send a box, postpaid, for $1.00.

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
Boston 28, Massachusetts

Cordial Grape
The tang of the grape caught in liquid sweetness

ROMANCE SELECTIONS
A Selection from Fifteen Different Packages
ONE POUND NET

ROMANCE
CHOCOLATES



Richee

LOUISE BROOKS will *not* play the rôle of *Dorothy* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" although she was announced, with acclamation, for that luscious part. The producers have discovered that she "isn't the type." However, there is just a chance that they might be afraid that the experienced Louise would steal the picture from the less certain Ruth Taylor in the blonde rôle

Printzess

PETITE · · COATS · · TRAVELURE



Betty Bronson, starring in "Ritzy" for Famous-Players-Lasky. Sketched in style 37 by Frederic Dalrymple.



Mary Astor, First National star, whose recent success is "The Sunset Derby." Sketched in style 251 by Frederic Dalrymple.

Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

The stars on this and the following page are shown wearing Printzess Coats. Why not take the suggestion offered by these beautifully dressed women? There is a Printzess dealer in your town who has these and many other exclusive Printzess models. Printzess "Travelure" for travel and sport wear—Printzess "Petite" for the shorter figure. Ask for Printzess by name. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland and New York.

Price range: Dress Coats $39.50 to $150.00
"Travelure" $25.00 to $89.50

DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893

Printzess

PETITE · · COATS · · TRAVELURE



Dorothy Mackaill, starring in "Smile, Brother, Smile," a First National Picture. Sketched in style 253 by Frederic Dalrymple.

Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

Two more screen stars wearing Printzess Coats. Appearing here in these smart garments, they set an example easily followed by every woman who wishes to be well dressed. Ask your Printzess dealer to show you these and the many other exclusive Printzess models in his stock. Ask, too, about Printzess "Travelure" for travel and sport wear—and Printzess "Petite" for the shorter figure. Be sure to say "Printzess." Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland and New York.

Price range: Dress Coats $39.50 to $150.00
"Travelure" $25.00 to $89.50



May McAvoy, now starring in Warner Brothers' Feature, "Irish Hearts." Sketched in style 3 by Frederic Dalrymple.

DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893



DEVOTED to a Life of Laughter — Vera Steadman. Miss Steadman is the prima donna of comedy girls and the sex appeal of Christie comedies. Like her distinguished predecessors, she is following the road that leads from slapstick to stardom.



Style Leadership

THE selection of any Olovnit garment will carry with it an assurance of style leadership. Our new creations — direct from Paris — are in the hands of our thousands of direct factory representatives in an inconceivably short time — and presented for your approval before they are available through any other source in your community.

Selections can be made in the privacy of your own home from a full display of samples. All garments are shipped direct to the purchaser from fresh, clean, unhandled merchandise in our factory.

Shaughnessy
Olovnit
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Olovnit is always the choice of discriminating buyers. Betty Blythe — the famous motion picture star—writes: "*Olovnit vests are too lovely for words.*"

We will gladly have our representative call and show you advanced Olovnit styles in the privacy of your own home. There will be no obligation on your part. Mail coupon today.

SHAUGHNESSY KNITTING CO., P
Watertown, N. Y.

I would like to examine your advance styles in lingerie, hosiery and outer garments. Please have your representative call.

Name .....

Street .....

City State .....

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107]

by saying, "Oh goody, I'll be able to carry my new red pocketbook there."

If silence is golden, here is a case where it would have been platinum.

PRIZE-DANCE trophies are the new hobby of Marion Nixon. Tripping around with Danny Darling, a wax-floor specialist, she recently captured the cup presented by Colleen Moore at the Ambassador Hotel and two others.

"What about this Danny 'Darling'?" we queried.

"Oh there are boy friends for everything. And Danny is just one for dancing. Nothing serious," she added.

THOSE of you who are superstitious read this.

It concerns the plight of Leatrice Joy in "The Angel of Broadway." Leatrice has suffered a lot of bad luck with poor stories. She has staked a lot on "The Angel of Broadway" being a real come-back for her.

And then the script called for her breaking a mirror, a large mirror, a handsome mirror.

Shades of seven years' hard luck. Leatrice threw the brick for her art. The mirror shattered.

But her sacrifice did not satisfy Lois Weber, directing the scene. Lois demanded the scene be re-done. It was, and again and again and again. In all Leatrice shattered seven mirrors.

A possible forty-nine years' bad luck. Wish Leatrice some good-luck to counteract it. She's a good kid and she needs it.

SCORE one for the home state of Georgia.

Georgia has charms greater than Hollywood for Si Cassidy.

Si was one of First National's ten prize winning college boys. While not the handsomest of the group, Si was easily the most distinguished. More than six feet tall, broad shouldered, fine looking, Si presented every appearance of being ideal as the big male background in the close-ups. First National, after the boy's promised six weeks' trial had expired, offered Si a long time contract.

"No, suh," drawled Si. "I'm goin' back to Geo'gah. I don't like this town. I'm homesick."

First National raised the salary offer. Universal, scouting a lead for a new picture, offered Si almost immediate stardom. But Mr. Cassidy steadfastly refused and left California for the Cotton Belt.

EDMUND LOWE has decided that piloting a plane without experience isn't so much fun, even for the sake of a picture. In "Publicity Madness" the story demands such a situation. To make it realistic, Lowe did it. About 1000 feet up, he forgot "which lever" and a straight-down nose dive resulted.

"I was supposed to look scared," Lowe told me, shuddering at the recollection. "There was no fake about that, —I was cockeyed. The cameramen didn't know I'd lost control and went right on grinding. Believe me, they left that part in the picture."

Oh, yes, they got to earth, O. K. The real pilot, riding as a temporary guest, did some quick thinking and quicker acting.

CLARA BOW has decided not to mother any more hobos.

A frayed, hungry vagrant stopped at her cottage, said he was from her "home town" and received a royal welcome. Free meals, a nice bed, every home convenience.

He outwore his welcome. Father Bow told him to move on in the beginning of the second week. Provided him with new clothes and a hotel room until he could get "started."

Then a girl friend, riding in Clara's car, was kidnapped. When the capturers realized their mistake, they released her. Several attempts have been made since to seize Clara.

"The hobo," declare the police. Clara isn't sure, but she isn't taking any more chances on "home-town" stories.

"DOG DAYS" are on at the Colleen Moore homestead.

It all started when "Max," a 160 pound St. Bernard, tried out his pugilistic powers by knocking down a child who chanced to pass over his back-yard domain. John McCormick laid Max out with an upper cut to the chin.

In the general confusion which followed, "Jerry," the pet Airedale, attacked the bird cages and feasted on canaries,—four of them for breakfast.

Colleen's Japanese servant cried for the balance of the day. She had raised 10 pairs for her mistress and only four had lived. Lived until Jerry ate them.

OH, what a sweet thing is romance! Especially when it has the magnet power to draw one across the country. The observation is made anent the recent engagement announcement of a leading woman of the stage and a screen comedian.

There was a stream of saccharine slush in the dailies following the announcement, to the effect that the leading woman had come from the east unannounced to pay a surprise visit to the comedian and he, who happened to be in Mexico at the time, was reported as dashing back to see her.

The real inside is that the comedian was in Hollywood and was tipped off from the East that the leading lady was on her way West. He jumped a train for Mexico City intent on remaining there until she should have returned eastward. But she fooled him and moved right into his house to "fight it out on that line if it took all summer, fall and winter."

When the determination of the lady was forwarded to Mexico City the comedian thought he might as well come back and make the best of it. He did, and then the engagement was announced.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

ESTHER RALSTON dropped onto her own set the other day and approached Director Frank Tuttle.

"Hello, Frank," she exclaimed.

"How do you do," was the formal answer. "Are you looking for some one?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd get work in this picture. Don't I look like a Russian?"

Then she laughed—and spoiled the picture.

"Esther!" Frank was nonplussed. His leading lady had so disguised her fair beauty with the slanting eyes, dark hair and dusky coloring of a Russian for her new rôle in "Footlights" that no one on the lot had recognized her.

"WOOF, woof," laughs the big dog, "Thunder." "The rest of Hollywood stars ain't got anything on me as a privileged actor.

"They told me I was to go to Mt. Rainier on location.

" 'All right,' I answers. 'But you got to put me an' the wife in a private car and give us every comfort you give these other celebrities or we're going to go home, get a sick stomach or something.'"

The result of this Greta Garbo ultimatum was a specially equipped baggage car with de luxe apartments for "Thunder" and his wife "White Fawn" who plays opposite her husband in his current starring vehicle, "Wolf Fangs."

"Mutt," the comedy lead, and "Zipper," the heavy, had second best accommodations. Twenty-seven other canine actors traveled along as extras.

AILEEN PRINGLE and Bert Roach, the 215 pound "heavy" in "Mixed Marriages," the latest Pringle-Cody co-starring vehicle, were swimming around the bay at La Jolla. Several professional swimmers were on guard to assist should accident threaten.

"Watch Miss Pringle. Watch Miss Pringle—" Director Hobart Henley kept warning these watch-dogs.

Finally Bert gulped his way to the sur-



P and A Photo

And this is the way Gloria Swanson denies those divorce rumors. When the Marquis de la Falaise made his annual pilgrimage to France to have his passport renewed, Gloria played Poor Butterfly at the Los Angeles railroad station. Close-ups speak louder than words



IT IS inadequate to say that Tecla Pearls look like genuine ocean gems. To all intent and from every observable characteristic they are the real thing. Nothing but a negligible variation in composition totally imperceptible in appearance, separates them. For thirty years Tecla has adorned the most distinguished of women at the most conservative functions without the slightest probability of anyone being able to distinguish any difference.

Tecla creations are available only at the stores listed in this advertisement.

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face. "You're always yelling to watch Pringle,—what about me?" he spluttered.

"Oh,—you'll float," Henley indifferently responded.

"Which is all the help you get when you're a fat man," Roach concluded.

PAGE Rex Ingram! There's an Arab boy awaitin' him at Bou Sada, Algeria. An Arab boy who wants to come back to Hollywood. George Russell, globe trotter, stepped from his automobile in Bou Sada the other day and noticed suddenly he had been appropriated by an Arab boy.

He turned to the youngster and laughingly said, "Hello, what do you want?" and to his surprise the boy answered in good English: "My name is Kada Abd-el Kader and I saw the Hollywood tag on your bag. I was with Rex Ingram in Hollywood."

The boy acted as Russell's guide for a couple of days and as the traveller was about to leave Kada made a final plea that Russell seek out Ingram and tell him. "Tell Rex Ingram I want to get out of here. I have been trying to make money so I could go back, but I can't save enough."

So George promised to relay the message to the director and took this means of doing it.

SUE CAROL, Douglas MacLean's leading lady, may have several of Chicago's millions tucked up her sleeve, but she isn't depending upon her shekels to help hold her boy-friend.

Of course, nineteen-year-old Sue trusted twenty-year-old Nick Stuart. But while he was playing the lead in "The High School Hero" opposite Sally Phipps, she just wasn't taking any chances. Especially since Sally had just broken her engagement to a non-professional youngster. So Sue hied herself daily to the Fox lot and watched every wee bit of the filming. No, she didn't use any alibis, either.

BODIL ROSING, the character actress who shares honors with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien in Murnau's "Sunrise," has become so superstitious of American "good luck" wishes that she is seriously contemplating asking her Hollywood friends to adopt the Danish custom and spit on her before she enters a production.

"When I made my debut on the Danish stage, three men spit on me. The head electrician, the prompter and the prop man.

"It is the only sure way to obtain a blessing on whatever you are doing," she assures us.

YOU can't woo a girl on a salary of $500 a week, that is if you live in Hollywood and the girl of your dreams is in New York. At least that is what an ardent young screen juvenile discovered to his sorrow. The juvenile talked to his loved one nightly, the gabfests costing from $25 to $300 a talk.

Finally his creditors, including the apartment hotel where he was stopping, got wise, and then the firm to which the young actor was under contract stepped in and began withholding part of his weekly pay check to pay off his debts. He also was made to promise that he would ease up on swelling the phone company's dividend. He now spoons telegraphically when the urge is greatest, otherwise air mail suffices to carry his sweet nothings.



George Irving calls a spade a sunshade. Out on location near Sacramento, the thermometer went up to 100 degrees and so Irving improvised this parasol to shade Mary Brian's make-up from the blistering sun, between the scenes of Luther Reed's film, "Shanghai Bound"



even IF *you have escaped* DANDRUFF *. . . . so far*

NO scalp is safe from the dandruff germ. Your brush and comb—the dust-laden air itself—all carry this menace to the beauty of your hair.

Take this wise precaution . . rub Wildroot into the roots of your hair several times a week. For Wildroot not only *removes* dandruff, but *prevents* it—by killing the germ and by keeping your scalp clean and healthy. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and lustrous.

Get a bottle from your druggist today—and begin this preventive treatment. Whenever you go to the barber or hairdresser, always ask for a Wildroot treatment.



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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of mailing a TRIAL BOTTLE OF WILDROOT

Name .....

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RICHARD ARLEN and Jobyna Ralston celebrated Dick's twenty-seventh birthday on September 1 by breaking ground for their new "love cote" at Lakeside.

"And this isn't my publicity age but my real one," Dick told me confidentially while describing the celebration.

ART GOEBEL, the Hollywood boy who won the Dole prize for the non-stop trip to Honolulu, has done stunt flying for practically every studio in Hollywood and with most of the stars before his record-breaking flight.

As a reward of merit, the flyer was given a trip through a studio on his return. And even had his picture taken being kissed by Billie Dove and a few others. Not much novelty, perhaps, but good publicity for the two of them.

NOTING the advance showing of the coming football pictures one would think that there was only one game of football played in this country each year, and that game played in only one spot. Everywhere one turns one sees shots of the Notre Dame university and Southern California game at the Colosseum in Los Angeles. It's funny to see a couple of supposedly fresh-water college teams in a gridiron battle in front of a crowd of 100,000.

THE movie flapper is wreaking havoc on the Indian Reservations. No, not with the Braves and Bucks, but the young squaws. They are in revolt; insist on silk stockings, silk dresses, as well as lip stick, powder and perfumes. Many have bobbed their hair. It seems the braves will stand for this, but an unheard of degradation has been forced upon them. They now have to carry the little children and this is the last straw.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

battle so well. Incidentally, Mr. Godshall has made an affidavit to the effect that the snake was not "doctored" in any way, that its fangs had not been removed and that the reptile was actually encountered in its wild state while the owner was taking a walk with his dog.

PROBABLY the first amateur movie club ever organized was the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, still a leader in amateur film making. The club, which is incorporated in New Jersey, was formed in the Fall of 1924. Several of the members submitted scenarios and the club put one of these, "Love by Proxy," into production. At that time the club had a Cine-Kodak A, using 16 mm. film, and the entire drama was shot with this machine. After cutting and editing, the drama consisted of three reels of 400 feet each. The production was ready for exhibition in December, 1925, and received a number of showings, one by the Women's Club of Orange.

Due to the interest aroused by "Love by Proxy," the club decided, in the early



Before you lather up
—TRY THIS—

TO EVERY MAN with a stiff beard, the morning shave is a major operation! The secret of a quick, smooth shave lies in softening that stubble first. *Here's a sure and easy way to do it.*



1 Apply Hinds Cream generously to the beard before you lather up or wet the face. Rub it in vigorously for two or three seconds.



2 Make your lather from your regular soap right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Do not rub it in; it's not necessary. You save that time.



3 After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream when the skin is dried. You'll find your skin wonderfully soft, relaxed and well groomed for the day.

YOU will never know the meaning of a comfortable shave until you have tried this simple method. Men who have tried it are insisting on having their *personal* bottles of Hinds Cream beside soap and razor each morning.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
BEFORE AND AFTER SHAVING

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 817, Bloomfield, N. J.

I WANT to enjoy a smooth shave for once! Send me that sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

This coupon not good after November, 1928.

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George Archainbaud, Director

HOLLYWOOD *Says—* "DEVRY IS BEST"

Hollywood's most famous camera men endorse the DeVry—use it for difficult shots in feature films—acclaim it the finest of amateur movie cameras.

Follow Hollywood. Own the camera chosen as the best by professional movie makers. Take movies as perfect as any you see in your favorite theatre.

DeVry-made amateur movies, taken on professional (35mm) film, are brilliant, living pictures, as clear and sharp as the original scene, even when shown life-size on your screen.

Anyone can take professional quality movies with the DeVry. It so easy to use, so simple to handle. Just point the camera, press a button and you are taking movies full of priceless memories.

Send for the Free Book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies." The DeVry Corporation, Dept. 11-P.P., 1111 Center Street, Chicago, Illinois.

DeVry movies can be shown on the famous DeVry portable 35 m m projector or, by reduction prints, on the new 16mm DeVry projector.



Henry Sharp, Cameraman



$150

DeVry

HOME MOVIE EQUIPMENT





An enlargement of C. H. Godshall's remarkable amateur film showing a police dog and a rattler in a battle to the death. Left, the snake just before the kill

part of 1926, to make another production, this time on standard 35 mm. stock so that it could be exhibited in any theater. A production committee was appointed, with Russell T. Ervin, Jr., as chairman and a script, "Hey-Hay!" was selected as the best of the submitted scenarios.

Mr. Ervin was the owner of a Debrie professional camera, together with three sets of lenses and a Bell and Howell tripod. This equipment was used in making the film. Some of the interior scenes were taken in the home of one of the members with the aid of two twenty-ampere arcs made by Mr. Ervin. Dupont super-speed negative was used for all interior scenes.

Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best ` ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added p e for the best film submitted in a one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two o. more films prove of equal merit in a. division, prizes of $500 will be awarc . each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

Naturally two arcs could not cover a large set, but it was found possible to illuminate satisfactorily one side of a room about eighteen feet wide.

The interiors were made in February, the exteriors were completed by the middle of March and the whole production cut and titled by the middle of May. When completed, "Hey-Hay!" consisted of two reels of 1650 feet of action and 350 feet of titles. 2700 feet of negative were used in shooting the picture.

IT is believed that "Hey-Hay!" is the first purely amateur picture to be made on standard film for exhibition in a regular theater. The cost of making "Hey-Hay!" was entirely borne by members of the club who are in no way connected with the screen industry and who have had no professional experience of any kind.

"Hey-Hay!" had a week's run in an East Orange theater and at the 55th Street Cien Cinema in New York City, besides a three-day engagement at a Newark house.

THE Club of the Oranges, which now consists of fifteen members, is starting a one-reeler for submission in PHOTOPLAY'S contest. The present officers are: Marshall Scheuller, president; Alfred Fontana, vice-president and treasurer; and Mrs. Grafton Bernard, secretary, while the production committee numbers Mr. Ervin and Grafton Bernard.

AMATEUR movie fans will be interested to know that the Victor Company has just launched a new Cine-Camera, utilizing 16 mm. film, and offering some new features. An unusual range of speeds is offered, with stop-action for single exposures.

The Ramstein graduated sky filter is another piece of equipment of interest to enthusiasts. Every amateur knows the difficulty of transferring a beautiful cloud effect to the screen. The sky usually turns out to be a meaningless blank.

The Ramstein Filter equalizes the exposure between the sky and foreground, bringing out the clouds and detail in the distance.

THE filter is yellow at one end, graduating down to clear glass at the other. It is made by fusing together a block of yellow filter glass and a block of clear glass. The composite block is the ground at an angle, producing a homogeneous filter. Thus, in photographing a scene with trees in the foreground, the filter is adjusted with the deep yellow part on the sky and the clear part on the foreground. This corrects the sky so that the cloud effects register in perfect detail. At the same time, the foreground has retained its original quality.

ADD to your list of famous amateur cinematographers the name of John T. McCutcheon, the famous cartoonist of *The Chicago Tribune*. Mr. McCutcheon is a Filmo owner.

Lillian Leitzel, the star of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, has purchased a Cine-Kodak Model B.

She saw an amateur movie enthusiast using one from a circus seat and became so interested that she bought a Cine-Kodak herself.

Salvaging Your Beauty



DESPITE ALL WARNINGS, fair femininity, for the most part, permitted the past summer to tamper ruthlessly with her beauty. Now, tantalizing relics—*squint lines at the eyes, freckles, tan, open pores and a coarsened skin-texture*—detract obviously from her autumnal charms.

To quickly obliterate all signs of summer exposure, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, *world's foremost beauty specialist*, comes to the rescue with gently effective bleaches—anti-wrinkle cream—pore-refiners—and bracing, stimulating creations that counteract *skin-fatigue* and promote fresh, sparkling complexions!

THREE STEPS TO BEAUTY

Cleanse—Mold

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—soothes—molds out "tired look"—keeps complexion youthfully smooth—this unique cleansing cream positively benefits oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skins—excellent powder (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—for dry, sensitive skins, alternating it with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up. (75c, 1.25)

Clear—Bleach

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy of texture (1.00)

Tone—Brace

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones and braces—prevents fine lines. (1.25)

SPECIAL CORRECTIVES

Freckles—Tan

Valaze Bleaching Cream—a mild whitener—clears away tan, light freckles. (1.00, 2.00)

Valaze Freckle Cream—effaces obstinate freckles and a stubborn coat of tan. (1.50)

"Squint Lines"—Wrinkles

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—corrects crowsfeet, "squint lines," wrinkles, dry, shriveled appearance. (1.75)

Open Pores—Blackheads

Valaze Pore Paste Special—washes away blackheads, refines pores, restores skin to normal delicacy and smoothness. (1.00)

Drooping Chin—Puffy Eyes

Valaze Georgine Lactee—muscle-bracer and tightener—strengthens flaccid tissue and relaxed contours. (3.00)

Valaze Powders, Rouges, Lipsticks, Compacts—for a subtle, distinctive make-up! Sparkling, youthful tones for every facial colouring. All exquisitely pure—harmonious with each other and with the most delicate skins. (1.00 to 5.50)

All Rubinstein Preparations are dispensed by trained advisers at the better stores—or may be ordered direct from Dept. P-11

Helena Rubinstein

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46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.
Check each of the items which applies to yourself—

( ) Dry Skin ( ) Oily Skin ( ) Average Skin ( ) Wrinkles ( ) Crowsfeet
( ) Double Chin ( ) Puffy Eyes ( ) Flabbiness ( ) Tan, Freckles ( ) Sallowness
( ) Blackheads ( ) Enlarged Pores ( ) Pimples, Acne ( ) Hollows

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....



Charles Morton spent his last dollar for a taxi to the Fox Studios —and got the job

His *SMILE* Was His Fortune

The story of Charles Morton, who got his chance via his smile, out-cinders Cinderella

By John Drexel

YOU'VE often read of Cinderellas in the movies. You know—the gals who knock 'em over with a smile and get the job, while their sisters grow old on the extra list—

Well, the boys are moving in on 'em. At least one of them is—a certain Charles Morton.

"Hooey," I said when I heard it. "Just so much hooey, and you know it."

"Oh, is that so?" replied my informer. "Suppose you run out and see him—and pay particular attention to that smile of his!"

"I wouldn't walk across the street to see the best smile in the world. Especially a man-made smile," I added. "Who do you take me for, little Elsie?"

"The truth is," he went on, "you wouldn't *have* to walk across the street. He lives just two doors down from you."

So when I arrived at Mr. Morton's, I was in that frame of mind of one who has just been put in his place. In other words, this famous smile would have to work overtime in order to convince me. I decided to do my best to frown it down.

Now, before I tell who won, I want to go on record as saying that Charles Morton doesn't play fair. His smile was working when I first caught sight of him. I bit my lip, looked the other way, started to whistle—and then smiled too. And then we both laughed. All of a sudden I stopped, and thought of something. Had that sap friend of mine phoned Mr. Morton while I was enroute to his house; and if so, what had he said?

"Did anyone phone you that I was coming out?" I asked.

"Well, someone *did* telephone that an old sour-dough might pay me a visit soon, but of course he wasn't speaking of *you*."

"Of *course* not," I said hurriedly. "And what do you think it's going to do, Mr. Morton—rain?

"Incidentally," I said, "a friend of yours said you were a Cinderella man. What do you think of it?"

"Well, as I remember," he replied, "Cinderella was a gal who was kicked around quite a lot by her sisters. I haven't any sisters, so you see—"

"Exactly," I spouted. "I'm going right back and put that bird in his place."

"But," continued Charles, "she was also one who got some awfully lucky breaks, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," I admitted, "but—"

"Then I think I probably qualify," he concluded.

"Oh, now listen," from me, "let's cut out this Cinderella stuff. We're just here together, you and I. Suppose you tell me how it happened, and I promise not to tell—oh I won't tell *many* people."

He laughed again and said, "Frankly, I'm more than glad to tell you—that is, if I can get it straight. It's all happened so fast that I'm still a little dizzy.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Shoot," I replied.

And here is his story in the fewest possible words. When the eastern studios, where Morton had had one small part closed, he was without work or money. Borrowing enough for second class passage, he started for Los Angeles.

"Like all good Americans, I missed the boat at Havana; caught a speed [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Perfumes by CHERAMY



OBSERVING the pageant of loveliness at its Parisian source, Cheramy interprets it in smart perfumes...and with authoritative artistry this parfumeur has devised three individual odeurs:

BIARRITZ, a thrilling fragrance recently presented, holds the very essence of the joy of life!

APRIL SHOWERS is the fresh, eager fragrance of the country after a soft Spring rain—it speaks of the promise of youth.

CAPPI is a glorious bouquet with just a bit of mystery to make it more interesting.

All good shops have these Cheramy perfumes, with powders, bath fragrances, compacts, and other toiletries in matching odeurs.

CHERAMY, INC. PARIS—NEW YORK



BIARRITZ

Smart, young, stimulating; the spirit of luxury at a gay French seaside resort—$5, $3, *and* $1.



Cappi

A whirl of brilliant flowers—a bit of mystery—a dash of individuality—$5, $2.50 *and* $1.25.



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Breathing the enchantment of a fragrant April day. $4, $2.50, *and* $1.



BEN HUR
from the story by
General Lew Wallace
Directed by
Fred Niblo
with
Ramon Novarro

At your theatre after a year of special runs on the Broadways of the world at $2.00 a seat

Now playing at popular prices

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Producers of The Big Parade

Could You Use $50.00?

Why not win this $50.00 *Prize Contest?*

SYD CHAPLIN *now with* M-G-M

"Asks You Another"

I'LL see you later with some of my new pictures. The first one will be "Fluffy." In the meantime, I've heard that M-G-M fans have such a mean vision that it's almost second sight. So come on. Prove it to me now. Here's a real test for the keenest eyes and the longest memories. To the writer of the best set of answers from a man we will send a check for $50 and the whip used by Ramon Novarro in the chariot race in Ben Hur. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman we will send a check for $50 and the bracelet worn by Joan Crawford in her forthcoming success, "West Point." The next 50 best writers among women will receive an autographed portrait photograph of Ramon Novarro. The next 50 best writers among men will receive an autographed copy of Greta Garbo's latest photograph. So come, you boys and girls who look, see and remember.

Sincerely yours,
SYD CHAPLIN

Syd Chaplin's Six Questions!

1 What M-G-M star is known as the best-dressed woman on the screen?

2 What noted character in history was called "The Man of Destiny," and what M-G-M picture deals with his life?

3 How does Karl Dane put out the candle in "The Big Parade"?

4 What M-G-M star has been called "the flaming star of the north"—and why is she so named?

5 What is the secret of Norma Shearer's acknowledged success? (Answer in not more than 50 words.)

6 What M-G-M star owes his ability to pantomime to the fact that he is the child of deaf-mute parents?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must be received by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Lon Chaney Contest of August

MISS ISABEL D. HARDY
1319 South Main Street
Racine, Wisconsin

CHARLES STEVENSON
Menlo Park, California

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.



WHY Frances Howard Goldwyn isn't sorry she gave up her chance of being a star. Samuel Junior's papa is the producer and his mamma is one of the most popular women in Hollywood. Young Sam is a year old.



Miss May McAvoy, Warner Bros. Star

The Natural Make-Up

DARK, unnatural reds and light, shiny crimsons are both garish and passé . . . One color alone is chic and lovely—and that color is Nature's blush-rose!

It is the color men admire and women envy—the glow of youth, warm, radiant, alluring! . . . The color that has made Tangee famous—and clever women beautiful!

Let Tangee Lipstick and Rouge give your lips and cheeks this lovely natural color today . . . and for countless days to come you will cherish the subtle magic of this make-up—as truly permanent as it is truly natural.

TANGEE BEAUTY AIDS

Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Crème Rouge $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75c, Tangee DAY Cream $1, Tangee NIGHT Cream $1, and Tangee Face Powder (in Peachblow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White) $1. All prices 25c higher in Canada.

TANGEE BEAUTY AIDS



Dept. 87
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the miniature "Tangee Beauty Set"—all 6 items and "The Art of Make-Up"—for which I enclose 20c.

Name----------

Address----------

Risking Life and Limb for $25

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"If you do it," he said, sitting on the edge of his beautiful tiled swimming pool in the reddest bathing suit I have ever seen, "it's easy. If you don't, it's a mistake—and you'll either not worry about it or have plenty of time to figure out what went wrong while in the hospital.

"FUNNY thing—the hard one is always easy and the easy one hard. That sort of sounds tail first, but looking back over some fifteen years of these things I know it's true. The reason being that you get prepared for the hard ones. You get arranged a whole lot before you do 'em. But some fool little easy one comes along and throws you clean out of the saddle. A horse that advertises he's bad ain't near as hard to ride as one of these meek lookin' cayuses who onlimbers himself in a onlooked for manner.

"Sure, I've had a few funny experiences with stunts, and one or two the lady novelists might call hair-raisin'. Had to fall offa bridge into a river in Florida once and didn't find out until I was shakin' hands with 'em that the darn river was more full of alligators than water.

"Another that comes to my mind had to do with an aeroplane. Say, ain't you the feller who plays football for Stanford?"

"Check. But what about the aeroplane?"

"You know I used to play a lot of football in——"

"Great. Come up for our Big Game and I'll get you a ticket if you wear your purple suit. Better wear a red one and root for us. What about the aeroplane?"

"That? It was kinda funny. We were workin' up at Mt. Whitney, which as you probably know is the highest spot on North America. Well, there's to be a rope hangin' down from the aeroplane and I'm supposed to climb down it and do some triflin' service for the hero-ine, the nature of which plumb escapes me for the minute, and climb back up.

"WELL, we dope it out careful. The rope has a series of knots in it as big around as your two fists, which makes climbin' up and down it what appears to be a comparative simple proposition. I'm to do this on one plane and the cameras are in another. We arrange a set of signals whereby I can let the other plane know if anything untoward happens, and he can signal the pilot in my plane.

"And I remarks to my pilot, 'And if you get the signal that I can't get back up, you head right for the ocean and drop me off.' The ocean ain't but about an hour or so away, so I figure we're all set. An ocean is a darn sight softer place to land than a mountain.

"Well, I don't have any trouble gettin' down. But when I start up things take on a different aspect. There's considerable wind blowin' up there, what with the speed we're makin' and the natural velocity in those parts. I get hold of the knot up higher and start to pull myself up and, by gosh, the wind just blows the rope out behind me like a tail and I haven't got any knot to set down on like I figured.

"I stewed around quite a spell, tryin' it out several times, but every time the wind coppers my bet. Oh yes, I'm forgettin' to mention that I've got a loop at the end of the rope which I put my leg through, so I can set there pretty comfortable while we're travellin'. But once I'd started up and the trouble began, I discover my arms are gettin' pretty tired. So I finally figure out that the only thing is to pull myself up with one hand quick and reach under quicker with the other and hold that consarned rope down so I can set on it. I tried it and it worked. And that was all there was to that. I got up all right.

"ANOTHER time, somebody—maybe it was me—gets the bright idea of havin' me grab a rope ladder hangin' down from the plane when I'm on horseback. Don't sound very dangerous, but the first time we try it out, it just naturally scares the poor hoss to death and he mighty near gets himself and me both beheaded.

"So we decide to hang a big cable between two cliffs—one of 'em about 500 feet high and the other about 300—and put the plane on the cable with pulleys. That does away with the noise of the engines and I think I can manage the hoss all right then. We allow enough sag, according to our mathematics, to get the plane just close enough to the ground for me to grab onto the ladder.

"Well, when I see the thing comin' I figure out that maybe it'd be a good idea to get my leg through the first rung of that there ladder, so that when I arrive on the other side I'll be in a position to start grabbin' something to hold onto.

"So when I make the jump, I do it that away. Which, as it turns out, is mighty close to a fatal and certainly a right uncomfortable error. Either our calculation is off about forty degrees or that cable develops more sag, because we're a heap closer to the ground than we expected to be. I can't get my leg out and the darn thing just drags me right along the ground for quite a spell, before they can stop it.

"OF course it wasn't exactly dangerous, but it sure burned me plenty. That ground was so hot when I finally got up it had burned off everything but my boots, including considerable hide."

He gave me one of his friendly irresistible grins.

"Had a funny one happen once with a train. It was up at Colorado Springs. The stunt was like this. I'm on top of the train when it comes to a low tunnel. You can see for yourself that's no nice place to be. So just as it goes roarin' in, I'm to grab the tell tales hangin' outside and swing myself up a little and

hold on. We had it fixed so that the engineer would just go inside the tunnel and then back right out and I could drop down again.

"It comes off accordin' to schedule up to the time I grab the tell tales and start hangin' on and the train goes into the tunnel. I'm fairly peaceful in my mind, bein' as I expect him right back. But the engineer had ideas of his own, I guess. He stopped on the other side of the tunnel to fill up his pipe and give his engine a nice drink of water and wind his watch, and all the time I'm hangin' on to that damn tell tale, thirty feet above a lot of railroad ties and little sharp rocks and steel tracks. Naturally I'm not hankerin' a whole lot to fall onto that kind of a bed.

"IF I'd known he wasn't comin' back, I could have swung myself up onto a rope we had stretched across, but I'm a confidin' son-of-a-gun and by the time I realize this engineerin' gent is operatin' on his own, my arms are too tired to make the pull. And just about that time I hear the train start back, my arms is beginnin' to give out and it dawns on me that I'm goin' to hit the middle of that track just about ten seconds previous to a large amount of train.

"Well, there wasn't nothin' for it but to jump then, so I'd have time to get out of the way, and I did. I reckon I must have missed that train all of six inches. And my legs was black and blue to the knees for weeks and I got a lot of blood vessels down there that haven't resumed friendly relations with the rest of my carcass since."

For thrills, no picture in years has caused so much comment as Paramount's great aviation spectacle, "Wings."

And a lot of that stunt stuff was done by regulation United States Army air pilots. They did things any stunt man would be proud to call his own and merely remarked in passing that it was "all in the day's work."



Winnie Brown — stunt woman. Some directors are so kind to her that they have ambulances waiting for her after she takes a jump

"FAMOUS WINKS"



Conquering . . . Teasing . . . Fascinating . . . With her beautiful eyes, Estelle Clarke, the Metro-Goldwyn star who recently played under the direction of King Vidor in his magnificent picture, "The Crowd," has captured the hearts of millions.

Make your eyes deep pools of enchanting loveliness

THE witchery that smolders in heavenly eyes can now so easily be yours. Just a deft flick...and marvelous Winx weaves its magic spell. Your entire appearance is changed. Quickly, you become smarter, more beautiful and utterly fascinating.

With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing makes the eyes divinely beautiful...by framing them in a shadowy fringe of softly curling, luxuriant lashes.

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This beauty will not vanish when you need it most. It is not transient or fragile ...A tear...an unexpected cinder...glorious hours of swimming in fresh or salt water...Never fear for Winx. Its beauty remains undimmed because it is waterproof as well as lasting.

And unlike ordinary lash preparations you can apply Winx without fear of injuring the eyes or the lashes. Winx is absolutely safe to use and harmless.



AS EASY TO REMOVE

It is better to remove Winx nightly as most fastidious women do. Just pat cold cream or Lashlux on the lashes—then gently remove it with a cloth moistened in warm water, always stroking the lashes downward, not across. Winx comes off with the cream. You can also remove it easily with soap and water.

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The particular officer who qualified for admission to the inner circle was one Lieutenant Rod Rodgers. This young gentleman went up in an army plane filled with the sort of explosives which produce an effect of a plane bursting into flames. In his mouth he carried a quantity of the kind of stuff actors use to make it look like they're bleeding to death. The idea was that when he got up to 6000 feet he was to turn on a mechanical camera which operated itself and which was located just in front of the pilot in the cockpit. He would then pretend to be hit by a bullet, allow the blood to gush from his mouth, let go the stick, and kick the plane into a tail spin with his foot. While the mechanical camera ground on and on, he would come down out of control.

The shot recorded by the camera is one that is picking audiences out of their seats and according to aviators is about the toughest stunt on record—to sit limp and useless while your plane tail spins toward the earth, knowing that at the last moment you must right it or see "Finis" written across your record.

IT isn't in the picture, by the way, but the studio has the film and a few people have seen it—the moment when Lieutenant Rogers peeped over the side and saw that he was only 500 feet above ground. He came out of his trance, grabbed the stick and pulled it back against his waist and made one remark, which subtitle registered on the screen in amazing fashion and can be compared to those seen—not written—in "What Price Glory" and "The Big Parade."

It was on "Wings" also that Dick Grace, for several years a famous air stunt man, had his neck broken. He wore during these "crash" sequences, a wide leather belt, reaching from the place where he sat down right up under his arms. Then he was encircled by a series of very strong steel springs, so that it was hoped when he crashed he would be protected.

HE wasn't. In one shot, where he had to turn a plane completely over on its back, and land, the stunt apparently came off fine. Grace climbed out of the wreckage, had his picture taken, and only then collapsed. It was discovered at the hospital that his neck was broken.

But what's a little thing like a broken neck to a stunt man? He started right on over to Honolulu, with his neck still done up in all sorts of steel braces, to try and hop across the Pacific from Honolulu to San Francisco in advance of the Dole flyers. He crashed trying to get off the island, but he is still flying, and back in Hollywood ready for more work.

They've got some funny expressions in this stunt game. One of them that stopped me was when Buddy Mason first pulled the expression "yucca-nutty." He remarked that a certain stunt man was yucca-nutty and I had to holler for help.

"Well, it's like this," Buddy said kindly. "All this furniture you see busted over guy's heads in pictures is made of yucca, which is the lightest wood in the world. You know—yucca is a plant that grows in the California hills. Of course it don't amount to much, but if you get beaned with enough yucca chairs, in time it begins to make a few dents in what you like to call your brain and then you get yucca-nutty. That's the explanation for a lot of things that happen in Hollywood."

Another expression which Buddy applies to his pals in the great industry of stunting is "crash-goofy busters." Which is self-explanatory and descriptive.

I asked Buddy what was the worst stunt he'd ever done and after some meditating he unbosomed himself about as follows:



Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert after a smash-up in "Love." Jack uses no doubles for this dangerous work

"The amateur gets hurt the most, of course. A boob thinks it's all easy, and that there's no technic to the game. Thinks that nerve is required and that's all and that it's an easy way to make money. We've got a pretty good scale of prices now—a certain stunt is worth so much, some other one is worth so much more. If an outsider comes in and works for less, he gets told where to head in at. We haven't the slightest objection to new men coming in. But it isn't fair to cut prices.

"WELL, the worst smash I ever had was in one of the old serials. I was supposed to drive a motorcycle through the guardrail of a bridge and land on top of a freight train passing under the bridge. They had part of the roof of one of the freight cars cut out and covered with thin laths and cardboard. In the car, beneath the opening made in the roof, were mattresses for me to land on. Everything went fine except the engineer got the speed bug and went faster than he was supposed to and I didn't quite hit the hole. I landed half in it and about half on the good strong roof of the car and drove the handlebars of the motorcycle up through my ribs. I bounced into the car after that, but I missed the mattresses. All I got was a broken shoulder, five broken ribs, and a dislocated hip. And they say football is a rough game."

Buddy told me another one about a pal of his, named Bobby Dunn, who was working on a Keystone comedy. They wanted Bobby to dive out of an eighth story window of a fashionable apartment house on Wilshire boulevard. He was to land in a mortar box. The only difference between that particular mortar box and the common one seen in front of buildings when the walls are being plastered was that this one held milky water and was four feet deep instead of one foot. It had been sunk three feet deep into the lawn so that it looked like the regular ones.

BOBBY took one look at the layout and said it couldn't be done. The box was too close to the wall of the building. From such a height it would be practically impossible to land that close. Somebody took him around to the back of the building and talked persuasively to him. During the course of the conversation several drinks changed hands—from the persuader to Bobby. Finally, Bobby went back and took another look. This time it didn't look nearly so dangerous. Again they repaired to the back yard and discussed the matter over a bit of liquid refreshment. When they returned this time, Bobby said it was one of the simplest things he'd ever been asked to do and he could do it any time they were ready.

He did. The tank being so shallow, Bobby had to cut his dive very flat. He did that, too, cutting it so flat that he skipped right out of the tank and landed out in the middle of the street on his face. If you have ever thrown flat stones on a lake, you know how Bobby Dunn skipped out of that mortar-box diving tank.

Which reminds me of one Anita Loos told. She always has a pet story based on fact for every imaginable situation. I had asked her what she knew about stunt men. She laughed. How that little

The health and beauty of the hair





depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.

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Large bottle, with adjustable cap, $1.00, at drug stores and toilet counters everywhere.

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Liquid Silmerine *Gives a neat, well-groomed effect*

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Freckles, pimples, liver spots, moth patches, etc., of course disappear with the discarded cuticle. Isn't this better than attempting to hide or cover up skin defects, and stifling the pores with a soggy mass of creams or other cosmetics?

Mercolized Wax will give you a new skin of **enchanting beauty and girlish charm**—bearing not the slightest evidence of artificiality. One that will give you complete confidence in your appearance—one, indeed, that will make **folks turn a second time to look at you** in passing.

And all these results are accomplished by using just one box of Mercolized Wax—less than that, in fact.

Try it today—$1.00 a box, with full directions, at any drug or department store.

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Sounds too good to be true? It is true; you can prove it this very day. If you want to see wrinkles, creases, sagginess completely disappear from your face in 15 minutes, just mix a spoonful of Powdered Tarkroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and apply this soothing mixture to your face. Then sit down before your mirror and have the surprise of your life!

See the Age Lines Vanish!

The hated lines go away like magic. Behold, now, what you looked like when young! Watch the sagginess correct itself. Enjoy the strange, delicious sensation of stimulation, support and plump, smooth firmness. When you wash off the application, your face looks much younger.

The effect is far better than that of the most expert face massage.

For Baggy Cheeks and Chin

Instead of making the face flabby, as frequent massaging tends to do, it does the very opposite. Reduces flabbiness of cheek, chin and hagginess beneath the eyes. It fills out hollows and improves facial contour wonderfully. It obliterates worry, care and age-marks! And there's nothing quite so good



For Blackheads, Oiliness

or coarse pores. It leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth, with a healthy, girlish tint.

Tarkroot acts upon an important physical principle, invigorating skin and underlying tissues, making them much firmer. It is not a cosmetic, for you wash it off after it has done its work, the skin appearing natural, glowing, refreshed.

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an application when purchased in the original package. So Tarkroot certainly is not expensive to use.

Tarkroot produces such really amazing results it is difficult to tell the whole story without appearance of exaggeration. Only the actual experience could make you believe all it will do. Buy a package from your druggist today.

Dearborn Supply Co., 2350 Clybourn Av., Chicago

Quickly Erases Wrinkles

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Improves Facial Contour



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brunette can say gentlemen prefer blondes I don't know.

"YOU probably remember the battle scenes in 'Intolerance'," she said. "Well, during that sequence somebody had to take a particularly hard back dive off one of the high battlements. Of course nets were spread to catch the diver, but who knows much about nets? They have been known to give way or to be some place else when most needed. The stunt man who was to do the trick was an Indian named Eagle Eye. Eagle Eye was a good stunt man, but he had to be full of firewater before he could perform. A minister had been after him for six months to give up drinking, and after a long life and with 364 other days in the year, Eagle Eye had to choose the day before this big stunt to get religion and sign the pledge. The pledge meant no firewater and no firewater meant no stunt.

"D. W. Griffith, who was directing, ran around wild-eyed to find another stunt man. He couldn't find anybody who would tackle it, so he finally went to the minister and prevailed on him to get a special dispensation from Mencken or somebody so that Eagle Eye could imbibe just once more for the good of his art and do the stunt. And he did."

MOST of Doug Fairbanks' great stunts are simply feats of athletic prowess. There is no great element of danger in them. They take infinite skill, training, practice, but they either can be done or they can't. They are what I should call legitimate stunts and require the skill of a great athlete and not the peculiar angle of the stunt man.

I caught him between a couple of them. He had just finished leaping from his horse which was going at full speed. And he came right back to ride into a mob of milling, long-horned cattle where a slip of the horse's foot would have meant as nasty a death as anyone could conceive. But you didn't feel any sense of danger in them at the moment because of the perfection of Doug's work.

I stopped him just long enough between the two to ask one question.

"What's the most difficult thing you've ever done before a camera?" said I.

"Make love," said Doug, and went on with his horses and cattle.

Up until recently Fred Thomson, whose fame and popularity as a western star are growing by leaps and bounds, did all his dangerous work. Fred, as you doubtless remember, was champion all-round athlete of the world several years and he figures he has a better chance than a less trained man. Regardless of Fred's feelings in the matter, Paramount officials have recently forced him to use a double for the more dangerous stunts in order to protect the large amount of money invested in the picture. (I can't help wondering what they call dangerous—those train wheels looked very mean to me.)

Thomson keeps this stunt man on a regular salary, whether he works or not. The reason Fred gives is that said stunt man will do anything at all times and the kid would go out between the Thomson pictures and get all busted up.

One of the most dangerous stunts ever attempted was in "The Trail of '98" and was pulled by Harry Carey. After they had saturated Carey's clothes with kerosene, the hero—Ralph Forbes—smashed a lighted kerosene lamp over his head. This immediately turned him into a living torch. He had to dash across the room, onto a balcony, and leap ten feet onto the floor of the dance hall below. You can see quite plainly in the picture that Carey did this thing himself. They had every foot of the route he had to cover manned with fire extinguishers and if the fire burned through his heavy underwear he was to holler and they would instantly put the fire out—if it didn't put Carey out first.

AN odd commentary on the perverse nature of all things is the death of three men on his big Alaskan story. It was reported that they were killed in a stunt. As a matter of fact they were killed repairing a safety device.

A big cable had been extended across the river and these four men went out in a boat to repair the tell tales which were to furnish protection for the actors who had to come down the river in light boats. The man up on the cable fell when it broke under him, hit the side of the boat and tipped it over. Three of the men could swim and the fourth couldn't. He hung onto the boat and was saved while the others tried to swim ashore and were drowned.

Joe Bonomo is a well known stunt man who broke into pictures with a heart-breaking experience. Joe was a circus man for years, an acrobat and diver and horseman. He heard a lot about the big money his brothers of the celluloid were making so he decided to have a crack at it himself.

He answered an advertisement, which is one of the first things young girls are warned against in a big city. The producer he encountered was Jewish and belonged on Poverty Row though this was in New York.

"It's all very well, Mr. Bonomo," he said, "you should sit there and say you are a stunt man. How should I know? If you are a stunt man, for me you should do some stunts."

SO Joe, who is a trusting soul, complied. He went out and jumped off a skyscraper, dived off liners, changed wings on an aeroplane and did various other things on which he prided himself. All the time the camera was grinding. But Joe didn't think anything of that.

The producer told him he'd done very well and he would let him know later if he wanted him. He took Joe's telephone number. And that was the last he heard of it until he saw himself and all his stunts in a two-reeler in a Broadway house.

He is still trying to collect.

Janet Ford, Universal's stunt woman, has the same philosophy as Mix. She says, "Stunts? If you do them they are easy. I've been lucky so far and always done mine so I think they are easy. The only time I've ever been hurt was once down in San Diego. I had to swim about two hundred yards and then do a drowning act right under the camera. Guess I was too realistic about it because it scared an old man who was on the pier at the time. He thought I was going down, so jumped

in after me and grabbed me around the middle to save me. For sixty-five years old that baby was strong, because in addition to crabbing the scene, he broke four ribs for me.

"YES, I like the game. We are hitting the high spots of life all the time. That is, nothing we do is commonplace, it is always at top speed. And I've noticed that it's generally the cocksure amateur who gets panicky and takes a smash up. That's especially so among the women 'stunters.'"

Yes, some of them talked sane enough—for a time. But talk to them long enough and you find that a wheel is missing somewhere.

That they do not look upon life as do the rest of us.

They seem to be divided into three classes: 1. Those in the game for the money; 2. Those who see in this a chance to "break into the movies"; and 3. Just the plain nut who does it.

And some of the tales you hear of them are pathetic. At least they would be if they weren't comic.

Here's just two short ones for a final fade out.

A stunt flyer was sent for not long ago and asked to take a bad crash for one of the larger studios. He was to nose dive into the ground from 4,000 feet. He said:

"Sure, I'll do it—for three thousand dollars. It's a hospital job and I have to take care of my wife while I'm laid up."

They paid him the money, he gave it to his wife, took the crash, and went to the hospital for six months. When he got out his wife had run away with another stunt man and the three thousand!

Freddie "Speed" Osbourne raced a motorcycle off a cliff for a news reel. A parachute—but let J. B. Scott the camera man who took the pictures of the stunt tell it.

He saw it.

"OSBOURNE was to race his motorcycle up to the edge of the cliff and then he and the whole works were to go over the edge. He had a parachute attached to his back and was to open it when about thirty feet from the take-off. This would give it time to open and let him down safely.

"About the time 'Speed' should have pulled the parachute the motorcycle developed carburetor trouble. Instead of pulling the 'chute, the nut reached down and primed the carburetor.

"By the time he straightened up he was out in the air. He crashed and busted himself all up. I was the first one to him and his shin bones were sticking straight out through his boots. All he said was, 'Cut those damn boots off, will you, Scotty?'

"He's still in the hospital and spends his time figuring out how he can make that jump in a Ford coupe!"

I was properly impressed and still inquisitive.

"Scotty, you've talked to this bird a lot. Can you tell me for what under the sun he does things like that?"

"Sure," said Scott. "For twenty-five dollars."

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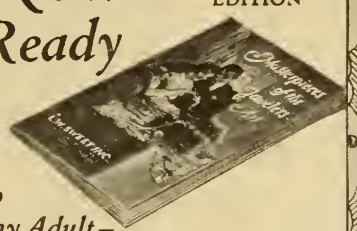
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"I agree, Princess Pat face powder does give 'twice the beauty'," says Mary Philbin, beautiful Universal Film Star

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THE FAMOUS ALMOND BASE MAKES IT DIFFERENT

FACE Powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat Face Powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It is noticeable at once that Princess Pat goes on differently. It gives to the skin a wonderful, velvety smoothness. It lends to the face an appearance of perfection that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat Face Powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference With a Reason

So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging, or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained?*

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat Face Powder is tried for the first time.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved

Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin.* All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities.

Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It keeps the skin smooth and pliant. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal*—in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

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For years, women have been familiar with the oblong "treasure chest" box of Princess Pat powder. This oblong box contains medium weight powder.

But to please those who prefer a light powder, there is the Princess Pat round box. Princess Pat in the lighter weight has the same almond base. And because of this it clings equally as well as the heavier weight. Most light weight powders, as women well know, will not adhere well. Princess Pat, therefore, fulfills a particularly important want in face powders. *Ask for Princess Pat Face Powder today—at your favorite toilette goods counter.*

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The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*



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PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Ladies in Hades

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

was. Why not have her exchanged? There are plenty of undesirable citizens in Heaven, I hear, who would be better off down here among their friends."

"There you go again," Satan fumed. "Precisely what I'm complaining of. You sympathize with this girl. What happens? She becomes dissatisfied, of course. The first thing you know she'll have the impertinence to question God. If you really want to be kind to the creature why not send her to hear some good, old-fashioned sermons with plenty of fire and brimstone in them. There is an excellent man down at the Lost Souls Tabernacle who is doing great work among the damned—"

"Oh—piffle! You know as well as I do the girl has been very unjustly treated."

"My dear Eve. You talk as though I had invented Hell, instead of having merely been selected to run it. A thankless job, at best. If I were to make an exception in this girl's case, I'd be swamped with complaints before morning. It's out of the question, my dear. She'll stay here until the place freezes over, so far as I am concerned. Take my advice and stop upsetting these poor creatures' minds!" He stalked out without even saying good night, and Eve, somewhat annoyed, went upstairs to finish dressing.

When she came down again the members of the club were already in their places. Mrs. Potiphar, the speaker of the evening, was glancing nervously at her notes.

"I suggested 'alibis' as the subject for my little talk tonight," she said, when the meeting had come to order, "because of the very unfortunate way in which my name has been connected with that of my husband's overseer, Joseph. You all know the story, I suppose."

"He claimed, didn't he," laughed Salome, lighting a cigarette, "that you tried to vamp him, but he remained the perfect Sir Galahad?"

"Exactly! Fancy being placed in such a position! To have my friends think I made advances to the fellow and was turned down! Why—it's a reflection on my reputation as a lady! I have never been turned down by anyone, if I do say it myself! The very idea! Joseph cooked up that story to make character with Captain Potiphar, and get his salary raised!"

"When it comes to lying about their love affairs," Cleopatra murmured, a gleam of humor in her eyes, "it is my experience that most men could give Ananias cards and spades."

"Perfectly right, my dear," Mrs. Potiphar went on. "My husband had a terrible reputation—among his friends at the club. At home he sung a very different tune. All I can say is, it would be a good thing if some of these verbal Romeos had to live up to their reputations. They wouldn't

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 149]



"What is the matter, sweetheart," asked Potiphar, "has anything happened?"

THE WITCHERY
of lovely hands



Each Dainty Fingertip Is Crested With The Alluringly Exquisite Glazo Lustre. That's the Vogue!

This fashionable liquid nail polish makes nails glow with the brilliance of a tinted pearl.

No buffing. Just a touch of the brush to each nail, and instantly!—nails that were dull gleam with the tint of pink perfection, the shade that is the vogue. You too, will say "it is unequalled."

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And like the costly imported polishes Glazo comes complete. In dainty twin bottles. In one, the remover. In the other, the precious polish that gives to nails jeweled brilliance now so smart.

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Here's 10c (stamps or coin). Send me trial size of Glazo, the complete liquid manicure that is the vogue.

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The Taming of Helen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

"I feel she ees a real voman. She ees not bad; she ees not good. I vill never play a good or a bad voman. All vimen are good and all vimen are bad. I vill play both at one time—or I vill go back to Europe—"

"Ah! Then you do say that. You are temperamental—"

"Of course!" The big blue eyes turned to violet beneath their magnificent lash-shadings.

"*Oui!* I am veery temperamental. "But,"—she smiled, just a little,—"they are—what is it you say?—taming me a leetle."

MR. KORDA interrupted. "She is crazy like all women. There is no use denying it.

"She is much like Helen in that way, crazy a little."

By this time we had left the set, gone to the new star's dressing room for a little "quiet" conversation.

"I cannot help it. All Hungarians are vat you call temperamental. But vhy not? Meester Rowland see us in Europe. He bring us to thees coontry. He want me to play leetle parts in zee pictures. 'Start leetle,' he say, 'and grow beeg like zee American actress.'

" 'No!' I say. 'I do not start leetle. I start beeg and stay beeg,—or I go back to Europe.' So I vait eight months and do nottings unteel he geeve me thees picture. Eet ees vonderful. My vater always say I am like Helen.

"Then I coom down to vork. They take me to a leetle dressing room up the stairs. 'All the stars' dressing rooms are beesy' they tell me. So I go home. I vill not vork. Why should I vork with no decent place like should be for Helen? So they feex me thees one and I coom back—"

I looked around. Where there had been two offices was a bower, regal enough even for Helen.

It had taken some time, but what is time in the life of a Helen?

THE matter of gowns for the picture was the next controversial problem. Now, of course, I didn't quite see how even Helen could have worn less than her interpreter, Maria Corda—at least on this day of which I am talking. Yet I knew they had been forced to ask, since Will Hays still has a desk in some city and influence in many others, if she didn't think tights might be a more tactful covering for her fair body. There were thirty fittings, Helen admitted, before she started work on the picture. The clothes of the wardrobe department were discarded.

And from what I saw of the garments which she wore in the picture, the compromise was mostly in favor of Helen.

But, at length, they were ready for the production. A studio car came to carry the Maria-Helen to the set where she would commence working.

"I vill not ride in zat car. Should Helen ride in ze open—"

A closed car came for the lady.

Now "Helen of Troy" is a comedy and is in reality the filming of the "spirit of the book, rather than a strict interpretation" according to its producers.

BUT comedy according to the American interpretation demands jazz—modern music. So the musicians started. Merely started—

"Stop zat musique—or vat eet ees you call eet. I vill not act with such—Helen vould never leesten to thees. I must have ze classical—"

Gossip varies on the length of the controversy.

Some say it was hours; others hint days. Both Mr. and Mrs. Korda had forgotten.

"You can throw all the dirt you want on her—but none of it on me," and he laughed while I remembered that lost time would reflect upon the directorial-half of this new Movieland couple.

I switched the conversation.

"But with your nature, have you not lived up to the Helen tradition, and found some man in whom you are interested?"

"Not in thees coontry." Her eyes became wistful. "Perhaps it would be good publicity eef I fall in love with Meester Cortez—"

"Naw." It was the husband, not the director, interrupting. "Then I would have to fight him with a duel—"

"Like you did the Italien Prince," Helen interrupted her Menelaus.

There was a silence.

"Who was this prince?" I broke it.

They looked at each other. Mr. Korda shook his head in negation.

Mrs. Corda threw back hers in defiance. "I vill tell you. Prince Grovaneli. They fought and both were wounded. I think maybe eet would be better for me to come to America weeth a Prince for a husband. But, no! There ees too many princes already as husbands in the movies. I do not think eet ees so good as my director for my husband."

We all laughed.

"But, Miss Corda, are you never jealous of your husband?"

Who has said that only black eyes can smoulder? You should have seen the blue ones of the fair Helen.

Before she could control her feelings to answer, the husband himself gave the information:

"She whipped a girl in Europe. There was nothing to it, but she chased the poor thing down the lot with a big black whip—"

I STARED at this beauty, whose eyes were now more than smouldering. They were flashing. Every muscle of the lithe, almost perfect body, was rigid. It seemed a wise moment to again change the conversation.

"How old are you, Maria-Helen?"

Gradually the body relaxed. The deep depths of hatred in the blue orbits changed to a look of sly humor. From scorching fire to sparkling water—

"The publicity department, they say I am twenty-two, but I will tell you zee truth. I am twenty-five." She threw back her blonde curls, naturally the blondest it has ever been my fortune to admire—in defiance.

"Why should I say twenty-two? I am not ashamed. Eet is twenty-five exactly. And I have been seex years weeth my husband."

"And still you love him? No other man—"

The male of the family interrupted.

"Of course, there are others. Infatuations you call them. She is like all women—human. And besides she is Helen—"

SHE pouted. "But I find no man in America. You see? America ees as I say, 'taming me.' They do not like so mooch of zee temperament here. Helen did not wear so mooch clothes, but here it is always zee censors, they tell me. There ees mooch I cannot do like I do in Europe—I be veery good now. I begin to understand. What you call temperament ees so good if you have not too much. I have now only zee European servants—"

"If she had American she could not keep them. But they would come back, like the men—"

Helen continued, unheeding the interruption.

"They say when I first come on the lot and make all the fusses, I was,—vat you call it—high hat?—No!" She rose, extended those supple arms in a gesture of indignation. "I am not high hat. I am veery democratic. I love all zee people. But when I come I do not talk zee language. How could I talk with zee people—"

"But you seemed to make your Paris, I mean Mr. Cortez, understand your meaning."

I realized it was a dangerous interruption, for although the First National people may have started this taming business, I must confess, I kept near the outer door of that dressing room every moment. But she only became coquettish. "Oh, you need not *use* zee words at some times. Your eyes and your heart—sometimes they do zee talking."

Her husband again interrupted this allusion to her film Paris.

"SHE is much improving," he smiled. "But everyone always loves her. One day she is sweet and smiling and we expect her to be good—then she flies at us. The next day something happens. We expect her to be bad—and she smiles sweetly at us. But she gets better as she stays in America—"

Helen rose, reached for a cigarette, lighted it slowly, closed the big eyes to a half slant, and said with much deliberation—

"But I can always, you know, do vat I say—'Go back to Europe.' They vill never make me all a good voman. They vill never all tame thees Helen—"

And I believed her.

To tame either the Grecian or the American Helen would be an impossible proposition.

But to love Helen—ah, that is the subject for another true story.

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow.** Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. **And you are the sole judge.**

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public.** Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely **new way.** There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. **I know** I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

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Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

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Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyclash and Eyebrow Beautificr and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
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* * *

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
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Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

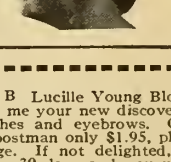
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Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila, Pa.

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At your toilette goods counter. **Wonderstoen** *de luxe for arms and legs $3.00, by mail $3.15.* **Wonderstoen** *facial size for chin, cheeks and upper lip, $1.25, by mail $1.35. Sold on a money-back guarantee. Write for booklet.*

BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN CO.
Dept. P. 500 Fifth Ave. New York



BELLIN'S Wonderstoen
"Erase" HAIR THIS SAFE, DAINTY WAY

Youth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

the great and beautiful appeal of it never dies.

Yet, though the industry has known for years that this infusion was necessary if it was to be kept alive, it hasn't until the past season done anything particularly intelligent about securing it. This year, however, marks the complete overthrow of the older generation, the complete mastery of the new.

With the single exception of Lon Chaney, every star of the older group has waned, every ascendant star has risen higher.

While the racial monarchies of the world have been crumpling, the dynasties of the screen have been following them. Old stars can no longer be bolstered into box office babies through massive sets, costumes, trick lighting, tremendous advertising.

Even the producers are trembling slightly. New young men are entering their ranks.

Says Jesse Lasky: "The most hopeful thing of the past season is that we producers are realizing there is no such thing any more as a sure-fire picture. 'Sparrows' was sure-fire. 'The Fire Brigade' was sure-fire. 'Old Ironsides' was sure-fire. All were failures. Opposed to them comes 'The Way of All Flesh.' We expected it to be an artistic failure. We had Jannings under contract and he refused to make a commercial picture. We gave in to him because we had to. 'The Way of All Flesh' is one of our box-office hits.

"AS for the youngsters we are training for stardom, we have come to regard our lot as a movie university. We are very hopeful for Dick Arlen, Charles Rogers, Louise Brooks and James Hall, our junior stars. Our Paramount school people, whom I admit did not look too interesting at commencement, are developing rapidly in Hollywood. Certainly Thelma Todd, Josephine Dunn and Walter Goss are changed personalities.

"As in any other university, the majority will fail and one or two will make good. The seniors, stars in this case, look at the freshmen and think they never beheld such an impossible group. Those freshmen, advanced to seniors, will feel similarly regarding new entrants. Our most valuable acquisition of 1927 is that each studio recognizes the hit-or-miss method is past. Paramount now has Authors' Councils in the East and West looking for new, young writers. We have scouts everywhere looking for young actors. And we are frankly experimenting in all lines."

CECIL DE MILLE disagrees with Mr. Lasky. De Mille still believes in proceeding slowly. "A young player needs approximately seven years' training before he is ready for stardom," he asserts.

"William Boyd worked with me that long before I gave him 'The Volga Boatman.' Vera Reynolds served as protracted a novitiate. I have been watching Virginia Bradford's work for more than four years before I put her under contract. Frank Marion is really a child of the theater.

"But beginners like Lena Malena and Jeannette Loff cannot expect to be skyrocketed under my management.

"A player made overnight dies overnight."

At which Irving Thalberg, pointing to the glamorous Garbo, made in a single picture, laughs lightly.

"THE motion picture public itself is young," argues Mr. Thalberg. "Its age range is between eighteen and twenty-four. A player who waits seven years to reach them will be too old. At Metro we are giving Ralph Forbes, Marceline Day, Dorothy Sebastian, Joan Crawford, and such beginners, education, leads and publicity simultaneously.

Answering Your Inquiries

About PHOTOPLAY'S Idea Contest

Because the thousands of manuscripts received in PHOTOPLAY's $15,000 Idea Contest merit the most careful consideration, PHOTOPLAY asks the contestants to watch forthcoming issues for the definite date of the announcements of the winners.

"Players reign only so long as the whims of their fans dictate and rise and fall according to how well they are managed according to the caprice of the public.

"The producers' only hope is an untiring search for talent that can constantly be brought forward in the place of those who have reached the fade-out."

With all due respect to Mr. De Mille, I feel that Mr. Thalberg wins the hand-knitted lawnmower for superior argument.

The battle cry of filmdom is really Hail and Farewell.

THEY pass in review, those great favorites now retiring, some with grace and some with bitterness, the old survivors of Biograph, the last survivors of Triangle, Fine Arts, Vitagraph, the old Goldwyn organization. There is a quickened, more intelligent spirit abroad in the new organizations. When one sees stars today, one sees not starring vehicles for a Pola Negri or a Corinne Griffith, but of the flesh, vibrant emotionalism of a del Rio or a Gaynor. Into the widened horizons there rises Gilbert and Garbo, Banky and Colman, Moran and Forbes, Bow and Cooper, Gaynor and Farrell, Borden and Rogers, a distinguished group, certainly, talented, handsome, ambitious, earnest.

The fans are young and the new stars are young. Youth calls to youth and the hand that cranks the camera rules the world.

Will Rogers Says

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Dick Jones directed the picture and you watch that bird's smoke. It's a bird of a picture, "The Gaucho." He used to be with Roach, but he arrived too late to be of any aid to me. They was burying me as he come in the front gate.

Say, and by the way, Mary has the best picture she has had in seven years. It's a knockout. It looks like next year would be the banner year for this "poor" family.

His Smile Was His Fortune

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118]

boat, and clambered on, broke. Friends loaned me ten dollars and I arrived here with six. A room for a week cost five.

"Now how much is six minus five?" he asked.

"One," I answered, quick as a wink.

"Right," he laughed, "and just enough for a taxi to the Fox studios."

"You didn't—"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Charles. "I thought I might as well arrive in good shape.

"I talked them into a screen test, and Albert Ray who was directing 'Rich but Honest' said my smile was exactly what he needed.



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"They signed me, with the understanding that if I 'clicked' I would get a five-year contract within thirty days after the picture was completed. I didn't have to wait, though. I signed on the third day, and now I'm working with Madge Bellamy in 'Colleen.' And that's all I know about Charles Morton," he finished, smiling.

I thanked him, and reaching for my hat, asked:

"Mr. Morton, do you mind if I speak of you from now on as the boy who outcindered Cinderella?"

It's all so funny. I'm not a bad looking guy myself. I guess I'll read a book on salesmanship and practice up on my smile.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

JEAN H.:

I do not think that your "crush," as you call it, is too silly. Admiring a star of the screen from a distance is certainly a human matter—many of us have done the same thing. Do not, however, hurt your real friendships by comparing the men you know with the idealized version of one whom you do not know.

PEARL S.:

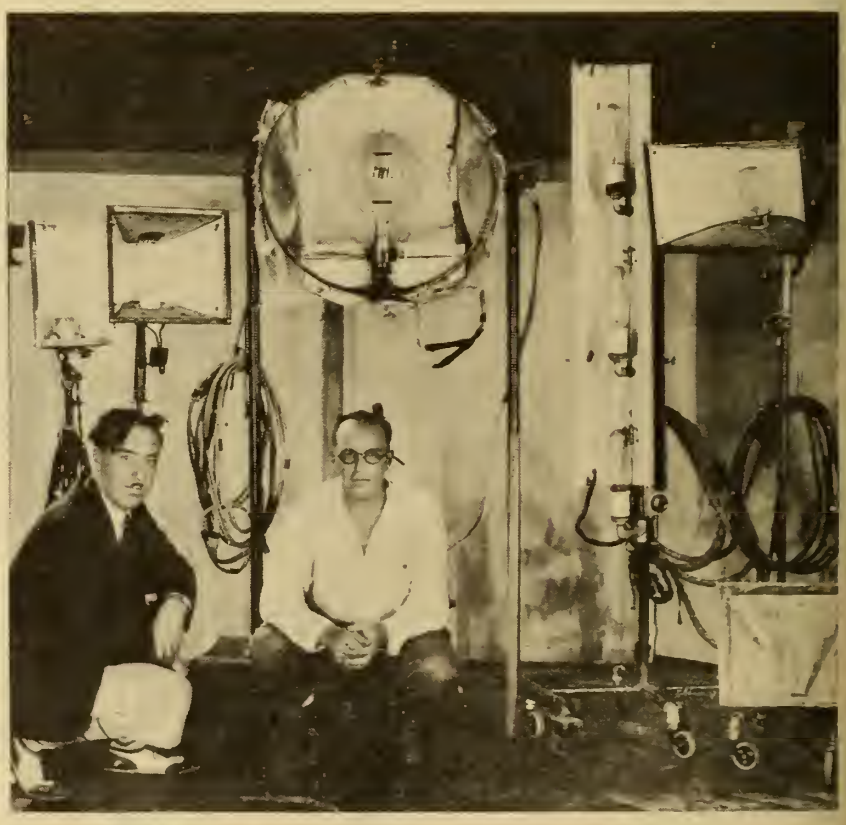
The difference in age between you and the man whom you love is in no way a barrier. Mentally and spiritually you seem truly mated—and that is the only thing that matters. Try to be above the interference of outsiders—the matter of your marriage vitally concerns only two people. And those two people—if I read your letter aright—are supremely satisfied.

ANNA:

No compromise with one's conscience is ever worth while. If you do not approve of the actions of the boy who, for so long, has been your escort, by all means pursue your own way. This does not mean that there are no pleasures in store for you. If you make the effort you will meet young people who look upon life as you look at it. Certainly, I see no harm in dancing. It is good exercise as well as good fun. There are some splendid courses in home instruction. Why not try one of them?

ELIZABETH W.:

Do not try to reduce. You are underweight instead of overweight. And, above all, do not injure your eyes by going without the glasses that you need. Glasses never interfere with the right sort of popularity.



Kleig eyes may soon be a thing of the past. New incandescent lights are being used in the filming of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." These lamps are not hard on the eyes, they are small and easy to set up, and they require a smaller crew of electricians to handle them. Hence, of course, they affect a great economy in production costs—an important consideration these days. Leo Garmes and George Wittemore, of First National's technical staff, are shown here with the new incandescents. "The Rose of the Golden West" was the first picture First National used these lights on, and the result was beautifully effective

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

LES MISERABLES—Universal

THIS was originally in twenty-two reels. And the present eleven reels show signs of the shears though the famous Hugo story will always be interesting. Produced by a French company the cast is comprised of French players; the acting, make-up, and lighting are poor and old-fashioned compared with our methods. But overlooking these faults you will find this real good entertainment because of the strength of the Hugo story.

HAM AND EGGS—Warner Bros.

THIS is "Behind the Front" done *à la* Octavus Roy Cohen. Or an absurd "Big Parade" of the colored troops. No whites appear throughout it. It ranks as such well up with the typical slapsticky war comedy but will split few sides with its stock gags. There is a funny poker game during which all black hands hold five aces in one pot. There is a comic graveyard sequence. The plot is maddeningly silly. It will afford you, all in all, a mildly amusing hour at the local nickelodeon.

THE BOY RIDER—FBO

BUZZ BARTON is a recent discovery, a freckle-faced little kid, who rides magnificently. This is his first picture and he's made to carry a plot-weary Western with little assistance from the rest of the cast. He outwits cattle rustlers, rescues the girl, saves the old ranch. Unfortunately, Buzz is no Junior Jannings. One original note, however. They didn't make him a two-gun guy. He kills with a sling shot. This will do for the children if they're not fussy.

SHANGHAIED—FBO

WE'RE giving you fair warning so you won't need to be. There's a girl, Patsy Ruth Miller, raised in the gutter and dancer in a joint, and a sailor, Ralph Ince, who falsely believes the girl framed him. He shanghais her aboard his schooner and to tear the very soul out of her makes her dance for his crew. Can girlish sweetness stand such humiliation? Don't be sil. She reforms. Old stuff, advised only for the most uncritical.

SAILORIZZYMURPHY—Warner Bros.

IT is to laugh. There is no other purpose behind this picture and you will laugh. There are moments when Georgie Jessel suggests that in time he will be another Chaplin in the mixing of comedy and pathos. The picture is a sequel to "Private Izzy Murphy." There is a suspense sequence that will thrill you, when the hero and heroine are in the power of the escaped lunatic in the yacht boiler room. Audrey Ferris is the girl and very likable. A great performance is contributed by John Miljan as the crazed man. Henry Lehrman directed fairly well.

SHOOTIN' IRONS—Paramount

"HOKUM on the hoof way out in the great hokum spaces," describes this exactly. It is the rubberstamp wild western about the young ranchman who defends a wrongfully accused man from the law and the man's daughter from the villain. Withal, it is honest if simple entertainment. Jack Luden, of the coughdrops, and Sally Blane are the Gilbert and Garbo of the piece, while Fred Kohler is the bad gent who desires Miss Blane's white body. Send the kiddies.



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RENO DIVORCE—Warner Bros.

THIS is a story of a wealthy society girl, who falls in love with a poor artist. Worn out theme, which can always be used, but in this case, the leading man, Ralph Graves, is also the director and the author of the story. This is too much of a job for any young man, so the story suffers. However, the beauty of May McAvoy, together with her excellent work, and some nice bits of photography, will give you a pleasant evening.

THE BUSH LEAGUER—Warner Bros.

AS far as grown-ups are concerned this is a complete frost. But the kiddies who find "Dick Merriwell on the Diamond" exciting and amusing will like this. It is one of those success yarns of the bush leaguer who makes the big team and succeeds in winning the love of the owner of the team. There's a lot of nonsense about an invention; of course this is the cue for the villain to do his dirty work. Monty Blue is the diamond hero.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN—Pathe-De Mille

A NICE light comedy featuring Monty Banks. The story isn't much—nevertheless it is filled with a series of gags that produce one loud laugh after another. Monty's a shy hero who becomes quite pie-eyed on the morning of his wedding. What follows is for the amusement of everyone. See it!

THE COWARD—FBO

IT'S old stuff, but somehow it always seems to amuse an audience. Warner Baxter is a wealthy hero who is considered a weakling. He goes out to the great West—or was it the North—to become a man. And who should pop up in the exact same place but the villain. Warner proves to be a great hero by saving the villain and in this way he wins the girl.

THE GAY RETREAT—Fox

ONE of the poorest comedies ever produced. The least said about it the better.

SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham

ANOTHER story of the steel industry, with the big corporation after the little one. The small owner in this case is Alberta Vaughn, who doesn't seem well cast in a serious rôle. However, Gaston Glass, son of the steel magnate, comes to her rescue, brimful of energy, enthusiasm and ideas. You will like the way he does this. It will be worth your while to see the picture, if only to enjoy Bobby Gordon, the twelve-year-old office boy, in his comedy rôle.

BACK STAGE—Tiffany

SARAH MASON has not given us many new angles in this story of theatrical life, but you will be interested in the distressing experiences of four or five dancing girls, who live by their wits as much as by their dancing. Barbara Bedford is prettier as a blonde. Rather snappy work of the supporting girls (Jocelyn Lee, Shirley O'Hara, Aileen Percy, and Alberta Vaughn) will afford mild entertainment.

CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox

BUCK JONES does his stuff! Just another snappy western. Of course there's a pretty girl and a pet horse. Both aid Buck in the capture of innumerable horse thieves and their villainous leader. Buck exemplifies his nickname of "Chain Lightning" in riding, fighting and numerous fistic encounters.



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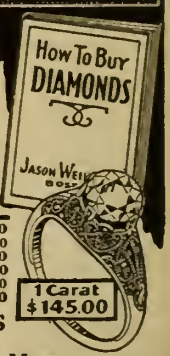
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Scrap Pillows

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

the retakes, wear-and-tear destruction and other unforeseen incidentals of production, he realized the figure might run easily over the $1200 mark.

"We'll make them," he ordered his work-room supporters, and sat down to make a list of materials. The price was almost as high as the rental figure!

For several days his department was in a furor of suppressed anxiety. Seventy-five dollars was the figure allowed.

THEN out went the order. "Scraps! Bring me your scraps, everyone! Dig into your wardrobes, your rag bags, your left-over-clothes closets. Bring every gown, hat or bit of shoe leather which you will not be needing."

The studio wardrobe was the first to deluge him with discarded garments. Old dresses used by the Fox Company when they were yet an infant producing company were among the final collection. Moth eaten, dirty, spoiled by years of dust-hangings.

Undaunted, Mr. Smith put his girls to work and called up the cleaners. What the costume designers lost by the hundreds, the Hollywood cleaners made up in single dollars.

Yet, when everything was cleaned, Mr. Smith was faced with his most serious problem. Scraps he had ordered, and scraps he had been delivered. The largest in practically no instance ample for the entire covering of a single pillow. The regular styles in pillows were simply beside the question.

"If we can't fit our materials to shape the pillows, we'll simply design new types of pillows to fit our material," was his next order. These pictures with their descriptions show some of the gorgeous and practical designs he created.



The scraps of velvet were just large enough for the two pieces in the top of this unusual arm chair pillow. They were shaped by necessity rather than design and are from Dolores Del Rio's gown in "The Loves of Carmen."

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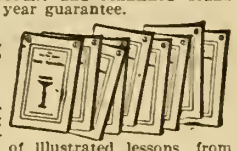
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Olive Borden with pillow salvaged from various stars' costumes

The total bill came to sixty-eight dollars!

Now, of course, not every woman has a wardrobe department to summon to her assistance in the creating of unique decorative novelties. But today most of us are club members. Most of us have dozens of friends whom we might call in for help and suggestions.

Why not a pillow club, for instance? With a handful of women donating their scraps of gowns, gingham dresses, old tea towels, odds and ends of tapes, laces and ribbons, enough pillows could be created to provide each member with a lovely new living room adornment.

And at the second meeting, why not draperies and lampshades? Watch for our suggestions, as gathered from those created from scraps of the stars' gowns at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios—next month.



Three types of boudoir pillows. The tulle on the pillow at the left is from one of Olive Borden's gowns in "The Monkey Talks." The right pillow is one of a pair for twin beds. The ribbons are pastel shaded scraps contributed by everyone from the stars to the extras. The center pillow of lace is the same one that Janet Gaynor is holding in the picture on page 40.

Judge Ben Lindsey Defends Flapper Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

"He put the young girl on the stand and she admitted that she was a constant attendant at the movies. The mother never went to the motion picture theaters.

"The older woman's lawyer stood up. 'You see?' he shouted. 'She's the kind' —and he pointed at the rouged, lipsticked flapper—'that runs to the movies and gets all the modern notions that are leading our women to Hell! What would this woman'—and he turned to the other defendant—'want with lipstick, rouge and mascara? This other admits she goes to the movies; she is the one whom you must search for the stolen property—' "

THE judge was dissatisfied with the results. Following his usual custom he brought both women before him, one at a time, to his famous judicial chamber. The girl frankly admitted she was a flapper, but denied ever taking an article from anyone. The judge, I think from what he told me in that fascinating breakfast conversation, was inclined to believe her. He sent for the other woman.

It is too long a story to go into details. But with that instinct of getting to the hearts of all people who come before him, with the one remark, "You don't love your husband, but you do love ——" —a certain traveling salesman,—he opened the flood gates of confession. The mother had stolen the beautifiers to make herself attractive before her lover; the flapper had cared for the mother's children while she took the cosmetics—to lend her a little beauty.

OF course, Judge Lindsey always camouflages his stories a little, so that the principals will not be recognized in the reading; but the essential facts remain unmolested. He concluded the narration:

"Yet I am convinced that a jury of twelve men would have sentenced the flapper, largely upon the evidence of her attending the movies."

Incidentally, this girl's favorite pictures were those depicting the flapper and flapper actresses.

"No, the movies may be teaching the young girl to spend money on rouge, lipstick and mascara—"

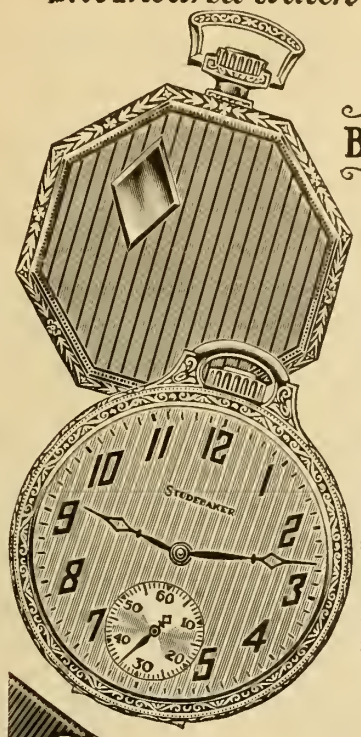
"As the men spend it on shaving cream, hair tonics and face lotions," I interrupted.

He nodded.

"But it is teaching women to think, think about life. And just as you are unable to see the forest from a distance through the foliage which enshrouds it, so are we unable to see clearly the changes in civilization being brought about by the movies.

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Peter's Wife

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

"I don't see why you say that!" she protested. "Are you getting tired of me—the least bit tired of me?—already?"

"I? Tired of *you!*" he exclaimed. "*Are* you?"

HE was silent for some time. Finally he said: "You know me better than that, or don't know me at all."

"Maybe I don't," she flung out unexpectedly.

"Lydia!"

"Oh, Peter . . . darling! Forgive me! But I do want you so! I mean, like this. Close to me, close enough to touch and to be sure of. To be sure—of myself, too."

"Sweetheart! But there's my job. I've got a practice, you know."

"I know, I know. . . . And yet—we've *both* got this. And we've plenty of money, Peter. I've more than you have, but you've enough so that it really doesn't matter, even if you chose to be silly about it."

"Oh," he said, laughing. "I shouldn't mind living on my wife's money. . . . I'm not narrow-minded in that direction."

"Then I say:—Blessed be our combined incomes if they can guarantee us this happiness!" cried Lydia.

"But they can't, and you know it. Look at our happiness fairly. What's it made of?"

"Sugar and spice," she quoted, flippantly, but rather mournfully, too, "and all things nice."

"You're a completely frivolous person—thank God!" said Peter; and sitting up, drew her against his breast and kissed her. "I don't pretend to be wiser than you are, Baby. But I know one thing. We can't get anywhere by cheating."

"Cheating? You think it would be cheating to give up your precious career, for me?"

"My career?" he returned, grinning down at her. "No, no! That's not fair. It's just work—hard work, good work—even exciting work at times. For instance when a lovely lady develops a sudden pain in her side—"

"Her right side," said Lydia.

"Then surely," he went on, "that same lady ought to appreciate the necessity for surgeons of superior genius and discretion."

"PETER!" she cried suddenly. "I'm going to say something to you now that I'll never dare to say to you again. It's something pretty awful . . . so please hold me tight. . . . Oh! Not quite so . . . There! That's better." A brief pause; then: "It's this," said Lydia, "I love you, Peter. But I'm not sure that I can be faithful to you. I'm not sure that I can be faithful to anyone, or to anything. I'm frivolous and superficial and lazy and—No! Let me say it!—and weak. I *am* weak, Peter! I change, I'm a chameleon, I take on different colors, I blow with the wind . . . And I'm not being humble, or trying to belittle myself, when I tell you that. . . . It's true. And it's awful. And I shouldn't blame you if you got up right now and left me forever, because if you don't I may hurt you terribly, and if you do," she ended, with a little gasp, a choking sob, "I'll die!"

He held her close and kissed her.

"Baby," he said; and a moment later: "I'm going back to New York tomorrow, just as I'd planned. And you're going to stay here and have as good a time as you feel like having. But you're my wife. Don't forget that. Because—well, as long as we're telling each other the truth this morning, I may as well admit that I take my marriage to you rather seriously. And that's that."

"I shan't have a good time!" she declared passionately. "I'll sit home and darn your dear socks. . . . So please! Do leave me enough socks to last till September, Peter!"

"You darling!" he shouted, to the unimpressionable pale blue sky.

II

AT Easter time they were still married, which was a cause for wonder among the prophets. But it was apparent to dear old Mrs. Dunham, who had moved out of her son's Park Avenue apartment when Lydia moved into it, that Peter's marriage was not exactly ideal. Mrs. Dunham was well-acquainted with the prophets; she swept in a majestic orbit through the drawing rooms of the upper East Side—(where all the modern prophets live)—and, to speak plainly, she heard things. And what she heard she reported, after due analysis, to Peter.

His reply was almost invariably the same.

"Yes, I know, mother. I know that Lydia's going around a lot. But, good Lord, I can't ask her to pass up a good party simply because I happen to have an operation scheduled for ten o'clock the next morning. Besides, it's all right. She'll get tired of this racket before long."

"It wouldn't be so bad," dear old Mrs. Dunham retorted on one such occasion, "if one didn't hear a man's name mentioned. And always the same man!"

"Oh, come now, mother!"

"IT'S true. Gale Forrest is supposed to be madly in love with Lydia, and heaven knows he's with her enough. He turns up every place she goes. And people are beginning to seat them next each other at dinner parties. You know what *that* means. And the other day at the Deschart's I heard a *dreadful* allusion to 'Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater.'"

"Oh, no, mother!"

"Yes, I did, too."

Young Dr. Dunham looked furious. Then he looked grave.

"Well," he said slowly, "maybe I'd better have a little talk with Gale."

"With Lydia, you mean?"

"No, with Gale Forrest."

"But you—you can't do that!" exclaimed his mother, horrified at the thought.

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"Because I—Because it isn't *done!*" protested dear old Mrs. Dunham.

"Oh, I see," said Peter, still quite gravely. "I *see!*—"

When his mother had gone he went straight to the telephone, called Mr. Forrest at his club and asked if he might call on him at five o'clock that afternoon. Mr. Forrest replied that he'd be delighted, which may or may not have been true.

"It's just this, Gale," began Peter, as the two men sat facing each other over a smoking stand in the club lounge, "you're paying so much attention to Lydia that people are beginning to talk about it."

"Really?" returned Forrest. "I hadn't heard. But then, I'm not particularly keen on gossip."

"Neither am I," said Peter quietly. "Especially when it concerns my wife."

"Then why don't you—?"

"WAIT a minute, Gale." Peter's tone was pleasant, but firm. "I know what you were going to say. Only you couldn't quite say it because it wouldn't be gallant. Your rôle is to be gallant. I understand that. And I understand that in coming to you, instead of lecturing Lydia, I'm breaking one of the rules of the game."

"The game?"



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"Certainly it's a game. You know that as well as I do. . . . By the way, I suppose you haven't decided where you're going next summer?"

"Next summer? Why to Maine, I suppose. I always spend a month, at least, in Lord's Harbor."

"I thought possibly you might be going to Europe," remarked young Dr. Dunham, casually.

"To Europe?"

Peter nodded.

"It was just an idea of mine," he added, smiling. The other man threw away the cigaret he'd been smoking.

"Look here, Dunham! Are you, by any remote chance, trying to intimidate me?"

"Not exactly," replied Peter. "I'm just warning you. And you know perfectly well what I mean, Gale."

"This," returned Forrest coolly, "is the most preposterous conversation that ever took place in a civilized club-room."

Peter continued to smile.

"YOU know," he said, "I rather thought we'd get around to discussing civilization before we wound up this little talk. Civilization is so obviously suited to your purposes, Gale. You thrive on it. Well, so do I, in a sense. For of course the practise of surgery is a civilized habit. But I have other habits which are not so civilized. One of them is an impulse, not always controllable, to speak the truth. Another is a tendency to keep what's mine, even though it involves a vulgar display of violence. And that's all, I think."

"All! So you *have* come here to threaten me—?"

"Yes, if you want to put it that way. But at least I'm not bluffing. So don't misunderstand me, will you, Gale?"

THE two men looked at each other. Then Forrest laughed. He was not only a charming, handsome fellow, but a man of spirit as well.

"Dunham," he said, "I hope you realize that you've made it impossible for me to—shall we say?—go to Europe next summer. I shall spend August in Lord's Harbor as usual. And in the meantime I shall look forward to seeing your charming wife, whom I've known for several years, as often as circumstances permit."

"Man," said Peter, "you will be gallant, won't you? But don't forget that I've warned you. Sorry to have been so crude about it, but I'm rather pressed for time, these days. Good-afternoon."

"Good-afternoon, Dunham," said Gale,

And twenty minutes later Peter was skillfully cracking the skull of an elderly gentleman who, being deep in ether, didn't know that his skull was being cracked, or that the abscess which had formed beneath it was being drained by a young man under whose own skull ran a silly rhyme entitled: "Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater."

That night Peter accompanied Lydia to the opera. They sat in the rear of Mrs. Somebody or Other's box and held hands through the first act of "La Tosca." But during the intermission a summons came from the hospital for Dr. Dunham. His patient, the elderly gentleman, wasn't doing so well. Peter swore an oath, rushed out of the box and collided with Gale Forrest, who was just entering it. Muttering a hasty apology he hurried on. . . .

"Peter, Peter. . . . Had a wife and—"

"Fifth Avenue hospital," he shouted to the taxi-cab driver. "And step on it, will you?"

"Safety-first, sir," replied the driver, with great unction.

"Safety hell," said Peter.

III

THAT summer Lydia spent at her mother's home in Lord's Harbor. Peter was with her for a week in July, and in the fall he planned to take a month's vacation. He wanted to go into the woods for deer, but Lydia said something about a trip to Paris. . . . Well, at least they would be together. . . .

Meanwhile he labored and sweated in New York, returning to Lord's Harbor for an occasional week-end. These week-ends were not very satisfactory. They were crowded and feverish, curiously exhausting. Each time, after his return to town, he felt sullen and resentful. And his feeling for Lydia was more nearly that of an anxious lover than a husband. "Which is all very nice and romantic," he told himself, grimly. "But darned hard on the nerves."

Then, about the first of August, Gale Forrest turned up casually at Lord's Harbor; and people said that really it began to look like quite an interesting summer, didn't it?

How such situations are sensed and apprehended; how they become, so to speak, a kind of submerged public drama, in which the audience participates by implication and tuition, I, for one, shall not attempt to say. But the fact remains that everyone in Lord's Harbor knew that a triangle—(the most infallibly interesting of all social-geometrical patterns)—had appeared above the tranquil horizon of that section of the Maine coast.

THE unknown element in the problem was Lydia. She was so gay, so charming, so utterly variable and elusive. One couldn't say where her heart was or to what caprice it might be subject. But that such a woman would remain indefinitely the wife of one man, and that man young Peter Dunham—(who was really a nice chap; what a shame!)—no person in his or her proper cynical senses believed for a moment.

And then Peter and Lydia quarreled. It happened quite suddenly, during one of his flying trips to Maine—(a particularly hot and exhausting trip)—and what it was all about Peter himself didn't know. Gale Forrest's name wasn't even mentioned. There were no specific charges or counter charges. It was just a quarrel, as violent and as unexpected as the thunder-storm that broke over young Dr. Dunham's head as he plunged madly



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through the summer night, on foot and without even his hand-bag, toward the railroad station. The next morning he was back in New York, and Lydia was in Lord's Harbor, and the distance between them was, geographically speaking, some three hundred odd miles.

ONE blistering Sunday morning, a week later, Peter rose early, cooked and ate a perfunctory breakfast—(his negro man-servant did not appear till late afternoon on Sundays)—and then, for want of better occupation, dragged out his beloved hunting gear, carried it into his office and began to overhaul it. He was oiling a small, 22-calibre revolver that he once had bought to shoot partridges in the Maine woods, when the door-bell rang.

He thought querulously: Some idiot who wants me to go to the country and play golf with him . . . Well, thank Heaven I can't go . . . I've an important engagement at the hospital this morning . . . Eleven o'clock . . . Operation for brain tumor . . . The man will probably die. . . .

He went in his shirt-sleeves to the door of the apartment, opened it and saw standing before him two figures, a man and a woman. It was several seconds before his mind credited the fact that they were Lydia and Gale Forrest.

"Peter!"

"Why, Lydia. . . . Hello! What on earth—?"

"May we come in, Peter?"

"Of course, of course! Come in. You, too, Forrest. Well, so you've come down" (his mind again balked at the obvious)—"together?"

"Oh, it can all be explained," laughed Lydia, and kissed him. "But first, please may we have some breakfast? We've been driving all night, and personally I crave strong coffee!"

"There's coffee on the stove. . . . But—driving all night?" queried Peter, as he led the way into the kitchen. "You mean that you two drove down—?"

Lydia nodded. "In twelve hours!" she took off her hat and tossed it onto a chair. "You tell him, Gale."

"Nothing to tell," replied Forrest, looking at Peter, and smiling with his characteristic urbanity. "Last night at dinner—Maude Deschart was giving a dinner at the Casino—Lydia expressed a desire to go to New York. I offered to drive her down. So we started—about nine o'clock, I think. And here we are."

"I simply *had* to come," said Lydia. "I don't know why, except that—well, I did want to talk things over with you, Peter."

"Talk things over?"

"I mean, about our—trip to Paris this fall."

"OH," replied Peter, and lighted the gas under the coffee percolator, "so we're going to Paris, are we, Lydia?"

"I hope so," said Lydia.

"Perhaps," spoke up Gale Forrest coolly, "we'll meet there, because I'm going over in September."

Peter turned and faced him.

"So you're going over in September, are you, Forrest?"

"Yes. You see, I'm following your advice. I believe you once recommended that I take a trip to Europe, didn't you, Dunham?"

"I believe I did," said Peter, slowly.

At that moment his telephone rang. He excused himself, went into his office and answered it. Presently he returned, looking grim about the mouth.

"That was Maude Deschart," he said, "calling from Lord's Harbor. She wanted to know whether or not she'd won her bet."

"Her *bet?*" cried Lydia.

"Yes. She said she had bet Winnie Foster a hundred dollars that you and Forrest were eloping."

"Eloping?" repeated Gale, with a smile.

"And she wanted to find out," continued Peter steadily, "what I knew about it."

"And what," asked Lydia, "did you say to her?"

"I TOLD her that gambling was a bad habit. I also told her that you and Gale were here in my apartment at the present moment, and that you were going to stay here till we were *all* ready to drive back to Maine. By the way, the coffee's percolating . . . I'll pour yours for you, Lydia. Hope you can drink it . . . Help yourself, Gale."

"Thanks, old chap," replied the other man, "but I'm off to the club. See you later, perhaps."

"No!" said Peter, looking Forrest straight in the eye, "I insist on putting you up here. Since you've been so kind as to drive my wife down from Maine, I really must insist that you be my guest while you're in town. I've plenty of room here, and—I'll be offended if you don't."

This was a challenge. All three were conscious of it. Somehow there was a threat in the air, a certain tension. . . .

Gale Forrest made a gesture.

"No offense, Dunham. But, really, I can't think of intruding, you know."

Lydia saw the color ebb from Peter's face. His mouth became a straight line and his nostrils quivered ever so slightly. But when he spoke it was in a curiously gentle voice.

"Well, come into the office and drink your coffee, anyway. More room in there. Come along, Lydia."

SHE said rather breathlessly, as they filed out of the kitchen: "I hoped that you might get up this week-end, Peter. The last was so—unsatisfactory."

"Couldn't," replied her husband. "Had an important operation scheduled for this morning . . . But it isn't till eleven . . . I'm free till then . . . Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?"

"I suppose I'm the fly," murmured Lydia, entering the office ahead of the two men; then: "Heavens!" she exclaimed, "what's all this? You don't operate with *this*, do you?" And she pointed to the revolver lying on his desk.

Peter smiled.

"I was overhauling my hunting kit," he informed her. "Nothing else to do. . . . You see, Lydia, I'd been counting on spending my vacation in the Maine woods, this fall . . . Rather hoped I might talk you into going with me."

"Oh!" said Lydia, fluttering her hands. "And *I* hoped I might talk *you* into going to Paris."

"Well," said Peter, still smiling fixedly, "suppose we leave it to Gale."

"To me?" laughed Forrest. "But of course I always prefer civilization to the wild heart of nature—if there is any such thing. However, I must beg you not to include me in this charming domestic controversy."

"You've included yourself," returned Peter. "And if you say you haven't, you're a common liar, Forrest."

GALE'S hands gripped the arms of the chair in which he sat. His slender body stiffened.

"What the devil do you mean by that? What do you mean, Dunham—?"

"Sit still, Forrest. I'll tell you what I mean."

"Peter!" gasped Lydia; but he went on without paying any attention to her. "I warned you," he said, looking directly at Gale. "I told you last spring that I wasn't fooled by your civilized tactics. And I'm not fooled now. Your purpose is as obvious to me as it is—as it must have been!—to all those people you had dinner with last night."

"But, Peter!" cried Lydia. "You don't understand—"

"I understand perfectly," he said. "At least I understand you, Forrest." Peter turned again to Gale. "You saw a chance to put yourself in a romantic position—and at the same time to make a boob of me. And you've done it. Can you imagine what those people up there in Maine—Maude Deschart and her crowd—are saying about me this morning? Can you see them, on the beach, collecting their bets on the outcome of your little adventure?"

"Do you care what people say?" flung out Lydia, with a bravado that sounded false to her own ears.

"Yes, I do care. Because they'll be right. For once, at least, the gossips will be right. And that's why you'll stay here, in my apartment, Forrest—"

"Thanks very much, but I can't possibly—"

"You'll stay here, where I can keep my eye on you, till I'm ready to take you both back to Maine. It may be a week—it may be a month. It all depends on a chap who at this moment is lying in bed at the Fifth Avenue hospital with a tumor on the left side of his brain . . . But here you stay till I finish with that tumor; and when we go back to Lord's Harbor it'll be in my car. And you'll ride on the rumble seat, Forrest!"

Gale laughed and rose gracefully from his chair.

"You're quite mistaken, Dunham. I never ride on rumble seats. They're much too uncomfortable."

"You refuse to stay here?"

"Sorry. But since you make an issue of it, I most definitely refuse."

"In that case," said Peter, "I shall have to suspend the rules a little."

"Suspend . . . the rules?"

"YOU put too much faith in the conventions of polite society, Forrest. In other words, you're just the least bit overcivilized. . . . Sit down, or I'll shoot you."

"Peter!" shrieked Lydia.

"You're crazy, Dunham! What the deuce are you doing? Put down that revolver—"

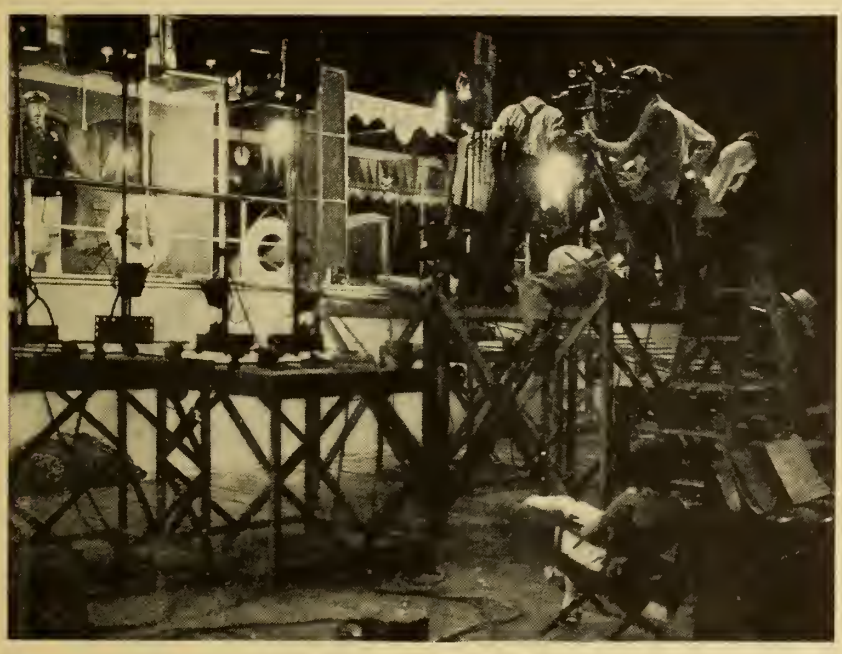
"I said if you didn't sit down I'd shoot you," reiterated Peter.

Gale smiled his superior, ironic smile. But it was rather forced, rather less keen than usual.

"You can't bluff me, Dunham," he said; and started for the door.

Bang! went something bright in Peter's hand.

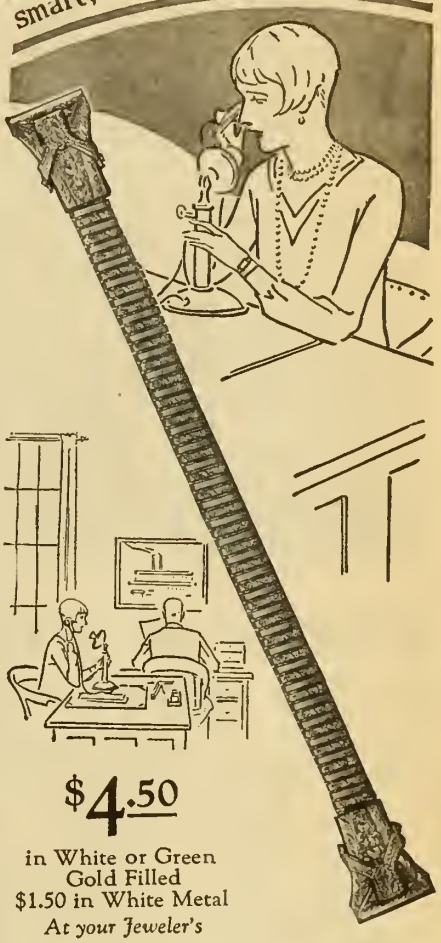
It was not, thought Lydia, a very loud



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bang. She had always supposed that when people shot each other the reverberations would be quite terrific. But this was hardly more than a sharp pop.

BUT this was not a melodrama. It was an actual happening. That man there, that tall, slender man slumping down limply into a chair, was Gale Forrest, whom she knew intimately. And that other man, now kneeling beside him, was her husband. . . . That man—that murderous criminal!—was Peter.

"Oh, my God, my God!" she shrieked suddenly.

"Be quiet," ordered Peter's voice—(she recognized it vaguely as Peter's)—"And do what I tell you. I want hot water and a towel. Quick, now!"

"Peter! Have you killed him?"

"No. I meant to, but at the last moment my professional training got the better of me."

"Oh, Peter—!"

"So I put it through his forearm," continued, with incredible serenity, the voice that was Peter's. "It's only a flesh wound. He can thank heaven that I'm a good shot. Hot water, I said! And if you have hysterics now, by George, Lydia, I'll spank you!"

Lydia, it may be stated, did not have hysterics till almost two hours later. Peter was not present at the time, having departed on schedule to perform his operation at the hospital; Gale was sitting up in bed with his bandaged arm in a sling, and Lydia was serving him chicken bouillon.

"Oh, Gale!" she pleaded, standing at the foot of the bed, while her patient gloweringly sipped the bouillon. "I'm so frightfully sorry. It's all my fault. . . . I know it is. . . . Oh, why did I ever drive down with you last night? And whatever's going to happen now?"

"I'LL tell you what's going to happen now," said Gale, deliberately. "Your brute of a husband's going to jail for attempted murder. And you," he added, with a peculiar, twisted smile, "you're going with me to Paris. So make up your mind to it, Lydia."

It was then that Lydia had hysterics.

And while she was having them Peter walked into the room.

"Oh, Peter," she sobbed, clutching him, clinging desperately to his hands, "you'll have to go to prison for shooting Gale, and I'm going with you. Because I simply adore you, and I—"

"Wait a minute, Lydia. What's this about my going to prison?"

"Well," spoke up Forrest, from the bed, "why not? You've committed a crime, Dunham, and personally I'm just civilized enough to want to see you pay for it. So if you'll kindly send for a policeman—"

"All right, Gale," returned Peter quietly. "As long as you feel that way about it, I suppose we may as well get the agony over with." And he started for the door.

"NO! Peter! Stop!" cried Lydia. "Before you do that I've got something to say." Then, as the two men stared at her, she drew herself up to her full height. "Peter," she said, "I want to tell you—before anything else happens—why I drove down with Gale last night. It was because I—I missed you so, Peter!—and I—well, you see, I'd just discovered that I was going to have a baby."

There was a sudden silence, a long, breathless pause. Then Gale Forrest sighed; and fell back against the pillows.

"Never mind the cop," he said, rather feebly. "I'm willing to swear that it was an accident. A sort of preliminary hunting accident. One of those cases where nobody knew it was loaded."

SOME five minutes later, in Peter's private office, Lydia disengaged herself from her husband's arms long enough to say: "Darling! I simply couldn't *bear* it after our quarrel. I never knew how much I loved you till then. And so I came down just to tell you that I adore you. And that's the whole truth of the matter, Peter."

"Oh, not the whole truth," he said, smiling fondly into her eyes.

"What do you mean, darling?"

"Why—the other. What you told me a moment ago. I didn't dream it, did I? I mean, you *did* say that you were going to have a baby?"

"Silly!" exclaimed Lydia, kissing him. "Of course I'm going to have a baby—some day!"



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E. R.

Ladies in Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131]

indulge in so much loose conversation.

"But to come back to my story. Mr. Potiphar took a great interest in politics, and helped the government a lot in the Memphis elections. So Pharaoh sent for him to come to the palace.

" 'You are a good scout, Potiphar, old egg,' Pharaoh said, 'and what can I do to show my appreciation of your work for the party?'

"MR. POTIPHAR replied that he would like to be on the governor's staff. The stern duties of military life had always appealed to him, he said.

" 'I will take this job at a dollar a year,' he told Pharaoh, 'to prove that I am a regular patriot and when it comes to serving my country I do not count the cost.' So Pharaoh made him a captain in the Memphis Mounted Marines, which was the governor's private bodyguard, and led all the parades.

"That gave Mr. Potiphar a chance to travel a lot, chasing about the country on what he called official business. And, of course, he had to get somebody to look after the farm while he was away. So Joseph, a smart Jewish boy who knew his vegetables, was made head overseer.

"I never saw much of him, having affairs of my own to attend to. There was a big date and fig man from Damascus—I think I mentioned him before—who made Memphis four or five times a year, and always threw some snappy parties whenever he struck town. And I had met the most charming young artist, an interior decorator, who specialized in boudoir work and was making plans to do mine over in the new Mongolian style, black and red, you know, with inlaid teakwood. A real artist in every way. His conceptions were magnificent, even though he was never quite able to carry them out."

"ALL artists are that way," remarked Phryne with a laugh. "There was my friend, Praxiteles—the famous Greek sculptor, you know. I posed for him a lot. I never met a man with such a superb imagination. If only he could have measured up to it. Still, one learns to overlook such shortcomings."

"I suppose one must," Mrs. Potiphar murmured. "So far as my interior decorator was concerned, I loved to hear him talk. He used to drop in almost every afternoon, when Captain Potiphar was away.

"One day we were sitting in my boudoir discussing early Chinese pottery and such things over a pitcher of home-brew when I happened to look out of the window and to my surprise saw my boy friend from Damascus just driving up to the door in a public chariot. I had no idea he was in town and for a moment I did not know what to do.

"My decorator friend noticed that I was upset.

" 'What is the matter, sweetheart?' he asked. 'Has anything happened?'

" 'Not yet,' I said, 'but it is likely to. My husband is at the door.'





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"When my decorator friend heard that he reached for his hat.

" 'What,' he said, 'is the quickest way out?'

" 'The back way,' I told him, 'but I cannot let you take it, for fear the servants might talk. So the best thing for you to do is to go down in the cellar and hide in the vegetable bin until I send you word to come out.'

"I HAD just time to show him the way to the cellar, and hide the pitcher and glasses, and powder my nose, when my friend from Damascus knocked at the door. He had been delayed for a few moments by an argument with the chariot driver.

" 'Hello, darling,' I said. 'Pardon my appearance but I have been doing a little interior decorating and have not had time to get dressed. When did you arrive in town?'

" 'Just a few moments ago,' he told me, 'and, as I heard at the hotel that the governor and his staff were unveiling a couple of new obelisks out at the Pyramids, I thought I would take a chance and bring you this jug of your favorite Damascus extra-dry. So if you can dig up a little ice and some glasses we will have a party.' "

"You certainly had your hands full," laughed Sappho.

"Well, I wasn't worried. I knew my interior decorator, being cursed with the artistic temperament and therefore rather shy, would stay where he was until I sent him word to come out. As for Captain Potiphar, he and the governor never unveiled anything without making it an excuse for a large evening. So my friend from Damascus and I had a very pleasant time.

"BUT I admit I *was* rather surprised when I heard the sound of wheels about six o'clock and looked out of the window to see Captain Potiphar driving up in his new Assyrian Six. In fact, I almost fainted.

"You can realize my position. In the first place, I had to alibi myself with Mr. Potiphar, on account of my friend from Damascus. And in the second place, I had to keep them both in the dark, so far as my boy friend in the vegetable bin was concerned. You will admit that it took some quick thinking."

"If you saved *that* situation without any deaths in the family," observed Queen Scheherazade, "you should have been awarded a Carnegie medal."

"I do not wish to appear conceited," Mrs. Potiphar said, with a pleased smile, "but I think I handled matters very nicely. To begin with, I pushed my Damascus friend to the door.

" 'My husband is outside,' I said, 'and if he finds you here I cannot answer for the consequences. Stand in the front hall and, as soon as he comes in, wave your sword around as though you wanted to kill somebody and at the same time call me all the names you can think of. Forget that I am your sweetheart and act as though I were only your wife. Then beat it.'

" 'But why?' he asked.

" 'Never mind about the details,' I said, leading him into the hall. 'Just do as I tell you.'

"So he did, carrying on like a lunatic and frightening poor Captain Potiphar half to death. I never heard anybody use such awful language.

"When he had gone, Captain Potiphar crawled from under the dining-room table.

" 'Do not be afraid, darling,' he said, 'for I am here to protect you. What was all the shooting about?'

" 'Thank Heaven you have come,' I cried, falling on his neck, 'and, if you had been five minutes later, I do not know what might have happened. That wretched creature who just left here chased a poor young boy into the house a few moments ago and threatened to kill him.

" 'I do not know what their quarrel was about, but I could see the man had been drinking. So what with that, and my being so tender hearted I could not hurt a fly, to say nothing of not wishing to see blood shed all over our new parlor furniture, I told the young man to go down in the cellar and hide in the vegetable bin.'

" 'THAT certainly showed great presence of mind on your part, my dear,' Mr. Potiphar said, 'and you are a noble woman.'

" 'It is a good thing you came when you did,' I told him, 'or I might have been killed trying to save this poor young man's life. So now that you know the truth please run down in the cellar and let him out of the vegetable bin before he gets smothered in onions.'

"Mr. Potiphar did as I told him. My decorator friend was so frightened he was speechless, which was just as well.

" 'If there is anything I can do for you, young man,' Mr. Potiphar said, 'let me know. I have a great deal of influence with the police.

"My decorator friend said there wasn't a thing, and that he had an important engagement, and anyway he didn't feel so good and thought he needed air. It had been rather close in the vegetable bin, he said, what with his having landed head first in a basket of red peppers.

"When he had gone Captain Potiphar put his arm around me.'

" 'YOU are certainly a great little woman, my dear,' he said, 'and I am very proud of you on account of your having saved this young man's life. And just to show you how proud I am, I am going to buy you a new diamond bracelet. So as I have to go to Thebes tonight on important official business, and only came home to pack my things, suppose you go down to the store in the morning and pick out the kind of bracelet you would like. Do not worry any more about this unfortunate mixup because the man was drunk, and you have performed a noble act. So, as I am not leaving for a couple of hours, you had better put some clothes on and I will take you to the Isis Roof Garden for dinner.'

"I went into my boudoir to get dressed, and Captain Potiphar, who was feeling a bit mellow, followed me. As soon as I got inside the door I had another shock. My friend from Damascus had forgotten his hat and coat.

" 'Who do these things belong to?' Mr. Potiphar asked. 'And why are they here in your boudoir?'



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"'Captain Potiphar,' I said, doing some more quick thinking, 'I am a poor weak woman, and I have had a hard day, but since you ask me a direct question I will tell you the truth. This afternoon while I was lying down trying to get a little rest after spending all the morning straightening up the place to have it looking nice for you when you came home, that handsome young overseer of yours walked in here and tried to kiss me.

"'"WHAT do you mean, young man," I said, "by this impudence? You know I am a married woman and do not receive gentlemen in my boudoir!"

"'He was very persistent, however, and I had a great deal of trouble getting rid of him. Now I see he has left his hat and coat here which I did not notice at the time being so excited. I think you had better get a new overseer, Mr. Potiphar, for this young man is very determined and says he is almost crazy about me because I have such wonderful eyes. So I do not feel quite safe when you are away from home and not here to protect me the way a husband ought to be.'

"Mr. Potiphar was very angry, of course, when he heard this, and called Joseph in. And he got angrier still when Joseph said it wasn't his hat and coat and anyway I was a dangerous woman and had been making eyes at him all winter.

"'If I had a wife like that, Mr. Potiphar,' Joseph said, 'I would hire somebody to look after her.'

"'That is all very well, young man,' Mr. Potiphar told him, 'but I hired you to look after my farm, not my wife. There are some things a man prefers to look after himself, and a wife is one of them. So, being as I am a captain in the Marines, I am going to have you locked up on a charge of interfering with an officer in the performance of his duty.'



The breaks that carried Clara Bow to stardom neglected James Aldine. Jimmie and Clara started together in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Jimmie is getting his second chance under the direction of Elmer Clifton in "The Wreck of the Hesperus"



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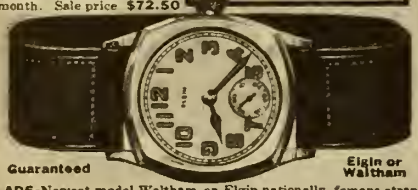


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"That finished Joseph, so far as I was concerned," Mrs. Potiphar murmured, leaning back in her chair. "And I hope you girls all see how unjust that gossip about us was. But he *did* have the best looking figure."

Lucrezia Borgia lazily blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air.

"My dear," she said, "you really should go in for literature and write a book. For modern young girls. As a title I might suggest, 'How to Get the Best of Husbands.' Who is going to speak at the next meeting?"

"Phryne," said Eve, "has offered to tell us about her celebrated trial—"

"Well," laughed the famous Athenian cloak model, "my little experience in court certainly taught me one thing—the best way to appeal to a jury is to stick to the bare facts—and figures—the barer the better if you want to get a verdict. The naked truth, as it were. I'll tell you all about it at our next meeting."

Please, Dear Lord, Make Me Look Like an Old Woman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

noticed if you weren't hunting for some outward sign of that forty.

"Yes, I know. The part of the mother in Colleen Moore's 'It Must Be Love' gave me my first big opportunity. Then there's the part of the maid in Murnau's 'Sunrise' and the Mongolian woman of the two pails in 'The Volga Boatman' and dozens of others. But if you only knew the parts I've missed by being so young looking."

SHE wept quietly into her combination salad, while my mind played upon the whisperings I had heard around the Fox studio. Whisperings were all I had heard about that very secret picture "Sunrise" made by Murnau, which 'tis said was so guarded that not even the studio officials saw the rushes, and only the "chosen few," the preview given in an out-of-the-way theater, forty miles from the Cinema City.

But even those whisperings were potential in the face of the tragedy of unwanted youth unfolding before me. They had said 'twas a George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor and Bodil Rosing story. Had included this youth-hating grandmother among the three persons of glory in the production

"Bodil," I said suddenly, "I believe that your part of the maid for Janet and George will be your one big opportunity. Wait until the world sees that and they may forget your youthful appearance."

HER face brightened a little. "Oh, what a part! How happy I was while holding that baby. I cried and cried. Cried just as much as I wanted. One afternoon I cried four hours while they were shooting one scene in that picture. Cried over Janet. Cried over Janet's baby.

"Can't you see I don't care a bit to get parts just for the sake of working? Even when I was a young girl—sixteen—first going on the stage in Copenhagen, I didn't want the ingenue, sweet little bits, usually given young women. I wanted to do juvenile character leads, little bits of tragedy and heart interest interpretations. I could do them then, because I was neither too old nor too young.

"Oh, God, why can't I look older?"

And I remembered for the first time that I was talking with one of the great Danish actresses. One of the really important European stage women who had come to this country when married and more or less accidentally drifted to Hollywood after her daughter had married Monte Blue and she had become a grandmother.

"YET I didn't look young when I did the scrub woman in Norma Shearer's 'Pretty Ladies.' Look at these pictures. Would you recognize me in them?"

I looked—and saw a wrinkled old lady, worn out, frazzled. On her knees scrubbing. A figure to arouse any human heart's pity.

"It's wonderful what make-up will do, Bodil, isn't it?"

"Make-up! Make-up! You're as bad as the casting directors. I never used a bit of make-up in any picture. Not even powder. A wig, maybe, if my hair has to be dark or white or something. The only picture in which I touched a thing to my face was 'The Volga Boatman' and there I was an old Mongolian woman. Had to be yellow, of course. But in all the others there was not as much as powder."

I looked from the pictures to the life-study before me. From the worn-out, tired eyes of a scrub woman to the tear glittered blue orbs of the woman who doesn't look more than thirty.

"If you'd show these pictures to the casting directors—"

"They wouldn't believe me. They'd believe, just like you, that it was only the make-up. Perhaps—perhaps—" she was sobbing. Sobbing because she was young and pretty instead of a haggard old lady.

"Can't you see that a real actress does not need to cover her features? I have no lines now, but if I am to be an old lady—Look!" She pulled her hair down over her eyes, dropped to her knees at my feet, started imaginary scrubbing.

A WEAK, toil-worn old woman. I forgot the dainty white summer dress, the immaculate silk stockings. Saw only the haggard old eyes, looking wistfully, longingly, out of a face buried in anxious wrinkles.

I laughed. It was cruel, I know, but somehow I couldn't help it. "Bodil, why, oh why, don't you do that before the casting directors?"

She smiled. The wear and tear wrinkles vanished as she bounced to her feet as lithefully as a young flapper.

"I'll have to, if I can't do something

about looking my age, develop some wrinkles like any normal woman of forty.

"You know, I can't quite understand why I haven't. Goodness, I've certainly had tragedy and hard sailing. When my youngest girl was six her dress caught on fire from a Christmas tree. She was burned, burned terribly.

"There have been other sorrows. My marriage was only one of life's transient interruptions.

"At home in Denmark, I had such wonderful luck. Oh, I mustn't say that word. I hate it. Perhaps that is the reason that I can't look naturally older. Everyone in this country is always wishing me 'Good Luck.' In Denmark it is a very bad sign. It is an insult to say 'Good Luck' to anyone."

SHE went on talking while I recalled this almost-young woman as *Marta* in "The Return of Peter Grimm," as the Irish woman in "Sporting Love," the Conway Tearle picture; as *Sarah* in "The City" with May Allison and Nancy Marsh; in "Stage Madness" with Virginia Valli; as—I knew there were many others. For less than two years in Hollywood this grandmother's "good luck" did not seem to me superstitious. I said as much—

"Ah, yes." She sighed. "Perhaps I am foolish. But you wait, wait until I have developed some of the real wrinkles I should have at forty. Then I will not miss the parts I long for, because I am too young and good looking.

"You have been very kind, my dear, to an old woman." She smiled just a little. "And if you want to help me, won't you pray, too? Ask God to please help me look like a really old woman."

HEART THROBS

Seattle, Wash.

It seems to me that one of the most beautiful acts of charity is the presentation of some film for the enjoyment of shut-ins. I know of one incident where a small shut-in, whose days in this world were not to be so very many, was made exceedingly happy by seeing Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man."

One could not help but notice little Tony—he whose laugh was the loudest and merriest. But one glance at his flushed face was sufficient to tell you that he was already in the merciless clutches of death.

How he did enjoy the baby-faced comedian's antics, expressions and sayings! How he did laugh at the pathetic picture he presented! Yes, Tony enjoyed it immensely.

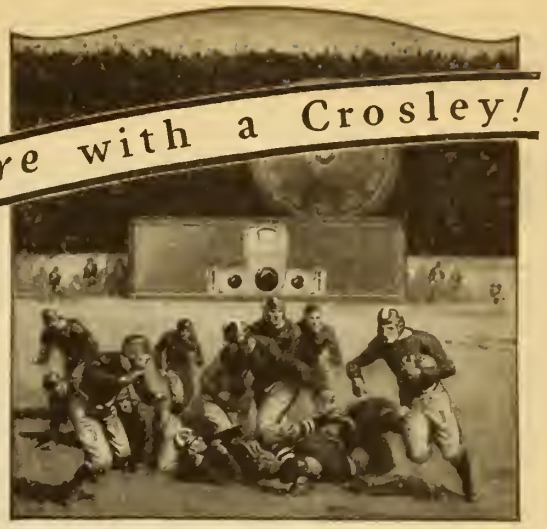
One of the nurses told me later that a few hours before he died, Tony started talking about "The Strong Man" and chuckled merrily as he brought to mind many humorous scenes.

They say he died with a pathetic grin on his face. Perhaps he was thinking of the baby-faced comedian!

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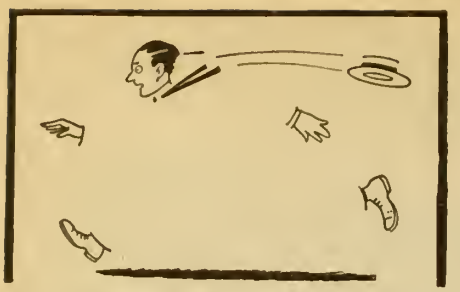
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The Poor Little Rich Extra Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

"No, I don't mind getting up at five o'clock in the morning to go on location nor how hard the work is, nor how dangerous the stunts."

A cute little trick is Zaidalee Foster if ever there was one!

SHE is a Southern girl, and so we must hasten to tell you about her antecedents. Her father is Marcellus Foster, until recently owner of *The Houston Chronicle*, and worth stacks of money. He has retired now. Her maternal grandmother was a cousin of General Robert E. Lee, and her maternal grandfather is George Fitzhugh of Richmond, Va.

In her own right she is a charming little pocket Venus, about nineteen, dainty, blonde, reminding one a good deal of the sprightly Ann Cornwall.

Her first extra work was with Richard Barthelmess in a college picture.

"I was just scared to death when I went on the set, until I met some of the boys that I went to Southern California University with, and they made it easier for me.

"Then in the football game scene, when I sat in a box and cheered, of course, I was quite at home, because I had seen so many football games," exclaimed the tiny charmer.

Pictures are sort of the modern nunnery, you might say, to which turn, as worshippers of Art,—a pagan god, by the way,—all those ladies disappointed in love or in marital life, or disillusioned by hollow society practices.

SO we weren't at all surprised to greet lovely Gloria Juul again, who used to play opposite Tony Moreno in his serials when she was twelve years old!

Since that time Gloria has married, and she was quite a society light in Chicago, where her husband's business is. But somehow none of it panned out as she thought it would, and so, with a lot of money in her pocket, and an understanding with her husband to go her own way, she is in Hollywood once more, happy to be at work.

"A woman who has ever worked and known independence and personal success finds it very hard to give all that up," said Gloria.

Miss Juul is as lovely as the morning, with big blue long-lashed eyes, charming little dimples that play hide-and-seek around her mouth, and a radiant personality that cannot but win.

Her father is Harry E. Davis, a French horn soloist on the concert stage, while her mother and sister also have unusual musical educations. However, her mother, Jessie Davis Uhlik, has turned to business of late, and is now quite a wealthy and famous real estate dealer in Los Angeles and Beverly Hills, so that Gloria is especially well situated financially.

Winning a beauty contest, with her picture sent in without her knowledge, back in Chicago, was the immediate

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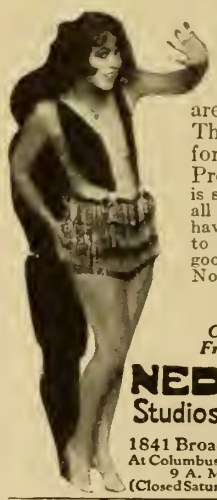


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cause of Miss Juul's return to films. She is merely playing extras at present but, of course, hopes to succeed.

A SOMEWHAT haughty beauty is Lucille Balart, who dwells with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Balart, in a handsome apartment in Hollywood. Mr. Balart has large coffee plantation interests in South America, and is here simply to be with his family, and see that his daughter gets a good start in her profession.

George Fitzmaurice invited Miss Balart into the movies when he met her visiting on his set, and afterward she played a real part in "The Magic Flame" with Henry King, but hears that a good deal of it was cut out, but that is just beginner's luck, as I hear she shows great promise in it. Otherwise her work has been extra work.

She danced with Gertrude Hoffman on the stage in New York, and that experience gave her poise and grace.

Babette Berneau is the dark, classic, Madonna type, charming of manner, though rather reserved and formal. Babette's papa is John Martinon, a retired wholesale coffee merchant of San Francisco.

Babette was educated in Paris.

"Society is so empty," she said.

She dwells in a nice suite in a fashionable Hollywood hotel, and drives her own car.

LILLIAN ADRIAN is the wife of Jim the Barber, a Hollywood character, who is rated at half a million dollars. So Mrs. Jim wouldn't have to do a thing if she didn't want to.

She drives herself to work in a gorgeous car.

Some players drift in and out quickly. There was a Miss Hart, for instance, of whom tradition said that she was very wealthy, and there are legends yet of her cars and her clothes. She had beauty and talent, but perhaps the going was a little too hard. At any rate I haven't heard of her lately.

Gertrude Bliss was away visiting at her old home in Texas when I rang up for a talk, but her mother told me all about her. She is a college girl, and a highly accomplished one. She plays the piano and once had an ambition to appear in grand opera.

She has worked as extra for the DeMille and Fox studios, but her first engagement was on the stage. There is a great deal of money in the Bliss family, so she needn't work unless she wants to, and some day probably will inherit a fortune.

FRANCES PRIMM'S papa is a radio king, and she dwells in a handsome home in Los Angeles, and drives her own Chrysler coupe. She graduated from Kansas City High School, and is an accomplished pianist.

Viola Rose has scads of money, and apparently a car to match every dress. At any rate, the day I met her she was a study in mauve, with a mauve Packard coupe to match.

THEN there is Mary Stewart, just a kid, who drives her own car, and whose family live in a handsome apartment; and there is Dorothy Henry, graduate of the fashionable Marlborough School of Los Angeles, now on the stage, but doing extra work in pictures on the side, with an occasional small rôle.

Dorothy is a member of a wealthy old Los Angeles family, an acknowledged light of society.

Lucille Irwin has lately graduated from comedy leads and extras into western leads.

Her mother is Florence A. Jordon, a member of an old Honolulu family. Her father is dead.

He was a wealthy importer of the Hawaiian Islands.

Lucille is radiantly pretty, with reddish hair and big blue eyes. She started to finish her education at Stanford University, but came to Los Angeles to visit, and has never gone back.

Lucille proves that they do get out of the extra ranks.



Baltimore, Md.

Perhaps my little story will interest your readers. I am just twenty. On my eighteenth birthday I was stricken suddenly with a painful illness. Up to that time I had just been a happy-go-lucky flapper. Then followed two years of doctors, operations, plaster casts and intense agony. At first I found my sole pleasure and relief in reading and could scarcely wait until the next edition of PHOTOPLAY. Then I grew bitter and morose and I asked myself, "Why should I suffer? I am young and missing so much."

On my first hours outside the sick room I went to see "Captain Salvation" and "Tillie the Toiler." God bless the makers of those two pictures. The first gave me back my faith. At the second, I heard myself laugh easily and heartily—the first time in months. My doctor is astonished at the rapidity with which I am getting well now. Life is good and I am young again.

I am once more reading PHOTOPLAY with the relish of an eighteen-year-old flapper and with the wisdom and tolerance that the last two years have brought me. Miss L. J.



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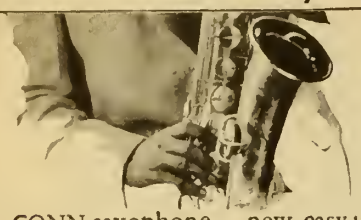
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Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

replied. "I've heard enough out of you to last me for a long time." He turned back to his companions at the table and went on talking motion pictures and business, as though there had been no interruption.

A week later on a liner at sea Rowland received a radio message with his morning coffee:

CINDERELLA O. K. HAVE GIVEN HER THE MONEY

BROCKLISS

So each month a remittance goes to London to Brockliss, payable to the "Cinderella Account," and every now and then Rowland gets a note, relayed via London, addressed to "My Unknown Benefactor in America."

"I hope," observes Rowland with some slight doubting, "that she is going straight. And, if I'm a sucker, I never want to know it."

There you have a glimpse of Dick Rowland, business man and sophisticate, with sentiment, hard-boiled, cynical and tender.

In other words a philosopher.

ROWLAND is and has been these many years one of the most conspicuous and widely known figures of the world of the motion picture. His rich experiences of life and fortune have run through practically all of the years of the screen and up and down the whole gamut of vicissitudes of that most excitingly vicissitudinous business.

Rowland began practically at the beginning. He has built successes and sold out at varying profits six or seven times. He has gone broke into the film business to the tune of millions about three times. And he has come back every time. Naturally he believes in luck. He does not mind thinking now and then, but he does refuse to worry.

"Keep doing the best you can—and maybe something will turn up—also take a chance when it's a good one," is his code. "Nobody ever got anything by sweating blood over it."

THERE are no supermen in the motion picture business, or any other business, in Rowland's opinion. There are men who are competent and men who are lucky, and men who are both, but that is about all he will admit.

His formula for success is to let it happen.

As is true of every other man of dominant importance in the motion picture industry, Rowland did not mean to do it. His fortunes have been made without premeditation.

Out in Pittsburgh forty years or so ago Rowland's father was the owner of the Pittsburgh Calcium Light Company. It was before electricity came to the stage. The Rowland business consisted in supplying the lamps and gas cylinders for theaters and traveling lecturers with stereopticons. Incidentally the gas supply called for the generation of oxygen and hydrogen. Young Richard the son had a taste for chemistry and science and none for the amusement business. He tinkered about the shop in his father's establishment.



Montagu Love had a lot of grit to go through this scene from "The Wind." Mr. Love had to be buried in sand and then he allowed the wind machines to blow it all off him again. Which is one way actors earn their money

Because of the contact with the theaters the Rowlands came to deal casually in Edison Projecting Kinetoscopes when the screen machines appeared on the market about 1897.

Following the death of his father, Richard Rowland, still young, took over the management of the business. A peculiar interplay of Edison influences affected his career. Edison electric lamps came in to supplant the calciums. Rowland, glad to be done with the show business, turned to the manufacture of pure oxygen gas for medical uses. Thereupon Edison electricity smote him again, this time with the evolution of a new process of producing oxygen by electrolysis and the formation of a big and powerful "air products" concern. Again his business was gone.

But a few of the show customers lingered. They were buying motion pictures.

Rowland came to New York and acquired films.

He was in the movies again and the age of the photoplay and the nickelodeon had dawned.

NOW Rowland was caught up in the wave of tremendous development which overtook the unwitting film business.

The Pittsburgh Calcium Light & Film Company developed a big exchange business with many branches and led to control of a chain of theaters.

Money poured in.

When the first film trust, the General Film Company, was formed, Rowland and his associates sold out for a large sum, and kept their theaters. Before long they were back in the film business again, distributing pictures, this time as "independents."

Again a system of exchanges grew up. As the feature drama developed Rowland acquired the rights for his territory for about all the products in the world. He and his group constituted another little territorial monopoly. Profits piled up again.

For example, a little investment of about $6,000 in Famous Players pictures and franchises returned multiplied something like a hundred times, after the rights had been sold back to Famous with the Paramount combination.

A new concern, headed by Al Lichtman and known as the Alco, was formed to make pictures which were to supply among others the Rowland exchanges. The Alco came to grief and Rowland in the emergency led in the formation of Metro Pictures Corporation to make films to supply the exchanges. He kept on making money.

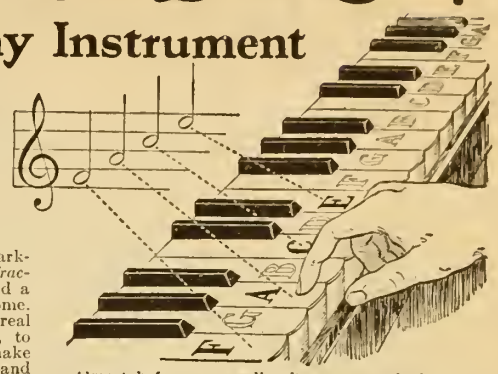
CAME the day when Marcus Loew, with his many theaters and hard pressed by the picture war which had arisen between First National and Famous Players, had to acquire a producing machine to protect his screens.

Loew came along to buy Metro just when that concern's fortunes were at a very low ebb.

Rowland luck was at work again. Metro had been caught by the armistice seriously overstocked with war pictures. In addition Rowland, for reasons he could not himself understand, clearly, had

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Think of the *saving alone* it will mean to you by preventing your hose from wearing out at the heel, and the *satisfaction* of no longer having their delicate color ruined by *stains* at the heel! Dr. Scholl's Nu-Grip Heel Liner insures all this *and more*—it stops the *slipping* and *rubbing* of shoes at the heel, thus making them *more comfortable* to wear.

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committed the corporation to the production of a costly picture based on Vicente Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," a sensational success in the field of novel publication, but also a war story.

The book had had the attention of every motion picture concern in the United States and Europe.

All of them had rejected it on one word—"war."

MEANWHILE Rowland saw the mounting edition figures in the advertisements in *The New York Times*. He got the book and looked at it, from the outside, curiously.

"I refused to read it," he relates, "because I was afraid if I did I would turn it down, too, like all the rest. I did not know what it had, but I knew it had something."

The rest of the story is history—how June Mathis of the Metro scenario department cast Valentino for the rôle of *Julio* and the tremendous subsequent success of the picture.

It contributed largely to the prosperity of Metro, which, in the meanwhile, had been taken over by Loew.

And even more largely to the repute of Richard Rowland as an executive of production.

But with only a few minor interests in the films remaining, Rowland practically retired.

He went to Europe and concerned himself with various errands in behalf of the Loew-Metro concern, including the purchase of Ibanez's share of "The Four Horsemen," and like details.

He bought Ibanez out of the picture while walking up and down the casino at Monte Carlo after dinner, just that casually—apparently.

But the casualness was the execution of a plan which was some months in the making.

Over in London Rowland, accompanied by Arthur Loew who was to take over the foreign affairs of Metro under his father, went to call on Sir William Jury, a prospective customer for the Metro pictures starring Nazimova.

The British buyer was inclined to be distant and cagy.

BUT Rowland noticed that Jury passed out a Corona cigar, which cigar is his favorite. He did a bit of swift calculation.

"If," he decided, "Jury has a humidor full of Coronas it means nothing.

"But if he has only a handful it means he sent out to get them to make a play at me—in which event he wants the Nazimova pictures more than he is willing to admit."

For three hours Rowland smoked furiously and continuously.

He was going to find out about those cigars.

Meanwhile he talked about everything he could think of, except Nazimova pictures.

On the sixth Corona, Jury's supply was exhausted.

And then Rowland, sure of his ground, proceeded to drive home his bargain.

He closed the deal and quit smoking for two days.

Rowland's quick sallies and whimsical frankness of expression have made him famous in the film world. His remark, following the formation of the star combine of the United Artists, to the effect that:

"The lunatics have now taken charge of the asylum," is now a classic of the trade tradition.

AFTER clearing up his Metro affairs, Rowland decided that he had retired from the motion picture business. He set about the building of his estate at Rye, with an army of four hundred laborers and a staff of architects, landscape gardeners and miscellaneous experts. Then something slipped on the stock market and two or three Rowland millions percolated through the bottom of the ticker basket in as many days. He had gone right thoroughly broke, with amazing completeness.

For the moment crestfallen Rowland went home to his wife.

"Daisy," he said—and when he says "Daisy" instead of "Shorty" it means something serious—"we're broke—they took me for a million today."

"Shorty" was unmoved.

"Oh, well, you can get another one—now run along like a good boy and change for dinner."

In sequel to which Rowland took a job, the position he now holds with First National.

Also he pulled up his belt two notches and went back at the market. A few months later he had his first million back and, since then, has been adding to the total steadily.

Daisy was right.

ROWLAND has yet another claim to fame. In defiance of all traditions and against the credo of every jokesmith since Joe Miller, Rowland is enthusiastically fond of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Caroline Clemmer of Bealsville, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Clemmer is a sprightly and niftily humorous young woman of about eighty years of observation and experience.

She is often a guest at the home in Rye.

"It was fifteen years before I got acquainted with my mother-in-law," Rowland admits.

"What a bet I overlooked."

It seems that Mrs. Clemmer has heard all the stories in the world and that she has never forgotten a good one.

Also, they do not depreciate in her telling.

She is the Scheherazade of Castle Rowland.

Meanwhile, at the termination of his present contract with First National, Rowland plans to retire again, with various precautions against going broke any more.

He expects to cruise the Mediterranean in the winters toying with the Riviera and the African coast, returning to Rye for the spring to administer discipline to his friends on the handball and tennis courts at Rye.

Most especially he holds it his special duty to defeat "Doc" Stammer, his friend and family physician.

"I have to take care of Doc's health," he explains.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"MILE A MINUTE LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jimmy Norton*, Reginald Denny; *Nora Moran*, Barbara Kent; *Sylvia Van Tassel*, Lillian Rich; *Pat*, Tom O'Brien; *Francis*, Armand Kalitz; *Pudge*, Janet La Verne; *Mrs. Van Tassel*, Mathilde Brundage; *Perkins*, Wilson Benge.

"WIND, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Dorothy Scarborough. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast: *Letty*, Lillian Gish; *Lige*, Lars Hanson; *Roddy*, Montagu Love; *Cora*, Dorothy Cummings; *Beverly*, Edward Earle; *Sourdough*, William Orlamond; *Cora's Children*, Carmencita Johnson, Laon Ramon, Billy Kent Schaefer.

"STUDENT PRINCE, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Meyer Foerster. Adapted by Hans Kraly. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Prince Karl Heinrich*, Ramon Novarro; *Kathie*, Norma Shearer; *Dr. Juttner*, Jean Hersholt; *King Karl VII*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Heir Apparent*, Phillipe de Lacy; *Lutz*, Edgar Norton; *Kellermann*, Bobby Mack; *Court Marshal*, Edward Connelly; *Old Ruder*, Otis Harlan; *Student*, John S. Peters.

"ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Minna Caroline Smith and Eugenia Woodward. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Elena*, Mary Astor; *Juan*, Gilbert Roland; *Gomez*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *General Vallero*, Montague Love; *Senora Comba*, Flora Finch; *Thomas Larkin*, Harvey Clark; *Mother Superior*, Roel Muriel; *Russian Prince*, Andre Cheron; *Secretary*, Romaine Fielding; *Orderly*, Thur Fairfax; *Commander Sloat*, William Conklin; *Senorita Gonzalez*, Christina Montt.

"GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by Robert Hichens. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Rex Ingram. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Domini Enfilden*, Alice Terry; *Father Adrien*, *Boris Androvsky*, Ivan Petrovich; *Count Anteoni*, Marcel Vibert; *Lord Rens*, H. Humbertson Wright; *Suzanne*, Mme. Paquerette; *Father Roubier*, Armand Dutertre; *Sand-Diviner*, Ben Sadour; *Batouch*, Gerald Fielding; *A Tourist*, Michael Powell; *Ayesha*, Rabah; *Hadj*, Claude Fielding.

"TEA FOR THREE" — M.-G.-M.— From the play by Carl Sloboda. Adapted by Roi Cooper Megrue. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Carter Langford*, Lew Cody; *Doris Langford*, Aileen Pringle; *Philip Collamore*, Owen Moore; *Harrington*, Phillip Smalley; *Annette*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Austin*, Edward Thomas.

"SOFT CUSHIONS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Randolph Chester. Scenario by Wade Boteler and Frederick Chapin. Directed by Eddie Cline. Photography by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *The Young Thief*, Douglas MacLean; *The Girl*, Sue Carol; *The Slave Dealer*, Richard Carle; *The Fat Thief*, Russell Powell; *The Lean Thief*, Frank Leigh; *The Police Judge*, Wade Boteler; *The Notary*, Nigel de Brulier; *The Wazir*, Albert Prisco; *The Chief Conspirator*, Boris Karloff; *The Sultan*, Albert Gran; *The Police*, Fred Kelsey; *The Citizen*, Harry Jones; *The Captain of the Guard*, Noble Johnson.

"ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Frances Nordstrom. Scenario by James L. Campbell. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Rita Farrell*, Florence Vidor; *John Bruce*, Theodor von Eltz; *Mrs. Gray*, Marie Shotwell; *Olive Gresham*, Hedda Hopper; *Rev. Robert Farrell*, Roy Stewart; *The niece*, Joyce Marie Coad; *The nephew*, Jimsy Boudwin.

"JOY GIRL, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by May Edginton. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Jewel Courage*, Olive Borden; *John Jeffrey Fleet*, Neil Hamilton; *Mrs. Heath*, Marie Dressler; *Mrs. Courage*, Mary Alden; *Herbert Courage*, William Norris; *Flora*, Helen Chandler; *Vicary*, Jerry Miley; *Hugh Sandman*, Frank Walsh; *Valet*, Clarence Elmer; *Isolde*, Peggy Kelly; *Chauffeur*, Jimmy Grainger, Jr.

"HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by William Conselman and David Butler. Photography by Ernest Palmer. Scenario by Seton I. Miller. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Pete Greer*, Nick Stuart; *Elinor Barrett*, Sally Phipps; *Mr. Merrill*, William N. Bailey; *Bill Merrill*, John Darrow; *Mr. Greer*, Wade Boteler; *Mr. Golden*, Brandon Hurst; *Allen Drew*, David Rollins; *Coach*, Charles Paddock; *Greer's Dog*, Wee Gee; *Merrill's Dog*, Pal.

"TELL IT TO SWEENEY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath and Monte Brice. Adapted by Percy Heath and Kerry Clarke. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Luke Beamish*, Chester Conklin; *Cannonball Casey*, George Bancroft; *Jack Sweeney*, Jack Luden; *Doris Beamish*, Doris Hill; *Supt. Dugan*, Franklin Bond; *Old Man Sweeney*, William H. Tooker.

"FIGURES DON'T LIE" — PARAMOUNT.—From the story by B. F. Zeidman. Adapted by Grover Jones. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by Al Gilks. The cast. *Kanet Wells*, Esther Ralston; *Bob Clewe*, Richard Arlen; *"Howdy" Jones*, Ford Sterling; *Mamie*, Doris Hill; *Mrs. Jones*, Blanche Payson; *Dolores*, Natalie Kingston.

"DROP KICK, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Katherine Brush. Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: *Jock Hamill*, Richard Barthelmess; *Cecily Graves*, Barbara Kent; *Eunice Hathaway*, Dorothy Revier; *Brad Hathaway*, Eugene Strong; *Molly*, Alberta Vaughn; *Bones*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Ed Pemberton*, Brooks Benedict; *Mrs. Hamill*, Hedda Hopper; *Mrs. Graves*, Mayme Kelso; *The Dean*, George Pearce. Ten National College stars, football stars of University of Southern California and Stanford, etc.

"COLLEGE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Carl Harbaugh and Bryan Foy. Directed by James W. Horne. Photography by Dev Jennings and Bert Haines. The cast: *The Girl*, Ann Cornwall; *Her Friend*, Flora Bramley; *A Rival*, Harold Goodwin; *His Friends*, Buddy Mason, Grant Withers; *The Dean*, Snitz Edwards; *Crew Coach*, Carl Harbaugh; *Baseball Coach*, Sam Brawford; *A Mother*, Florence Turner; *A Son*, Buster Keaton.

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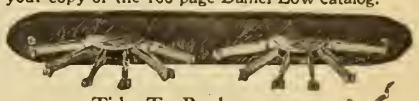
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"ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE"—DE MILLE.—Continuity by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Lois Weber. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Babe Scott*, Leatrice Joy; *Jerry Wilson*, Victor Varconi; *Big Bertha*, May Robson; *Goldie*, Alice Lake; *Gertie*, Elise Bartlett; *Lonnie*, Ivan Lebedoff; *Capt. Mary*, Jane Keckley; *Herman*, Clarence Burton.

"SHOOTIN' IRONS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Richard Allen Gates. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben and Sam Mintz. Directed by Richard Rosson. The cast: *Russ Crawford*, Jack Luden; *Mary Porter*, Sally Blane; *Bart Bradley*, Fred Kohler; *Hugh Porter*, Richard Carlyle; *Skeets*, Loyal Underwood; *Judge*, Guy Oliver; *Cook*, Scott McGee; *Sheriff*, Arthur Millett.

"SHANGHAIED"—FBO — From the story by Edward J. Montagne; Adapted by J. G. Hawkes. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Hurricane Haley*, Ralph Ince; *Polly*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Grawley*, Alan Brooks; *Bessie*, Gertrude Astor; *Ship's Cook*, Walt Robbins; *Bronson*, H. J. Jacobson.

"SLIGHTLY USED"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Melville Crosman. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Cynthia Martin*, May McAvoy; *Major John Smith*, Conrad Nagel; *Helen Martin*, Audrey Ferris; *Donald Woodward*, Robert Agnew; *Mr. Martin*, Anders Randolf; *Aunt Lydia*, Eugenie Besserer; *Gerald*, Arthur Rankin; *Horace*, David Mir; *Grace Martin*, Sallie Eilers; *Harold*, Jack Santoro.

"A PERFECT GENTLEMAN"—PATHE.—From the story by Charles Horan. Scenario by Charles Horan. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. Photography by James Diamond. The cast: *Monty Brooks*, Monty Banks; *George Cooper*, Ernest Wood; *John Wayne*, Henry Barrows; *His daughter*, Ruth Dwyer; *Ship's Officer*, Arthur Thalasso; *His Wife*, Hazel Howell; *Barco*, Agostino Bergato; *The aunt*, Mary Foy; *The valet*, Syd Crossley; *The Baby*, Jackie Coombs.

"LES MISERABLES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Victor Hugo. Directed by M. Henri Fescourt. The cast: *Jean Valjean*, M. Gabriel Gabrio; *M. Madeleine*, M. Gabriel Gabrio; *Champmathieu*, M. Gabriel Gabrio; *Javert*, M. Jean Toulout; *Mgr. Myriel*, M. Paul Jorge; *Marius*, M. Rozet; *Thenardier*, M. G. Saillard; *Gavroche*, M. Charles Badilole; *Fantine*, Mme. Sandra Milowanoff; *Cosette*, Mme. Sandra Milowanoff; *Gilleuormand*, M. Maillard; *Enjolras*, M. Paul Guide; *Mlle. Baptistine*, Mme. Clara Narcey-Roche; *Cosette (child)*, Mlle. Andre Rolane; *Eponine*, Mlle. Nivette Saillard; *La Thenardier*, Mme. Renee Carl.

"GIRL FROM RIO, THE"—GOTHAM.—From the story by Norman Kellogg. Adapted by Tom Terriss. Directed by Tom Terriss. Photography by Ray June, A. S. C. The cast: *Lola*, Carmel Myers; *Paul Sinclair*, Walter Pidgeon; *Antonio Santos*, Richard Tucker; *Rafael Fuentes*, Henry Herbert; *Helen Graham*, Mildred Harris; *Raoul, the dancer*, Edouard Raquello.

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Adapted by Allan Dwan. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *John Breen*, George O'Brien; *Becka*, Virginia Valli; *Pug Malone*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Channon Lipvitch*, Dora Davidson; *Mrs. Lipvitch*, Sonia Nodalsky; *Josephine*, June Collyer; *Gerrit Rantoul*, John Miltern; *Gilbert Van Horn*, Holmes Herbert; *Judge Kelly*, Frank Dodge; *Grogan*, Dan Wolheim; *One of the Grogan*

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"COWARD, THE"—FBO—From the story by Arthur Stringer. Continuity by Edfrid Bingham and Enid Hibbard. Directed by Alfred Raboch. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Clinton Philbrook*, Warner Baxter; *Alicia van Orden*, Sharon Lynn; *Leigh Morlock*, Freeman Wood; *Pierre Bechard*, Raoul Paoli; *Darius Philbrook*, Byron Douglas; *Marie*, Charlotte Stevens; *Maitland*, Hugh Thomas.

"BUSH LEAGUER, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Charles Gordon Saxton. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Scenario by Harvey Gates. The cast: *Buchanan "Specs" White*, Monte Blue; *Skeeter McKinnon*, Clyde Cook; *Alice Hobbs*, Leila Hyams; *John Gilroy*, William Demarest; *Wallace Ramsey*, Richard Tucker; *Stetson*, Bud Marshall; *The "Parson,"* Tom Dempsey; *Stokes*, Wilfred North; *Wm. (Lefty) Murphy*, William Wilson; *Marie (Alice's maid)*, Violet Palmer; *Detective*, Rodney Hildebrand.

"BOY RIDER, THE"—FBO—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photography by E. L. McManigal. The cast: *David Hepner*, Buzz Barton; *Sally Parker*, Loraine Eason; *Terry McNeil*, Sam Nelson; *Bill Hargue*, David Dunbar; *Hank Robbins*, Frank Rice; *Jim Parker*, William Ryno.

"TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Donald McGibney. Scenario by James T. O'Donohue and Wallace Smith. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Private W. Daingerfield Phelps*, William Boyd; *Anis Bin Adham*, Mary Astor; *Sergeant Peter McGaffney*, Louis Wolheim; *Emir of Jaffe*, Michael Vavitch; *Shevket*, Ian Keith; *American Consul*, DeWitt Jennings; *Ship Captain*, Michael Visaroff; *Purser*, Boris Karloff.

"GAY RETREAT, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by William Conselman and Edward Marshall. Continuity by J. Walter Rubens. Directed by Ben Stoloff. Photography by Sidney Wagner. The cast: *Richard Wright*, Gene Cameron; *Betty Burnett*, Betty Francisco; *Joan Moret*, Judy King; *Sam Nosenbloom*, Sammy Cohen; *Jerry*, Jerry the Giant; *Charles Wright*, Holmes Herbert; *Ted McHiggins*, Ted McNamara; *Edward Fulton*, Charles Corman; *Dog*, Pal.

"LOVE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Lyof N. Tolstoi. Continuity by Frances Marion. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Anna Karenina*, Greta Garbo; *Vronsky*, John Gilbert; *Grand Duke*, George Fawcett; *Princess Betsy*, Emily Fitzroy; *Karenin*, Brandon Hurst; *Serezha, Anna's child*, Phillippe De Lacy.

"HAM AND EGGS"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Scenario by Robert Dillon and James Starr. Photography by Charles Clark. The cast: *Cally Brown*, Louise Fazenda; *Ham*, Tom Wilson; *Fifi*, Myrna Loy; *Eggs*, Heinie Conklin; *Von Frimmell*, William J. Irving; *Lazarus*, Tom Kennedy.

"SAILOR IZZY MURPHY"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Scenario by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Francis Kesson. The cast: *Izzy Goldberg*, George Jessel; *Marie*, Audrey Ferris; *M. Jules*, Warner Oland; *Orchid Joe*, John Miljan; *Jake*, Otto Lederer; *First Mate*, Theodore Larch; *Cecile*, Clara Horton.

"RENO DIVORCE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Ralph Graves. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Ralph Graves. Photography by Norbert Bradin. The cast: *Carlo*, May McAvoy; *David*, Ralph Graves; *Hedda Frane*, Hedda Hopper; *Eric Frane*, Robert Ober; *James, the chauffeur*, William Demarest; *The Judge*, Edward Davis.

"GAY RETREAT, THE"—FOX.—From the story by William Conselman and Edward Marshall. Continuity by J. Walter Rubens. Directed by Ben Stoloff. Photography by Sidney Wagner. The cast: *Richard Wright*, Gene Cameron; *Betty Burnett*, Betty Francisco; *Joan Moret*, Judy King; *Sam Nosenbloom*, Sammy Cohen; *Jerry*, Jerry the Giant; *Charles Wright*, Holmes Herbert; *Ted McHiggins*, Ted McNamara; *Edward Fulton*, Charles Gorman; *Dog*, Pal.

"CHAIN LIGHTNING"—FOX.—From the story by Chas. Alden Seltzer. Scenario by Lambert Hillyer. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Steve Flash Lannon*, Buck Jones; *Glory Jackson*, Dione Ellis; *Shorty*, Ted McNamara; *George Clearwater*, William Welch; *Campan*, Jack Baston; *Bing Stokes Hobert*, Gene Cameron; *Tom Yeats*, William Caress.

"SINEWS OF STEEL"—GOTHAM.—Directed by Frank O'Connor. Story by Henry McCarthy. The cast: *Helen Blake*, Alberta Vaughn; *Robert McNeil, Jr.*, Gaston Glass; *Robert McNeil, Sr.*, Anders Randolph; *Elmer Price*, John Gardner; *Martha Jenkins*, Nora Hayden; *Douglas Graham*, Charles Wellesby; *Elsie Graham*, Greta Von Rue; *Jam Van De Vetter*, Paul Weigell; *Office Boy*, Bobby Gordon.

"BACK STAGE"—TIFFANY.—From the story by Sarah Y. Mason. Scenario by Earl Walker. Directed by Bill Stone. Photography by Jos. A. Duprey. The cast: *Owen Mackay*, William Collier, Jr.; *Julia Joyce*, Barbara Bedford; *Fanny*, Eileen Tertz; *Myrtle McGinnis*, Alberta Vaughn.

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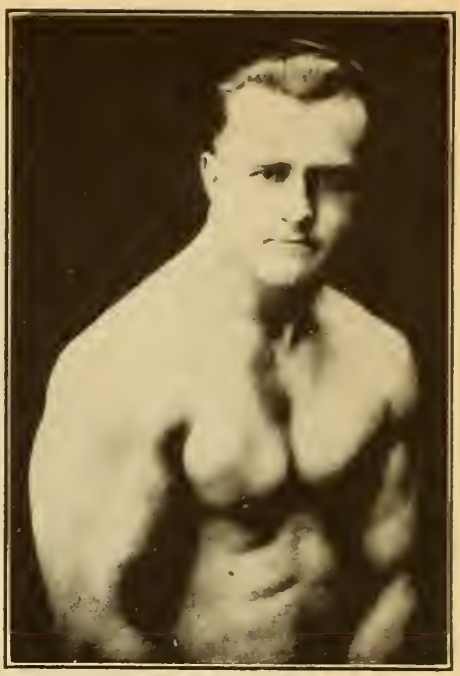
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and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash in your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

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PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER
25 CENTS



The National Guide to Motion Pictures

The Amazing Story of Lon Chaney's Life

Begins in this Issue

Charles Shela



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But the gums of most of us get very little. The dentists lay the blame upon the soft foods we eat, which, they say, deprive the gums of the exercise and stimulation they were meant to get from our diet. And so our gums become lifeless, dull and dormant. They lose their tone and health.

It's all very simple. Nature put fibre and toughage in our food to massage and rub the gums—to offer resistance to the teeth. But to give us dainty and delicious things to eat, our wives and our cooks have stripped out of our food all these coarse materials. We subsist upon a soft and creamy fare. In short, as one famous dentist puts it, "We live in an age of pap."

How Ipana and massage offset the harm that soft food brings to gums

Our gums no longer receive the brisk stimulation that speeds the fresh, revitalizing blood through their walls. Deprived of the sustenance they need, the tissues grow weak and flabby. "Pink tooth brush" is the warning that commonly betrays the onset of more severe, more serious troubles.

The dental profession tersely informs us that we may hope for improvement only if and when we make up to our gums the stimulation so vital to their health. But the method the dentists propose—massage, with the fingers or with the brush—is both simple in performance and effective in results.

And today thousands of dentists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste as the medium for this massage, as well as for the ordinary cleaning of the teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic agent which strengthens and stimulates the gums. Its presence in Ipana is perhaps the strongest reason for the professional support that has made Ipana so widely known and used throughout the country.

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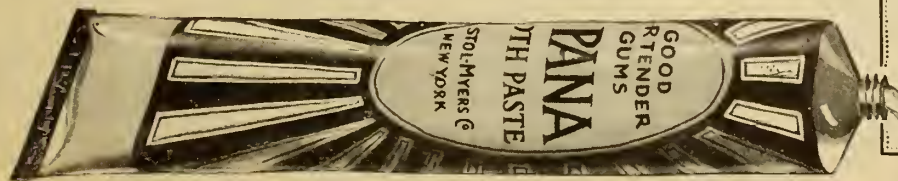
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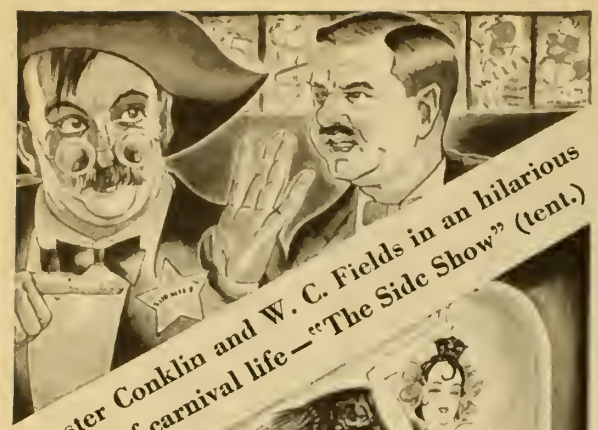
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Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields in an hilarious comedy of carnival life—"The Side Show" (tent.)



Richard Dix as a bandit lover in "The Gay Defender" ably supported by Thelma Todd.



"The Last Waltz" a Paramount-Ufa Production, from the musical comedy by Oscar Strauss.



Laughter above the clouds with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in "Now We're in the Air."



Bebe Daniels in "She's a Sheik" with Richard Arlen.

the new idea in pictures

¶ There was a time when all anyone asked of a motion picture was that it provide a reasonable amount of entertainment for an odd hour or two. And in this, as most of you know, Paramount Pictures have always excelled. ¶ Now we live in a new world, a world of breathless happenings, intense excitement, overnight changes. Life takes on a new aspect, a speedier tempo. Entertainment alone is not enough. A new, eager public cries out for the daring, the different—for new ideas, colorful themes, fast moving stories. ¶ Paramount is ready, with the new idea in motion pictures. With stories drawn from the crucible of *life*, inspired by an age that knows no equal for beauty, color, drama. ¶ See them you must, if you would keep pace with life. ¶ ¶ ¶

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Paramount Famous Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York City



Clara Bow in "Get Your Man."



Adolphe Menjou in "Serenade."



Thomas Meighan in "The City Gone Wild."



Esther Ralston in "The Spotlight."

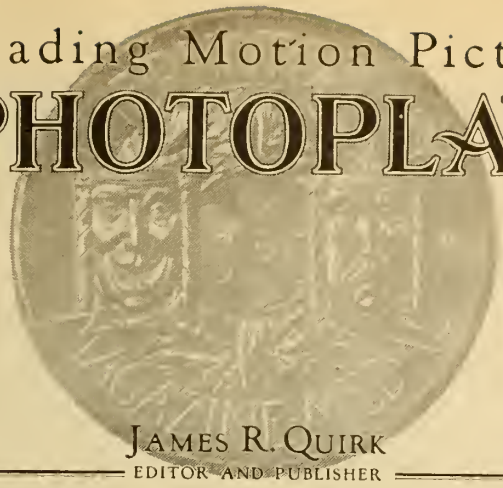


George Bancroft in "Honky Tonk."

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR



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For December *1927*

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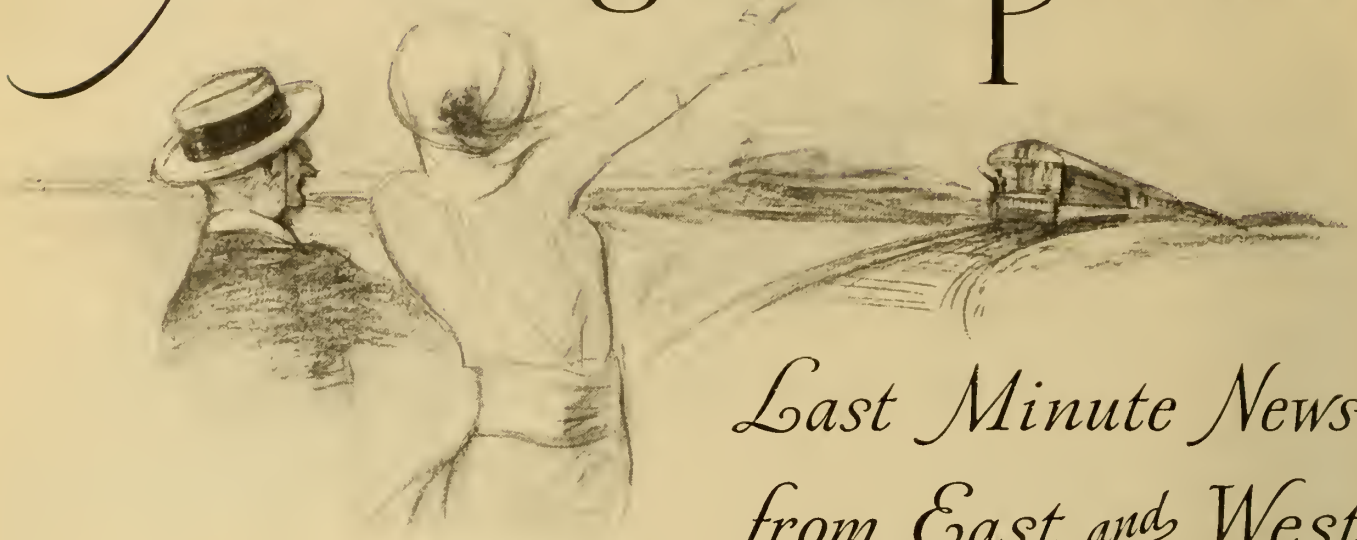
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As we go to Press



Last Minute News from East and West

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and her mother, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, return from Europe. Connie has divorced Captain Alastair Mackintosh. Ben Finney, Jean St. Cyr and "Buster" Collier are named as candidates.

ADAMAE VAUGHN, sister of Alberta, announced her marriage by filing suit for divorce against Albert Hindman. Then she put another twist in the situation by making it known that they would be remarried again immediately. Adamae was a baby star of 1927. Heigh, ho!

AFTER being happily married for years and years, Reginald Denny and his wife have separated. They have one daughter.

LINA BASQUETTE, widow of Sam Warner and former "Follies" dancer, will be leading woman for Richard Barthelmess in "The Noose."

MARY HAY BARTHELMESS, divorced from Richard, will return from Singapore to go back on the stage. She will arrive in Hollywood at about the time that Dick marries Katherine Wilson.

POLA NEGRI signs a new contract with Paramount.

CHARLES CHAPLIN'S next comedy positively will be "The Suicide Club." Both Charlie and Al Jolson have a great yearning to film "I Pagliacci," wherein they may "laugh, clown, laugh, though thy heart is bre-aking." They will settle the dispute between them.

HAROLD LLOYD returns to Hollywood to complete his comedy, "Speedy." Incidentally, "Speedy" has been Harold's own nickname since boyhood.

IN the movie Trade Conference in New York, producers agree not to film scenes of "excessive or lustful kissing, particularly when one character or the other is a 'heavy.'" Hallelujah!

JACKIE COOGAN and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may not renew their contract. Jackie is outgrowing kid rôles. He may retire for several years and spend his entire time at school.

GEORGE HACKATHORNE who has been ill and off the screen for some time is now convalescent. All his teeth were removed to stop an infection and it will be months before George is able to work again.

LOTHAR MENDES, German director who married Dorothy Mackaill, gets a job directing Adolphe Menjou in "The Beauty Shop."

JANET GAYNOR will play the leading rôle in Edna Ferber's sensational story, "Mother Knows Best," with Frank Borzage directing.



Here is a picture of a girl of undaunted spirit. Her name is Augustina Lopez and she is 87 years old. Since the beginning of pictures, she has done a bit here and there and for the first time is receiving screen credit in Dix's latest, "The Gay Defender." How is that for persistence?

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH, mother of Mary Pickford, is ill.

THEY say that Emil Jannings will play in a drama built on the career of the late "Diamond Jim" Brady.

F. W. MURNAU is travelling with the Ringling-Barnum Circus, getting atmosphere for his new film, "The Four Devils."

ROSETTA and Vivian Duncan have cancelled foreign engagements to return to Hollywood to make another comedy.

BETTY COMPSON plays opposite Lon Chaney in "The Big City."

RACIAL mix-ups: Rudolph Schildkraut, born in Germany and one of the leading lights of the Jewish theater, plays an Irish prize-fight manager in "The Main Event."

AND Charles Rogers, a Nordic from Olathe, Kansas, will be *Abie*, the young Jewish fellow, in "Abie's Irish Rose."

NILS ASTHER, the German juvenile whose engagement to Vivian Duncan was recently called off, has a prominent rôle in Lon Chaney's "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

ALMA RUBENS and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, are abroad. Alma is resting and Ricardo is playing in a German film. Winifred Westover Hart accompanied them to Europe.

WHAT'S this? Patsy Ruth Miller engaged again? This time they say it's John Monk Saunders, the scenarist.

THE film version of "Abie's Irish Rose" progresses towards the screen. Now the cast includes Jean Hersholt and J. Farrell MacDonald.

LILLIAN GISH and George Jean Nathan are still doing the Broadway theatrical premieres together. Miss Gish is silent about film plans.



Miss Louise Brooks, now appearing in "A City Gone Wild" for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is shown here wearing the "Louise" model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, named in her honor.

Her Feet

must "act," too!

CAN you imagine a great actress hobbling through her part on achy feet?

Without active, youthful feet she cannot possibly have real poise and that delightful freedom of motion that creates charm and "personality." And yet her shoes must be Dame Fashion's last word.

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You need the Arch Preserver Shoe in your "career" just as much as the great star. When you understand what wonderful foot happiness and foot smartness it gives you'll surely wear it.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ADAM AND EVIL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a dual rôle. What could be sweeter? (*September.*)

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (*October.*)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a psalm-singing card sharp with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (*September.*)

ALL ABOARD—First National.—Johnnie Hines goes to the Sahara Desert and saves a beautiful blonde from a Sheik. Some girls wouldn't thank him for that. An amusing comedy. (*June.*)

ALTARS OF DESIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Auntie Mae Murray in a series of soft-focused close-ups. Aunt Mae plays a little Southern beauty, with the help of a kindly cameraman. Isn't that enough? (*June.*)

ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to look for drama. She finds it. You'll like Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi. (*November.*)

***ANNIE LAURIE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lillian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (*July.*)

***BABE COMES HOME**—First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenuous and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (*July.*)

BACK STAGE—Tiffany.—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (*November.*)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also splendidly played by Renee Adoree and a fine cast. (*September.*)

BARBED WIRE—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Einar Hansen. (*September.*)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—FBO—A swell series of two reelers, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (*September.*)

BELOVED ROGUE, THE—United Artists.—John Barrymore makes a Happy Hooligan comedy out of the life of François Villon. Just a silly burlesque. (*June.*)

BEWARE OF WIDOWS—Universal.—A half-pound farce all about an impressionable doctor, man-hunting ladies and a pretty blonde. The blonde is Laura La Plante and she makes the film worth looking at. (*June.*)

BITTER APPLES—Warner Bros.—Bitter apple-sauce. An uninteresting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-boiled hero. (*July.*)

BLOOD SHIP, THE—Columbia.—Mutiny, brutality and murder. A fine performance by Hobart Bosworth. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (*October.*)

BOY RIDER, THE—FBO.—The exploits of one Buzz Barton, a freckle-faced kid who can ride a hoss. For the less critical of the younger generation. (*November.*)

BROADWAY KID, THE—Warner Bros.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old gags. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a newcomer. (*October.*)

BROADWAY NIGHTS—First National.—Domestic and professional trials of a couple of Broadway hoofers. Not as hot as the title, but Lois Wilson gives a good account of herself. (*July.*)

BROKEN GATE, THE—Tiffany.—Wherein the small town gossips again annoy the unfortunate girl and her nameless child. A weepy story for soft-minded adults. (*June.*)

BRONCHO TWISTER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix lapses into a conventional Western tale, filled with absurdities and with only a few spectacular stunts to redeem it. (*June.*)

BRUTE, THE—Warner Bros.—Another Western, with Monte Blue and a lot of oil wells. (*July.*)

BUSH LEAGUER, THE—Warner Bros.—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the owner's daughter. Need we say more? (*November.*)

***CABARET**—Paramount.—A swell story of the glittering, sinister Gay Places of Manhattan, with Gilda Gray doing her stuff as a cabaret queen. Gilda dances the Black Bottom. And how! Not for the little darlings but fine for papa and mama. (*June.*)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Big Parade"
"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Resurrection"
"Chang"
"Love"
"The Way of All Flesh"
"Quality Street"
"Underworld"
"The Patent Leather Kid"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Dressler are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (*September.*)

***CAMILLE**—First National.—The Frail Lady of the last century brought up to date by Norma Talmadge, ably assisted by Gilbert Roland. Hot stuff, in places, but a treat for girls who are looking for a good old-fashioned cry. (*June.*)

***CAPTAIN SALVATION**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A dramatic and appealing story of a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lars Hanson. (*July.*)

***CAT AND THE CANARY, THE**—Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Leni from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (*July.*)

CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (*November.*)

***CHANG**—Paramount.—A thrilling story of the conflict between men and wild animals in the Siamese jungles. It was filmed in the jungles, with native actors. A really fine, worth-while picture. (*June.*)

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, helped by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (*July.*)

CITY GONE WILD, THE—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a lively meller of the Chicago Underworld. Good stuff. (*October.*)

CIRCUS ACE, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus gal from a terrible fate, bless his heart! Good for the children and just as good for grown-ups. (*August.*)

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING—FBO—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye!" (*October.*)

CLAW, THE—Universal.—Once more the weakling son goes to Africa to make good, amid the cannibals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (*July.*)

CLIMBERS, THE—Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish duchess who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (*July.*)

CLOSED GATES—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young millionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (*August.*)

COLLEGE—United Artists.—Buster Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not overwhelmingly funny. (*November.*)

CONVOY—First National.—Those sections of the film that show the United States Navy in action during the World War are great. The part of the picture manufactured in the studio is not so good. (*June.*)

***COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkraut in the title rôle. For discriminating audiences. (*September.*)

COWARD, THE—FBO.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy sap who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (*November.*)

***CRADLE SNATCHERS**—Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (*August.*)

CRYSTAL CUP, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in the drama of a man-hater that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (*October.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

WILLIAM FOX *presents*

PAJAMAS

with OLIVE BORDEN

LAWRENCE GRAY *and* JERRY MILEY

PAJAMAS is the intimate story of a modern girl who was never tamed until love burned into her heart—a scintillating comedy-drama with the ravishing Olive Borden in the featured role. From the home of a member of a millionaire colony on Long Island to the wilds of Canada is a long jump, but Olive Borden and Lawrence Gray make it via aeroplane, finishing their thrilling journey with a parachute drop into the tops of the trees. Miss Borden, best remembered for her exceptional work in "3 Bad Men" and "The Joy Girl," gives the most convincing performance of her career in this picture.

Dramatic sequences were photographed in the country adjacent to Lake Louise and at Moraine Lake in the Canadian Rockies near the Sovereign of the Selkirks, Sir Donald, a Cyclopean pyramid of rock and ice nearly eleven thousand feet high. Glaciers, towering peaks and entrancing valleys provide a setting of unequalled natural beauty.

PAJAMAS was directed by J.G. Blystone, the comedy genius responsible for "Ankles Preferred" and "The Family Upstairs." It is based upon the story by William Conselman, noted cartoonist, and is a worthy picture to follow such recent William Fox sensational successes as "What Price Glory" and "7th Heaven."







Brickbats *and* Bouquets



LETTERS *from* PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters— $25, $10 and $5

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

OF the new pictures, "The Country Doctor," "Chang," "Seventh Heaven," and "The Way of All Flesh" received the greatest number of floral offerings.

"Beau Geste," "The Big Parade," and "What Price Glory" are still the leaders of the older releases.

James R. Quirk's editorial on William Farnum brought many sympathetic letters and also drew a fire of brickbats directed at the producers who feature "new faces" and neglect the old favorites.

John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Lon Chaney are the Big Four, with Gary Cooper and Emil Jannings coming to the fore.

"The Callahans and Murphys" is still a storm center.

England leads all the other foreign countries in the number of contributors to this Fan Forum. Most of the brickbats from England are aimed at the propaganda against American films, although they object to our war plays.

Johnson Brigham's criticism of "Twelve Miles Out" was the most discussed letter of the month.

What subject do *you* want raised for discussion in Brickbats and Bouquets?

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

$25.00 Letter

Lincoln, Nebr.

In our city we have a splendid stock company, presenting the best of the current plays. My husband prevailed upon me to go last week. We secured a seat where vision was quite perfect, but for some inconceivable reason, hearing was next to impossible. The leading man was excellent, but when he moved about like an animated clothes model, his voice coming in a sibilant whisper or a mumbled muttering, what wouldn't I have given for a title!

In addition to this, when a door was slammed, the very highly-colored and unnatural looking scenery wobbled so that the pictures on the wall jiggled. Being accustomed now to the beautiful natural scenery in moving pictures, I can not appreciate a grotesque garden of painted flowers, nor an interior of antiquated wall paper, wobbly pictures and impossible chandeliers.

Half-way through the performance, I glanced at friend husband. He was peacefully sleeping. I gave him the usual Sabbath day punch in the ribs, and he awoke with a start. "It's no use," he said, "I can't hear a word." After the show was over, he favored me with one of those kindly and benevolent smiles which husbands can confer when wanting to conceal the fact that they are deferring to a wife's judgment. "It was not very nice of me to insist that you go to my show," he said apologetically. "Hereafter I shall make it a point to abide by your decisions in matters of this kind."

OPAL L. PAAP.

$10.00 Letter

Wichita, Kansas.

I do not understand the "why" of so much criticism of college stories and I heartily disagree with the sentiments expressed by "A College Girl" of Ridgewood, N. J., in the October PHOTOPLAY.

I, too, am a college girl and I have found college life much as it is pictured on the screen. Another thing I want to give the razz is the way some people talk about Clara Bow. If there were no other reason in the world for admiring her there is still the fact that she has dared to do what every other woman wants to do. Do you think there is one woman in ten thousand that wouldn't act like Clara if they could? *There is not.*

I live in Kansas. I used to live where I could go into Oklahoma to see a Sunday movie, but those days are gone forever.

I wonder what the churches would do if certain designated days were set apart when no religious meetings of whatever nature could be held.

We don't kick about Wednesday prayer-meetings or Friday Bible Classes. Why should they kick about Sunday movies? They're not gaining any church members by doing it. Most people feel just as I do. If I can't go where I want to on Sunday, I won't go anywhere at all.

ANNA KERSTING.

$5.00 Letter

Boston, Mass.

Because censorship is a pertinent subject I thought you might care to hear from a resident of a city which has made itself ridiculous because of its activities in this line—Boston.

I do not believe that we are as clean as the country thinks we are—rather, I think we are hypocrites. And here is just one instance to prove it.

"Underworld" is to be shown at a leading motion picture house beginning today (Saturday) for one week and here is what the advertisement says: "The Thrill Picture of the Decade will not be shown Sunday."

Isn't that the peak of hypocrisy? I think so. If "Underworld" is fit to be seen at any time (and all reviews I have read praise it) then it is fit to be seen on Sunday. Why send us to Hell six days in the week and try to pull us back to Heaven on the seventh day?

And again—motion pictures are cut and deleted before they are fit for Boston audiences on Sunday, but no attempt is made to censor the smutty talk and songs of performers who can appeal in no other way.

Censorship—yes, we have it in Boston. No wonder the country is laughing at us.

GEORGE H. SULLIVAN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

THE world gasped when Robert Hichens'
FAMOUS novel first appeared.
THIS daring love story is
NOW on the screen, filmed by
THE master director Rex Ingram
IN the dreamlands of the East.
IT comes to you direct from its
SENSATIONAL Broadway run at
THE Embassy Theatre, New York.

REX INGRAM'S
Production, with
ALICE TERRY and
IVAN PETROVICH
by
Robert Hichens
Scenario by
Willis Goldbeck
Directed by
REX INGRAM

A
METRO-GOLDWYN
PICTURE

Win $50.00 to pay those Christmas bills!

Just answer GRETA GARBO'S *five questions*

"I AM always amazed to find how much the public knows about pictures and picture people. Sometimes it seems that the public knows more about what is going on in the studios than those of us who work here in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios every day.

"If you are one of those with sharp eyes and retentive memories, try your hand at these five questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman, I will send a check for $50.00 and a fan I carry in my forthcoming production "The Divine Woman". The writer of the best set of answers from a man will receive a check for $50.00 and the cane used by Lars Hansen in the same picture. For the fifty next best answers, I have autographed copies of my favorite photograph.

Cordially yours,
Greta Garbo"

Greta Garbo's Five Questions!

1 Of which M-G-M star is it said "He rides like the wind and ropes like a fool?"

2 What do you think of M-G-M's News reel? Name three points of superiority (in not over 100 words).

3 From what sign of the Zodiac does M-G-M's trade mark derive its name?

4 Name five mechanical tricks in picture making — for instance "The Close-Up"

5 What is M-G-M's "Screen Forecast"? (Your local Theatre manager can help you answer this.)

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by December 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

Note: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winner of Slogan Contest for September
PAUL PACKARD
The Press
Cleveland, Ohio

Autographed pictures have been sent to the next 50 prize winners.



Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

Now he DRAW$ the things he want$

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Publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations every year. If you like to draw, let your talent make your living. The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. The Federal Staff includes such famous artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Clare Briggs, and over fifty others. It's easy to learn the "Federal Home-Study Way."

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Occupation .....
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DANCE MAGIC—First National.—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (*September.*)

DEARIE — Warner Bros. — A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (*August.*)

DON DESPERADO—Pathe.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who has to catch a bad bandit. A good show, with plenty of excitement. (*July.*)

DOWN THE STRETCH — Universal. — Guess what this is! A racing story. Pretty much like the 5,678 others. (*June.*)

DROP KICK, THE—First National.—It is now Richard Barthelmess' turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who's next? (*November.*)

EVENING CLOTHES — Paramount. — Wherein Adolphe Menjou proves that the well-dressed man is irresistible to women. Not quite up to standard but amusing, nevertheless. (*June.*)

EYES OF TOTEM—Pathe.—A hokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (*July.*)

FASHIONS FOR WOMEN — Paramount. — Directed by Dorothy Arzner, this one plays up the feminine angle—and does it successfully. Esther Ralston is a neat eyeful, the plot isn't so much, but the picture is generally pleasing. (*June.*)

FAST AND FURIOUS — Universal.—Another Reginald Denny comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denny! A good evening. (*September.*)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE — Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your history lesson. Rod La Rocque is the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (*September.*)

FIGHTING LOVE—Producers' Dist. Corp.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi. (*August.*)

FIGHTING THREE, THE—Universal.—A mixture of a Western and a mystery melodrama. With Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

FIGURES DON'T LIE—Paramount.—A zippy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (*November.*)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (*October.*)

FIRST AUTO, THE—Warner Bros.—Missing on all sixes, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (*September.*)

FRAMED—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (*September.*)

FRISCO SALLY LEVY—M.-G.-M.—It seems there were two Irishmen named Isadore and Moe—Yes, this is another one of those comedies and pretty funny, too. Not for the high hats. (*June.*)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram's best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Hichens romance, made in the original locations. (*November.*)

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (*November.*)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (*October.*)

GINGHAM GIRL, THE—FBO—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (*October.*)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE—Gotham.—An independent production, colorful and above the average. Carmel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (*November.*)

GOOD AS GOLD—Fox.—Not an ingenue opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones totin' the guns. (*August.*)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO. — The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (*September.*)

HAM AND EGGS—Warner Bros.—A war comedy, done in colors as it were. An occasionally amusing but oftener silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (*November.*)

***HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY**—First National. —No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-lines. Milton Sills at his best. (*October.*)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warner Bros.—Now it is Dolores Costello's turn to swing on the bell. An old favorite. (*September.*)

HEART OF SALOME—Fox.—One of those crook stories that is good exercise for your imagination. Which means that if you can believe this, you can swallow anything. (*July.*)

HEART THIEF—Producers Dist. Corp.—Lya de Putti in a light wig, Joseph Schildkraut in a light rôle, and a lot of trivial but fairly amusing goings-on. (*July.*)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (*October.*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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The camera has caught these *Educational* stars in high moments of comic character portrayal in current or forthcoming *Educational* productions.

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LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
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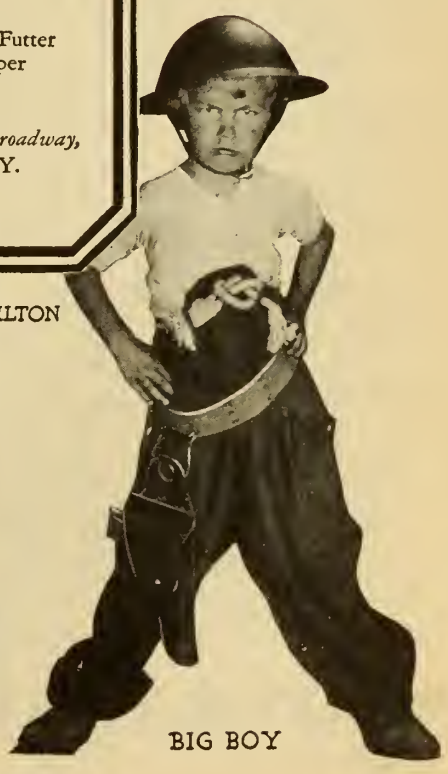
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Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"



CONRAD VEIDT

A Great Actor Has Arrived

Of all things—on the screen, on the stage, in books or elsewhere—I love most the master touch.

Seldom is it found. Seldom does work produced by humans give clear and unmistakable evidence of that deft, sure, unerring touch of the master.

So, it is a rare pleasure to give this public salute and acknowledgment to two masters who have worked together to produce a master picture.

The masters are CONRAD VEIDT, *actor, and* GEORGE MELFORD, *director.*

The picture which they have reproduced and which comes to you as one of the Universal's amazing coming list is known under the title of *"A Man's Past."*

I feel keenly the poverty of my vocabulary when I attempt to find words to describe my emotions after seeing this perfect gem of a production. It is one of those occasions when a man *feels like shouting from the housetops to overcome the lack of sufficient word-strength.*

Picture to yourself the essence of drama—and I ask you not to confuse this with melodrama—a story which grips you from the very opening scene, a story which is then unfolded in logical detail and sequence and which, to the final scene, builds up interest and then—satisfies.

Flawless direction plus acting such as the screen seldom sees—these are features you can not fully appreciate until you have seen them.

The supporting cast gave to the star and the director the fullest possible measure of help in making a perfect gem. My hat is off with delight, to ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, MISS BARBARA BEDFORD, IAN KEITH, GEORGE SIEGMANN and CHARLES PUFFY.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE—Fox.—A youthful, refreshing story of "prep" school life with a cast of youngsters. (*November.*)

HIS DOG—Pathe-De Mille.—Fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone blah. (*October.*)

HIS FIRST FLAME—Pathe.—Harry Langdon's first feature, dug up from the past for no good reason. It's out-of-date, but Harry is funny. (*July.*)

HORSESHOES—Pathe.—Monte Banks hits first class comedy speed in this one. He's funny and so is the picture. (*June.*)

*HULA—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (*October.*)

IRISH HEARTS—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers through another bad one that isn't worth your kind attention. (*August.*)

IS ZAT SO?—Fox.—For those who have seen the stage play, this will be a disappointment. But George O'Brien and Edmund Lowe give it amusement value. (*July.*)

JOY GIRL, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden's eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (*November.*)

*KING OF KINGS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The story of the life of Christ, reverently, beautifully and dramatically told by Cecil B. De Mille. A masterpiece that ought to be an inspiration to all races, creeds and nationalities. (*June.*)

*KNOCKOUT REILLY—Paramount.—Add up another success for Richard Dix. It's a prize-fight story—and a corker. (*July.*)

LES MISERABLES—Universal.—The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and settings prove that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong when they make movies. (*November.*)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray in—you'll never guess—another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (*October.*)

LONESOME LADIES—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic ructions. (*October.*)

LONG PANTS—First National.—The wistful and spiritual Harry Langdon falls into the clutches of a vamp, oh horrors! Very funny. (*June.*)

LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (*August.*)

*LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karenina? Not so's you could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo melt the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don't be silly! (*November.*)

LOVE THRILL, THE—Universal.—A light little show, made pleasant by the performance of Laura La Plante. (*July.*)

LOVERS — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Ramon Novarro in a worldly modern story. Novarro is excellent, although the picture is no knockout. (*June.*)

*LOVES OF CARMEN—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bizet classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (*September.*)

MADAME POMPADOUR—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (*October.*)

MADAME WANTS NO CHILDREN — Fox. — Made in Germany. Stay away. (*June.*)

*MAGIC FLAME, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Melodrama, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (*September.*)

*MAN POWER—Paramount.—Wherein Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star's acting and some good thrills. (*August.*)

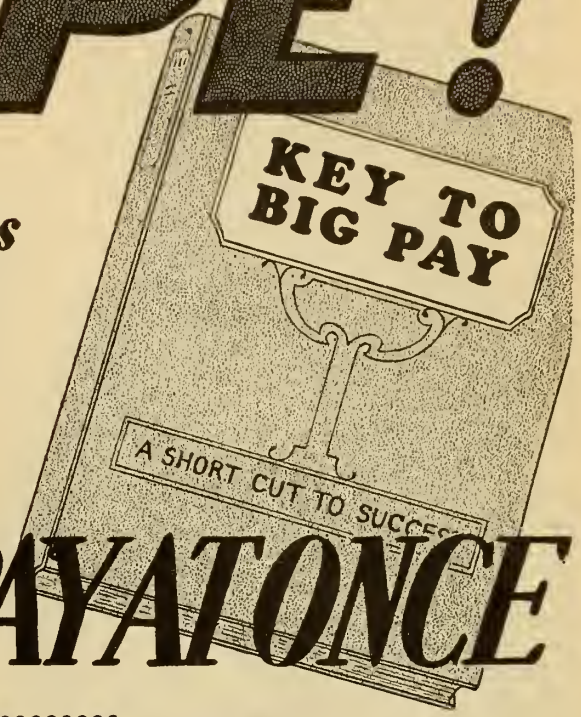
MAN'S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (*October.*)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

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Break Away From ~

Long hours ~ Restrictions on your liberties ~ Barely enough Pay to make both ends meet.



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With LEWIS STONE-MARIA CORDA
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WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN AND PRODUCED BY
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First National Pictures

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But because they suggest something wrong, something faulty, where all should be faultless—because they destroy the poetry of a beautiful skin, and bring the mind with a shock to thoughts of common ails—no woman should suffer them for a moment.

A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads. Ice . . . hot water . . . and a soap especially made for a sensitive skin, soothing, tonic, gently stimulating. Use it tonight!

Before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, protect the fingers with absorbent cotton and press out the blackheads. Sponge with alcohol or hydrogen peroxide solution.

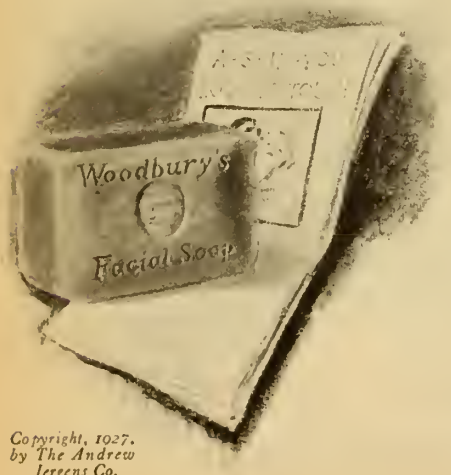
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Blemishes (acne)	*Sallowness*
Excessive oiliness	*Large pores*

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THE largest eyes in Hollywood. Legs like Ann Pennington's. Plenty of ambition and a willingness to work. And there, in a few words, is why Olive Borden has jumped out of the Nowhere into the Here.



Hommel

AFTER making a hit as a romantic hero, Victor Varconi steps into the rôle of the sap husband of *Roxie Hart* in "Chicago." Mr. Varconi isn't going to be a type. And that is why the "furriners" get along.



Hommel

THE girl of "Underworld," Evelyn Brent. Her hit was so emphatic that Paramount immediately cast her in "Beau Sabreur," which is, as you know, the sequel to your favorite melodrama, "Beau Geste."



Chidnoff

BILL Hart finds that the pen is mightier than the six-shooter. Because he can not find a place on the screen, Bill has taken up writing. His novel, "Lighter of Flames," is rated by Westerners as the best of its kind.



Spurr

AFTER giving the best performance of her career in "The Crowd," Eleanor Boardman Vidor is retiring from the screen temporarily. As you can guess, only the most important thing in the world could prompt such a decision.



Richee

WHAT a year for Gary Cooper! He's jumped to feature rôles, been reported engaged to Clara Bow and been assigned a leading part in "Beau Sabreur." What more could any young fellow possibly want?

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty



The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Sydney, London, Toronto, Buenos Aires

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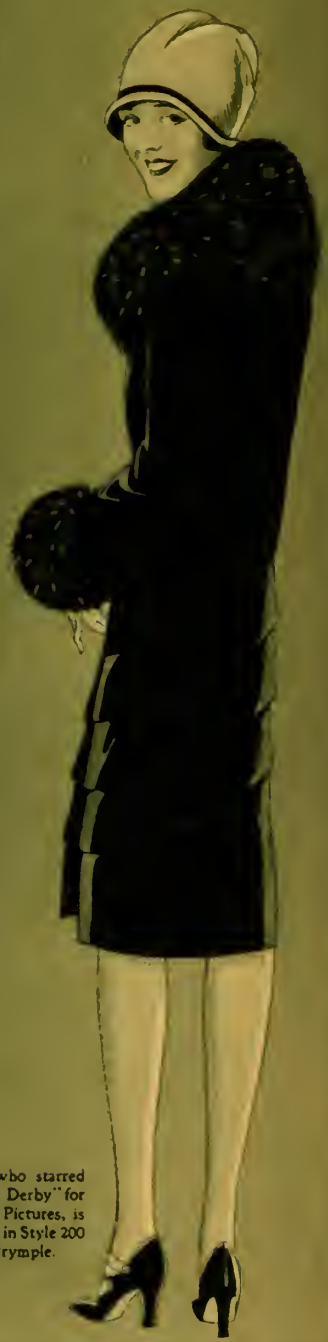
PETITE · · COATS · · TRAVELURE



Printzess
DESIGNED AND TAILORED BY
Printz

Again we show two famous stars of the screen wearing Printzess Coats. Photoplay pages have already shown Betty Bronson, Laura La Plante, Carmel Myers and others in these smartly styled wraps. Let their appearance guide your selection. Ask your dealer to show you his Printzess Coats - the Printzess Travelure for travel and sport wear—and if yours is a shorter figure, the Printzess Petite. Look for the label—the identification of a smart garment! The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland—New York.

Price range: Dress Coats $39.50 to $150.00
"Travelure" $25.00 to $89.50



May McAvoy, Warner Brothers' star, now appearing in "Irish Hearts", sketched in Style 210 by Frederic Dalrymple.

Mary Astor, who starred in "The Sunset Derby" for First National Pictures, is shown sketched in Style 200 by Frederic Dalrymple.

DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

December, 1927

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



WON'T Louis B. Mayer, production head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, please slow down his personal publicity, and make silent dramas, not talking farces?

When fans start writing letters to PHOTOPLAY complaining that they are getting sick of his speeches and statements, he, as a man who is supposed to be a judge of public motion picture opinion, ought to get wise to himself.

His recent act at the Trade Practice Conference in New York, an effort of the Federal Trade Commission to iron out some of the business troubles of the motion picture industry, was not only ridiculous but was in extremely bad taste.

He had the audacity to introduce a resolution calling on motion picture producers to eliminate from the screen, profanity, nudity, robbery, ridicule of race or creed, etc., etc., etc., *ad nauseam.*

The inference was that other producers were committing these screen crimes, but that he was innocent of them.

He threw the first stone.

ONE of the great troubles with this business, and one of the toughest problems of Will Hays, is that every time the poor motion picture is accused of anything, someone like Louis B. Mayer notifies the newspapers, then rushes up to the district attorney, breaks down and confesses on behalf of the industry, and promises to go straight.

MR. MAYER is holier than none. No hotter screening of 100 per cent sex than the "Flesh and the Devil" has appeared in years. The "Callahans and the Murphys" aroused the ire of the Irish and the Catholics all over the country. Exhibitors who had paid for it feared to run it. "Twelve Miles Out" violated so many of the rules he so smugly sets up for the other producers and offended theater patrons to the extent that many exhibitors regretted showing it.

THERE is one screen crime that Mr. Mayer ignored—the highest crime of all—bad taste. I recommend that to his personal attention.

It was reported recently that the gentleman's salary is $800,000 a year.

That makes Mr. Mayer the highest priced actor in motion pictures.

IN Cleveland there is a theater that remains open until four A. M., and the manager tells me that many husbands who have quarreled with their wives seek the movie as a haven of refuge.

If some multi-millionaire really wants to square himself and go to heaven he should endow such theaters in every city.

That's what I would call a real public benefaction.

In his will he should provide that only comedies should be shown after midnight. It would be a brute indeed who could go home and beat up the little woman and the children with a laugh on his lips.

NO domestic tragedies should be shown. No pictures showing revolvers, sashweights, nor new forms of murder. If the battle has been unusually bitter the husband is apt to be very susceptible to suggestion.

No Sennett bathing girl pictures. They might have a tendency to make him glad he had a fight, especially if the other side of the argument is aging under the matrimonial strain.

AT intervals conciliatorily worded, illustrated slides should be thrown on the screen. For instance:

"Maybe it's the bum gin you have been drinking."
"How long since you sent her flowers?"
"Perhaps you, too, had a mother."
"Crime does not pay."
"How would you like to wash dishes?"
"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one."
"Throw your mother-in-law out."
"Maybe he was her cousin."

Then instead of going home burning with rage the husband would return and awaken the broken-hearted little wife to tell her a few gags from the picture. That would end everything,—one way or another.

WITH seasonable precision the melancholy days arrived in Hollywood. Where actors walked up the boulevard with jaunty tread and buoyant smile, they now go furtively along, glancing over the shoulder, fearful of the future. The little sunlit haciendas in Beverly Hills are overclouded with the dread of cheerfully acquired mortgages. The water in the tiled swimming pools has become too chilly for comfort. The cheery songs of a happy world are no longer heard, and the "Hollywood Blues" is a best seller at the music counters.

"WHAT next?" is the popular greeting, not "Cheerio." "When does your contract expire?" has replaced "How's the boy?"

Temperament has disappeared like sunshine under a thunder cloud. The golden days are over.

FOLLOWING the failure of the producers to effect a horizontal ten per cent reduction in the salaries of actors and actresses, directors and writers, and all employees of studios getting over fifty dollars a week, and the subsequent fiasco of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences arbitration, it was generally known that another method of salary curtailment would be sought and found. It has. Hence the despondency.

As the contracts for high salaries, made in the days when competition for these workers was keen, have expired, they are, in most cases, not being renewed. Options on their services, at increased figures, are not being taken up.

ALL this is in line with the effort of the producers, not only to lower the cost of pictures, but to overcome the star problem, and to gradually lessen the dominance of the name of the player or director over the picture itself. No wonder some of the best known screen actors and actresses are going about Hollywood mumbling about a conspiracy against them.

Fortunately for them only one group of production managers are working together, but when one of them finds himself out in the cold at his old studio he finds himself equally unwanted at several others.

WE are listening (hypothetically, of course), to the telephone conversation of one studio manager-supervisor.

"Miss Switchboard, get me Mr. One, Mr. Two, and Mr. Three on the phone." A pause.

"Hello, One. So and So's contract is up and he won't renew for fifteen hundred a week . . . . Our option is two thousand, but we won't take it up at that figure . . . . Too much dough . . . . O. K. kid. Oh, yes, Watchamaycallhim sent his agent around, but we wouldn't talk business and I guess he will come to his senses . . . . I don't like him anyway . . . . His wife gave mine the Ritz at the Ambassador . . . . By the way, Two said Whoziss is going to be around . . . . Give him the razz . . . . A thousand smackers is plenty for that bozo . . . . So long . . . . See you at the Montmartre Wednesday." Simple, isn't it?

ALL is not lost, however. Jack Gilbert is not worried. Neither is Clara Bow, nor Richard Dix, nor Tom Mix, nor a score of others whom the public will continue to demand to see. The hope of the acting profession is the public, whose professional name is Mr. Box Office. And there isn't a supervisor whose name means one nickel to that gentleman.

THE studio managers and supervisors of Hollywood cling to the theory that they are showmen and the actor is merely a mummer. They're dead wrong. Excepting three studios I can pick better showmen and better executives among the actors.

Douglas Fairbanks, for instance. I am not alone in the belief Douglas Fairbanks is the finest and fairest showman and producer in the business, bar none. Conrad Nagel is another. So is Thomas Meighan.

Harold Lloyd has proved it. And don't let anyone tell you that little Mary Pickford, despite the difficult problem of her own pictures, isn't one of the grandest little showmen of them all.

JUST put this down as a fact. No conspiracy or no agreement among producers to eliminate a big box office personality can exist. One of the producers would always find a way out of the agreement. They always have. If a conference of producers agreed to lock out Clara Bow, Jack Gilbert or Charlie Chaplin, an automobile race to their homes would start the second the meeting was over.



THIS isn't either John Gilbert or Richard Dix in the days prior to starring. It is, however, the latest addition to the Hal Roach "Our Gang" comedy forces. He is called "Wheezer" probably because they expect him to develop hay fever later on. You are going to see a lot of "Wheezer" if you see the "Our Gang" pictures, for he has a contract with them for the next year.



THE Shadow of the Horsemen of Disaster falls on the grass-grown, decaying sets of the studio. Over it hovers the phantom of Locklear. Its empty streets echo to the footsteps of Valentino, Barbara La Marr, June Mathis, Harold Lockwood, Allan Holubar and the others who built their dreams in this once-gay place. Where are they today—that gallant company?

Photoplay's Honor Roll *for* 1927



Greta Garbo

The citations for distinguished acting give eighteen players two or more best performances



Vilma Banky

THE honor rolls published in PHOTOPLAY between December, 1926, and November, 1927, inclusive, gave four stars three mentions.

Greta Garbo, for her work in "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love."

Vilma Banky, for "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Night of Love" and "The Magic Flame."

George Bancroft, for "Old Ironsides," "Underworld" and "The Rough Riders."

Charles Farrell, for "Old Ironsides," "Seventh Heaven" and "The Rough Riders."

Fourteen players were mentioned twice.

Adolphe Menjou, "Ace of Cads" and "A Gentleman of Paris." *Richard Dix,* "The Quarterback" and "Paradise for Two." *Emil Jannings,* "Faust" and "The Way of All Flesh." *Wallace Beery,* "We're in the Navy Now" and "Old Ironsides." *Lon Chaney,* "Tell It to the Marines" and "Mockery." *John Gilbert,* "The Show" and "Love." *William Haines,* "Tell It to the Marines" and "Slide, Kelly, Slide." *Dolores del Rio,* "Resurrection" and "The Loves of Carmen." *Renee Adoree,* "The Show" and "Mr. Wu." *Marion Davies,* "The Red Mill" and "Quality Street." *Bebe Daniels,* "Swim, Girl, Swim" and "Senorita." *Ernest Torrence,* "The King of Kings" and "Captain Salvation." *Lillian Gish,* "Annie Laurie" and "The Wind." *Rudolph Schildkraut,* "The King of Kings" and "The Country Doctor."

George Bancroft



Charles Farrell



By Frederick James Smith

A YEAR of interesting newcomers!

The four players of the year to win three mentions in PHOTOPLAY's honor roll of best performances are all newcomers. Greta Garbo smashed her way into the citations with her first American appearances. Charles Farrell, just an extra in 1926, came to the front with a trio of personal hits. George Bancroft, who did a neat bit in "The Pony Express" last year, reached the forefront of character actors. Even Vilma Banky was new to Hollywood two years ago. Note, too, that two of the four are foreign born—and that five of the fourteen players winning two citations are alien born.

Screen acting never reached greater heights than during 1927. Where, for instance, could you find twelve finer performances than these:

Greta Garbo's spectacular siren in "The Temptress"; Emil Jannings' *Mephisto* in "Faust" or his old German bank clerk in "The Way of All Flesh"; George Bancroft's superb gangster in "Underworld"; Dolores del Rio's tragic heroine of "Resurrection"; Charles Farrell's romantic young sailor in "Old Ironsides"; Janet Gaynor's fragile and sensitive girl of the Parisian garrets in "Seventh Heaven"; Pola Negri's distraught peasant of "Barbed Wire"; Victor Varconi's shrewd portrayal of *Pontius Pilate* in "The King of Kings"; Norman Kerry's swaggering Scotch warrior in "Annie Laurie"; Evelyn Brent's belle of the machine gun bandits in "Underworld"; or Clive Brook's derelict lawyer in the same film?

Among the noteworthy newcomers, besides Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, were Olive Borden, piquant in "The Monkey Talks," Camilla Horn, the beautiful *Marguerite* of the German-made "*Faust*," Gilbert Roland, the *Armand* to Norma Talmadge's *Camille;* Lars Hanson, excellent in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

"Beau Geste" Wins Seventh

Readers award highest honor to stirring story of brotherly love, produced by Paramount-Famous-Lasky



HERBERT BRENON'S "Beau Geste" wins PHOTOPLAY'S seventh medal of honor!

The readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have brought in their verdict, and the highest award of all screendom goes to Mr. Brenon's filming of Percival C. Wren's mystery novel of the Foreign Legion.

Thus "Beau Geste" takes its place beside the distinguished gold medal winners of previous years: "Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Big Parade." A notable company, these seven, all of them milestones of screen progress.

Once again PHOTOPLAY points with pride to the fine discrimination shown by its readers. Each year the vote has grown heavier but each year PHOTOPLAY'S readers have revealed the same discernment and discretion in making their selections. PHOTOPLAY believes that its seven reader awards really represent the seven best motion picture productions of seven years.

When PHOTOPLAY first announced its annual award seven years ago, it asked its readers to consider each year's products from every angle. PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to go further than story, direction, photography and technical dexterity, to consider the ideals and the aspirations behind each production. Thus PHOTOPLAY'S gold medal has come to be the highest and most valued prize in the whole world of motion pictures. It is, of course, the only award coming directly from the public.



Herbert Brenon is a pioneer maker of pictures and "Beau Geste" is his best work

"BEAU GESTE" is an unusually worthy production. The screen has had few good mystery stories. Mr. Brenon made an unusually fine visualization of the Wren romance, with its exciting tale of a stolen sapphire, "the Blue Water." "Beau Geste" presented a touching story of brotherly love. In it, three brothers — the Gestes — shoulder the blame for the theft of the famous sapphire, each thinking to save his kin. Thus the Gestes come to enlist in the Foreign Legion. Through all the chain of exciting adventures runs this theme of unselfish brother love.

The background of the Foreign Legion in the Sahara was superbly handled by Mr. Brenon. The acting, too, was unusually fine; Noah Beery, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton and Alice Joyce giving admirable performances.

PHOTOPLAY is proud of the fact that this year its gold medal goes to a picture directed by a brilliant pioneer of motion pictures. Herbert Brenon was born in Dublin, Ireland, but came to America at an early age. He has been a maker of photoplays since the early days of the screen.

Mr. Brenon made two of the first



The fort bursts into flames. "Beau Geste" had not only a fine theme of family loyalty but great spectacular appeal and a thrilling mystery story

Photoplay Medal *of* Honor





Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount-Famous-Lasky. Mr. Zukor's company produced two and distributed three of the pictures that have been honored by PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals

film specials, "Neptune's Daughter" and "The Daughter of the Gods," both starring Annette Kellerman and both remarkable productions of their time. As a producer in his own name Mr. Brenon made such noteworthy pictures as "War Brides," starring Alla Nazimova, and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which Forbes Robertson was the star.

For some years, Mr. Brenon's career was studded with ill luck. He was nearly killed making a picture, he was forced into bankruptcy by the war and he encountered enough vicissitudes to swamp the average man.

Mr. Brenon surmounted all these—and came back to score an artistic and box office hit with his imaginative filming of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan." Mr. Brenon fought his way back to the forefront of motion picture makers and proved his abilities anew with "Beau Geste."

Full credit must be given the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation for making "Beau Geste." It is interesting to point out that Paramount has released three of PHOTOPLAY'S gold medal pictures, "The Covered Wagon," "Beau Geste" and "Humoresque." In fact, this company filmed the first two.

The organization went to tremendous expense in producing the Wren novel. A company of some two thousand players, technical workers, carpenters, etc., lived in the Arizona desert for three months filming the Sahara scenes. Mr. Brenon was given *carte blanche*.

A huge camp was built thirty miles from the nearest habitation among the dunes.

In order to transport supplies and equipment a great plank road was constructed. Some fifteen hundred horses and fifty camels were employed in the desert episodes.

In presenting its annual gold medal to "Beau Geste," PHOTOPLAY does not wish to overlook the fine adaptation of John Russell, the expert scenario of Paul Schofield and the superb photography of J. Roy Hunt. Mr. Hunt, in fact, is a veteran in the service of Mr. Brenon and "shot" some of his best pictures of past years.

Previous Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"



William Powell, Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Noah Beery in a memorable scene. "Beau Geste" had truly an all-star cast

WANTED, Dead

Tom Mix Is Yearnin' to Ventilate the Inventor of Bridge for the Good of the Community

THERE is one bird that I hope pays Hollywood a visit, an' his name is Hoyle.

Us picture people have entertained a lot of strange folks from time to time; we have throwed open our doors to dukes, who, it later developed, had never duked at all; to a Spanish princess that reporters discovered was born and raised in Oakland, California, and didn't savvy enough Mexican to order a good, hot tamale; and to a foreign duchess that got in so dutch with the hotel proprietor before she left town that the police had to be called—and yet we never made a holler or let out a squawk.

One day we would be paraded before a man who invented a new aeroplane an' the next afternoon act our prettiest for a bird who invented a gun to shoot the aeroplane man down—it was all in the game. So far as we were concerned we handed our inquirin' visitors the same welcome a hard up cowboy extends to a stray maverick in the spring; we wished our distinguished callers well on their departure but secretly hoped they wouldn't come back again an' annoy us.

But this bird, Hoyle!

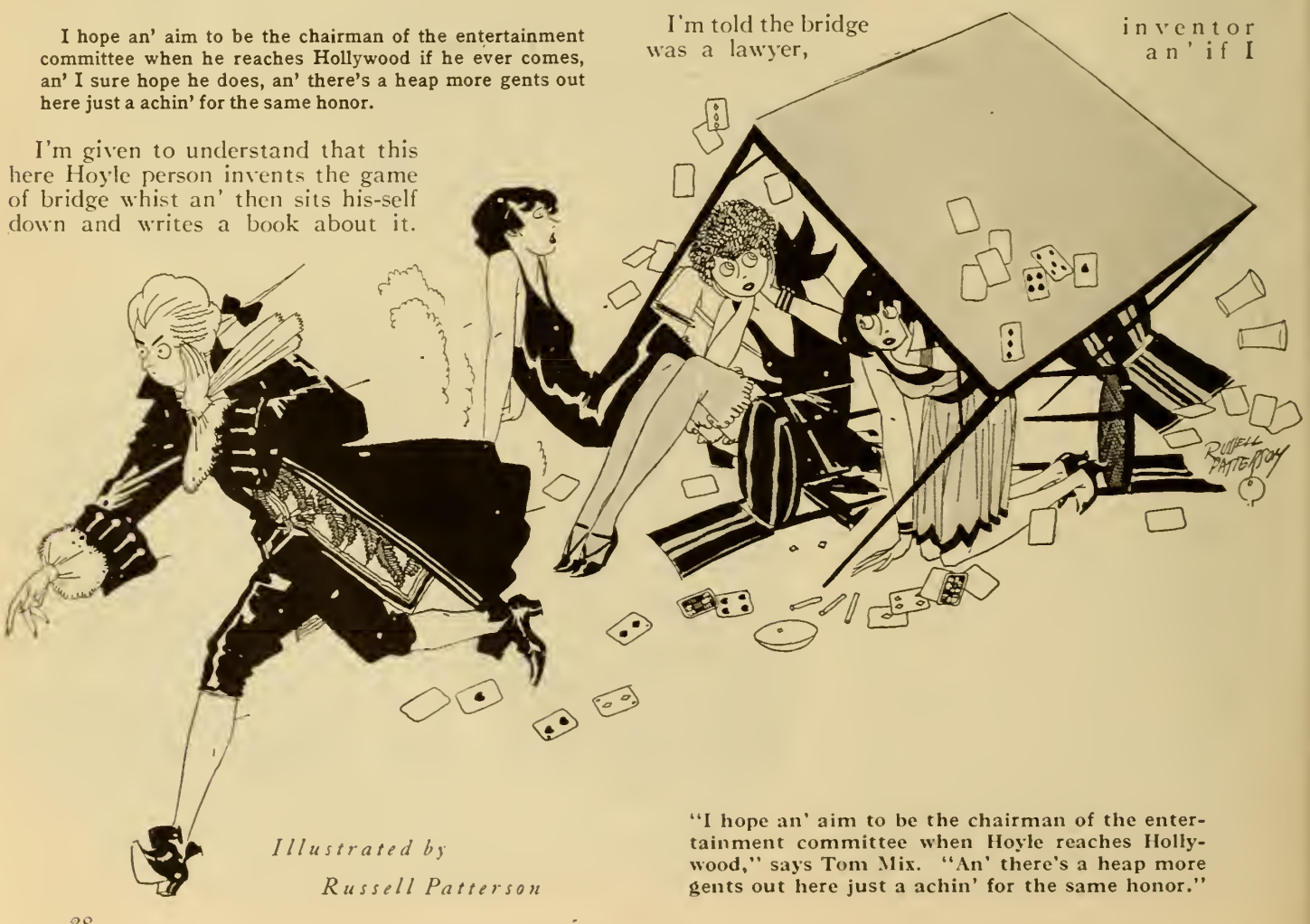
I hope an' aim to be the chairman of the entertainment committee when he reaches Hollywood if he ever comes, an' I sure hope he does, an' there's a heap more gents out here just a achin' for the same honor.

I'm given to understand that this here Hoyle person invents the game of bridge whist an' then sits his-self down and writes a book about it. Personal, I ain't never seen the book, but I know it was wrote. Then it seems that some other smart card shark gets out and improves the game an' writes some more books concernin' the same. But this here Hoyle invented it in the first place an' he's the bird a lot of us earnest an' home lovin' husbands is a layin' for.

A few years ago some smart feller in the east got so smart a playin' bridge that no one could beat him an' they had to get out and shoot a coupl'a holes in him to give the rest of the boys and girls a chance to win now an' then. Not that I'm a yearnin' to ventilate this aforesaid Mr. Hoyle, yet if I was a sheriffin' like I used to do in my younger days an' had a warrant for Kid Hoyle, I'll bet more'n even money that the coroner would say his end came kind o' accidental like through the prisoner attemptin' to escape.

If Mr. Hoyle ever does decide to come to Hollywood, I'll lay good odds there is more sufferin' husbands out here ready and willin' to furnish cash bail for the bird who fired the shot than there was G. A. R.'s with Grant when he finally got to Richmond.

I'm told the bridge inventor was a lawyer, an' if I



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

"I hope an' aim to be the chairman of the entertainment committee when Hoyle reaches Hollywood," says Tom Mix. "An' there's a heap more gents out here just a achin' for the same honor."

or Alive — Edmund Hoyle



By Tom Mix

organize it as I hope an' aim to, Judge Hoyle's welcome in Hollywood is a goin' to be along the same warm an' genial lines that cheered old Doc Cook when he reached the North Pole.

All the fine up-liftin' the women's clubs and Teachers and Parents' Associations of the country has done for us movie folks has been more than discounted by what this feller Hoyle an' his associates has accomplished with their bridge game. That's where it all starts! I can trace more'n ninety per cent of all the court and lawyer proceedin's of Hollywood to the bridge parties.

WOMEN around here has got so they play bridge just as automatically as a man drives an auto. A Hollywood woman don't use her brains a biddin' four on spades any more than a Ford driver thinks which foot he is a goin' to use when he shifts gears. This two-way mental process enables Mrs. Hollywood to play bridge an' discuss hers an' other women's husbands at the same time an' with a single brain movement. Bridge round-ups are no longer held just to play cards—the card playin' is just an excuse for a hen gatherin'—or a general meetin' of the Ways and Means Committee of the Hollywood Wives Protectin' and Plannin' Association.

Before the women got so expert, I suppose the bridge parties were more or less social affairs, but as they progressed the organization of this here Protectin' an' Plannin' Association came about natural—like a cattle round-up in the spring. I've attended a few of these bridge chatters—that is, I've gone to 'em to fetch Mrs. Mix home, an' while a waitin' in the hall, I've listened to the players talk.

Never once did I hear a wife a braggin' on how nice her husband was, or tell of some kind an' thoughtful act he had done to bring a little happiness into their lives or home.

Any dame who would start that kind of conversation couldn't get an audience among her greatly abused sisters an' she would probably wind up by bein' throwed out the front door with the same swiftness that us cowboys used to get from a just married bar tender when we insisted on buyin' drinks after closin' time.

NO woman wants to hear about good husbands—that don't interest her or get her nothin'—but she's keen on listenin' in on what some sufferin' wife has to say about bad husbands, for then she gets new ideas on how to whip her old man into shape an' land somethin' or whatever it is she's after or a wantin' at that time.

They don't have no programs at these bridge festivals, but they never lack for speakers to address the meetin'. Everybody comes prepared.

Mrs. Jim Jones gains great sympathy when she bids two on hearts an' in the same breath, recites how her stingy husband has cut her pin money down to $1,250 a month, reduced from $1,500. An', as she leads her ace, she asks the weepin' Marthas and sufferin' Marys around her, how can she scrimp along thataway?

Martha, holdin' king, jack an' seven of the same suits, to show what she's a sufferin', tells how she is compelled to make over her $3,500 mink coat this year, a owin' to the economy her husband is a forcin' on her. Wipin' away a few tears, Mary, still sufferin', plays a ace and queen of diamonds on the only two cards Mrs. Jones happens to hold of that same kind, an' sobs out how she's got to go on wearin' her four big diamond solitaires in last year's settin's until she's ashamed to be seen with 'em on, an' go without the new ermine an' sable coat for which she was a plannin'. Mrs. Smith, also in the game, is just a followin' suit and a sayin' nothin', but a layin' back until a new deal, so she can start the recitation of her sufferin'. An' all this from women who started with their husbands at a time when two new silk dresses and a new suit a year seemed like wild extravagance for 'em both.

There are more terribly abused and sufferin' wives today in Hollywood than that Napoleon feller ever made widows. These wives just suffer and suffer until the tellin' of it takes so long that her chauffeur outside in the Rolls has to wait until after dark before the poor, unhappy little wife is ready to be driven to her humble, empty home, where there's no one to greet her but the butler, six hired help and her husband.

But if the trouble stopped with the tellin' of the sufferin', everything, probably, would be all right, but that's just where the trouble starts. A disgruntled wife at a bridge party can do more damage than a steer with the hoof and mouth disease can bring grief to a herd of healthy cattle, dwellin' particularly on the mouth part of it. Toward the end of the party, one of these abused women gets the floor and dispenses more woe, a hopin' to out-agonize the rest an' grief becomes general. With the probably exception of a few unfortunate folks in the poor house, all feel that they're about the most abused.

Then it is, steamed and pepped up with grief, all go home an' weep—an' no man [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

Their Night

The stars put on their party clothes and step out to the Mayfair Club Ball



Viola Dana's best dress is a *robe de style* with a satin bodice and a wide *bouffante* skirt



Gloria Swanson wears her hair parted in the middle with "buns" over her ears. And Florence Vidor's costume is mostly silk fringe with, of course, the inevitable flower on the shoulder



Proving that husbands and wives really do go to parties together. The three wives are Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett). And their dancing partners are Mr. Niblo, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Nagel

Out



Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick; Mrs. Levee, Gilbert Roland, Norma Talmadge (in a sable coat) and Mike Levee



Marion Davies — looking like a flapper at her first party — and Matt Moore, the kid brother of Owen and Tom





Mae Murray in a spangled dress, with short sleeves and high neck. Her escort, of course, is her husband, David Mdivani

Three artful matrimonial dodgers — May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lois Wilson. They are wearing fine coats of tan accumulated on the tennis court and at the beach

It's the Easiest Job *in the* Movies

By Ruth Biery



Olive thought that this stunt was too dangerous for her double. So she did it herself



A Borden of Virginia thrives on danger

TWO girls stood on the edge of a 7,400 foot precipice in the Lake Louise district of Canada.

They were dressed exactly alike. Two pairs of black, sleazy, silken pajamas.

Seen from the distance, they would have been taken for twin sisters.

Both were intent upon watching a group of Hollywood prop men fasten a parachute in the tops of two tall pine trees which hung over the brink of that seemingly bottomless cavern.

Olive Borden turned to her double.

"My dear, I am not going to let you hang in that thing. It is altogether too dangerous."

"Don't be silly, Olive. Of course, I am going to do it."

"I tell you, Margie, I won't have it. It isn't exactly as though you were a regular double. I know you only came into this picture as a favor to me. Just because we're both from Virginia and you were the only one who had exactly the same figure."

"I may not be a regular double, but doubling's my business in this picture. Who would do it if I didn't?"

"I'll do it myself. It won't be half as hard as was watching you do it."

There followed a battle of words—most royal.

General Shields, that personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, who led his northern regiment against his own cousins in General Lee's army, would have been proud of the fiery technique of his great grand-niece, Olive Borden.

Nor would have Judge Hatfield, the Washington, D. C., Federal barrister, been ashamed of his affectionate little daughter, Margie. She did full justice to her feudal West-Virginian ancestors, who marked history with their generation-upon-generation feuds with the McCoys of the south-eastern country.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



CLOSE-UP of Hollywood's happiest husband being true to his public. Fans wrote Douglas Fairbanks that "The Black Pirate" was no sheik. Hence Doug made "The Gaucho," in which he falls for two girls, one pure, the other perilous. Lupe Velez, above, is the peril.

Gossip of All



"The third time is the charm." Two matrimonial failures haven't discouraged Anna Q. Nilsson. Here are presented Anna Q. and Ernest J. Krause, her fiancé. Krause is not in the movies, although he is the type that could easily pass a screen test



"A Woman of Paris" returns. After a year in France, Edna Purviance, CharlieChaplin's best leading woman, tried to slip quietly back to Hollywood. Will she return to the screen?

HERE *is* news! Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are not going together any more. Just another example of two-timing.

Greta insisted, so the story goes, upon continuing her acquaintance with Mauritz Stiller, that countryman of hers who is directing.

But John insisted upon being her one and only.

Greta has her temperament, but John hath his pride. Thus the disunion.

"Temporary," you say?

We agree with you. Not to blow any family secrets, PHOTOPLAY is publishing a story next month about Greta and the other girls who are so skillfully dodging the wedding ring.

SHE is the debutante daughter of a pair of film celebrities noted for their good hearts and their quick tempers. And at a party she was discussing the virtues of her famous parents.

"I love them both," she gurgled, "and they are awfully sweet and kind to me. But I don't live at home any more. Somehow or other I just *can't*. I haven't felt the same about home since the night that Papa took a shot at Mama."

DOLORES DEL RIO has imported a new cousin whom she is grooming for a second Ramon Novarro, they tell me.

Whereby hangs a gossipy story.

When Dolores first came to Hollywood to make her bid for cinema fame she was not exactly snubbed but distinctly overlooked by her famous cousin, Ramon Novarro.

Now whether it was distaste that a feminine member of his aristocratic family should seek picture glory, or whether it was jealousy that prompted him not to call or give any recognition to Dolores and her husband, you will have to judge for yourself.

BUT the fact remains that for many months they were never seen to speak to one another. Then work in the same Cathedral, where Ramon sings in the choir and Dolores works among the women, brought about a distant, nodding, uncousinly arrangement.

But there are many attractive men in the Del Rio-Novarro family. Now comes Carlos Amor. one of the most handsome, who is given a choice bit in "Ramona," Dolores' current production. It may be a bit of aristocratic Spanish retaliation.

ANOTHER evidence of production economy at the studios. A tiny baby was needed for a scene in finishing "The Enemy." The call came to Peggy Coleman, studio nurse, at M.-G.-M. "Please have a baby by eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

That's insisting on schedule work.

YOU can't change your name to hide your identity in Hollywood and get away with it. It's been tried too often.

The latest fade-out in this farcical endeavor is Walter Goss.

Three years ago two Paramount officials were standing in a New York theater lobby and saw this young newspaper reporter. They stared at him so hard that the cynical lad became frightened and tried to beat it. But they pursued and offered him a test in pictures. A term at the Paramount School and he was shipped to California.

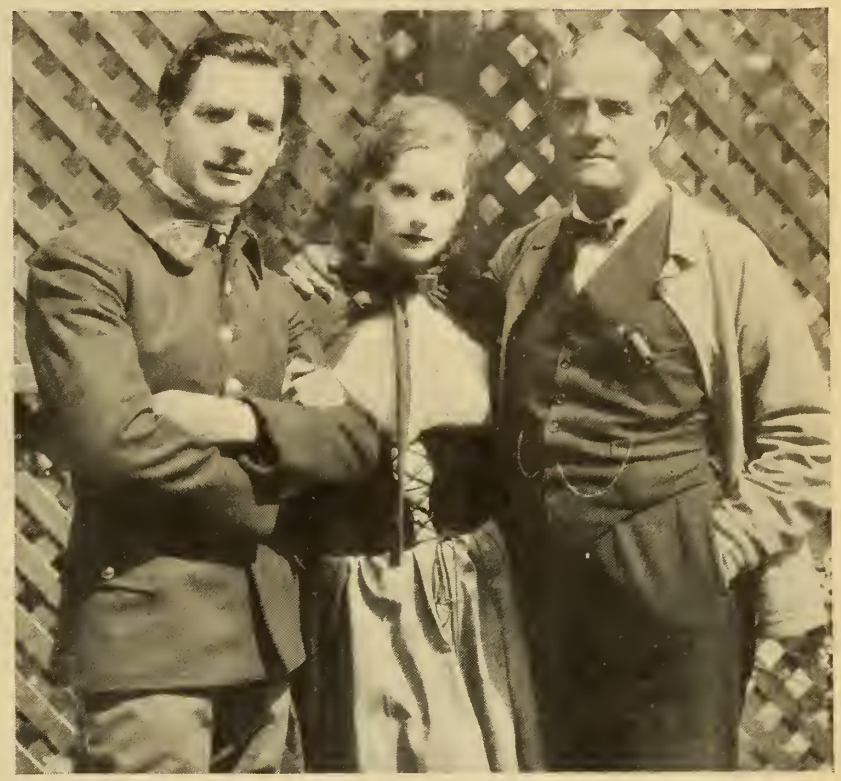
AFTER two years without what he considered "a decent break," Goss became discouraged and beseeched Finis Fox, a life-long friend, to help him. Fox took him to Eddie Carewe

the Studios

By Cal York



This Aphrodite didn't rise from the waves. She rose from a bathing beauty contest. Alice Adair will play the Goddess of Love in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"



Three famous Swedes—all of whom are concerned in the filming of "The Divine Woman." Lars Hanson has been cast in the rôle of the leading man, Greta Garbo is the star, and Victor Seastrom is the director. This film is the story of the life of Bernhardt

who had nothing to say as long as Jesse Lasky held Goss's scrawl at the foot of a contract. So Goss asked for a release and got it. He bounced into Carewe's office as tickled as a baby with its first stick of candy. Carewe signed him for the choice bit of *Felipe* in "Ramona."

"But I don't like your name," Carewe added. "It doesn't sound pretty."

So Harry Wilson, publicity expert, and Finis Fox got busy and decided that "Roland Drew" *was* pretty.

Only they forgot to tell the world about it and sprung him as a new player. We agree with Louella Parsons, they should have known better.

THEN, of course, there's Mary Nolan who is no other than Imogene Wilson. How "Bubbles" thought she could pass out her sweet beauty for that of an innocent newcomer when, with the aid of Frank Tinney, she had made it eternally well-known, is beyond imagination. But she got away with the ingenue lead in United Artists' "Sorrell and Son" and has now signed with Universal.

Her first picture is to be "The Foreign Legion," starring Norman Kerry.

But Sam Jacobson, publicity director at Universal, isn't taking any chances. He is frankly announcing her former connections.

And we agree with him that nothing can stop the young lady from being a photographic knock-out, and we hand it to Universal for being honest.

Give the kid a chance.

She's game.

NORMA SHEARER is now Mrs. Irving Thalberg. The Thalbergs have returned to Hollywood after a honeymoon in the Canadian Rockies.

Norma and Irving were married by Rabbi Edgar Magnin and the bride, a Canadian, had some difficulty in making the responses in Hebrew.

In case you are interested in such things—and who isn't?—the bride wore a wedding gown of ivory velvet and the bridesmaids were costumed in orchid and yellow chiffon.

BIOLOGICAL information imparted by a subtitle in "The Jazz Singer":—"God made her a woman and love made her a mother."

ETHEL CLAYTON and Ian Keith, two of the film colony in whom we are much interested, may not marry right away, for Ian's divorce is not final as yet. However, they are enjoying a pleasant association in the interim, as both are playing at the Orpheum. Their offering is a dramatic playlet called "Clipped."

ONE of the most prominent feminine stars of the screen whose name is almost a synonym of luxurious living has been hovering on the brink of a financial crash for months.

The lady has borrowed heavily from all of her friends and co-workers and, if mortgages were visible to the naked eye, you wouldn't be able to see her house.

But one of her creditors is at this moment burning up, and with good reason.

A few days after he advanced the lady many thousands for "necessary personal expenses," the fair debtor branched out in an imported car of a very special model.

No, the creditor can't touch the car. It's in the name of the lady's husband.



Only four years old and already a thief! Little Jane La Verne stole a picture from Reginald Denny and Denny let her get away with it. It was "That's My Daddy." You'll hear more of young Jane



Film Footage. Mary Brian wears a 3½ shoe while Jack Aasen had his made up specially in a size 20½. Both Mary and Jack are playing in "The Side Show." If this picture has as big a kick in it as Jack's shoe, it will be a box office success

And the husband who "owns" the luxury hasn't a penny to his name.

TWO men were viewing a picture. A scantily attired vampire appeared. Said one to the other, "I don't see where they can vaccinate her without it being apparent."

The other replied, "Oh, they will probably vaccinate her double."

MARION DAVIES' baby shower for Eleanor Boardman was an unprecedented success. A host of adorable presents were heaped before the prospective mother.

Three cunning little beds, two tiny bathtubs—

But there's no denying it bothered King Vidor. "Does my wife have to have triplets or twins?" he is anxiously inquiring.

JOHN BARRYMORE was walking down Hollywood boulevard. Suddenly an unknown man grabbed his arm:

"Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Barrymore! I have travelled all over the world and everywhere they take me for you. In China, in Africa, in England. I want to know what you think about it."

John looked him over in a cool, distant manner. Then answered rapidly as he disappeared into the crowd:

"My father was a very much travelled man. Probably you do resemble him a little."

RUTH HARRIETT LOUISE was photographing Miss Davies. Marion was in an unusually idyllic pose, hands clasped prayerfully before her.

"Oh, please, dear Lord, let us have more good pictures," pleaded Marion.

Ruth looked dazed.

"Oh, I mean moving pictures," Marion added in a hurry. Ruth continued with her "still" pictures.

"WILL you smoke a herring, if they ain't real orchids!" *Dorothy* gasped as she went onto the floral set in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

"Naturally." Ruth Taylor placidly smoothed back a blonde lock. Our new *Lorelei* is becoming well-acclimated to Mr. Eisman's attentions.

WHAT did Marion Davies do with the pig Bebe Daniels wished upon her?

She willed it to Morley Drury, the University of Southern California football hero, who played in "The Fair Co-ed" with the blonde beauty. And Captain Drury gave it to his team as a mascot. Its first duty was performed at the University of Southern California-Leland Stanford game.

WHEN the Costellos lived down on Long Island twelve years ago, little Helene's favorite playmate was a boy named Jack Regan. Later Helene went on the stage and then into the movies and young Jack became a famous football player.

The young romance flourished in spite of long separations and recently Helene and Jack were married at the Beverly Hills Church of the Good Shepherd by the Rev. Father Michael J. Mullins. Lots of friends attended the ceremony, but among those absent was Papa Maurice.

CREDIT the following Scotch item to *Punch:* "A London cinema now allows dogs to be admitted free af charge. In consequence of this it is rumored that several Scotsmen are learning to bark."

POIGNANT reminder of a dead idol—Rudy Valentino's beloved Isotta-Franchini roadster with the specially built body of aluminum and the radiator cap that was a hooded cobra in remembrance of a bad picture—flashing about the streets of New York bearing the golden figure of Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, its present owner.

LITA GREY CHAPLIN continues to sojourn in New York, although there is no more said about her appearance in vaudeville. Nevertheless, she has a press agent, which indicates that her artistic ambitions are not dead. Also she is one of the most presistent orchid-wearers in all Manhattan. She is also seen yither and yon and here and there with Buster Collier, accompanied by Momma, of course.

But, take it from her published interviews, Lita misses her



Paying her back in her own coin. Mary Pickford gives Kathleen Norris $25,000 in nickels and dimes for her story, "My Best Girl," a comedy of a five-and-ten-cent store. This is one of the best pictures "America's Sweetheart" has made in years

two children something terrible. She misses them, in fact, in every night club in New York.

THESE youngsters who are getting their breaks in the movies don't seem to realize that their lives have now become private property. A young chap, who has risen to unusual heights in one of the biggest dramatic sensations of the season, paid a visit to his parents "back East" recently. Word reached us from Chicago that he had "lain in his birth drunk all the way home." And one person added, "This has spoiled his big picture for us entirely."

In spite of the fact that this youngster was in this condition in the East and on his way homeward, and has been noted for being a clean young fellow at this end of the line, Hollywood received the blame for his condition. The fact that he slipped into town without letting anyone know, not even the studio for which he is working, more or less bears out the story. We write this, hoping it may prove a wee bit of a warning to these suddenly famous young people.

LET'S consider the case of Sally O'Neil. A little over two years ago, Sally was merely Chotsy Noonan. Then Marshall Neilan gave her a rôle in one of his pictures and Sally registered an instant hit.

Sally was a fresh kid to begin with and she began getting fresher, brasher and then still fresher. Her pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made money, but Sally's temperament around the studio was something else again.

Came the time for the company to renew Sally's contract. The officials gave Sally the surprise of her still-young life by allowing her to depart without an argument.

And things like that are happening in Hollywood every day.

MOVIE openings are becoming almost as toney as a night at the Metropolitan Opera.

"The Jazz Singer" opened in New York with a wave of well-planned enthusiasm. How valiantly the ushers did their duty! We were particularly impressed with the efforts of one gentleman in an ill-fitting dress suit, who did his best to urge the reluctant Al Jolson to the front of the theater for a speech.

When the gentleman achieved his apparently ardent wish and Mr. Jolson was in the limelight at the front of the theater, did the enthusiast wait for the priceless words of Al? No, his duty done, he rushed hastily into the lobby and proceeded to cool off his burning hands.



If your name is unlucky, pick a new one. Ena Gregory cast aside her own monicker and emerged as Marion Douglas, a combination of Mary and Douglas, which is supposed to be powerfully lucky

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOI is threatening to sue M.-G.-M. for the way in which they have handled, or, as he says, "mishandled" "Anna Karenina," released as "Love."

He claims that the picture, in which Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are co-starred, is against the principles and beliefs of his father, Count Leo Tolstoi, author of the novel.

Although the name is changed, he is banking upon his legal hold in the use of the same names for the characters, as used in the book.

It is reported that Louis B. Mayer offered the present Count five thousand dollars to ease his injured feelings and that the Count refused the money in a frenzy of indignation.

FRISCO, the jazz stepper, is one of the best wisecrackers in New York's Flighty Forties.

The other night, someone was telling Frisco of an extremely religious motion picture director whose specialty is comedies.

"Why," narrated Frisco's informant, "this guy is so religious that when he is stuck on a situation he calls up his spiritual advisor for help and guidance."

"A-a-are his p-p-pictures g-g-good?" asked the stuttering Frisco.

"They're wonderful," was the reply.

"T-t-they ought t-t-to be," snapped back Frisco, "with G-g-god as a g-g-gag-man."

JACK LLOYD, scenario writer—who, by the way, has just completed "Drums of Love," the new D. W. Griffith picture—is having a special gold medal wrought for the collar of his German police dog.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd looked out of the window of their Holly Vista mountain-side home and saw the dog running across the garden with their baby, wildly shaking it in his hurry. They rushed to the rescue, insane with fear, and were about to punish the pet, when a huge rattler crawled from the corner where the baby had been playing. Now the dog rules in that family.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

What Do Pictures

A spectator will respond to a movie something in his own char-



"Art has a right to use any theme it sees fit provided it does not lie about life." A scene from "Greed"

"THE motion picture is the greatest single menace the world has ever known. We used to consider the automobile the worst offender. But compared to the movies—! Why, the immoral influences of pictures is a hundred times as bad. Scores of young boys and girls go wrong each year because of them. If I had my way I'd padlock every picture house in the country!"

In this wise did a very respectable old gentleman get a lot of anger off his chest. He was one of the leaders in a large social service organization. One might have assumed that he knew what he was talking about.

I waited until he had calmed down however, and then I asked him a few simple questions to test the validity of his accusations.

"You claim that pictures impair the morals of our young people. Have you the cases on record? Can you prove it?"

"I don't have to prove it," he retorted. "It stands to reason. Look at the bathing parties they show—the nudity. And the jazz, and the drinking and the petting and carousing."

"But can you name a single instance where seeing such a picture actually started a boy or girl on the wrong road? That is what I want to know."

"Well—er—well," he sputtered. And that is about as far as he got. He could not, of course, prove his contention. He was voicing his individual opinion only. He could not back it up with facts.

I fully agree with this gentleman, of course, that some pictures have anything but a moral, uplifting influence. But I do not agree that most of them are pernicious.

Nor will I admit that even the unworthy ones exert such a powerful effect for evil as my friend insisted upon.

Let us examine a little into this matter of what motion pictures do to us.

In the first place, the intention of art has never been to uplift, to instruct, or to point a moral lesson. And art the silver screen certainly can be. Pictures such as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Covered Wagon," "The Last Laugh," "The



Says Dr. Bisch: "I cannot say from my own experience that I have ever been able to establish in any case of waywardness or delinquency a single bad influence that could be charged directly to the motion picture. I have heard such charges made. I have never seen any proved.

"If the more licentious types of picture entertainment that cater to our primitive, sensual tastes showed vice triumphant, then the pernicious influence claimed by some might be substantiated.

"But vice and depravity are never allowed to be victorious on the screen. The wicked are always punished. The noble and worthy come out on top.

"Indeed, the most characteristic quality about all such productions is that they preach the doctrine that it pays to be good!"

Do To You?

By
Louis E. Bisch
M. D., Ph. D.

only if it reflects acter make-up

Ten Commandments," "The Big Parade," "Metropolis," and others, prove it beyond a doubt.

True art reflects life as it is. It takes in the conflicts, the struggles and aspirations, the triumphs, the tragedies, the love, the sweetness and light of human character. The stirring moments, the purple patches, the crises that human beings undergo offer the best themes for dramatic art. But the portrayal of a quiet, unobtrusive scene can also be good art. To be art the acid test is that the presentation shall not lie about life.

THE two big exceptions to this cardinal rule of art are the exaggerations met with in comedy and in satire. Still, even in these forms the exaggeration of feeling and acting is based upon correct premises, upon a foundation that fundamentally is true to life. Take Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" as a concrete example. There is both comedy and satire in this picture. It is a gross exaggeration of truth. Nevertheless there is truth behind it. We feel right through that a pathetic but intensely human misfit such as Chaplin impersonates might very logically behave under similar circumstances just as Chaplin makes him behave.

Now then, the question that immediately arises is this: If these pictures people complain about—nudity, jazz, drinking, petting, carousing—actually hold the mirror up to nature, as it were, and present life as it really is, are they not therefore art, and have they not exactly as much right to be used for picture themes as, let us say, a story about heroism, or religion, or mother love?

I think that they have. Art has a perfect right to use any theme it sees fit provided it does not lie about life.

Unfortunately, however, all motion pictures are not art. Many fall down on the very thing art demands.

NOT only do some pictures exaggerate most recklessly, without bothering to establish even a semblance of truthfulness to life, but often it would almost seem as though they had set out deliberately to create a fake impression of what life really is.

I suppose it is this sort of picture the old gentleman I mentioned had in mind.

He was objecting to a hectic form of entertainment that rouses the emotions in an artificial way, in a way that drugs the spectator, that produces in him a state of excitement unwarranted by the facts of life.

Do such forms of entertainment, however, harm in any way? Can they, for instance, undermine the moral fibre to such a degree as to be considered an actual menace to morals?



The modern flapper, as exemplified by Clara Bow, mirrors life. Jazz has as much place on the screen as themes of religion or heroism

Mothers and fathers frequently talk to me, as a physician, about their sons and daughters. On several occasions they have asked me to have heart-to-heart talks with their children. Often they fear they are attending picture shows too often, that they are obtaining fake ideas about life through picture channels. In three instances that I can recall parents actually blamed the movies for the loose and reckless mode of living their youngsters had fallen into.

A specialist doing my kind of work—medical psychology—has an opportunity of studying human character in the most minute and intimate manner and invariably his subjects reveal to him hidden secrets and privacies that they would never dream even of hinting at to their mother or dearest friend.

"I wish father wouldn't be so old-fashioned," remarked one of the young girls I had in mind. "Of course I go to pictures. I enjoy them. They relax me. But I never learned anything from them I didn't know before. Boarding school is where I woke up. If they worked up a scenario about the one I attended it would be a sizzler all right."

"My mother makes me tired," said the other girl. "Why blame the poor movies? What about the war? What about all this sex [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Intimate Visits *to the*



Jesse Lasky's life has been as intensely dramatic in coloring as any in all the romantic world of motion pictures

Jesse Lasky came out of the Klondike Gold Rush of '98 to find his Way to New York via a Musical Act in the Varieties. Then Chance Brought him to Pictures and to Success

By Terry Ramsaye
Author of "A Million and One Nights"

IN the gold rush of '49 was an obscure person named Lasky, selling a miscellany of wares to the adventurers, and seeking, too, a fortune. He was a merchant, a vendor of all manner of things, notions. Now in the cycle of fate, his grandson, Jesse Lasky, has come back out of the golden west, also vending notions, grandiose notions in motion, like "The Ten Commandments," "The Covered Wagon," and "Old Ironsides."

Now this Jesse Lasky is in essence a product of that epic romanticism of California, an inheritor and a personal consequence of the adventure era. The tradition has placed its stamp on him and claims him for its own. It rules him and ordains his life and thought and conduct without his consciousness, as automatically as the moon tides or the run of the salmon are ruled.

Lasky's name is written flamboyantly into the heraldry of commerce and the typographical din of advertising and trade, in the boasting cognomen of the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation. It is spelled in ink and gilt and electric lights and cut into stone and cast into bronze, even on the medals issued to commemorate Adolph Zukor's birthday. "Lasky" registers on stock certificates, ledgers, billboards and theater fronts. The name is very much in business. Also Lasky has an office with the corporation in that amazing Pyramid of Adolph I, known as the Paramount Building, at Times Square, New York. There Lasky is surrounded with all the buzzing machinery of business, with phalanxes of assistants and tiptoeing, bowing secretaries. His desk is beset with telephones and date books and data files and box office reports and manuscripts and ranks of electric push-buttons and a loud speaking inter-communicator. There is enough machinery and apparatus of business to execute any executive. And yet there is in that office no atmosphere of business at all.

Jesse Lasky in that setting is just as improbable as a robin's nest in a street lamp, a phenomenon which can be seen but never believed.

There is an elusive lack of conviction about that business setting. Lasky is unquestionably present, but not exactly there and of the place. He is robustly actual, tall, Teuton-blond in color and very blue as to eyes, precisely tailored and softly spoken, but eternally uneasy under all his calmness. Probably he is internally disturbed by induction and static from the whirring high-tension currents of business which eddy about just outside that fluttering fringe of secretaries.

There is, or used to be, in his office a picture of Lasky standing on the topmost rock of a mountain peak. He



Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky see some of their dreams come true with the building of the new Paramount studios in California

Homes of Famous Film Magnates



Jesse Lasky and his son, Jesse, Jr. Lasky, would rather fish than do anything else, unless it is to climb a new and hazardous mountain

stands looking off into the distance with his scarf flying in the mountain wind. That picture seems much more probable than the fact of the man behind the big desk. The fact may be New York but the truth is the top of the Sierras, or in the elusive beckoning elsewhere.

Each morning Lasky awakes in his apartment home in upper Fifth Avenue with something of a determination to dash through breakfast and go briskly and businesslike to his office and clear up that desk. It is a handsome determination, with all of the merits of a copybook maxim, but some way the idea never quite comes off. There are so many distracting things to do. There is the morning paper and maybe a new book and —if Mrs. Lasky has not thoughtfully locked the piano— he can be happy for an hour or so dawdling over the keys playing those three tunes that he knows.

By the time he is out and on the avenue it is too late to be anyway near on time at the office so he might as well walk as usual anyway. Also it is much pleasanter to ramble along by the park on the upper avenue than it is to read foolish reports and synopses and sales memoranda.

Then frequently the time speeds along so fast that if he went directly to the office there would be the peril of the great embarrassment of meeting the "business people" of the organization coming out for lunch. So after all he might as well drop into a bookshop or two or consider the displays of antiques and pictures along Madison and Fifth, and then stroll into the office casually later just as though he had returned from luncheon: Lasky is naive like that. A more belligerent, self assured man would not care a merry damn who saw him arriving at his office, but Lasky is sensitive.

One may be very sure there is a secret in Jesse Lasky's life. Possibly he is not aware of it in concrete terms himself. He is looking for something, or some place, somewhere. Just what or where he does not know at all, but whatever it is it is sure to be decidedly Elsewhere.

FOR most of his associates there is a world of brass tacks facts, certainties and more or less conspicuous goals. But not for Lasky. He is accidentally in the art of the motion picture, incidentally in the business of the motion picture, but he lives in a land of far dreams and speculations.

Lasky plays the game as best he may. He acts as much like a magnate as is consistently possible to him. He sits weightily in conferences and listens to the buzz-saw-efficient sales persons and the ponderous announcements of the banking persons and the shrewdness of the executive persons. He does well enough in this rôle of business, but after all it is just a rôle.

They take him to conventions. They have him make speeches. He is counselled of this and of that. They ask him to play at little games with little cards and they laugh a bit when he is not so adroit in the savage chicane of stud poker. But they do not know him. Some day he may take one of them mountain climbing with two thousand feet of rock work to do on a pint of water. That will be another story.

One may know more of the inwardness of a man by what he plays at than by what he works at. A great many of Lasky's contemporaries are likely to be found at their play in the moiling, busy places, Palm Beach, Monte Carlo, London, Paris, Havana, about the clubs and night clubs of New York. But Lasky's heart is out where the shadows are deep over the trout pool, up in the clear air where the ptarmigan whistles, out where the surf booms on the reef—not where the crowd is.

It is never admitted in the cold light of day of any imposing corporation captain that he is sentimental, but Lasky is.

SOME sort of a sentimental undercurrent swept in on him on the occasion of Adolph Zukor's last birthday. For some twelve or thirteen years they have been associated in business, with Zukor in charge of the business concerns of the Famous Players-Lasky combination while Lasky has carried the responsibility of picture production. In all those years birthdays have never been occasions.

This time for reasons he does not himself know, Lasky was impelled to give Zukor a birthday present. He kept the present in his desk for a day or two, trying to muster up the special sort of courage required to make a personal presentation. Then that morning of the birthday he penned a bit of a note and tiptoed into Zukor's office and left it [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

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The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



MY BEST GIRL—United Artists

WITH a story by Kathleen Norris, an adaptation by Hope Loring, and "America's Sweetheart" to play in it, the picture could not fail to be interesting. Not the story, which is flimsy, nor all the comedy running through it (and it is frequently slapstick), makes you remember the picture. But you will carry away memories of the beautiful love episode between Mary Pickford and "Buddy" Rogers.

You might not think of romance in connection with a ten-cent store, but, when Mary was stock girl in Merritt's store, she discovered a wonderful beau, whom she tried to train in the business. Thereby hangs the tale. The love scenes between these two are marvelous—beautiful, clean, and gripping.

The best picture Mary has made in several years.



SUNRISE—Fox

THE sort of picture that fools high-brows into hollering "Art!" Swell trick photography and fancy effects, but, boiled down, no story interest and only stilted, mannered acting.

F. W. Murnau can show Hollywood camera effects, but he could learn a lot about story-telling from local talent. The only American touch is a fine comedy sequence in a barber shop. The film has its moments. There is a love scene that smokes—literally. And there is a pathetic moment when the "hero" tries to drown his wife.

Janet Gaynor does good work but looks all wrong in a blonde wig which wouldn't fool anybody. George O'Brien acts like the Golem's little boy. Worth seeing for its technical excellence.



THE CROWD—M.-G.-M.

HERE you have Life. Life as it is lived by millions in New York and other big cities where the crowd walks, pushes, tramples each individual member.

A tremendous production; a powerful story of a man who was born to be "something big" but has a furious fight for mere existence.

Cocky, self-confident, blind to his own failures, James Murray, as *John Sims*, holds the love and the sympathy of his audience from beginning to end just as he holds the sympathy and love of his frail, self-sacrificing wife, Eleanor Boardman.

You have lived the same experiences as this simple, devoted couple.

You have suffered and struggled, laughed and rejoiced, worried and fretted in the same manner.

No picture is perfect, but this comes as near to reproducing reality as anything you have ever witnessed. Yet it loses none of the suspense and thrills of a great picture because it is a real-life story.

The photography is splendid, the titles are as heart-yearning as the picture.

James Murray makes his initial bow to the public in a manner that will not be forgotten, while Eleanor Boardman is nearly perfect.

Take several handkerchiefs, because you will cry with laughter and weep with sympathy while viewing this unusual King Vidor production.

Don't miss it.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CROWD
MY BEST GIRL
BUTTONS
JESSE JAMES
SUNRISE
DRESS PARADE

The Best Performances of the Month

Eleanor Boardman in "The Crowd"
James Murray in "The Crowd"
William Boyd in "Dress Parade"
Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl"
Buddy Rogers in "My Best Girl"
Pauline Frederick in "The Nest"
Janet Gaynor in "Sunrise"
Marion Davies in "The Fair Co-Ed"
The Camera in "Sunrise"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140



JESSE JAMES—Paramount

IN these gilded days of high power machine-gun bandits, pay roll hold-ups and political grafters, Jesse James seems a piker. Jesse amassed the grand total of about $25,000 from years of bank and train robberies. Yet Jesse and his followers succeeded in keeping Missouri and nearly half a dozen other states in a furor for years.

Fred Thomson's exciting film version may seem to whitewash the famous bandit of Clay County. Still, there were many Americans of the '70s who believed that James had a real grievance and that he was a persecuted man. Thomson's film version presents him in this light, a handsome young daredevil hounded into the saddle by carpet baggers, scoundrels and after-war bitternesses. Facts have been shifted about to help this—and for dramatic effect.

The film story starts with *Jesse* as a dashing member of Quantrell's guerrillas. Then it traces his bandit career, always with the pretty young heroine just in the offing. The big thrill comes when *Jesse* and his followers gallop alongside a fast moving passenger train and leap from their horses into the windows of the speeding cars. Thomson himself hurtles from Silver King to the cab of the locomotive.

There is no questioning the boxoffice appeal of this film presentation of Jesse James' career. Thomson's *Jesse* may seem over-heroic to you and the characterization may appear to be buried beneath acrobatics, but Thomson is a big boy at the boxoffice with a huge following. Nora Lane makes her film debut as *Jesse's* sweetheart and a neat bit is contributed by William Courtwright as *Parson Bill.*



BUTTONS—M.-G.-M.

JACKIE COOGAN comes back with a bang in this picture. It is a sea story with Jackie in the rôle of a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. Just a piece of driftwood in life, he, with a broken down pugilist, get aboard the ship, the youngster as "Buttons" and the pug as a physical instructor in charge of the gym. The two manage to frustrate the plans of the heavy, who is trying to win the favor of the girl that the captain is in love with. There is a touch of the Titanic disaster as the final big punch to this production, when the ship strikes an iceberg and then founders, with little Jackie standing-by on the bridge with the captain to the last. Both are saved, however. Gertrude Olmstead plays the girl, Lars Hanson is the captain, Roy D'Arcy the heavy, while the pugilist is deftly handled by Paul Hurst.



DRESS PARADE—Pathe-De Mille

WILLIAM BOYD, as *Vic Donovan*, the all-around athlete from Bergen County, is so sure of himself that he looks only for new worlds to conquer. He casually visits West Point, and learns, to his amazement, that he does not "belong" there. He gets an appointment to West Point, determined to show them. The usual gruelling at Beast Barracks serves only to intensify his egotism. His only interest is the daughter of the commandant. This part is neatly played by Bessie Love. The manner in which Boyd gives up this change from the cock-sure, bigoted, small town boy, to a fine, upright, manly cadet, capable of tremendous sacrifice for truth, is a beautiful piece of work.

Louis Natheaux, as *Donovan's* manager, gives a corking performance. Good supporting cast.

Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

AMERICAN BEAUTY— First National



LIKE a stenographer's luncheon, light, sweet and satisfying. A poor but beautiful girl steals an expensive gown in which to attend a millionaire's party. She gets the millionaire, but the rightful owner demands the gown, causing the girl to run back to the real boy friend in the best fade-out of the season. Billie Dove plays the girl charmingly. Lloyd Hughes is the he-man. Recommended to the feminine members of the family.



NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR— Paramount

ANOTHER of the Wallace Beery-Raymond Hatton wise-cracking series. Just a group of dangerous looking stunts performed in a supposed-to-be humorous fashion in balloon baskets and German airplanes. Most of them could never have happened. Funny in spots but just foolish in others. Louise Brooks makes a pert pair of twins supplying two wives which the boys can't tell from one another. Passable entertainment.

THE ROAD TO ROMANCE— M.-G.-M.



JOSEPH CONRAD'S "Romance" does not lend itself to picturization. The highly colored tale of pirates and the Spanish Main—with a lovely lady in distress—looks like a musical comedy. Even John Robertson's imaginative direction can not save it. Ramon Novarro is none too good in the chief rôle, while Roy D'Arcy is floridly unreal as the scoundrelly commandant of the West Indies who tries to possess the gal.



THE SECRET HOUR— Paramount

HERE is a censorproof screen version of "They Knew What They Wanted." Both title and play have been changed and the result is rather wishy-washy. The mere fact that there is a marriage ceremony early in the picture with the hired man instead of the orange grower as the groom changes the entire aspect of the plot. Pola Negri is cast as *Amy* the waitress, but does not impress. Jean Hersholt as *Tony* is great.

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE— Universal



HERE is a screen comedy based on the romance of writing a popular song hit. "Thanks for the Buggy Ride" was one of those ditties that have been whistled across the country. This picture is supposed to tell the story of how it was written. Laura La Plante, who stars in it, was directed by her husband William A. Seiter and the picture is probably the best she has done in a year. Glenn Tryon is the song plugger.



OUT ALL NIGHT— Universal

ANOTHER Reginald Denny farce, this time of a young man who marries an actress and tries to keep it a secret. They are both on an ocean liner and, when our hero wants to be alone with his bride, everyone is scandalized and there are all sorts of complications. Fair comedy, although frequently pretty labored. Still, those who admire Denny will probably like it.

of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN—Pathe-DeMille



JETTA GOUDAL, always exotic, unique, bizarre, this time plays a siren spy in the service of Morocco. Her rôle is similar to that in "Three Faces East," but the picture is, fundamentally, a story of brother love. The brothers are Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut, two of our best importations. Schildkraut has appeal, but over-acts, as usual. Goudal, in an unsympathetic rôle throughout, provides a surprise finish.

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National



A SNAPPY little French farce admirably played by Connie Talmadge and Don Alvaredo and deftly directed by Mal St. Clair. It's all about a young couple who marry each other to spite their respective sweeties. Of course the marriage is supposedly just a business arrangement, but before the final reel is over they realize they love one another. Nicey, nice. Grownups, only.

THE LAST WALTZ——UFA-Paramount



PROBABLY with the Oscar Strauss score that was originally written for "The Last Waltz" this picture will make acceptable entertainment, but viewed without the orchestral accompaniment it proved to be a rather weak sister. The outstanding performance being that of Suzanne Vernon as the *Countess Vera*. Willy Fritsch is the leading man. Adalbert Schlettow is the heavy and registers very well indeed.

THE FAIR CO-ED—M.-G.-M.



MARION DAVIES is a natural born comedienne, no mistaking. Even in a story which does not do her justice she makes so much of every opportunity that the production is worthy of your attention. Joe Farnham should have a raise in pay for the rip-roaring titles. John Mack Brown, the 1925 Alabama football hero, makes an auspicious beginning in pictures. Good fun for the whole family.

ON TO RENO—Pathe-DeMille



IN order to recoup her finances, Marie Prevost, a young bride, accepts an offer of $1,000 to impersonate another woman. This involved a trip on the "White Freedom Flyer" to Reno—"the city where jaded romances are Reno-vated." Marie's explanation to her husband, Cullen Landis, never reached him. Thereby hangs the story. Marie Prevost, Cullen Landis and Ned Sparks give nice performances. Jimmy Cruze directed.

FLYING LUCK—Pathe



MONTY BANKS slapsticks his way through five reels of comedy. He flies his home-made plane without previous experience, crashes through the roof of recruiting headquarters and is invited to join the United States flying forces. His experiences are one hardship after another, which are supposed to be funny but appear for the most part ridiculous. Jean Arthur makes a fascinating colonel's daughter. [CONT'D ON PAGE 144]

LADIES in HADES

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

OF course you are reading Mr. Kummer's humorous tales of the smart ladies' club of Hades. The famous sirens of history are telling their stories at the lively club meetings. Eve has related the inside story of the Garden of Eden, Scheherazade, of "The Thousand and One Nights" fame, has told a fascinating yarn of padlocked wives, the Queen of Sheba has explained about King Solomon and his card index system and Mrs. Potiphar has discussed alibis from the feminine angle.

Every story is complete in itself.

IV

PHRYNE AND THE NAKED TRUTH

HELEN of Troy, who was hurrying to the regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Club, happened to meet Lucrezia Borgia and Delilah in front of Eve's house.

"I must say, girls," she remarked, joining her friends, "that Eve had an inspiration when she formed this little debating society of ours. What could be more refreshing than to hear our various members tell their life stories, discuss their love affairs, in a spirit of frankness and truth. I find our meetings bright spots in an otherwise hellish existence. Delilah dear, doesn't your husband object to your going out nights?"

"Who—Samson? Heavens, no! He's too much interested in training for his bout with Goliath next month. Expects to win the heavyweight championship of Hades, you know. All he objects to is scissors—won't let me have a pair about the house. No more boyish bobs for him, he says."

The others laughed as they entered the house. Eve, the Club's president, was waiting for them in the reception hall.

"Do you know, my dear," Helen said, as she removed her wraps, "I've taken quite a fancy to that pretty French maid of yours. The one who had such an unfortunate mixup with that American aviator in Paris. A sweet girl. She seems dreadfully out of place, here in Hell."

"And dreadfully unhappy, too." Eve agreed, "separated from her sweetheart. I think the Judgment Board slipped up a bit, in her case. Still I suppose they do the best they can, with the docket so crowded. Even Saint Peter makes mistakes at times. The other day he actually held up a moving picture censor from Pennsylvania right at the gates. The man, it seems, had made some unpleasant remarks

Illustrated by Gordon Ross



"Alexander the Great told me a funny story about a Chicago man who blew into Hell last week," said Phryne. "He thought Hell was Heaven!"

HERE PHRYNE proves she is a perfect lady to the complete satisfaction of the Athenian Jury. They acquit her—and how!

about the length of the angels' robes. Considered them immoral. It created no end of a row."

"I should think so," Delilah laughed. "Imagine such nerve! But to come back to this girl. Can't Satan help her out?"

"He won't do a thing. I've asked him. Says he can't change the rules of Hell to suit individual cases."

"We might get up a petition to the throne," Helen suggested, "and ask to have her case re-considered. I like Hell myself. It suits my tropical temperament. But I can see that a great many people might not. This girl, for instance, strikes me as just the sort who would be much happier with a nice pair of wings—"

"NATURALLY," said Lucrezia Borgia, taking a flask from her vanity case, "since her lover was an aviator. Will you girls join me?"

"No thanks!" the others exclaimed in chorus, shuddering.

"Too bad, my dears," Lucrezia went on, calmly sipping her drink, "how my past reputation clings to me. Yet I never made a practice of poisoning my friends—except in the most extreme circumstances. But about this petition. It seems to me that before we do anything in this girl's case we ought to find out how the young man feels. How do we know he would want her to join him in Heaven? He may not be so crazy about the place himself."

"There's something in that," Eve laughed, lighting a cigarette. "The man is an American, and I've heard that all Americans think Heaven is something like Paris. A lot of them must feel terribly disappointed. He might prefer to join the girl down here."

"Or," observed Helen, "he may have forgotten all about her."

"Precisely," Lucrezia Borgia agreed. "That is why we should get in touch with the young man, before we start any petitions. Possibly you girls do not know it, but my father, who was at one time Pope, is rather prominent in Celestial circles. Suppose I ask him to see this young American and find out how he feels."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Helen. "What is his name?"



"Some of my boy friends took the horses out of the police chariot and pulled the thing themselves," explained Phryne

"I haven't the slightest idea," Eve laughed. "Suppose I call this girl in and ask her."

Marie, however, was not able to furnish much information.

"His name," she whispered, "was Smith. I called him Bobo. He came from the great city of Hoboken, he said, and was very handsome—"

"Good Heavens!" Eve cried. "Is that all you know about him?"

[CONT. ON PAGE 102]

Photoplay's Star Recipes



Norma Shearer shows you how to make Canadian Oatmeal Sticks. Sift together 3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt



Scald 1½ cups milk, pour on ½ cup oatmeal and allow to cool. Work ½ cup of butter into the flour, then add oatmeal and milk and knead together until smooth



Roll dough into sticks the size of a lead pencil and bake for ten minutes in a fairly hot oven. And there you have a new delicacy for the tea table!

If you haven't received PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, write your name and address in the little kettle below and send it, with twenty-five cents, to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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You may send either stamps or coin.



Spurr

ALTHOUGH the title of her newest picture is "On to Reno," Marie Prevost still wears her wedding ring. Which means that Marie and Kenneth Harlan aren't at all sure that they want to make their separation a legal one.

Mack Sennett Picks His



Professor Sennett selects the members of his own Academy of Artists and Scientists. The roll call of 1928 in the Professor's Institution of Higher Learning leads off with Marjorie King. Miss King is of the early Swanson type of beauty and—of all things—she has long hair.



Patsy Ruth Taylor is no relative of either Patsy Ruth Miller or Ruth *Lorelei Lee* Taylor. But she might be—but isn't—a sister of Louise Brooks. This little artist and scientist is one of the very newest members of the Sennett beauty chorus.

1928 Beauties

The sagacious Mack picks his girls to conform with the popular type. Carolle Lombard, for instance, belongs to the Garbo-Nissen-Gwen Lee school of dramatic art. Nordic but nice, as the saying goes.





A little like Florence Vidor. But, then again, oh, how very different. Alma Bennett tried the drama, but Sennett persuaded her that comedies are Hollywood's short cut to stardom.



Nola Yorba—the Continental type of beauty. Sennett never was an advocate of the slim but starved figure. And that, my children, is why his comedies, among the first in the field, keep going on forever.

HELP Wanted: Just the kind of French maid that you never—alas—find in Paris or anywhere else but Hollywood. Dorothy Sebastian is currently involved in a parlor opera called "Tea for Three."



Ruth Harriet Louise

Our News Reel in Rhyme

Item

Lucky people take vacations—
And the rest have operations!

Louise Brooks comes in the first line,
She whose blue-black eyes and hair shine.
She is in New York to see
Plays and frocks—to dine and tea.
She has worked and earned a rest,
May she have the city's best!

For the others: Mildred Marsh,
Has known treatment grim and harsh;
Betty Blythe and Patsy Ruth,
Have met illness—that's the truth!
Marie Prevost has been led,
To a white hospital bed!
But—of this we have no doubt,
Very soon they'll be about.

Yes, some people take vacations,
Some, instead, have operations!

FRED THOMSON
in the Title Rôle of
"Jesse James"

A Sonnet Impression of the Month's Best Performance—



The drum of hoofs against the still of night-time,
A cloud of dust across the glare of day,
And Jesse James—who ever sought the right time,
Has come again—again is on his way!
A bandit he, far famed of song and story,
A killer—when for killing there's a need,
But in his heart there dwells a certain glory,
And in his soul there lives a shining creed!

Such men as he have made the west—have made it
Of fire and sand and passion and romance;
And when the price was named they always paid it
With gallant smiles, and honor in their glance.
A bandit—but a spirit that was free,
An outlaw who, in truth, made history.

A Return

Carlyle Blackwell's
Come to play
On our screen—
Like yesterday.
Come to show
Again his art—
Come to do
A leading part.

Now that he has
Married money,
He don't need to work—
How funny!
He just wants to
Prove that he
Is the star
He used to be.

A Gentleman Marries

Yes, Adolphe Menjou is going to marry
(Get out the hankies, girls—tears will flow free;)
Adolphe Menjou was the screen's greatest lover,
Its dark mystery.

Kathryn Carver's the lady who'll wed him—
(Powder your noses, he'd laugh at your grief!)
Anyway she is a pretty thing, and that's
A certain relief!

She is a blond—and the gents all prefer 'em—
(Calm your emotions, the man is not dead!)
Let's wish him joy (what will jealousy get us?)
And full speed ahead!

W. C. Fields is Hurt

Alas and alack,
That he hurt his poor back,
While making a comedy scene;
How can it be fair,
He should have pain to bear,
While bringing delight to the screen?

We hope he'll be well,
Once more able to tell
That mirth can be made into motions—
That before this is out,
He'll be once more about,
Or our anguish will fill many oceans.

A New Comedy

Harold Lloyd is filming "Speedy,"
Sounds like something that he'd eat up—
Sounds like something quite enticing,
Like a stiff meringue, well beat up!

We who have so much of sorrow,
For a little fun are needy—
Harold Lloyd comes to our rescue,
Harold Lloyd is filming "Speedy."

"Jimmy of the River"

Jaime del Rio has gone on the screen,
You who are fans—do you know it will mean
That our Dolores, who bears the same name,
Will not, alone, in her family know fame!

Jaime means "Jimmy"—del Rio means "river"—
(Warm southern stream that makes nobody shiver!)
Here's to an envoy from Mexico's land,
Help the boy's progress, fans—give him a hand!

Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest Films to be used in first complete study of amateur movie movement

ENTHUSIASTIC amateurs are just beginning to realize the full significance of PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 contest, the first competition held anywhere in the world for the makers of amateur movies.

This contest will provide the first real opportunity to study and analyze amateur films. Realizing this, Roy W. Winton, managing director of the Amateur Cinema League, has addressed a direct call to members of his league. "PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has a large purpose behind this contest," says Mr. Winton. "It wants the best amateur films of the world submitted. The contest winners will be amply repaid for their personal efforts as the prizes are high grade. After the contest it is the intention of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to submit all films received to a committee of experts to use them as the basis for a careful study of what makes an amateur film great. From this study can come a yardstick to measure amateur effort. Each one of us can have before him a sort of Amateur Standard by which he can judge his own film.



George Eastman makes a movie of Commander Richard E. Byrd, trans-Atlantic flier, with his Cine-Kodak

"If this Amateur Standard can once be set up it can be revised from time to time. It has never been set up because amateur films have never been got together in sufficient numbers to make this possible. When we have this standard we can all undertake studies to find out how best we can meet and surpass it in the various things to go to make it up.

"Here is the first great opportunity, in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Amateur Movie Contest, for us to get at the fundamentals of our new hobby and this new art of amateur motion pictures."

Mr. Winton has asked the members of the Amateur Cinema League to help make this study a reality. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will welcome the contributions of the league members.

Incidentally, the contest is attracting international interest. Read the rules. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Lee Tracy and the "Broadway" company study an amateur film of themselves, via the Pathex. "Broadway," you know, is the New York stage hit of cabarets, bootleggers and crime

More Than Hunger

By Herman Petersen

Illustrated by J. W. Collins, III



"But what made you go up?" she asked.
"Hunger," Neil North told her.
"What is there, my dear, that will make a man more desperate than hunger?"

HE had a murderous scowl on his freckled face, so murderous that people stopped to look after him as he went down the street. And he was muttering angrily, half aloud—

"War! And pictures of war! Propaganda for future wars they're making, no less than that. I'll have no traffic with them—my belly be damned!"

Even for Hollywood it was a bright and sunny day; but about the sandy head of Neil North a black cloud settled, and fierce hunger gnawed within him. Ravenous hunger it was, that tore at him with the terrible fangs of emptiness and all but consumed him, bent him against the hurt beneath his tight belt so that he walked with more of a stoop than usual to his tall, lanky form. For relief against the pangs he sucked greedily at a stubby, thick-stemmed pipe, cold and guiltless of tobacco, clenched between firm teeth and held in one corner of a thin-lipped mouth.

Not since the morning before had a morsel of food, nor drink more than a few swallows of water, found way to his painfully protesting stomach, and then but three small, hard doughnuts and a cup of bitter coffee; and now it was evening again, evening of the second day. He puffed quickly at his cold pipe. Twenty hours that stubby thing of black bowl and thick stem had been unwarmed by the burning of tobacco; for as he must

He was a war ace—but in peace



deny his stomach food, so must he deny the weed to his pipe. Plainly, and absolutely, Neil North was broke.

For two days, with clear blue eyes, and the stubby pipe always in a corner of his mouth, he had been tramping Hollywood, trudging wearily and hungrily from one studio to another, from casting office to casting office, in search of some work, any kind of work. Always the result of his search had been the same—an impersonal smile, an impersonal voice, "No casting today."

Except at one place where the question had been shot at him—

"Ever been in the army?"

"Served a bit during the late scrimmage."

"What branch?"

"Aviation."

"Can you fly a ship?"

"I have done the same."

"You're in luck. We've been combing the country for flyers. Ashley is making a war picture and has snapped them all up." The clerk offered North a card. "This'll get you on the lot. Ask for the casting director."

North took the stubby pipe from his mouth. A pain shot through his stomach. "What kind of a picture are you making that you need flying men?" he asked suspiciously.

"A war picture," the clerk replied. "Here—take your card!"

North's blue eyes were hard. He did not take the card.

he had to stake his life for food



Captain North had aimed his flaming plane for the white-lined cross on the ground. The burning ship righted—side slipped. A wing struck and buckled. The nose hit with a splintering crash

"I'll have no need for it," he said coldly. "You're making pictures of war—propaganda you're spreading and breeding more wars. Of wars I've had enough. I'll have no traffic with you."

And stabbing the stubby pipe back into a corner of his mouth, he turned away and stamped from the office.

The clerk stared after him.

"I'll be damned," he muttered. "Can you beat it! Turning down a chance like this—and I'll bet he's been making the rounds for days." Slowly he tore up the card. "Shell-shocked, I'll bet."

"War! Damn their wars and pictures of war!" North was muttering angrily as he tramped the streets again. "One chance they offer me to keep from starving to death—spread propaganda of war. I'll not do it." And his hunger grew greater than his weariness of tramping, and he continued to suck at a cold pipe.

He tramped past a restaurant. He did not know what restaurant it was, did not know what street he was on; there was a sign over the door of the place, but he averted his eyes. He knew only that it was a restaurant; his nose told him that, and had his stomach a voice it would have added to the knowledge with a shriek.

Doggedly he tramped on, looking neither to the right nor the left; his clear blue eyes were held level and focused determinedly ahead. To the right of him were many plate glass windows and behind the windows were arranged tempting displays of food; but he did not look and so did not see reflected in them the street beyond the curb, where just behind him rolled an automobile.

The automobile stopped. A gray clad young man stepped out and he fell in step behind North. Presently he overtook the tall, lanky man and touched him lightly on a shoulder.

"Captain North?" There was a slight questioning inflection to the words.

Neil North nodded curtly. "Once," he admitted coldly. "Eleven years ago."

The young man laughed. "Time has wings, hasn't it?"

"That depends on circumstances. In my own case it has been the very devil of a long time since yesterday morning. It is in the way of being longer until tomorrow morning."

"You're a stranger here?"

"An utter stranger."

"That accounts for it, Captain. If you had but a single friend here time would not drag so for you."

"There's much truth in that," North admitted grimly. It was on his tongue to add that with a friend in town his stomach might be less empty than it was, but he remained silent.

"My name is Palmere—Guy Palmere," the young man told him. "I was in your outfit toward the last—just a few days before you crashed and you cracked your head. I doubt you remember me."

"I don't, but we'll over- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



HOPE HAMPTON, unbeaten by her failure to achieve any great success in the movies, set her heart on a stage career. For three years, Hope took a daily singing lesson. When she made her New York debut in "My Princess," every critic praised her sweet, true voice.

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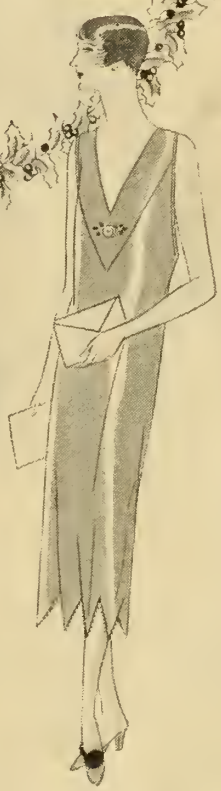
Hand-made night gown of crepe de chine pictured above trimmed with hand embroidery and drawn work. In flesh only. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. $5.95



Matching nightgown at left this attractive hand made chemise. In flesh only. Sizes 36 to 42. Price $3.95



Crepe de chine nightgown with lace and georgette yoke. Flesh, peach, orchid, nile. 15, 16 and 17. $4.95



Entirely new feature, the tailored gown above of celanese ninon in flesh, nile, sweet pea or honey dew. Sizes 14, 15 and 16. Price $5.00



The negligee, above, of dotted Rayon velvet with wide crepe de chine border may be had in orchid, French blue, rose, coral or black. Sizes 16 to 42. Price $10.95



An attractive gift —Cluster of felt sweet peas in shaded tones of tan, rose, blue or orchid. Price $1.00



Charming purse of silk studded with rhinestones—envelope shape. In white, topaz, amber, rose, blue or black. $2.95

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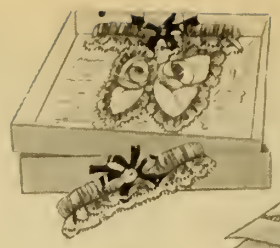


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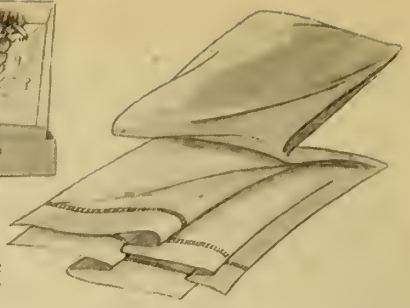


O'Rossen 9-inch pocket book with three compartments, new patent fastener, shark or pin seal in all colors. $4.95

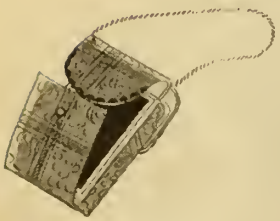
Save Your Shoes and Disposition and Shop Through Photoplay



Gift box of two georgette Chantilly lace edged handkerchiefs on silvery greeting card with two tinted satin garters in assorted pastel shades. $1.00



Large georgette scarf in green, flame, peach, tan, lavender, copenhagen, shading from light to dark. Also black and white. Price $2.95



Chinese silk vanity with mirror and vanity compartment on one side, place for cigarettes on the other. In variety of colors. Price $2.95



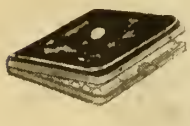
Lace trimmed crepe de chine dance set above. Flesh, peach, nile green. 34 to 40. Price $2.95

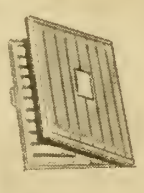
Crepe de chine chemise with picoted two toned georgette points. In flesh, peach and nile. 34 to 40. Price $3.95

Pajama ensemble of novelty printed cotton material with border and piping of block, shown above. 36 to 40. Price $5.90

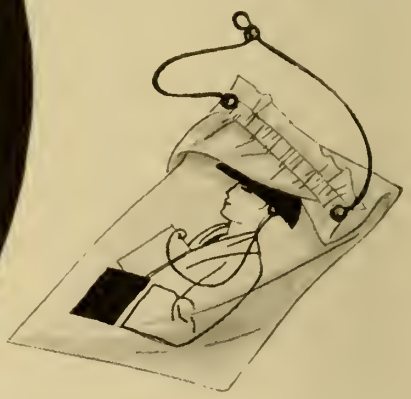


Felt lined kidskin boudoir slipper with heel for those who love comfort. In red, blue, orchid or black. Sizes 3 to 8. $2.95





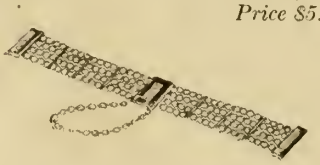
At right, silver finish metal cigarette case. Price $1.00. At left, one of imitation tortoise shell with shield for monogram. $3.50



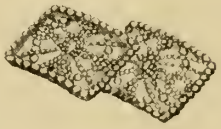
Novelty laundry bag with pad and pencil attached. In rose, blue or tan. Price $1.25



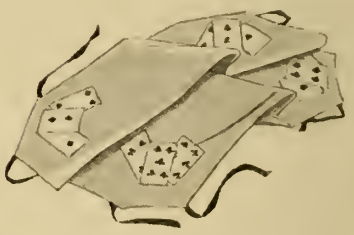
No costume quite complete without a rhinestone shoulder pin—may also be worn on chapeau. Your choice of above. Each $1.50



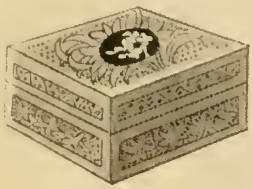
Wrist watch bracelet of four strands of pearls, sterling silver catch, enhances the beauty of any watch. $10.00



A gift that appeals to the feminine heart—cut steel buckles at $3.50. A remarkable value



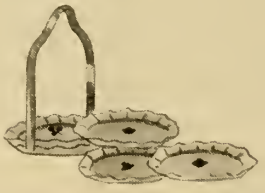
Your bridge playing friends would be sure to like this bridge table cover of smooth finish felt-like material. In green or red, $1.25



A choice possession. Cigarette box of etched Chinese brass with Soochow jade medallian. Finished wood lining. Price $2.00



The match problem solved—metal cigarette lighter—real comfort to all who smoke. Unusually low in price. $3.95



Nest of four hammered brass ash trays, heart, diamond, spade and club design in center. $1.10



An appropriate gift or bridge prize—heavy brass Buddha with pencil on silk cord and tassel. Price 90c

You Can't Go Wrong When You Buy Articles Shown on These Pages



Slip of satin finished metallic cloth with ribbon ruffles. In all desired shades. Sizes 34 to 44. Price $2.95



Gift box containing six all linen handkerchiefs with hand rolled hems, assorted colors and designs in each box. Always an acceptable gift. $1.50



Satin mules in delft blue, turquoise, rose, lavender, salmon pink. Also black lined with boudoir shades. Sizes 3 to 8. $3.50



Telephone screen of lacquered Japanese design on heavy mounting attractively bound with old gold braid. Price $1.25



Rhinestone bracelet mounted in unusual design—heretofore shown only in expensive bracelets — the ideal gift. Price $3.95



Charming new novelty in jewelry. Pendant of cluster of pearls makes this attractive necklace. Price 95c. Matching earrings. 95c

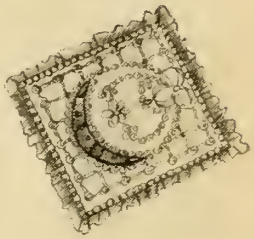


Crepe de chine hand made step-ins with hand drawn work and embroidery. In flesh only. Matching gown and chemise are shown on preceding page. $2.95

Knitted shoulderette in pink, rose, blue, lavender, maize or white. May be worn in the boudoir or under top coat for added warmth. Price $1.95

Spanish shawl of heavy silk, 52 inches square. Colors red, peach, flesh, maize, jade, coral, white or black with solid or combination colored embroidery. Price $10.95

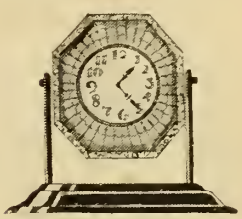
Silk umbrella—handle of amber and perloid Galaith, 16 ribbed wood shank gilt or black frame, novelty border. Colors, blue, green, red, purple, brown and black. Price $4.95



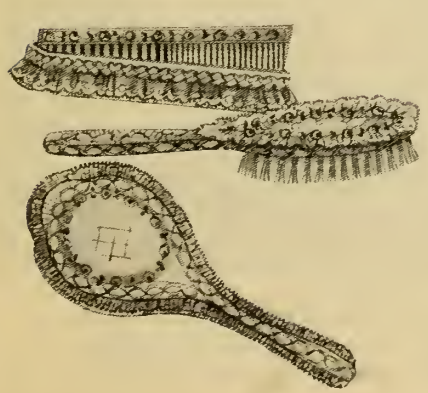
Handkerchief case of padded satin in postel shades, lace top, hand embroidered petitpoint center, ruffled footing edge. 5x9, 6x6. Price $1.00



Novelty case with mirror back contoining two sided comb in blue, green, gold, cerise and purple. Price $1.25

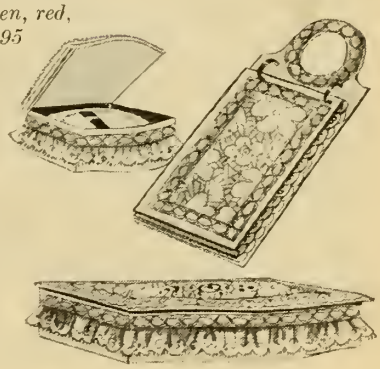


A popular gift—enamel clock on standard. Colors, old rose, blue, green, maize and orchid. Price $3.95



For the boudoir these attractive toilet articles —gold lace and braid trimmed—rose, green or orchid background. Shown on left, comb and standard, brush and beveled edge mirror

Mirror.....$1.75
Brush..... 1.75
Comb & Standard. 1.75



Matching group of items at left

Powder box..... $1.75
Handkerchief box. 1.75
Telephone index.. 1.00

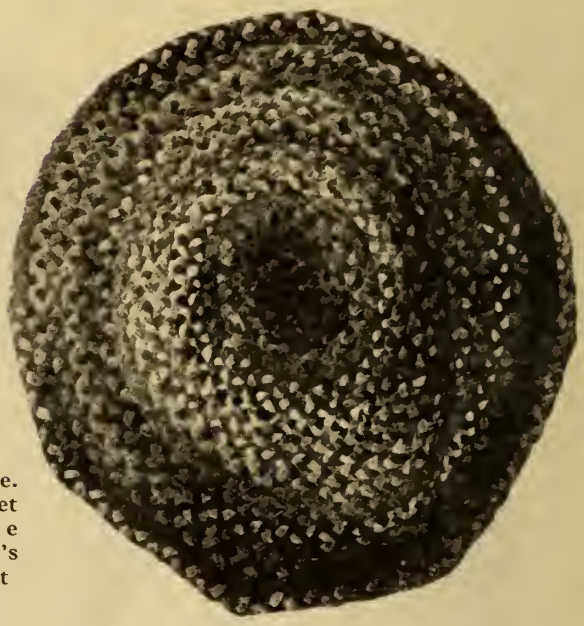
These articles given separately or as a set make wonderful gifts and so reasonably priced

Scrap Drapes,

Turning demon Waste into a modern movie version



Gwen Lee displays the old-fashioned patchwork quilt gone cinema, silken scraps bound with satin ribbon



Its final fate. Once this velvet gowned Mae Murray. Now it's only a doormat

ONCE movie settings were too extravagant both in taste and cost for the average home-maker's satisfaction. Today the best architects and finest decorators are being employed by the studios and every feature film shows rooms that can be adapted in their entirety to any home. Furthermore, economy is the force producing these novel results



A movie escape from the high cost of curtains—combine English print with ruffles from an old dress

THE best material is the least expensive, because it lasts so long, according to the wardrobe and "set" artists of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

"We purchase only the finest materials," Joe Rapf, head of the wardrobe department, explained. "This is in line with our economy program. These luxurious materials are made into gowns for the stars," he continued, "and then made over and sent to dress the extras.

"When they have been utilized by them as long as possible, some are placed in the wardrobe of the character actors. They are never destroyed. In the end, all the materials find their way to the department where drapes, lamp shades, rugs, pillows, etc., are made for the sets. Now that we are making all of our own



Every coat has its silken lining, every worn lining its good spots. Why not make those good portions, as here, into table runners?

and Lamps

By
Lois Shirley

good Taste Hollywood presents of an ancient home art



When Gertrude Olmsted was in "Monte Carlo" this lamp shade was her evening dress



Shades of Eleanor Boardman's gown in "Bardelys the Magnificent"! Renee Adoree marvels at the transformation

things rather than renting them, not an inch of anything is destroyed. If women in their homes would utilize every scrap as we do in the movies, many little home decorations could be made at practically no cost."

Have you ever seen a quilt such as Gwen Lee is holding before you in picture one? It is really exquisite—a modern version of the old-fashioned patch quilt. Silk, satin and velvet squares from anywhere and everywhere are employed. Sometimes the stars even bring in their cast-offs as "scrap donations." A group of women in one afternoon could lay out one of these attractive bedroom decorations. They are put together with satin ribbons—a unique touch.

Guess from what comes the rug in picture two! All velvet scraps. Mae Murray's exquisite black

[CONT'D ON PAGE 135]



The table cover is a scrap of Aileen Pringle's "Three Weeks" velvet gown. The shade is from May McAvoy's "Ben-Hur" costume

PLEASURE and Profit in the Scrap Bag may well become this winter's revival of an old-time sport, replacing bridge and question books as afternoon killers. For after Hollywood the world models itself and Hollywood has restored the scrap bag to studio favor. Gather a group of friends for the fun of using these movie ideas in home or club decorating



Pauline Starke's kitchen dress in "Bright Lights" now comes in handy for a kitchen window

HELP! Another Mexican Makes Good

By
Cal York



Ernest Avila Guillen is now Donald Reed. Once he sold lightning calculator in Hollywood

ONE-EYED CONNELLY and Tammany Young have never crashed the gates of film fame.

But Donald Reed, one of their disciples, has.

Reed was a comptometer operator — a lightning calculator—the fastest man in the West.

By selling intricate accounting systems whereby firms may at least keep a record of what you owe them even if they cannot collect it, Reed learned his way through those picture executives.

The seestom? Dunt esk.

"Tell Mr. Bernheim that Mr. Reed is sorry he is bit late, but he is coming right in," Reed said to an office boy at Universal Studios one morning.

As the boy took down the telephone receiver to communicate that information to Julius Bernheim, the studio manager, Reed walked right in.

And, before Mr. Bernheim had had time to wonder who this slightly tardy Mr. Reed could be, there stood Mr. Reed.

Before he left the studio Reed had obtained a contract to star in two-reel Western pictures. It was not a difficult rôle, for Reed proved to be a natural actor and already was a good horseman.

When Henry King was preparing to film "Any Woman," starring Alice Terry, he selected Reed for a leading part.

Then came a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he played in "The Auction Block," "His Secretary," and others.

First National was looking for a new figure to play opposite Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice." Reed landed the job with one of those much publicized five-year contracts.

Like Ramon Novarro, Gilbert Roland and Don Alvarado this newest film find proudly replies, "Mexican," when asked his nationality.

Reed's real name is Ernesto Avila Guillen. He was born in Mexico City, July 23, 1902.

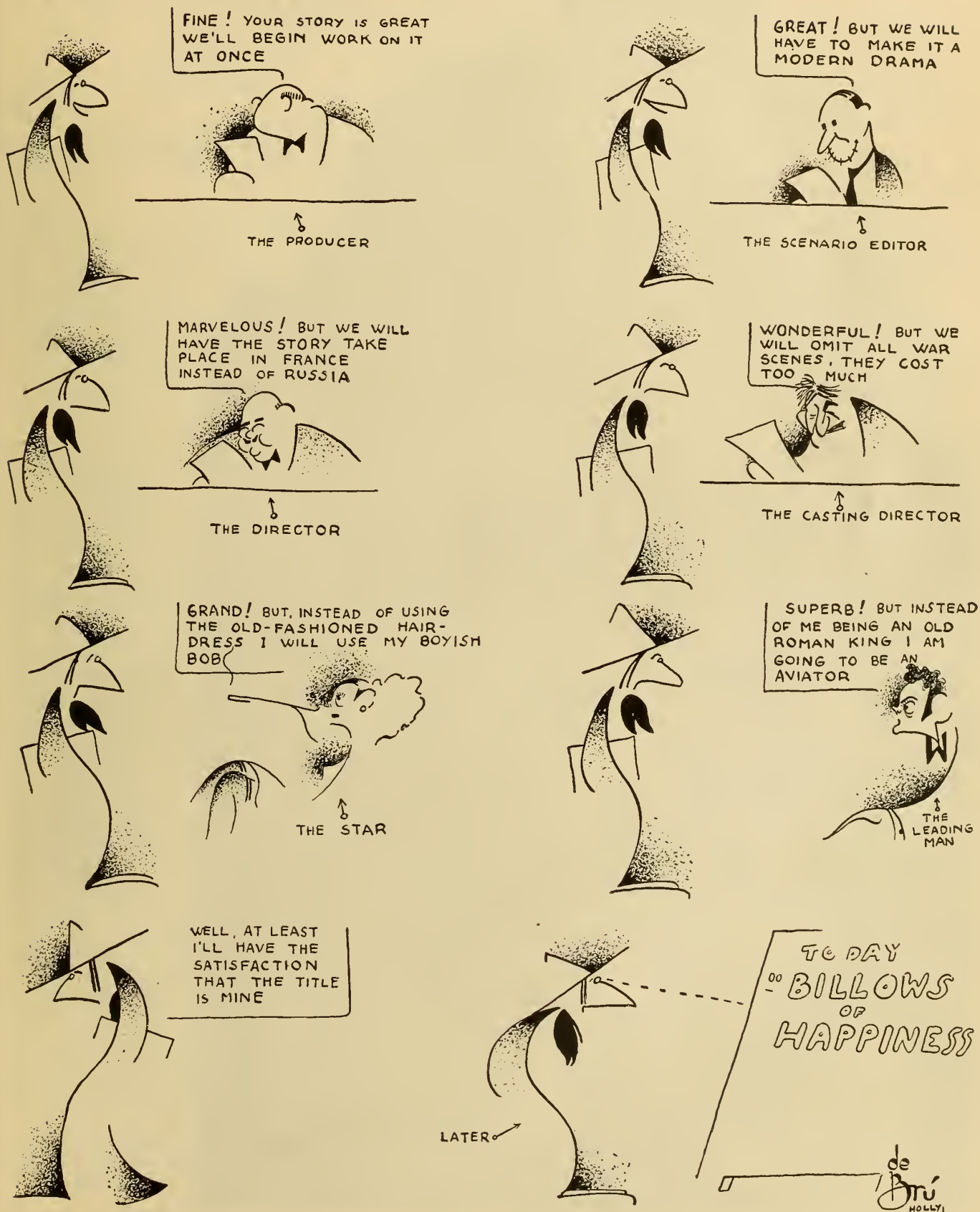
At the age of seven Reed was brought to the United States. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Donald Reed got his chance in "Naughty But Nice" opposite Colleen Moore. Now he's on his way to fame

The Man Who Wrote
"Waves of Sorrow"

By de Brú



An Impression *of a* Director

By Stagg

Photoplay's Staff Photographer



The stage is set, the marionettes are ready. George Fitzmaurice, the man behind the scenes, pulls the strings and the puppets dance. The lovely heroine at the table is Billie Dove. The fellow who braves the pirate's sword is Gilbert Roland. The puppet dangling by his feet is the villain, Noah Beery. When the puppet master has completed his work, you will see this as a scene in "Louisiana." The director, the cameraman, the electrician and the strings will be invisible

Are you a Skinflint toward your Beauty?

The Business of Keeping Youth and Beauty on Tiptoe is one of the Arts of Life!

TO guard in all its unspoiled freshness that lovely gift called Youth; to contrive to look twenty until one is thirty-five—or more! To be fleet as Diana, racing with the years! What could be for any woman a more thrilling pursuit?



But you must follow the aim of beauty courageously, with perseverance and patience! You can't be a skinflint toward your beauty, taking care of your skin just now and then! You can't give yourself a furious facial today, neglecting it tomorrow.

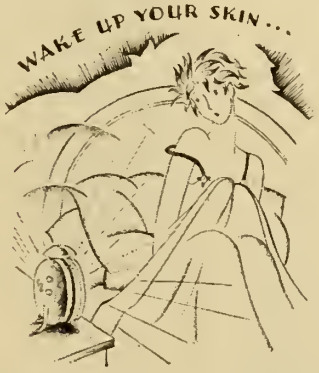
Strange as it may seem, however, few women have grasped these A B C's of beauty culture! Recently we asked hundreds of women how they take care of their skin. The answers were shocking!

Scores admit they'd love to look young and pretty, but they just don't seem to know *how!* Others declare they know, but admit they forget!

POOR dears, how short-sighted! Giving the skin some simple form of daily care is as important as brushing one's teeth! And the woman who has a spark of imagination even takes *pleasure* in devoting a few moments each day to this richly rewarding end!

If you'll follow for just a few weeks the simple program outlined here, we're sure you'll be better looking, more attractive, more vital than when you began.

Perhaps you think your face is really clean! But is it? Examine your chin and nose with a magnifying glass. You'll get a jolt that will send you skipping to the cold cream jar! Oil powder, perspiration and dust, unless removed regularly, become caked at the very roots of the pores. So at least twice a day your skin



must be freed by the gentle ministrations of a pure cleansing cream.

For this try Pond's. Its pure fine oils, melting and spreading, go after the dirt in the depths of your pores! Use it generously, applying with light upward and outward strokes.

And for removing the Cream do you know about the perfectly exquisite Tissues you can buy now in any store? Pond's just simply *had* to make them. The women we talked to fairly begged us for tissues soft and fine enough. So now you can buy tissues of such good quality and so ample that they absorb all oil and moisture instantly, never rolling up into horrid little balls!

These same women we interviewed gave us still another idea. They said, "What feels as fresh to the skin as a dip in a mountain pool?" We couldn't answer that question then. But we can now.

POND'S new Skin Freshener, used when you first get up in the morning gives you just this very sensation! There never was such a delicious awakening, such refreshment for the skin!

Also use it invariably after the cold cream cleansing. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, firmer, the pores closed, every tiniest trace of cream gone!



A special healing ingredient quite its own, prevents any little roughness or soreness of the skin. So you need not fear its frequent use.

Were you ever so lovely as now? You look and feel as smooth and fair as a lily. Oh! But wait! There's one more touch! Brush over your skin the tiniest bit of that exquisite finishing Cream Pond's also makes. Of course you know it—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Feather-light, it gives your skin an alabaster glow, an almost miraculous fineness and smoothness.

Now you're ready for your favorite rouge, your powder tinted to blend with your natural coloring. Never did they go on so smoothly, so naturally—cling so long!

These four products made by Pond's—used faithfully every day—will keep for you these same youthful looks just as surely in your maturer years.



Pond's Skin Freshener—delightful for toning, freshening and firming the skin

Pond's Two Creams—to cleanse, protect, and finish—chosen by distinguished women everywhere

Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft as fine old linen—for removing cold cream

NEW 14¢ OFFER—*Send a* dime *and 4c in stamps for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Pond's new Skin Freshener, and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues—enough of the latter two to last a week. Fill out and mail the coupon.*

SPONSORED by

H. M. THE QUEEN *of* SPAIN
H. R. H. THE DUCHESSE DE VENDOME
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MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT
MISS ANNE MORGAN

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Z
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find dime and 4 cents in stamps for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

Name_____
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City_____ State_____

They Want to Be What they Ain't

The screen players hanker after new fields to conquer



William Powell, tired of doing screen scoundrels, longs for the rôle of Othello

Who is the Spanish sheik? No other than Richard Dix, he-man extraordinary of the films, in "The Gay Defender"





Looks like Pola Negri but isn't—being Esther Ralston in "The Spotlight"



Al Jolson or Eddie Cantor? No, indeed. It's Laura La Plante momentarily breaking away from flapperism



Might easily be Emil Jannings in his latest film. However, it's Warner Oland *sans* mustache

H A V E A C A M E L



Here's to Camel—on a million tables!

HERE'S to Camel. How much added pleasure it brings to the world. Wherever congenial friends gather, or in the solitary hours of work or travel, Camel insures the enviable mood of enjoyment.

All of the mysterious powers to please of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown are brought to fulfillment in Camel. This is done through a smooth and mellow blend that cannot be found anywhere else. For America's largest tobacco organization concentrates its abilities in Camel. Into this one brand goes all of its power to select and buy and blend for taste satisfaction. There simply are no better cigarettes made at any price.

Camel's mildness and mellowness are the favorites of particular modern smokers. So much so that Camel's popularity is greater than any other cigarette ever had. For your enjoyment of the smoothest smoke ever made, "*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

Enrich your Beauty with

REALLY NATURAL ROUGE





A scene from Universal's new picture, "Surrender," showing Mary Philbin, the famous star, who says, "I love Princess Pat Preparations." The handsome lover is Ivan Mosjoukine.

You can have color which seems your own . . . but do you? Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself! Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of *you*, "she has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that *is* a thought!

Always Complimented!

Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat Rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience.

You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it! Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

Any fixed, *definite*, unyielding color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat — and *provided for*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral, background colors that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the colors have transparency, so that they *do not blot out the skin tones*.

And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat Rouge give its marvelously lifelike color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin

And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat Rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious Almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all six shades.

Get This Week End Set—



SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 125E, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name [print].....

Street.....

City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Princess Pat Lip Rouge *a new sensation*—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.



Grenbeaux

PHOTOPLAY has published photographs of all the greatest idols of the screen. But it never has printed the picture of a handsomer young fellow than Mr. Kenyon Sills. Mr. Sills is now six months old and makes his home with his parents, Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon.



A SNAPPED portrait of the corner of the garden in the home that Adolphe Menjou is building. The lady is Kathryn Carver, the *raison d'etre* of the new house. As you can see by the expression on their faces, the house itself is just at that discouraging stage.

"No appetite . . headaches . . *even my interest in sports was gone*"



A morning's "bag" . . . MR. JOSEPH P. MOORE, *Somerville, Mass.*

Somerville, Mass.

"DUE TO the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports.

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months. Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top." *Joseph P. Moore*



"I WAS TROUBLED with constipation and stomach trouble for many years. I thought I could find nothing that would help me. But one day a friend told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him. I started eating three cakes a day and kept it up. As a result I felt better, looked better, and was soon able to eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast has literally done wonders for me."

F. A. JETER,
Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a fresh corrective food, with the remarkable power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and *complete* elimination of food wastes. Improves digestion and assimilation. Restores your complexion to the healthy clearness it should have.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. 36, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.





"DURING a particularly busy summer in Chicago I began to lose that soft, clear complexion which is a woman's most valued asset. Sallowness developed. I became haggard and tired. My maid saved the situation. She began to appear at my bedside each morning with a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of milk. Soon I ate my three cakes every day. Before long that tired feeling disappeared, and I regained my soft, clear complexion. I am glad that Fleischmann's Yeast is available and fresh in every city where I play."

SOPHIE TUCKER, *New York City*
(*the "International Singing Comedienne"*)

This easy way to recapture health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Train yourself to regular daily habits. As your system is strengthened by eating yeast, you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.

Watch *This* Trio

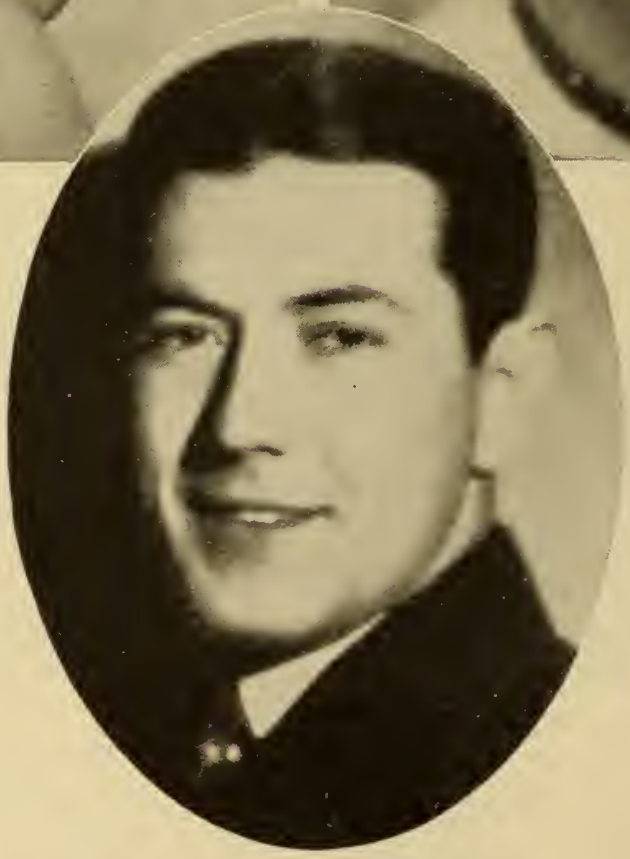
These young folks are just getting their chance in the films—keep an eye on them



Sue Carol was the pulchritudinous harem flapper in Doug MacLean's "Soft Cushions." What? Now you remember her. She was born in Chicago, the daughter of a real estate operator, and in real life is Mrs. Allan H. Keefer. "Soft Cushions" marked her debut. Next she'll be in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Paris"



Shirley Palmer made her bit of the recreant wife stand out of "The Magic Flame." She, too, is a Chicago girl and, like Miss Carol, is 19. Miss Palmer has been playing comedy rôles for William Fox and Hal Roach, besides several of the independents. Her next appearance will be in Gotham's "The Cheer Leader"



Johnny Mack Brown starred on the gridiron for Alabama. Up to breaking into the celluloid in Jackie Coogan's "The Bugle Call," he had appeared only in college theatricals. Brown is 23 and was born at Dothan, Alabama. Next you'll see him in "The Fair Co-Ed" and "The Divine Woman"



And ever after—the scent of yellow roses recalls to her—his eyes; recalls to him—her fair and radiant face

Does fragrance paint dream pictures for you?



LOVERS OF FRAGRANCE—fortunate ones born sensitive to the beauties of scent—how much sweeter is their world than that of those who've never known . . . the rush of dreams brought by some old familiar aroma; the thrill of a newly discovered odor.

Scent-conscious people — blindfold — know the low spots of a country lane by their cool and grassy smell; know the flowers of their gardens, each by its sweet fragrance; such people would as soon walk in a garden of paper flowers as bathe with an unscented soap.

The dainty, fresh fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is loved by all who are keenly scent-perceptive. It is more than merely a fragrance; it emanates from those rare flower essences which create, in this exquisite soap, a unique and twofold magic. These essences actually aid in cleansing each tiny pore, leaving the skin soothed and satin-soft. And after them lingers a lovely faint freshness which is the height of personal daintiness.

THIS FREE TRIAL CAKE WILL TEST YOUR SCENT-PERCEPTIVENESS

If you thrill with delight at its first fragrance, you will know that you are one of those blest ones whose nostrils are keenly attuned to Nature's lovely scents. You will use Cashmere Bouquet always—finding it a joy and likewise an economy, for its hard-milled cake lasts and *lasts!* The large cake may be had for 25c in drug and department stores.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 32-L 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me a free trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and the little book "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin," endorsed by a skin specialist.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

EILEEN MCNALLY. — First place this month to a girl who wants to know if Ben Turpin is married! Yes, Eileen, your sheik has a wife. Ben was born in New Orleans, the city of beautiful women and gallant men. His hair is black and his eyes are—well, you know. Address him in care of Columbia Pictures, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. And that's his real name.

L. C.—Welcome, stranger. Fred Thomson is thirty-seven years old and Lillian Gish was born in Massillon, Ohio. Yes, it is perfectly permissible to write to a star. As for getting a job as an actor, it is tough business unless you are unusually lucky or unusually talented.

L. Y., HOLYOKE, MASS.—Your letter was immensely interesting. Don't dare to refer to yourself as "another pest." As a Hungarian, you must be proud of your talented countrymen. I haven't heard whether Bernhard Goetzke and Ernst Deutsch are coming to this country. The late Einar Hansen played in "Children of Divorce." Write to me again.

M. J. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Donald Reed made a serial for Pathe called "The Mark of the Frog." He is twenty-four years old. Write to him at the Fine Art Studios, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Colleen Moore at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

MISS A. CARLSON, LINDENHURST, L. I.—Claire Windsor's picture was on the cover of PHOTOPLAY'S issue of February, 1923. Barbara La Marr had a cover in January, 1924, and April, 1925. Write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, for back issues of the magazine.

C. H., EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. — Ramon Novarro's current pictures are "The Student Prince" and "Romance." Lon Chaney's next will be "The Big City."

MARJ, LANSING, MICH.—What else would Charles Rogers be but an American? Born at Olathe, Kans. Buddy is twenty-two years old and has black hair and brown eyes.

"ELM TREE," SPRINGPORT, MICH. — Leatrice Joy is divorced from Jack Gilbert. She has black hair and brown eyes and is thirty years old. Five feet three inches tall.

"PEP," CHICAGO, ILL.—If William Haines is engaged, he hasn't told me anything about it. And as far as I know, Olive Borden is also heart whole and fancy free. But you never can tell about these young people. There is such an epidemic of matrimony in Hollywood. Haines is twenty-seven years old and Olive is twenty.

A. S., WILKINSBURG, PA.—Ronald Colman just misses being six feet by one inch. He has black hair and brown eyes and was born in Richmond, Surrey, England. That's his real name. His newest picture will be "The Flower of Spain." I don't think he has any brothers or sisters.

GERTRUDE G., CHICAGO, ILL. — Ruth Roland uses her own name. Ruth is thirty-four years old and is worth two and a half million dollars in real money. Ruth won't say whether or not she is going to marry Ben Bard.

M. M., ARKANSAS CITY, KANS. — Leila Hyams was the girl you liked in "Summer Bachelors." Cute, isn't she? Mabel Normand recovered from her attack of pneumonia. Write to Gary Cooper at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Bet you were disappointed at the outcome of the Chicago fight.

HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Greta Garbo is five feet six inches tall.

Dolores Del Rio was born on August 3, 1905.

Richard Dix is unmarried.

Clara Bow is twenty-two years old.

Gilbert Roland is twenty-one years old.

John Gilbert is five feet eleven inches tall and thirty years old.

Vilma Banky is twenty-four and that is her real name.

According to a check-up of the letters received by the Answer Man, these are the seven stars that the public is most interested in. Your letter registers your vote.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

You do your share and they'll do theirs.

WATERMELON SEED, PIQUA, O. — And what's the meaning of *that?* Florence Vidor is thirty-two years old and Dorothy Gish is twenty-nine. Lillian is two years older than Dorothy. Charlie Ray is twenty-six and Renee Adoree is about twenty-five. You're right. John Gilbert is one of the few actors who can play opposite Greta Garbo and attract any attention at all. Adolphe Menjou is the gentleman's real name. He's thirty-six. Marie Prevost's real name is Marie Bickford Dunn and she is twenty-nine years old. Prevost is pronounced Pre-voh.

EVELYN M., ALLENTOWN, PA. — Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, thirty-eight years ago. His first name is Charles. He has grey eyes and brown hair and is five feet eleven and a half inches tall. Write to him at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

CAROLYN N., PHILADELPHIA, PA. — The boy in "The Cradle Snatchers" who attracted your attention was Joseph Striker.

"COLLIE," CHICAGO, ILL.—For the benefit of you and others who are inquiring about James Hall, I rise to announce that Mr. Hall was born in Dallas, Texas, twenty-six years ago on October 22. He is five feet, ten inches tall and has blue green eyes and dark brown hair. His next picture is "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters."

W. L. O., MILWAUKEE, WIS. — Bobby Vernon's real name is Sylvain des Jardins. Isn't it pretty?

H. M., EL PASO, TEX.—Your friend must be mistaken. "Chang" was released on April 29th of this year. It wasn't even made in the summer of 1925, so it must have been some other jungle film that your friend saw in San Francisco.

ELEANORE, DUMONT, N. J. — Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., of Irish parentage. Many Irish families have Spanish names, just as there are O'Donnells who have been Spaniards for generations.

COTTONTOP, ATLANTA, GA.—Lya de Putti is making a picture in Europe, but she promises—or threatens—to return. Anna Q. Nilsson is divorced but is thinking of marrying again. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in the Gold Mine of Useful Facts.

R. M., TRENTON, N. J.—PLEASE, don't scold me because, PLEASE, I have a lot of letters to answer. Actually, I mean it, I really do. Warner Baxter played the leading rôle in "Ninety and Nine." Mr. Baxter was born on March 29, 1891, in Columbus, Ohio. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Write to Rod La Rocque at the Pathe-De Mille Studio, Culver City, Calif.



Life Savers were all he could afford—but what could have been better?

His First Romance

"I brought a package of Life Savers, Emily," he lisped as his chin drooped bashfully onto his starched collar.

It was his first romance and he didn't forget to bring the girl some candy. His mother had taught him to choose the right kind of candy.

* * *

Every growing child craves candy. Active little bodies demand sugar. But children's candy must be pure—and they should not overeat on sweets.

Life Savers, the little candy mints with the hole (life saver shape), answer this problem in just the right way. They are china-hard and deliciously flavored.

This means that Life Savers are eaten slowly. Children suck them to make those wonderful flavors last longer. Little tummies are not upset.

They're safe and wholesome. You may conscientiously be generous with Life Savers for they are the ideal candy for little folks.

Six popular flavors: Pep-O-Mint, Wint-O-Green, Cinn-O-Mon, Lic-O-Rice, Cl-O-Ve, Vi-O-Let.
Five cents a package everywhere.



Good for little tummies
Safe for tiny teeth

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems



DEAR MRS. VAN WYCK,
Every year I seem to give the stupidest Christmas gifts. I have ten gifts to buy, four of them for men. I'm always completely stumped. Must one spend a great deal to get satisfactory presents? There are many interesting shops in this city, but I either don't arrive at the right time or I make a bad choice. Can you give a few hints to the hopeless?
Anna C.

NO problem demands more feminine intelligence than that of being a clever shopper, no time of year tests such talents more than the hours before the holidays. In the gifts one gives there lies an opportunity to attain distinction and popularity, though the amount of money expended has very little to do with this happy result. Thought, intuition, sharp eyes and a good memory will serve you best and if you can get into your gifts a reflection both of your own personality and that of the individual you are honoring you win the S. S. degree—Superlative Shopper.

And please don't think that Christmas shopping is merely a disagreeable duty. Really, if you enter into the spirit of it, it ought to be a joy—all jokes to the contrary. I have just been looking at the charming selection of Christmas gifts made by PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service and I am delighted to find that I can do all my Christmas shopping in a few hours. And so I am referring you to PHOTOPLAY'S selection of gifts, shown in another part of this issue.

Start by really thinking about each person you are remembering at Christmas time. Everyone has some outstanding interest. Is your friend home-loving, sports-loving, or clothes mad, religious, musical or literary, an enthusiastic gardener or fond of animals? On the answer depends your gift.

Next use your intuition, your sensitiveness. This will guide you to the things for which your friends long but which they never confess wanting. Most mothers, for instance, are forced to be everlastingly practical. So don't be stupid and give mother a pair or rubbers or a sturdy muffler. Give the dear a chance to express herself. List her for something feminine and frivolous.

Sharp-eyed, start on your preliminary shopping tour. Don't buy on the first trip. Just look. But do your shopping early, not only to help the girl behind the counter, but to protect yourself from buying things in desperate December you'd never purchase in cool sanity in November. Store in your mind the wares of shops displaying the most attractive things. File these memories beside those wherein your friends have said, "I wish I had this"—"I wish I had that," and get the two memories acquainted with each other.

When the definite desires and characteristics of your friends are quite set in your mind, begin buying. You want distinction in your gifts, Anna C.? Then try these suggestions.

FOR men, who are always most difficult to give satisfactory gifts, avoid all freak purchases. Any man prefers two packages of his favorite cigarettes to four foolish neckties. Furthermore, subdivide your men into bachelors and married men. Remember bachelors think of themselves as gay. Where they have private apartments, they inevitably welcome gifts to the place, particularly if they have a subtle suggestion of wickedness about them.

Take the whole field of glassware suddenly sprung up, I suppose, because of Prohibition. Few bachelors, man or maid, ever have enough cocktail glasses and very distinctive ones may be purchased for as little as three dollars the dozen. Or if that doesn't please you there are bottles of every variety, pinch bottles, decanters, hand-blown flasks—smart and inexpensive. Many a housewife welcomes such gifts, too.

Sports have become nearly sexless, but they are a marvelous gift avenue. In the apparel line—and we all like things to wear because they are so personal—take one item alone—golf gloves, different from all other gloves and no golfer ever has too many pairs.

In the clothes line for men be careful. Don't let the salesman work off unwanted stocks on you. In purchasing neckties, handkerchiefs, belts, braces, socks and shirts, buy as you would for yourself, for if you are a smart modern girl, you don't dress with the conspicuousness of a Hula maiden but with expensive simplicity. So does the well-dressed man. Therefore trust your own judgment.

For the gardeners there are hundreds of varieties of roses, peonies, bulbs, and no gardener ever has too many of them. Here a dollar goes miles.

For the religious, purchase things in this class, but be careful of the literary friends. They are your most critical group and unless you can get them a first edition, a rare binding, or a book on their pet subject or by their pet author, don't buy books. Nothing is less imaginative than buying ANY book.

For the home you can run all the way from charming little glass containers filled with gay colored matches, costing about two dollars, to Oriental rugs costing thousands. That's up to your pocketbook. But restrain yourself to your friends' living room color schemes and whatever you get, get the best. Few homes, for instance, are complete without bridge cards. They may cost from a quarter to five dollars, but obviously bridge lovers will welcome as most thoughtful and de luxe a double deck of cards backed with their personal monogram. Two dollars will do this. Monograms are great Christmas things. Your local jeweler will make up ducky little three letter gold plated ones, ready to attach to handbag or hat for about $2.50.

These are gifts which if rightly purchased will be original, and nicely supplement those standby purchases, handkerchiefs, lingerie, perfume. Remember, give to others as you would they would give to you and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Christmas Shopping

Is This Month's Problem

EVERY girl at this season of the year wonders how to give Mother and Dad and particularly the boy friend something original. An eager spirit and a slim pocketbook is always December's problem. Read how a little thought can solve much of the difficulty.

Letters on any subject relating to beauty, health or happiness, accompanied by a stamped envelope, will be answered by return mail; those without return postage in the columns of Photoplay. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

"My Favorite"

Renée Adorée, who will have only beautiful things about her, has chosen the dainty Ben Hur package shown below for her own dressing-table. She has autographed it with this message: "This cunning little bottle of Ben Hur Perfume is my favorite. It just seems to fit in with my other toilet things."

Renée Adorée





Renée Adorée, *one of the loveliest stars of the silver screen, delights in Ben Hur Perfume*

Renée Adorée - *Charming French Actress* - TELLS *her favorite Ben Hur Perfume*

Ben Hur Perfume—of course! What other could a Frenchwoman choose? But it is in the dainty and original box shown above that Renée Adorée prefers it. "It just seems to fit in with my other toilet things," she gives as her reason.

Beautiful women everywhere are choosing Ben Hur Perfume as their favorite. They love it because it is "different"—with a delicate yet wonderfully seductive fragrance that gives a touch of mystery to their toilet—in a subtle way, enhances their personality with its light but lingering fragrance.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder.

Handsome gift packages of Ben Hur reflect the latest designs and colorings, $1.00 to $10.00. They make beautiful gifts for all occasions. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories at leading druggists and toilet goods counters.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes for Christmas this year. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Renée Adorée *as the French peasant girl in the famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture,* "The Big Parade."



"My Favorite"

This cunning little bottle of Ben Hur Perfume is my favorite. It just seems to fit in with my other toilet things.

Renée Adorée



"Like the Sunshine"

Good toilet water is like the sunshine—so refreshing, so stimulating. That is why my choice of all the lovely Ben Hur Perfumes is this graceful bottle.

Lois Wilson



"Charming"

I like my powder and perfume to match. So I have selected this Ben Hur Toilet Set as my choice. I think it's charming, too.

Clara Bow



"My Perfume"

It is difficult to select just one from all the charming packages of Ben Hur Perfume. I have chosen this one, but I like them all.

Anna Q. Nilsson

Four Famous Stars have Autographed these beautiful Ben Hur Gift Packages

THEY are each one a *chef d'oeuvre* of feminine charm—these four Ben Hur gift packages. Gay, dainty, colorful within and without—they will grace any toilet-table. Within each satin-lined box is the treasure of Ben Hur fragrance—that exotic, lingering fragrance which the loveliest women of the silver screen have chosen and autographed as their own.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without.

Ben Hur is sold by leading druggists and at toilet goods counters. Extract, toilet water, face powder, both compact and loose, toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath—all may be had in this unusual fragrance.

Its packages are delightful in shape and design, its gift boxes artistic, its bottles graceful. They make charming Christmas gifts at $1.00 to $10.00.

The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in charming little purse size bottles, deftly shaped to take up the least possible space in one's purse. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Renée Adorée



Clara Bow



Lois Wilson



Anna Q. Nilsson

When the DOCTORS DISAGREE

"Difference of opinion is what makes a horse race"

"THREE'S A CROWD"

"Harry Langdon's 'Three's a Crowd' grasps that sober-faced comedian out of the rut into which he has been lowering himself, and shoves him right back to a place among the stellar lights of picturedom." IRENE THIRER, *N. Y. Daily News.*

"Harry Langdon should take himself in hand quickly before his past efforts are forgotten. 'Three's a Crowd' . . . is poor from start to finish." *N. Y. Evening Post.*

"SUNRISE"

"My own personal enjoyment as I sat yesterday before William Fox's new picture drama, 'Sunrise,' was so great that I suspect for me at least this is the best, most adult and most satisfying screen play to come this way for a year." QUINN MARTIN, *N. Y. World.*

"A few seasons ago 'The Salvation Hunters' appeared on the horizon. Unfortunately 'Sunrise' reminded us constantly of that sad picture. . . . One had the same frustrated feeling, a realization that here was an abortive effort which missed by a hair being something weird and beautiful." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"THE STUDENT PRINCE"

"There never was a sweeter *Kathie* than that portrayed by Norma Shearer. Certainly, this is one of the best things that excellent young actress has ever done." GEORGE GERHARD, *N. Y. Evening World.*

"In the case of Miss Shearer our disappointment was dire. She is almost the last person we should have chosen to play *Kathie.*" HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, *N. Y. Tribune.*

"LADIES AT EASE"

"An obvious, unpretentious little film, 'Ladies at Ease' is mildly amusing." EILEEN CREELMAN, *N. Y. Sun.*

"Not one redeeming feature in the whole piece." *N. Y. Daily News.*

"ALIAS THE LONE WOLF"

"Lois Wilson looks extremely pretty, and she plays with her usual sincerity. Bert Lytell is the wisest choice we can think of for the Lone Wolf." *N. Y. Tribune.*

"Lytell is not the ideal person to play a slick gumshoe. And Lois Wilson has seen the peak of her career as a heroine." JOSEPH MCELLIOTT, *N. Y. Mirror.*

"THE CAT AND THE CANARY"

"Laura La Plante is featured, and though she does well as the blonde and bewildered heroine, the acting honors are carried off by Gertrude Astor." *The Screen Press.*

"He (Paul Leni) has not been aided greatly . . . by the actors. For, strangely enough, a rather brilliant cast contributes nought but mediocrity. . . . The star (Laura La Plante) is perhaps the best of the players." *N. Y. Morning Telegraph.*

"The feature picture seems to us far more exciting than the stage play of the same name." *N. Y. Tribune.*

"Somehow the punch has been removed from the celluloid version." REGINA CANNON, *N. Y. American.*

"COLLEGE"

" 'College' is so much better than any of the recent Keaton efforts that it will probably restore to the straight-faced comedian some of the following he was involuntarily relinquishing with pictures that didn't register to Buster's standard." *Evening Graphic.*

"This picture . . . fails to add any new laurels to Buster's crown. . . . Something seems to indicate that he will have to do much better in his next to justify the faith of his fans." *Exhibitors' Daily Review.*

"THE DROP KICK"

"Barthelmess does his level best to make something of 'The Drop Kick.' " *N. Y. Evening World.*

"Barthelmess' manly posturings are in the most routine manner." *N. Y. Morning World.*



Locked up all night in a wax works. What a moment for Clara Bow and Charles Rogers! But they are chaperoned by none other than Madame Recamier. Now does or does not Clara melt the wax off all the figures at Madame Toussaud's?

What Do Pictures Do to You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

freedom and equal rights of women? What about our mothers themselves if it comes to that? It's so easy to shove the responsibility onto something you don't specially fancy yourself, isn't it?"

THE third was a lad of eighteen. He had been arrested, charged with being the leader of a gang of boys who had entered a drug store and held up the proprietor.

"The movie I saw the day before we staged that job had nothing to do with it," he replied when I questioned him on the subject. "We planned that weeks ahead. I never felt like doing what the picture showed. Pictures are only fake stories. What got me in dutch was the crowd I hung around with after I went to work. Movies never hurt me none."

No, I cannot say from my own experience that I have ever been able to establish in any case of waywardness or delinquency a single bad influence that could be charged directly to the motion picture. I have heard such charges made. I have never seen any proved.

The movies certainly affect us. They most surely do influence us.

If the more licentious types of picture entertainment that cater to our primitive, sensual tastes showed vice triumphant, then the pernicious influence claimed by some might be substantiated.

But vice and depravity are never allowed to be victorious on the screen. The wicked are always punished. The noble and worthy always come out on top in the end.

Indeed, the most characteristic quality about all such productions is that they preach the doctrine that it pays to be good.

We must be fair about the movies and we must not forget the scientific fact that the whole of mankind is very primitive and uncouth after all.

We appear refined and cultured, we hold our savage impulses in check, we try to give the impression of being something which we are not. But what are we deep down, underneath?

In some, sensuous impulses are strong. In others, relatively speaking, they are weak. No one, however, is absolutely free from them.

No motion picture, no play, no novel—nothing can manufacture such fancies out of whole cloth. We are born that way or we develop that way in our earliest childhood days. Any psychologist will tell you that.

If he has it in him, a boy or girl, a man or woman, will think and speculate about sex whether he sees it portrayed in the movies or not. And the fancies he himself will invent on the subject will invariably be far more highly colored and sensuous than anything which has ever been attempted on the screen.

The movies never have and never will make such an individual worse.

If there is real bad in an individual it will come out just as surely as does the rash in measles.

A spectator will respond to a picture only if there is something in his own character make-up which is similar to what he sees. If what he sees is totally foreign to what he instinctively feels, the scene, whatever it is, will leave him absolutely unmoved.

Producers recognize these principles of psychology and it is these factors which dominate them in their selection of picture themes.

What they want are pictures that deal with fundamental emotions that each and every one of us share in common.

That is why the problem of love is dealt with in almost every picture you see. That is why courage in the face of adversity, ambition, rivalries and jealousies, all sorts of emotions and sentiments that ordinarily are met with in the game of life offer the most alluring subjects for screen production.

Instead of the average photoplay being a factor of evil, I claim that more often than not it yields a most positive and striking influence for good.

Examine yourself in this particular and see if you do not agree.

Can you honestly say that any picture has ever done you the least bit of harm?

ON the contrary, is it not true that the movies have often roused you to the very depths of your feelings, have stirred you in the most wholesome and righteous sort of fashion possible?

Try to think back which pictures have fascinated you, which have made the deepest imprint on your memory.

Make it a point also to note the kinds of pictures that impress you the most from now on. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS!

THE winners of the Cut Puzzle Contest will be announced in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Watch for it on the newsstands on December 10th.

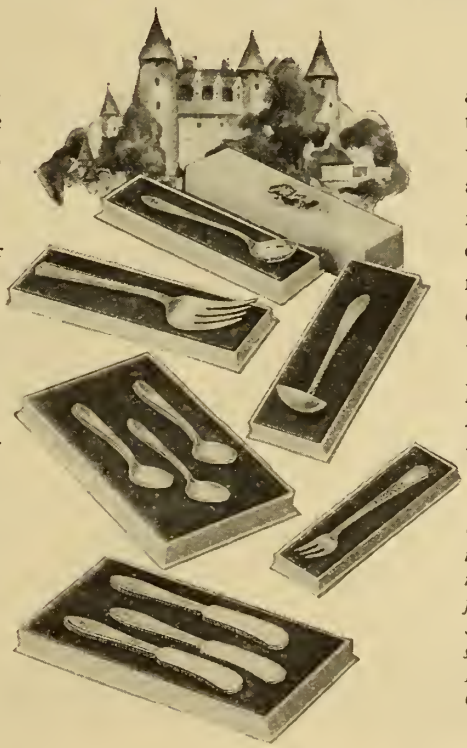
¶ The full list of winners in the big $15,000 Idea Contest will be published in the February Issue of PHOTOPLAY. This is the issue that is on sale at the newsstands on January 15th.

¶ If you entered either—or both—of these contests, watch for these issues of PHOTOPLAY. You may be one of the lucky winners!



PIECES OF CHARM CHEST WITH MIRRORED INSIDE COVER
Eight Salad Forks, Eight Butter Spreaders, Eight Iced Tea Spoons, a Cold Meat Fork, a Gravy Ladle, a Berry Spoon, a Dessert Server. Twenty-eight pieces, $51.50. *(Prices slightly higher in Canada.)*

Presenting PIECES OF CHARM



Just what are PIECES OF CHARM? . . . Merely eliminate the necessities for the everyday meal—the conventional knives, forks and spoons—and you have them catalogued for you.

For PIECES OF CHARM are any, and all, of those pieces of tableware that almost every woman craves, and so few of them buy . . . the oyster forks, the bouillon spoons, the salad forks, the ice cream forks . . . and also that galaxy of individual pieces for the correct serving of meats, pickles, jellies, condiments and desserts.

"PIECES OF CHARM" in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate! How appropriately named! And how beautifully presented for this gay holiday season.

PIECES OF CHARM may be had in the gorgeous Cabinet illustrated above (with the pad removed it will serve as a lovely vanity case for your dressing table), or in a beautiful tray, or as separate items, in individual gift boxes. The courtly group of Watteau figures in the illustration is reproduced on the covers of both the chest and individual boxes.

You have your choice of a variety of impeccably correct patterns, among them the Anniversary, Ancestral, Ambassador, and the new Argosy.

"TREASURE BOUND ON THE GOOD SHIP BUDGET"

Once you see Pieces of Charm, you'll never be satisfied till your silverware service is complete. And to make it so is now one of the easiest things imaginable. Send for our new booklet, "Treasure Bound on the Good Ship Budget," and learn how to buy Pieces of Charm systematically and with pleasing thrift. Ask for Booklet M-27, and address International Silver Company, Department E., Meriden, Connecticut.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO.
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

It's the Easiest Job in the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

Director Jack Blystone interrupted the fracas.

Olive whirled upon the interloper.

"I tell you, I'm going to hang in that parachute, myself, Jack," she dictated.

"I'll say you're not—" and a third member was added to the battle-action.

But the combination of General Shields' fighting blood and the old-line Bordens of England and Massachusetts, was too much for even the feudal tactics of the Hatfields and the directorial fire of Jack Blystone.

Olive doubled her own double for the picture.

For eighteen hours, without relief, she swung over the 7,400 feet of space gulfing greedily beneath her.

For thirty-six hours, altogether, she shivered and fought off the numbness of calamitous cold, in her perilous position.

For two days in succession she closed her eyes between camera shootings, to ward off the dazzle of snow and ice around and beneath her.

Incidentally, she spent her twenty-first birthday in this position.

Nor is that the end of the story. When the company returned to Los Angeles, they camped upon the edge of another precipice. The filming of "Pajamas," the Olive Borden starring-vehicle which revived the fighting blood of two families of Old Virginia, demands many break-your-neck situations.

A car was to climb a steep hill, make a sharp turn and crash into another machine, descending. When Olive saw the reckless necessities of this situation, she issued her second ultimatum.

"I'll drive up that hill and do the crash, myself, Margie. I wouldn't think of letting you do it."

The rear wheels slipped over the brink, but by one of those guardian-angel miracles, Olive put on the speed, hit her opposing machine, and turned to laugh at the rest of her gasping-for-breath company.

I waited until the picture was nearly finished before I went on the set, cornered this daring young beauty, and more or less admonishingly demanded:

"Why, oh why, did you do it, Olive?"

She laughed at me in those soft southern tones, called, "Come over here Margie,"—slipped her arm around her Virginia-sister, and drawled slowly,

"Anything that is too dangerous for me to do, is too dangerous for Margie. It is my picture, if there are real risks to be taken, I am the one who should have them."

"Is it just because it is Margie, or do you do it in every picture?"

Margaret Hatfield answered the question. "She does it in every picture. A double never has any real work to do for Olive. I'm not a double, but since I've been working,—or rather resting—"and she shot a reproachful look at her superior officer, "I've made some investigations. Olive never lets anyone working with her do anything that's a matter of real dan-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



Are We Returning to Eve?

Order in the class-room. The subject of today's lecture is the history of the bathing suit, illustrated by Dorothy Sebastian. When Eve went swimming, she wore long hair and a sad expression. The 1898 girl tried to swim in a high-necked gingham outfit with long pantaloons. It couldn't be done, so Miss 1900 discarded the skirt and made her costume of satin. Miss 1920 romped in taffeta rompers. The girl of 1927 wears a one-piece suit of jersey, and when she swims, *she swims*

"Swanky"

THE MODERN GIRL'S VERSION OF A SPORT BOOT





Model illustrated in tan calf with autumn suede cuff.

Entirely new in sport footwear is "SWANKY" — the tri-way boot — expressing the true spirit of sport; that of conquest.

"SWANKY" conquers the elements without losing form — sturdy of sole it attacks the mud and slush of winter streets — quick on the defense against lashing rain it buckles protectively about the ankle — equally adaptable to clear cold weather it meets the sunshine, gay and gallant, with cuff turned down in the swagger fashion of a buccaneer.

The grace of an athlete in every line of "SWANKY" is combined with the keen fashion sense of all footwear made by Johnson Stephens & Shinkle.

You can obtain "SWANKY" in all the principal cities throughout the country — priced only $12.50 — in a variety of leathers and color combinations to harmonize with sport ensembles. Write us for your dealer's name.

JOHNSON STEPHENS & SHINKLE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

The Haunted Studio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

most beautiful of them all, and, I believe, the most talented. Our funny, sweet, mad Bobby.

I can see her now, in the days when they had just discovered her at Metro. I can see her in the soft dress and big, drooping hat she wore in "The Prisoner of Zenda." I can see those magic eyes of hers, glinting with laughter, bright with emotion. What an alive person she was.

I remember so well sitting in an office in the old Metro studio one day, waiting for Barbara to go to lunch with me. The office belonged to a young man who is now a famous scenario writer but was then just hired help. Outside, we heard footsteps. And he said, "Oh, there is Barbara." And I said, "Oh, you know her footsteps?" And he blushed.

But who that heard Barbara's swift, dancing footsteps ever forgot them?

If I could hear the footsteps that the three old ladies hear at night, I am sure I could tell you whether it is Barbara who comes back to the scenes of her first triumphs, where she stood and looked down upon the world at her feet.

Of her tragic, agonized death, when she was only thirty, I still cannot speak without emotion.

June Mathis.

Dear, plump, twinkling little June. They were just beginning to know how great she was, in the old Metro days. She made them know, did June. You couldn't stop her. She drove straight through everything, until she held the biggest job any woman has ever held in motion pictures.

I am sure, if June could come back, she would come to the old Metro studio. For it was there she was happiest. There she worked with Rex Ingram; there she discovered Valentino; there the brilliant ideas and the drastic innovations she was to give the industry were born. There she first came into her own as a great writer for the screen—beyond dispute one of the two greatest who have yet lived.

June was dynamic. She went to New York full of new and ever new ideas. She was beginning a new cycle.

The curse struck quickly. June rose from her seat in a crowded theater in the middle of an act, rose with a strangled cry, and they carried her out to die alone on the pavement of the alley behind the theater.

Harold Lockwood.

An earlier generation, but he was making pictures at Metro, in the height of his fame, when he fell one of the first victims of the terrible flu epidemic. To him, the Metro studio wasn't the beginning, it was the culmination of his career. He was then the great matinee idol, the beloved of all picture fans.

He came to the studio one morning, to work. Big, blond, with that charming, wide, boyish smile. At noon he didn't just feel well. He went home early. The next morning word came to the studio that he was dead.

He was missed. And no one knows what he might have done had he been spared. For the big days of pictures were just beginning.

The public didn't know the name of Max Karger. But he was, in those days, the man behind the gun at the Metro. He was the executive in charge of production. All these brilliant young people came to him, he worked out the endless details of their big success, he figured and planned with, and for them. Everybody went to Max for everything.

Karger died of heart failure in a Pullman car on his way back to the Metro studio from a business trip east.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

Here's a Real Lorelei Lee



IF Anita Loos and Mal St. Clair had only known about the real Lorelei Lee before they cast Ruth Taylor for the part in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," so much might have happened!

Only Lorelei sent her telegrams and letters of self-introduction too late. Here is an excerpt from her letter:

707 Clay Avenue
Houston, Texas
September 21,1927

"I will gladly do my very best and darndest to make the feature 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes' an outstanding success and do my work GRATIS too. I believe you would find me good screen material. Seeing is believing.

Anxiously awaiting your instructions, I am

Very Sincerely,

LORELEI LEE

Enc. 4 snapshots in San Antonio, early summer."

On the back of the picture reproduced above is the notation, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. I'll say they do."

The real Lorelei Lee speaks from the heart. She is a blonde, too, which, as you know, "is the kind of girl which a gentleman likes to be seen with."

Miss Lee of Texas is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long, unbobbed hair that she wears swirled about her head. She has light brown eyes and she is careful to note that they photograph dark.

And, although she didn't get the job, she does get her picture in PHOTOPLAY.

"I agree with George White that Luckies are the best"

Said Flo Brooks to Lou Holtz while waiting for their cue to appear in "Manhattan Mary."





Photo by G. Maillard Kesslere

George White,
Producer of
George White's Scandals,
writes:

"In the theatre world, Luckies have become almost universal. Stage folks are very critical—voices must be kept in condition, throat irritation is a handicap. In 'George White's Scandals,' most actors and actresses whose voices are important smoke Luckies both for voice protection and finer flavor. For these reasons I prefer them, too."

George White

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

COLONEL LINDBERGH may not have favorites among the girls of the country but he has his pets in the movies. It was owing to his direct wish that Marion Davies selected Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge to assist her in playing hostess at the tea given for the ace during his recent Los Angeles visit.

BUT Mary Pickford had a little difficulty in gaining the attention of the hero.

"I hear you don't smoke or drink," Mary said sweetly from her position of honor at one side of the ace.

"I smoke," Lindy replied and turned back to Marion Davies. Mary tried again.

"What do you think of our Hollywood air?" she is said to have queried.

"Purified." And again Lindy turned to Marion. Mary went to dancing.

LINDY was witnessing a basket ball game on "The Fair Co-ed" set, Marion Davies' latest.

The girls were in peek-a-boo, movie, basket ball suits.

Harry Rapf noticed the young hero's eyes blinking.

"Do the Kleig lights hurt your eyes?" he asked solicitously.

"No—o—o. It isn't the lights!" Lindy replied in a shy stutter.

HERE'S one you didn't expect about the handsome John Gilbert.

He has a crowd-complex!

No blushing bride could hate to go among the public more than this famous young man. At the Lindbergh reception it was almost pitiful, they tell me. He was actually perspiring from embarrassment from being among so many people.

EVEN the dog actors are paying alimony. And that, surely, is the height of Hollywood. Recently a Los Angeles judge ordered Bigheart, a canine trouper, to pay twenty dollars a week out of his fifty a week salary to Mrs. Mary Gorton, wife of his trainer.

It seems that Mrs. Gorton is suing Mr. Gorton for divorce and as the earnings of Bigheart are Mr. Gorton's chief support, the doggie must go without dog-biscuits in order to pay Mrs. Gorton her alimony.

Bigheart is right!

MRS. REGINALD DENNY, who looks enough like Clara Bow to be her sister, has gone on the stage in Hollywood. She made her debut with Edward Everett Horton in a comedy, "So This Is Love," at the Music Box Theater.



Notching up his twelfth murder. Fred Kohler, working in the interests of art, has an even dozen "killings" to his credit. All the victims are alive and collecting salary in Hollywood today. Kohler's latest "murder" was committed in Richard Dix's picture, "The Gay Defender"



"When I was your age," says Jackie Coogan to his brother, Robert, "I was thinking about going to work. You're getting to be a great big boy now, and you're still nothing but a loafer. Why, I was very little older than you when I played in 'The Kid' "

THE eerie whispers still stir about the Boulevard regarding the persistency of Valentino's ghost in Hollywood.

Gustaf Mencenty, caretaker of Falcon's Lair, Rudy's last home, swears he has seen Valentino three times, moving quietly about the estate. Rudy's groom, Bill, who died recently, announced that he had often beheld Rudy, clad in white riding breeches, standing in the stall of *Firefly*, his favorite horse. And in New York, Natacha Rambova, at considerable profit, has been telling the newspapers of her psychic visions of Rudy in another world.

A "LATE" Hollywood story.

An actor, tired, and worn out with it all, met an old friend, to whom he was telling his woes.

"I'm through, I'm going to end it all!"

"My God, you aren't going to commit suicide, Bill!" his friend exclaimed in horror.

"Oh, no! I'm just going to shoot the wife, that's all."

W. C. FIELDS was seriously injured during the making of a comedy scene for "The Side Show," in which he will be co-starred with Chester Conklin. Fields was riding a bicycle when he was hit by a truck and dragged thirty feet.

The comics lead a dangerous life. It isn't always possible to have a double do the hard work, without spoiling the effectiveness of the scene.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



Gruen Quadron,
17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $60*
Other Gruen Strap Watches, $175 to $25

Gruen Cartouche, $60
14-kt. solid gold

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold,
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Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, (Pat'd)
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Other Gruen Pocket Watches, $500 to $100

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14-kt. solid gold, $40
With diamonds, $60 to $75

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

In the town of Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Guild's European workshops are the pride of the watchmaking people. As the visitor climbs the hill to see them he passes this Art Museum, where treasures of the old guilds inspire the modern craftsman

Consider now the one important gift you will give this Christmas

GIFTS are of two kinds. There are, of course, the usual little remembrances. For these, there is perhaps still plenty of time before Christmas.

But the other kind of gift, the gift which must express the deepest sentiments of affection or esteem, should be considered now! No last-minute choice will do.

What, for this gift, will compare with a Gruen Guild Watch? Think how admirably it will serve the purpose! At once an article of daily use and a lasting possession, it will be cherished for many years to come as a constant reminder of the spirit that prompted its giving.

And the prestige of the Gruen name is your assurance that such a gift will meet with immediate appreciation as well.

This prestige is to be attributed to the spirit of fine craftsmanship which the Gruen Guildsman of today has inherited from his forefathers, the guild watchmakers of old time.

Pictured here are a few rich examples of the modern Guildsman's art. In timekeeping service, in beauty of line and dress, each makes a gift worthy of the person who is to receive it.

Note, too, that in both variety of design and range of price they afford you wide possibilities for choice.

And you will find many more such fine time pieces at any Gruen jeweler's, always the very best in your community. Consult him now about this most important gift. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

Copr. 1927, G. W. M. G.

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Gruen Guild Watches



Specially posed by Pauline Starke, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star



No. 4100—
Iridio-platinum
28 first quality
diamonds



No. 112 —
Iridio-platinum
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ONE GENUINE ORANGE BLOSSOM ~ *400 Orange Blossom Styles*

CERTAINLY it is every woman's right, in the all-important choice of an engagement or wedding ring, to satisfy her personal taste as to design and style. Traub recognizes the infinite variety of feminine preference and personalities by offering more than 400 different wedding rings and engagement mountings—all in the Genuine Orange Blossom pattern. Thus the Orange Blossom line meets every individual requirement of style and price, at the same time maintaining one standard of quality and workmanship. Look for the Traub trade-mark which identifies Genuine Orange Blossom. Sold by the better jewelers everywhere, priced as low as $12.

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A temple dome, carved in metal, adorned the wedding rings of ancient Hebrew days. A scene from our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," a copy of which will be sent free on request



No. 622—
Groom's ring, iridio-platinum or special 18K white gold

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]



Edna May played an extra bit in Johnny Hines' comedy, "Home Made." Hines liked her work so well that he made her his leading woman. Now that Miss May is going to get ahead on the screen, maybe somebody will be smart enough to think up an original name for her

JAMES MURRAY felt sure his first picture was going over, before even the preview of "The Crowd" in which he makes his initial bow to the public.

"You see," he told me, "when we shot the last scene and I asked 'Is that all, Mr. Vidor?' a carload of sawdust fell down all over me. And that's just the way he treats John Gilbert at the end of *his* pictures."

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, has gone to Europe to visit the studios in England, France and Germany. Although he was on his way East at the time of the Dempsey and Tunney battle in Chicago, he didn't stop off to see the fight, thereby breaking every known tradition.

HE was a prominent director, now married to a brunette, and he was describing his first wife to a friend who had never met her.

"What was she like?" queried the friend.

"Just a suicide blonde," said the director, "dyed by her own hand."

IT is still another girl at the Eddie Cantor's. The recent addition is the fifth daughter born to the comedian and his wife.

In announcing the event, Eddie sent out the following telegram: "Mother and child doing well at the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn. Father doing well at the New Amsterdam Theater in New York."

"IS it true about your engagement to Wesley Ruggles?" I asked Marion Nixon.

Marion blushed prettily then answered, "Ask Wesley."

"But that announcement usually comes from the young lady."

"Ask Wesley," she repeated.

"All right. I'll go right over," I turned away.

"Oh, no," she stopped me. "He's not there now. My dressing room joins his office you know, and I've been watching for his car all morning."

Make your own guess on the matter.

ALL the "Hollywood boys" are digging up their youthful stamp collections for Marie Prevost who has made the saving of the little stickers her favorite recreation. Harrison Ford was the first to oblige the young lady.

"WHY don't you join the rest of the Hollywood gang and go down and learn bridge from Milton Work while he's here?" some one asked Aileen Pringle.

"I wouldn't waste time playing a card game that depends on a partner," Aileen retorted. "Canfield is the only card man who could get me down to his lessons," she added.

"Or Hergesheimer, to learn dominoes," the friend gently chided.

PEARL WHITE has returned to her native land after five years in Paris.

Which reminds us of a story. Between scenes of a serial some years ago, she was busily studying a French dictionary in preparation for her visit to Paris.

"How are you coming on?" asked Warner Oland, the villain of her opera.

"Rotten," answered the candid Pearl.

"Why don't you try learning English?" ventured Mr. Oland.

Whereupon Pearl looked him in the eye and told him straight where he could go.

BARBARA KENT'S picture was turned to the wall at the Universal publicity office. Just a way the boys have of showing which ones are in disfavor.

The boys thought Barbara got ritzy. After being loaned to First National for the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Drop Kick" they felt she got a little high-hat and they pasted this placard on the back-side of the photograph:

"Alas-Alack! Poor Barbara! Barbara's getting too big to need any publicity. Always 'ME.' Poor little Barbara."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Those glad, mad, carefree days of old. Gloria Swanson, in a comic bathing suit, hasn't a trouble in the world. And Marie Prevost is wearing one of the first one-piece suits seen in California. When this picture was taken, Mack Sennett was their boss, and $100 a week was their ambition

Ladies *in* Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

"Alas, Madame, how can I be sure? One met so many Americans in Paris. But I remember that he had an eagle tattooed across his chest, and about his right leg there was—"

"Never mind the details," laughed Eve. "I doubt if they will be of any assistance to our friend the Pope. As a matter of fact, girls, I remember now that Satan looked up the case, and naturally knows the man's identification number. I'll see if I can't worm it out of him. Hello!" She rose as Sappho and Scheherazade came in, followed by Salome and the Queen of Sheba. Mrs. Potiphar and Thais were taking off their wraps in the hall. "As soon as Phryne gets here, we can start the business of the evening. Ladies, please come to order."

Phryne arrived a few moments late, looking chic in an evening gown of fishnet and pearls.

"Sorry, my dears," she exclaimed, "but I've been dining with Alexander the Great at the Gehenna Roof and he simply wouldn't let me get away."

"SOUSED as usual, I suppose," whispered Thais peevishly. "That bird and I traveled around together for years and I never knew him to go to bed sober. But I'll admit he was a great lover—while he lasted. The good, I suppose, die young."

"He told me the most amusing story," continued Phryne. "About a Chicago man who blew in very suddenly last week. After he'd been shown all over the place he said to the guide: 'Heaven hasn't got a thing on Chicago.' The guide began to laugh. 'This isn't Heaven, Mister,' he said—'it's Hell.' Can you beat it?"

"Old stuff, my dear," Thais laughed. "He used to tell it to me on a man from Ur. But his pet yarn was the one about the battleaxe salesman from Ninevah who came home unexpectedly one night, and it was dark, and his wife said, 'Why Shalamaneser, you're late!' and—"

"I know," sniffed Eve. "His name wasn't Shalamaneser at all. Adam used to tell that one on Noah. Phryne dear, we're all looking forward to the story of your celebrated trial."

"I'm ready. Just wait till I shed my pearls. Eve, you certainly do keep your shack hot."

"Don't blame me. It's one of the drawbacks of living in the Figleaf Park section. So near the Pit, you know. I suppose Satan is obliged to have his headquarters right over the boiler rooms, for business reasons, but I'm getting a bit fed up with it myself. Next year I think I shall rent a cottage in the suburbs. Go ahead, dearie, about your experiences in court."

"Well, girls," Phryne began, "I may as well tell you that I started my career as a cloak model and worked at it for a year or two. Then a buyer from Syracuse, who insisted I was the most perfect thirty-six in Greece, got me a job in the Hippodrome chorus.

"Having been born in the little tank town of Thespiae, he said it was only natural that I should go into the show business. That's a joke. Don't get brain fag trying to figure it out.

"I made a hit from the first. Before the show had been on a week, most of the gilded youths of Athens, to say nothing of their solid gold fathers and grandfathers, got the idea that their duty in life was to shelter me from the hard and cruel world."

"I've always said it pays to advertise," murmured the Queen of Sheba.

"IT sure does. I had so many boy friends I had to hire a secretary to keep track of my social engagements and catalogue my jewels. I never let them say it with flowers, either. Except Praxiteles. The sculptor, you know. He was my real sweetie.

"Naturally, I didn't stay in the show business long, especially after the Crown Prince of Persia, who was in town for the chariot races, bought me a house near the Acropolis. My parties there were the talk of Athens. Everybody who was anybody came. Even old Plato used to drop in two or three evenings a week, just to listen to my wise-cracks. He said it took his mind off the philosophy business."

"He certainly had the right idea," Sappho laughed. "All the philosophers I ever met were ancient eggs who sat around saying mean things about life because they were too old to live it."

"Exactly. There were a bunch of them in Athens in my time. Always preaching about how wicked the world was, trying to reform it. Plato used to say that some men are born virtuous, and some achieve virtue, but the big majority have virtue thrust upon them."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



Saint Peter held up a movie censor who had remarked about the angels' robes

NAMES

You meet Mr. Howard and Mr. Walters in a gathering. Their names are to you but two of many you hear.

A few days later you meet Mr. Howard again. And again. He becomes a friend, perhaps an intimate in your social as well as business life.

Mr. Howard's name grows to mean a lot to you. Mr. Walters is rarely seen again and soon forgotten.

In this publication are other names—names of advertised products. Time and again you see them. They are like old friends—to be trusted. Their names mean economy, full value and integrity.

The unadvertised products—perhaps you see one in a store—or in a friend's home. Soon the name is forgotten—a stranger about whom you know little.

Fill your medicine closet, your pantry, your wardrobe with products whose names are guarantees of their integrity—advertised products. Like intimate friends —you know what they are and will do.

Read the advertisements to
know the names that are worth knowing
in the market place



Heed the warning of "Coated Tongue"

A COATED tongue, and the unpleasant breath that usually goes with it, is Nature's unfailing signal of trouble ahead.

It tells you of upset bodily processes. It warns you of intestinal stoppage—cause of many, many ills.

Thousands of men and women who used to suffer frequently from headaches and from the other enervating effects of stoppage, now feel and look their best by taking this simple precaution:—

Each morning, these people look at the tell-tale tongue. If it is white and furry, they nip trouble in the bud by taking Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica clears the intestines of waste products—*usually within a half hour.* It promotes natural elimination by releasing the water secreted in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is beneficial, too, in the treatment of indigestion, poor complexion, hyperacidity, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the European spas. Like these famous waters, Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean and sweeps away the insidious poisons of waste.

Dissolved in a glassful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling, refreshing drink.

Keep free from headaches, from dull and draggy days. Look at your tongue every morning. Whenever it is coated—whenever elimination is sluggish, take Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept G-127, 71 West St., N. Y. C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1927

Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

WHEN one Johann Pfeffer, a postal employee in Semlin, Jugo-Slavia, arose and announced in pure Slavonic that Gloria Swanson was his niece and that her real name was Franziska Pfeffer, Miss Swanson replied, in pure Chicago, that the assertion was "too ridiculous to dignify with a denial."

Mr. Pfeffer has returned to his stamps.

"ANY news for me, Glen?" I asked young Mr. Tryon.

He laughed.

"None. Except I got home so late last night, my wife was looking up my life insurance."

"Where had you been?" I ventured.

"Haven't checked up yet," without a moment's hesitation.

NOW don't say this is an adaptation of an old joke. We've heard it, too. But this really happened.

George O'Brien, whose dad is chief of police in San Francisco, thought he knew all about policemen. But when he came to New York recently to make "East Side, West Side" he learned there are cops and cops.

He was one of New York's finest—meaning a most hard-boiled Hibernian—who observed George making a left turn into Fifth Avenue. He blew lustily on his traffic whistle and George halted obediently at the opposite curb.

The cop started one of those agonizing traffic violation conversations.

"Don't you know it's against the law making a left hand turn?" he demanded.

GEORGE explained he was from Hollywood where both right and left hand turns are possible.

"This is no Hollywood," snorted the officer. "Where do you think you're going?"

George explained his innocence of the big city's rules, the trip he was making to see a girl in Brooklyn, the name of the street and whatnot, trying all the while to be ingratiating.

The cop refused to be moved. He got out a ticket. "What's your name?" he asked.

"O'Brien," submitted George meekly.

"O'Brien?" queried the cop. "O'Brien? Why didn't you say so in the first place? Now listen. Don't make such a mistake again. Go along now so your girl won't be mad for being kept waiting."

Moral:

When breaking traffic laws, make sure your father was an Irishman.



When they were little children, down on Long Island, Helene Costello and John Regan were playmates. After a friendship of twelve years, Helene and John were married in Beverly Hills. Let's all breathe a hope that the friendship continues

NOT exactly a public wedding, but bordering close upon it, was that of F. Hugh Herbert, scenario writer at M.-G.-M., and his pretty secretary, Arlene Appelby. A huge horseshoe of daisies on the center lawn of the big lot afforded the setting for the high noon festival which was attended by all the greater and lesser lights of the studio.

Charlotte Greenwood was the only guest in full wedding regalia. She came direct from her film wedding on the "Baby Mine" set and was almost substituted for the bride.

And talk about cruelty. Herbert, who wrote the script for "Baby Mine," was ordered back for work that evening. Some day the much-in-love couple plan an honest-to-goodness honeymoon away from studio associates.

"SHALL my escort wear tuxedo or full evening dress to the premier of 'Loves of Carmen,'" a new player on the Fox lot inquired.

"Mercy, a tuxedo, my dear," a well-known star answered. "Ben Bard is the only one who ever wears full evening dress to those things. And he owns a tailor shop in New York City."

WOMEN are getting further and further in this motion picture business. Now we introduce the first woman production manager, Henrietta Cohn, of the Famous Players-Lasky studio.

Three months ago after ten years spent as B. P. Schulberg's secretary and assistant she was awarded this unique honor. She is now managing Clara Bow's "Get Your Man," which by coincidence is being directed by Dorothy Arzner, one of the two women directors.

The entire responsibility for the cost of the production falls upon Miss Cohn's shoulders.

STAGING a come-back at the age of twenty!

That's Wesley Barry's job. There never was a more popular screen youngster than Wes of the light freckle brigade until he began growing up. In the awkward years between sixteen and nineteen his popularity waned a bit and he retired quietly.

Now he's cast as the jockey in "In Old Kentucky." He looks very adult and has acquired a wife and talks seriously about his future and art.

Best wishes from PHOTOPLAY, Wesley.

"SADIE THOMPSON" *should* be a good picture, at least from the standpoint of photography. Gloria herself told me that six different men have shot, and reshot, the scenes.

"But the three best in the business will get the credit," she modestly added.

Talking seriously, however, Gloria gives an animated report of her much talked-about "Rain" performance which she is calling, at orders from the Will Hays headquarters, they tell me, "Sadie Thompson."

"I like it better than anything I've ever done," and she grew excited. "Oh, yes, we've cut out the minister. In name, only, however. We've made him a self-appointed reformer. There's plenty

Miss Lota Sanders
TODAY



As she was in 1909



Her SMILE *hasn't aged a day in* 18 YEARS

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AS a very little girl—when her mother first showed her how to clean her teeth—it was Colgate's that she squeezed out on the brush.

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Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

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"WISTERIA"

TWILIGHT . . . . the day's work done . . . . the room a soft blue dusk. Two . . . . you and he . . . . together . . . . among the shadows. In the little Chinese Urn the slumbrous glow of a tiny coal. Incense is burning. Silence . . . . The slender smoke streams greyly upward . . . . and then . . . .

Wisteria blossoms in a velvet darkness . . . . faintly stirring at the breath of night . . . . then . . . . to him . . . . to you . . . . the dim sense of an old ecstasy . . . . like the memory of a caress . . . . beside the tranquil Jade of a lily pool . . . . strewn with the dust of stars.

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like him in the world who don't wear the garb of the clergy. But the picture is the same as the play or the story.

"Will Hays can't offer any objections. Why there isn't a sensuous scene in the picture!"

IRVIN S. COBB remarks that supervisors are like gold fish "because they can swim around with their eyes wide open and be fast asleep."

HERE'S a real send-off for Phyllis Haver.

"I consider her the best screen material since Swanson."

Cecil De Mille told me this himself.

MISS HAVER is out for Hollywood's record. She has been going with the same man for five years.

He's an art director, this Stephen Gooson. He used to be— But what does that matter? Now he's with De Mille where Phyllis just happens to be starting on "Chicago." Funny coincidence, isn't it?

THE admiration of De Mille for Miss Haver, is returned in full measure.

He has been putting her through her paces in "Chicago" what with taking reducing exercises in the picture with a machine, taking falls, and floor plunges and all. A friend remonstrated with her about it. She answered:

"If he told me to lie down in front of a steam roller, I'd do it with the knowledge that he had some way to blow me up again, afterwards."

"THE De Mille luck" has become a byword on the sets where they are filming "Chicago."

It was necessary to shoot a gun so that it would crash the center of a mirror. Mr. De Mille took the gun and from offstage did the shooting. Not a re-shot had to be taken.

Came time to rope a doll so it right-about faced with its nose to the wall.

With one trial, De Mille showed them how to do it, and turned the stunt over to others. They failed.

"Bet you five dollars you can't do it again," the disgruntled ones wagered.

Without a bat of an eye, C. B. repeated.

And De Mille luck is all the credit they gave him.

A CERTAIN producer is fond of impressing his callers with his business acumen and importance. One day, during a conversation with an acquaintance in his office, he buzzed for his stenographer and demanded to see a letter to Messrs. Bimberg and Blotz.

Surveying the letter, he snorted ferociously. "Vy do you write such a polite latter to dis piple?" he inquired of the hapless secretary.



The gloves that knocked out Jack Sharkey are now in the possession of Mervyn Le Roy. Dempsey gave them to Mervyn for a souvenir. But, Jack, where are the gloves that failed to keep Tunney down in the seventh round?

"Dun't you know dey owe us money? Vy do you begin de latter by saying 'Dear Gentlemen'? Write anoder latter and start it vit 'Gents.' "

SOMETIMES off-stage gags are dangerous even though they are the favorite pastime of Hollywood screen artists.

A group of mid-west visitors were going through the United Artists' studio.

Suddenly a scream rent the air. Walter Morosco came plunging out of a door, a magazine following and just missing his cranium.

The visitors peeked around the door. Corinne Griffith—his wife—stood with one arm upraised. The group of friends around her looked serious.

"I wonder—I wonder—" the Iowa-Illinoisites whispered.

And now Corinne, one of the city's most gaggy funsters, wonders what these fans are reporting to others.

CORINNE has sold her Beverly Hills home with its exquisite garden and the largest oleander tree in California, to Mrs. Tom Ince. Corinne will start building a new one at once.

"It will not be Spanish," is about all she has decided yet. "I think Spanish is all right for brunettes but not for lighter haired women. Now French—"

Perhaps the new fad will be to build your home to harmonize with your coiffure. Or, of course, if you're unable to sell your Spanish, there's always a chance of hair dyeing.

REAL estate people don't have many innings among these well-acquainted movie-people.

Just after Corinne Griffith sells her home to Mrs. Tom Ince, along comes John Barrymore and takes King Vidor's and Eleanor Boardman's Beverly Hills' mountain-top adobe "hut" away from them. John will move in his monkey and several dogs in the near future. Eleanor and King will build a new home large enough to take care of a nursery—which will soon be needed.

CHARLES RAY'S home in Beverly Hills, the home he loved, the home he fought to save, has been leased to Jerome K. George, a New York banker. Ray lost the home two years ago when he went into bankruptcy but he has made a new arrangement with the lessee whereby the rent money will be used to buy back the house.

Meanwhile, Charlie and the Missus will live in less pretentious quarters.

JOAN CRAWFORD was telling why she would never accept a wedding ring from any "guy" in existence.

"Do you accept diamond bracelets?" a bystander queried.

"Say, I'm nobody's fool," she answered in a tone full of meaning.

JOAN had a real thrill during her recent visit at West Point.

Chips, not money, are the trading system of the young soldiers. Two scions of wealthy New York families asked Joan for a co-operative date. To keep the appointment each begged a "buck" from Bill Haines.

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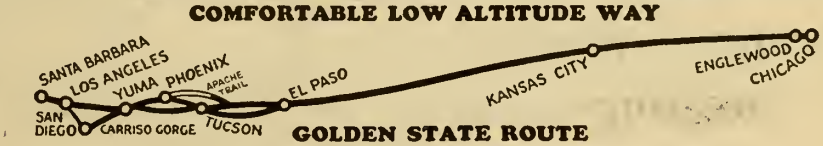
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"Christmas Cheer a Precious Boomerang," *says*

Paul Whiteman

"SEND it off—a priceless thing—and back it comes to you, increased a thousandfold!" so says Paul Whiteman, world-famous Jazz King.

Sending cheery greetings to all your friends and relatives at Christmas time but increases, as you know, the glowing good will in your heart. And—as many a thoughtful person has discovered—making lists of those less blessed with friends than we—orphans, cripples, sick and aged folk in institutions—opens up still wider circles for doing good. Off to these, too, go Christmas cards—precious boomerangs of cheer.

Wherever this seal is displayed, you will find complete assortments of Greeting Cards



Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

A taxi, a picture show and a chocolate sundae—

Joan admits she was overjoyed to get home. Was it just the old home town or Mike Cudahy's spending money, we wonder?

CHARLES DELANEY and Robert Anderson have fixed it between them that if they ever do another prize-fight story, they'll demand three weeks' pay in advance for training for it. Owing to the realism introduced by Rochus Gliesce, the "set" man brought by Murnau to this country, Chuck and Bob were forced to stage a real battle rather than the usual hokum in "The Main Event."

Charles came out with a battered eye which was swollen a la Tunney for more than a week and thinks it a sin he didn't get an extra cent for it. Bob's injuries were in a location where he couldn't show them.

Charles swears he won't have to fight in "The Cohens and the Kelleys in Europe" so said nothing about the extra money. But who ever saw an Irish picture without a black something-or-other!

GLORIA SWANSON was giving a very Marquise-ish party for Al Jolson.

The butler brought in the drinks, a maid the hors d'oeuvres.

"Where's Corinne Griffith?" Jolson demanded.

A nasty kick in the rear of the leg rewarded his inquiry.

He turned around sharply. "Is this the way of Hollywood maids?" he stuttered.

The maid laughed.

"Corinne!" Everyone shouted.

"I thought surely they would comment about a pretty new maid or something." She pouted as she told me. "But I served Ronald Colman, Lois Wilson, Walter Morosco (her own husband) and not a single one took notice."

Moral: Don't try to crash into the movies by becoming a maid for Gloria Swanson.

EVERYONE who crawls to fame in any line of endeavor seems to find his chance to play at least one rôle in the movies, it seems.

George Herriman, the Krazy Kat cartoonist, has been signed to interpret himself in the Marion Nixon-Glen Tryon newspaper picture, "Meet the Prince," which William Kraft and Jack Foley wrote and are directing.

CHIEF YOWLACHE was a guest at Harry Carey's ranch. Invited to sing several numbers before a gathering of film notables, he rose and gave the self-introduction:

"Big Chief Yowlache, Him sing—'La Paloma.'"

A RECENT visitor to the Fred Niblo set made the following comment: "Make-up is surely God's own gift to the middle-aged ingenue. If she appeared on the screen as she looks in real life, the fading war veterans of the G. A. R. would give three cheers for the little mascot that guided them through the shock and shell of Shiloh."

SOME friends slipped into the projection room to see the "rushes" of Virginia Valli's latest picture, "Ladies Must Dress."

They chanced to see the scenes where Virginia wears ugly garments of the early American variety, long underwear wrapped beneath cotton stockings and so on.

"You look *terrible*, Virginia!" they told her.

Now *no one* gets to see the rushes of Miss Virginia's picture.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN was being introduced to some studio visitors. One of the men looked hurriedly through his pockets, pulled out a stub pencil, handed it to Dorothy, pulled back his coat sleeve and pleaded:

"Please, won't you autograph my cuff!"

Which was one shirt that never again saw an Iowa laundry.

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSON is glorying in being borrowed from M.-G.-M. by United Artists to adapt the scenario for Norma Talmadge's next picture.

"I've always wanted to do a picture for Norma," she told me. "But a *baby* or something always happened!" Agnes is the writer who has refused to give up the motherhood of three babies for the sake of her profession.

WHO says the war is forgotten? Count Von Luckner, the famed German sea-raider, was in Hollywood recently, and visited the "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters" set. The German officers of the picture, headed by the Archduke Leopold of Austria, lined up to salute the visitor.

The Count made the rounds, then noticed another German officer to one side and walked over to give him salutation.

Earle Fox, the American leading man who went Hun for the picture, returned the military address and then said distinctly, "I was in the London Machine Gun Corps, Sir."

"Hip - Hip - Hooray!" The patriotic "head juicer" from his perch on the top of an electrical apparatus, yelled his joy at Fox's announcement. They were brother American Legion members.

But Fox admits it was one of his most embarrassing moments, in spite of the fact that the German smiled and was extremely courteous about it.

JACK FORD, the Irish director, has been forced to learn German while making "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters." What with the Archduke Leopold as a player and Herman Bing, the man Murnau brought to America with him, as assistant director, his orders have been for a large part in the language with which he had no former acquaintance.

Such types as they do have in that picture! Jack took me toward a tall, Russian gentleman with a forbidding beard and black eyebrows. I was whittling my memory into shape to remember Blodovoski or a similar cognomen, when Jack burst forth:

"Meet Pat Rooney!"

FLORENCE RYERSON and Colen Clements, the scenario-writing team of the Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody domestic comedies, pulled a real gag recently.

Miss Ryerson issued invitations to a house-warming at her new home in Beverly Hills. At nine-thirty Florence disappeared, changed her dress and returned to slip her hand into Colen's. A minister among the guests stepped forward and they were married.

The romance blossomed into a serious engagement while they were writing "Mixed Marriages."

As co-authors of domestic situations, experience could not hurt them, they decided. They will continue their co-writing arrangements.

WILSON MIZNER is an agreeable fellow.
"If you want to do a story on me, I'll help you write it," he promised.

JOHN MACK BROWN was showing a friend from his ol' home town in Alabam through the studio. To impress the Hollywood visitor that his movie prestige was as great as his football glory, Johnny drew the newcomer to a huge mail chute and said proudly:

Photoplay's Honor Roll for 1927

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

several films and particularly fine in "Flesh and the Devil," and Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers, the kid aviators of "Wings." Victor McLaglen, too, got his first real opportunity during 1927 in "What Price Glory."

Such established players as John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Lon Chaney, Wallace Beery, Marion Davies, William Haines and Ernest Torrence more than held their own. Bebe Daniels discovered a new field of athletic endeavor and turned in two boxoffice winners in "Swim, Girl, Swim" and "Senorita." Richard Barthelmess did something of a real comeback with "The Patent Leather Kid," although this special was sandwiched between mediocre program releases.

A big acting year!



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to protect teeth

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THE SWIFT TEMPO of modern life etches its impressions on even the loveliest of faces—causes signs of skin-fatigue, deepening lines, dulled complexion, gaping pores!

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Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—thoroughly cleanses—molds out "tired look"—this unique cleansing cream positively benefits oily or pimpled skins—excellent powder base. (1.00)

Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream—incomparable for dry, sensitive skins. Quickly removes make-up. Leaves complexion charmingly smooth. (75c, 1.25)

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—*the skin-clearing masterpiece*—animates, bleaches mildly, creates exquisite delicacy. Indispensable to good looks. Use always. (1.00)

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—freshens, tones, braces—moderates fine lines. (1.25)

Valaze Grecian Anti-Wrinkle Cream (Anthosoros)—corrects crowsfeet, "squint lines," wrinkles. (1.75)

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What Do Pictures Do to You?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

You will find, I know, that each and every one of these pictures have art in them. You will find that they run true to life. No matter what the story or plot may be you will find that they are convincing because they do not lie.

Have you ever noticed how otherwise unemotional men will slyly wipe a tear under cover of the darkness in a motion picture show?

Have you ever noticed how often your own eyes become moist under similar circumstances?

Any medium that can make people cry so easily cannot be wholly evil.

The ability to bring the tears is one of the best proofs of moral effect.

Pictures are improving in artistry and they will continue to improve. Compare what they were ten years ago with what they are now.

What marvelous achievements may be brought about within another ten can scarcely be imagined.

Pictures do a lot to us but they never did anything bad to normal, healthy individuals.

Weaklings the world has always known and weaklings the world will always know.

We cannot and should not restrict picture art with a view to protecting the over-sensitized, the over-suggestible, the mentally sick.

After all you never can foretell how people like that will react no matter what form of entertainment is presented. They are just as likely to jump one way as another. An intensely wholesome picture may indeed influence them in quite an opposite manner. They are decidedly less likely to be turned in the wrong direction through the movies than they are through street corner associates.

Motion pictures are meant for normal people.

The motion picture is to be enjoyed by normal people.

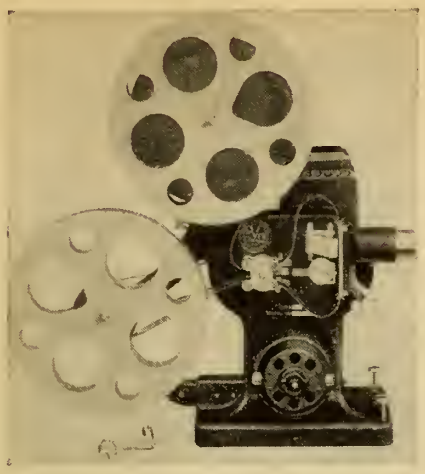
This talk about "those dreadful movies" is all poppycock!



Toledo, O.

I am young and married. I have always loved to dance—and I dance very well. Recently I had an offer to go on the stage from a friend who admired my dancing. For days I practiced and invented new steps, losing interest in my husband and neglecting our home. I was wild about the idea until one night my husband begged me to go to a movie. I consented, but I was not at all eager to go.

The picture being shown was "The World at Her Feet." How like this woman! I wanted to become a great dancer—she, a great lawyer. I glanced at my husband. He was looking at the picture, perhaps thinking of the same thing. As the picture went on, showing the woman's neglect of her husband, I thought of myself again. Then and there I woke up. My mind was made up. Next morning I told my friend that I had given up all idea of going on the stage. My husband's happiness is worth the sacrifice. Mrs. C. B. L.



The new De Vry 16 mm. projector

flight from the United States to Hawaii.

Incidentally, the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation has purchased twenty-five De Vry cameras for the use of its news reel cameramen. An interesting recent film taken with a De Vry was incorporated in a release of the Paramount News Weekly. This was a striking series of shots taken from a burning plane as it went hurtling to the ground. The flier dropped to safety in a parachute, but the camera was left strapped to the plane. When the flaming airplane hit the ground, the camera, still running, was thrown free. The Paramount News Weekly presented the result as "a scene that only dead men have seen!"

PHOTOPLAY readers continually want to know why the millimeter is the standard of film measurement. Possibly because the movie film first started to develop on the Continent, after its creation by George Eastman. And possibly because the metric system is used in all scientific calculations and work. Since an act of Congress, July, 1866, fixed the measurement of a meter as 39.37 inches, one millimeter, which is 1/1000 of a meter, is .03937 of an inch. Thus six-



Cecil B. De Mille tries out his Pathex between scenes of "Chicago"



These Men Know Movie Cameras

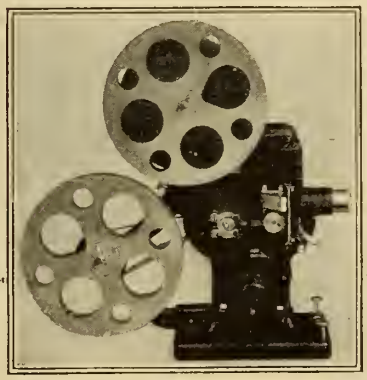
Hollywood—movie city of the universe—maker of movie stars and stupendous productions—Hollywood the critical, where the qualities of a movie camera are measured in the quality of its results. Hollywood was quick to endorse the DeVry.



"So truly professional in results, yet so simple in construction that any amateur cannot fail to produce excellent moving pictures with the DeVry," writes George Archainbaud, director of "Men of Steel."

This is the projector you want for *better* home movies. The new DeVry 16 mm. projector is the most practical of all home movie projectors. Light—compact—completely automatic—produces results equalled only by projectors selling for twice its cost. Price only $85.00.

For clearest pictures use 16 mm. reduction prints from 35 mm. negatives.



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TANGEE does not try to match shades with complexions—as other make-ups try to do—but changes its own color, as you put it on, to harmonize with *your* type of beauty.

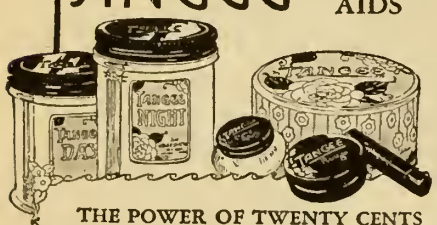
You'll marvel when you see this chic little lipstick turn from orange to *blush-rose* as it touches your lips . . . and you'll see the rouge, too, in the same magic way, change its color to give your cheeks Nature's own blend of rose and coral . . . delicate . . . lovely . . . alluring!

And both the lipstick and the rouge you will find permanent, waterproof and absolutely pure . . . but, of course, you must be sure to ask for Tangee, and see the name on every package!

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TANGEE BEAUTY AIDS



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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. 88. The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $500 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $500 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $500 as an added prize for the best film submitted in any one of these three divisions.

   In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in any division, prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not necessarily be a drama. It may be dramatic, comic, a news event, home pictures, a travelogue, a diary or any form of screen entertainment presented within the prescribed length. It need not be narrative. It may be anything the amateur creates. In selecting the winners the judges will consider the general workmanship, as well as the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, titling, editing and cutting and lighting. In considering dramas or comedies, amateur acting ability and make-up will be considered.

3. Films are to be submitted on non-inflammable stock with names and addresses of the senders securely attached or pasted to the reel or the box containing the reel.

4. Any number of reels may be submitted by an individual.

5. Any person can enter this contest except professional photographers or cinematographers or anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between June 1, 1927, and midnight of December 31, 1927.

7. The judges will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY, and three others to be selected by them.

8. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit, and while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, the publication will not be responsible for loss in any way.

9. At the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced, and films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return.

teen millimeters would equal a fraction over 5/8 of an inch.

THERE is an extremely simple way to get backward motion with your amateur camera. Possibly you have guessed it yourself. Simply hold the camera upside down while taking the particular scene you want to film backwards. When the roll is returned to you, separate the reversed scene from the other straight scenes and splice it in, reversing end for end so that the scene will run right side up on your projection machine. The scene, of course, will then be in reverse action.

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

wrap the thing attractively. You'll appear smarter if you wrap in blue with silver stars, for instance, than if you use the old green-red, red-green combination.

Smart Christmas gifts are much more a matter of sense than dollars. I wish you all luck in hunting them or if you are pressed for time I refer you to PHOTOPLAY's own shopping service and to every one of you, Merry Christmas.

MARIE S.:

You may safely use depilatories to remove the hair on your legs. Use that made by a reliable firm. If you choose one with a wax foundation, be sure to follow its use with an antiseptic astringent. The peroxide solution you have been using probably was not strong enough. If you do not wish to use depilatories add a few drops of household ammonia to a tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen. This may be used frequently. You may, also, cut the hairs close to the skin with a pair of manicure scissors. This is quite effective and will not stiffen the hairs as actual shaving will.

CECILIA:

My dear, I think you're worrying unduly. At seventeen you certainly shouldn't think your chances at marriage and motherhood are over. Panicky little child. You're not even grown up and you think life is over. You must cure yourself of this inferiority complex you've acquired so young. Your haughtiness toward your boy friends is an expression of it. Don't act. Be natural. Wear your pretty clothes. Try to be as charming and real as you can and I'm sure you'll get your male reward.

AN OUTCAST:

You should be scolded in the first place for signing yourself that way. You are only fifteen and write you have better clothes than most of the girls you know. You have girl friends who help to find you dates. You've been away for a pleasant vacation. Now, why think of yourself as so pitiful? Please don't, dear, for you not only make yourself unhappy but burden those who meet you. Put your head high and smile. For definite improvement in yourself, clear up your bad skin. That's easily done. I'll send you instructions if you send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You are too young to diet, but exercise enough to lose at least five pounds in weight. Remember that the bright, shining world lies ahead of you.

More Than Hunger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

look that. I'm glad to meet any man of the old flock of flying murderers that we were. Do you live here in Hollywood?"

"I'm with Ashley—the Ashley Feature Film Company."

Neil North bit hard on the thick stem of his pipe. "Ashley? They that are making a war picture and have snapped up all the flyers?"

PALMERE nodded. "Yes; we're on location now doing battle scenes. If time is hanging so heavily on your hands—how'd you like to join up with us for a few days? I know we could use you."

The murderous scowl came back to North's face.

"The devil take you and your pictures of war!" he thundered. "Propaganda you're spreading to stir blood-lust in the new generation! You commercialize the horrors of war and stew up more wars in the kettle of the future; you create a hunger for the damnable mess in the bellies of those who pay to watch you cook up your bloody fodder. Propaganda! I'll have none of it."

He turned away from Palmere and started to tramp down the street. Palmere's eyes narrowed a trifle; then he laughed lightly, and he started after North.

"Oh, come now, Captain," he pleaded. "It isn't as bad as all that. It's propaganda, I'll admit. And we commercialize it—this is a commercial age. But our idea isn't to stew up more wars. Our idea is so to impress our public with the horrors of war that for all time they will be revolted by the mere thought of war. Don't you understand, Captain? We seek not to create wars but to prevent them."

"YOU can not do it," North growled. "You can not do it, not by showing the romance, the glory, the glamour of war. Young bloods, and some older, will see your picture; they will lust that romance, that glory, that glamour and there will be more wars."

"Come with me," Palmere begged earnestly, "and I will prove to you you are wrong. Tonight we are making some battle scenes. You'll be interested, in spite of yourself."

"Interested in war? Never!" North shouted. "I'll not watch. I'll have no traffic with you."

Palmere smiled, but his eyes were narrow.

"If you aren't convinced, after watching, that what we are doing is propaganda of the most powerful sort against war"—he paused a moment before he added, "I'll buy you a good dinner."

North stopped and sucked hard at his pipe. The ravenous beat of hunger hit him.

"I'll buy you a good dinner," Palmere repeated, his eyes held narrow, "and the cigars.

"My car is up the street a ways. You will come with me, Captain?"

A good dinner! And cigars! Neil North's inwards tied themselves into a painful knot. He pocketed his stubby, cold pipe.



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I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work."

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And so do millions of women in everyday life. For Maybelline, as those who know its magic powers will tell you, multiplies the natural beauty of the eyes a thousandfold.

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"I have no love of war, you understand—I'm dead against it," he said sternly. "I have my doubts of your propaganda, but I always was a man open to conviction. Which way to your car?"

MIDNIGHT, and a battle raged, a terrible battle. The din was appalling; and to the eye the horror of it was awful. To the north, beyond a range of low, distant hills, the incessant blaze of thundering heavy artillery lighted the heavens with flickering flames. Great rockets curved in golden arcs against the vault of night; star-shells burst; huge magnesia bombs tore the sky asunder and blinded all the long valley below with a fierce light more bright than day.

There were trenches wet with mud and alive with men in khaki, and beyond, a torn and shattered No Man's Land pock-marked with yawning shell-craters; here and there and all about the snarl and tangle of cruel barbed wire against which hung some quiet bodies; trees were stark and shorn of all save a few broken branches, wrecks left standing after the passing of a withering tornado of blasting shell.

Now a barrage came over, a rain of steel and fire, just beyond the trenches. A line of crashing, smashing shell, that began to creep up toward a little wooded hill where trees were torn apart and blasted of their branches.

Behind the creeping barrage, the trenches vomited a wave of men. Shells burst above them; bombs lighted the way they picked across No Man's Land. Here and there a man went down, to lie quietly, to writhe and roll. The rest went on; they did not run. They walked toward the hill; and from the wood tiny tongues of flame licked out. A drumming roll of sound. Machine-guns.

THE khaki wave recoiled, recovered, wilted. Another wave rolled from the trench. And another. Up the hill they walked, those who did not crumple. The waves washed against the machine-gun nest, broke over it. The licking tongues of flame died out; died out the drumming roll of sound. To the north the heavy artillery continued to thunder and to blaze.

"What do you think of it, Captain?" Palmere, with Neil North, stood on a knoll to the south of the valley. From their vantage place the men could overlook the long valley.

"It's war," North said, sucking hard at his pipe.

"Make-believe war, Captain." Palmere smiled. "All the horrors of war without the horrors—if you get what I mean. None of this is real—there are no dead and no wounded—but it will be spectacular on the screen. It will look real there. This is our propaganda against war."

He guided North from the knoll. For a time the tall man had forgotten the fangs devouring his stomach; now teeth of hunger tore at him again. He sought to occupy his mind with thought. Was he convinced of what this young man said, that this was propaganda against future war? It was good propaganda, if it was so. Why should he doubt? Why should Palmere lie to him? He could think of no reason. Surely Palmere had told the truth—and he was almost convinced. He needed but to admit it and there would be a good dinner. And cigars.

A good dinner! And cigars! Food to eat and tobacco to smoke. He took the cold pipe from his mouth.

"I know you haven't seen enough," Palmere said cheerfully. "The time has been short. But I hope to convince you fully tomorrow."

North returned the stubby pipe to his mouth and shut his teeth hard as a pang tore his stomach.

"Tomorrow will do it," Palmere laughed. "I shall be disappointed if I do not have to buy you that dinner and cigars. But I think I'll not be disappointed, Captain. You'll be so convinced that you'll be more than willing to help us out. It would be a great opportunity—you are so against war."

"I am not an actor," North replied.

"YOU'RE a flyer. We'll be using flyers tomorrow. The hero of the story we are filming is an aviator. Don Colman is playing the part. He handles a machine well, but whether he is tricky enough with a stick to do the stunt he will be called upon to do tomorrow—"

"What stunt?"

"The scenario calls for an aerial battle—not just a few ships flying around—the real thing. The public would spot a fake. That's where the rub comes in. Colman is to tackle a circus single-handed. He is to be crippled, fall and crash. It must be a real crash. I doubt Colman can do it without breaking his neck. It would be dangerous even for an experienced flyer like yourself. Colman has not that experience—and we do not want any broken necks."

"The last time I crashed, I broke my head."

"I remember, Captain. We have offered one thousand dollars to any one who will risk the chance. We have twenty flyers here, but not one of them is willing to try it."

"What about Colman?"

"He is perfectly willing to go through with the stunt. He has never used a double and declares he never will. But he must. He is too valuable a man to us to lose."

"Merely a cold business proposition," grunted North.

"There is another side. Colman was married a bit over a year ago. There is a little Colman—"

NORTH smiled grimly. "You've some objection, I take it, to making an orphan and a widow at the same time."

"You guessed it," Palmere confessed.

They were walking a street of tents. Palmere stopped before one and nodded toward a large one across the street.

"Colman's," he said. "He's in town tonight with his wife."

He motioned North into the tent of which he had raised the flap. There were two cots.

"My quarters, Captain. You'll camp with me tonight. Help yourself to a cot. I'm due for a conference with the chief and I won't be in for a couple of hours."

He lighted a cigarette. North's nostrils widened.

"You can be thinking of what you'll order up for that dinner, Captain,"

Palmere said as he turned to leave. "You know, if you'll think about it, that we would spread propaganda against war. War hurts our business, Captain. Think of that."

BRUCE EDINGTON, big, bald director-general of the Ashley Company, sat behind a littered table. He looked up at Palmere's entrance.

"Well?" he demanded.

Palmere nodded. "I've got the man."

"Who?"

"Captain Neil North. I was in his outfit at the finish—just a few days before he crashed and cracked his head. He's been rather violent on the subject of war ever since."

"For or against?"

"Very much against. He's been in Hollywood making the rounds for two days. The only job he was offered was a flying job with Comet. When he learned they were making a war picture, he turned them down."

Edington frowned. "Then what makes you think he'll do this crash stunt for us?"

"He's hungry," Palmere said. "He's dead broke. When I spotted him on the streets the day before yesterday, I hesitated to approach him, for I remembered his horror of every suggestion of war. But he is the very man we want. His official record is twenty planes."

"How do you know he's hungry and broke?"

"I had him shadowed every minute since I discovered him tramping the streets. Yesterday he had three sinkers and a cup of coffee in a hash joint. Other than water, he hasn't had a thing since. Last night he bedded under some shrubs in a vacant lot."

"If he refused the Comet job because



St. Paul, Minn.

All things come to him who waits.

Vienna, the city of my dreams and incidentally, of my birth, has sent me her greetings. To me, son of the city on the blue Danube, and now in a midwestern town, came "The Waltz Dream," and with it memories of those pre-war days of never-to-be-forgotten splendor and youth, fragrance and charm.

Once more I walked Vienna's streets, once more I wore my emperor's coat, once more a *fiaker* took me and my "princess" to Grinzing. Once more I laughed and danced and flirted to the music of Johann Strauss.

Oh, beautiful Vienna, where a kiss was but a kiss and all was love and laughter!

But the vision fades. Once more I am in a new land, five thousand miles from the blue Danube. Grateful indeed, for new opportunities, appreciative always of America's gifts to me, but bearing ever in my heart the spire of St. Stephen's and the black and yellow of the Hapsburgs. G. F.

"Like a Rapier . . . or a Flame"



SOFTLY glowing, brightly invincible—even the rush of our time and space-devouring modern life cannot dim her tireless vitality. For Woman today has found a simple shortcut to the vibrant charm that is rightly hers. Feen-a-mint, apparently just a delicate, mint-flavored tablet. But read its own amazingly interesting story.

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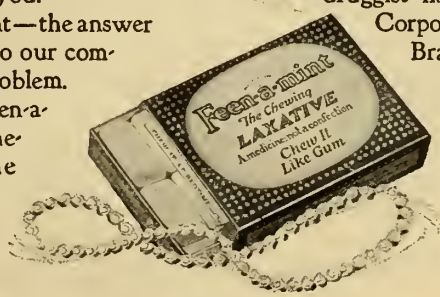
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of its being a war picture, what's to prevent him refusing to stunt for us?"

Palmere smiled. "Propaganda, Chief. The great idea of the picture we are making is to spread propaganda to stop war."

"The hell it is!" snapped Edington. "The idea of this picture is to tell the world what's going to happen to us in the next war if we don't get busy and build airplanes. It's preparedness propaganda."

"Sure. In time of peace prepare for war. Heel yourself a little better than the other fellow and the other fellow will come pretty near to leaving you very much alone. If that isn't propaganda against future wars, what is?"

EDINGTON smiled dryly. "That what you are feeding your captain?"

"Yes, and nothing else. He gets nothing to eat or smoke until tomorrow after he has pulled off that stunt."

"He may be beyond the need of anything to eat or smoke, Palmere, if he does the stunt. Have you said anything to him about how dangerous it is, how no other flyer will take the chance?"

"I've given him the situation, Chief. As to how dangerous the trick is, he doesn't need to be told. He's a crack flyer."

"All right," Edington said wearily. "The call is for eight o'clock. Have him on the job if you can. Bear in mind that it may take more than hunger to drive him to the stunt."

NORTH, without undressing, stretched out on one of the cots. Fangs of emptiness gnawed at his stomach; but it would not be for long now. Tomorrow he would eat.

The horrors of war could be used as propaganda against future wars. To be sure they could! Why would any motion picture company make use of any other kind of war propaganda? Did not war hurt business? It did, and it was illogical to hold that any concern would seek to create a condition detrimental to its financial success.

He dozed off. How long he slept he did not know. The gentle purring of an automobile engine awakened him. Lights, softened by intervening walls of canvas, struck into the tent. North listened. He could hear a woman's voice and there was that about it that brought him to his feet.

He lifted the flap of the tent a trifle. A roadster had stopped before Colman's tent across the street. The man—Colman, no doubt—now stood with a hand on the door. The woman sat behind the wheel.

"Don't do it, Don—say you won't do it!" she was pleading. "Just this once let them get a double for you. Oh, please, Don—for my sake and for—"

"Hush, Irene!" Colman said. "Run along home and stop worrying. There's no danger—just to land a ship and flop it over. I've done it several times accidentally. Now I've simply got to do it deliberately."

"Oh, but, Don, there *is* danger," the woman cried, her voice filled with tears. "You may be killed! Why do they offer a thousand dollars for some one to double for you? Why does not one accept? They're afraid, good flyers, better than you. Don't do it, Don, please!"

"I have never used a double, Irene, even for more dangerous stunts than tomorrow's," Colman said firmly. "It's cowardly—to reap the glory of another man's risk. I'll crash that ship the way Edington wants it crashed—and I'll be back in town with you tomorrow night."

"Oh, why must they make these horrible pictures?" the woman wailed. "They are as bad as actual war. Why do they make them?"

"To rouse the country," Colman said quietly. "The purpose of this one is to show how inadequately our air defense is should another war break."

SO much did Neil North hear. He walked back to the cot and sat down. He stuck the stubby, cold pipe in his mouth, and the murderous scowl came back upon his face. A preparedness picture. Palmere had lied to him and almost had his hunger convinced him.

He crossed his arms and leaned forward a bit to ease the sharp pains under his belt. Damn his hunger, anyway! He would be hungrier yet before Palmere bought him that dinner. And cigars. He would be starved entirely before he would accept a crumb from the tables of these teachers of murder. He would be strangled with choking before he would smoke one of their cigars. He would remain beneath the shelter of their canvas only for the return of that liar, Palmere, and preach him a sermon on war that would shrivel his bloody soul. Who knew better of the horrors of war than he? Twenty planes to his credit—twenty men he had murdered before he had been sent down and his head cracked open.

"Aye," he growled, "cracked open to spill the blood from my mind. Before then I was as bloody-minded as the rest. But that cracked head let me see the horror of it in its nakedness. I've a pain in the old knob now when I think of it."

He put his hand to his sandy head, and he clapped the other to the pit of his knotted stomach. He lay back on the cot.

PALMERE was shaking him by the shoulder.

"It's nearly eight o'clock, Captain. I thought you might want to see the stunt. Colman is getting ready to go up."

North swung from the cot to his feet. The sermon he had composed for Palmere was forgotten. Forgotten—the tearing teeth in his stomach, the pain in his head; forgotten everything save the pleading, tearful voice he had heard during the night. That was in his ears now. It was not memory—it was real.

He looked questioningly at Palmere. Was he balmy that he was hearing voices?

Palmere jerked a thumb towards Colman's tent.

"Colman's wife," he said hoarsely. He paced a nervous turn or two. "Come on, Captain! I can't stand much of that. Come on!"

Palmere hurriedly led the way to a level field behind the camp, where a dozen planes were drawn up in a row. Propellers were turning over, engines warming up. A busy throng was about.

Palmere pointed out a ship that stood apart from the others.

"Colman's," he said.

North chewed at his pipe. "The lad's going up, you said?"

"We can't get a double—nobody's jumping at that thousand dollars—and Edington, the director, will not fake the crash. I guess it's up to Colman to break his neck."

He lighted a cigarette and looked about.

"Here he comes," he said to North.

FROM the street of tents a young man came walking briskly. He wore riding breeches and shiny leather puttees. His leather jacket was open and he was tying down the ear flaps of his helmet. Some distance behind him, half running, followed a young woman with a blanket-wrapped bundle in her arms.

Colman came up to where Edington was standing. The actor was pale but smiling.

"I'm ready, Chief," he greeted the director.

Edington nodded. He glanced about, caught Palmere's eye. Palmere puffed nervously at his cigarette. The young woman, who had followed Colman, ran up to him and held out the blanket-swathed bundle.

Neil North took the cold pipe from his mouth and dropped it in a pocket. A step or two in front of him stood one of the Ashley flyers.

North took two quick steps forward and relieved the surprised flyer of jacket and helmet.

"I'll be needing them a minute." There was a murderous scowl on his freckled face. The flyer hastily backed away several steps.

WITH a jerk North discarded his own hat and coat, pulled on the borrowed helmet and thrust long arms into the sleeves of the jacket. Then he strode past the group near Edington and Colman, and he made toward Colman's machine.

"Here, you!" Colman yelled, and started forward; but men seized him by the arms. "Here, you! Come back! Where are you going?"

Without a gesture indicating that he heard, North went straight toward the waiting ship. Then he was conscious that Palmere ran along beside him. He was pointing excitedly at a white mark, a cross, limed on the ground.

"There, Captain," he cried. "There! Understand? Crash her on that mark—as near to it as you can."

North scowled at Palmere.

"You'll have dinner waiting — you understand?"

"Sure." Palmere laughed. "Dinner and cigars. Crash her on that mark, Captain."

North climbed into the machine. He reached for the throttle and tried the engine.

He moved the stick back and forth, from side to side, tried the rudder, tested the controls.

Then he settled himself down in the cockpit, planted his feet on the rudder bar and signaled for the blocks to be pulled away. Across the field he went roaring, then climbed.

He circled, up and up. Other ships were taking off from the ground. But they did not circle and climb to his altitude. Instead, they went streaking away to the north. That puzzled him a little. Palmere had said there was to be a battle which was to cripple him and send him

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow.** Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. **And you are the sole judge.**

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public.** Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely **new way.** There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I **know** I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send $1.96 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Read These Amazing Testimonial Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

* * *

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflefinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

* * *

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

* * *

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results.

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.



Lucille Young, 76C Lucille Young Bldg. Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

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down to crash. Who was to give him battle?

AT five thousand feet he cut down his speed a bit and began to cruise about in wide circles. A bright light came into his clear blue eyes. Almost like the days in France this was. The country below was rougher, more mountainous, and there was but one sign of war, that in the torn valley below.

No sounds of battle came up to him; it was quiet in the air—

Then he stiffened. From a cloud above came hurtling at him a flashing streak of white—a diving, attacking plane, marked on fuselage and wing with a black Maltese cross.

A black Maltese cross! That roused him in a flash. A Hun! Full gun he gave the engine, a rushing Immelmann turn, a pivoting on a wing—and he was above and behind the enemy. His machine-gun began to stutter. He could feel the jar of it against his hand that instinctively had found the trigger of the gun he had not known was there.

He cried out exultantly. The ship of the Maltese cross fell away and went down in a spinning nose dive.

"One!" he yelled his triumph; and he banked about—and found himself in the midst of a flying circus.

No one is there, warrior or civilian, who must think in an emergency more quickly, more surely than a flyer, and then act the thought; no flyer ever lived who put thoughts to action quicker than Neil North did now. This was no make-believe battle; for him the present had slipped back into the past—above France he flew fighting the Hun, and he fought real battle.

Like a living dart, he hurled his ship at the nearest plane. He saw the pilot's jaw drop with horror, the man's frantic effort to dive away; but, machine-gun jammed, North drove his machine so close upon the other that the wheels of his landing gear rolled across the black cross painted on the upper surface of the Hun's right wing.

The ship, thrown out of all control, went spiraling crazily down, engine wide open.

The pilot went spinning, all outflung arms and legs, clear of the machine.

A white puff burst above him as his parachute opened out and let him swinging toward the ground.

But all of this North did not see; he had not the time. A dozen ships were all about him. He dived and zoomed, rolled, looped and turned, side-slipped and pivoted. His machine-gun chattered, jammed, stuttered again. He did not note the absence of tracer bullets. He went full speed and headlong at one ship and laughed aloud and wildly when the pilot, in mortal fear of aerial collision, threw his ship into a side-slip from which he could not recover.

The man leaped and yanked the cord of his parachute.

A CAMERAMAN in the rear cockpit of a two-seater leaned forward to shriek in the ear of his pilot—

"Keep clear! Keep clear! That guy's nuts! He ain't actin'—he's fightin'! He'll wreck the whole damn works!"

The circus tumbled down to a thousand feet. North was a winged demon in the air. The Huns were afraid of him and he sensed it. He slid, dived, zoomed, banked in and out among them.

Frantically they fought their ships to keep out of his way.

A thousand feet below, Palmere had thrown his hat on the ground and was dancing on it.

"Whoopee!" he yelled. "Get 'em, Cap'n! Sic 'em, boy!"

He cut a fancy step on what was left of his hat and turned to Edington, who stood with his bald head thrown back,



The habit of rocking the boat develops into a sport. The object of a water joust is to throw the other fellow in the water. It is about as gentle as water polo. The contestants are Fay Webb and Jacqueline Gadsdon, with James Murray and George K. Arthur handling the canoes. Be sure you can swim before you try this on your gondola

watching every move of the battle.

"You wanted a crash, Chief. So far you've got two. Dollars to doughnuts, if you don't call 'em down, he'll crash the whole blame circus."

Then Palmere began to laugh.

"THIS picture is supposed to show up to the great American public that we need airplanes for the next war. If this gets on the screen the public is going to remark:

"'Well, we've got maybe five ships. Give North one—and what'll we do with the other four?'"

A thousand feet up the circus was utterly demoralized. One cameraman screamingly begged his pilot to pull up over the berserk flyer so that the heavy camera could be dropped like a bomb on his head.

While the pilot thought the idea a good one, he lacked the nerve to manoeuver into the necessary position.

He knew North would rip up at him from below.

They dared not get below him for fear he would swoop upon them like a hawk. It was the next thing to certain death to attempt to fly alongside him—he could pivot like a top snapped from its peg. The only safe position was slightly behind him, and North let no one hold that position long.

He had a trick Immelmann that brought him up and behind them—and they would scatter to the four winds.

The end came abruptly. Leveling out after an abrupt banking about to the left to drive off a too-near machine, a hot blast came over the edge of the cockpit and struck full into North's face. He thrust a hand over and drew it back blistered.

His ship was on fire! He glanced at the altimeter.

Nine hundred feet. And he had no parachute.

INSTANTLY he cut the ignition. The ship lost flying speed, trembled, fell away into a tail spin. His one hope was to make the ground.

The spinning world rushed to meet him, and with it came a voice—

"On the mark—on the mark!"

He remembered suddenly. He was to crash, to bring the ship down on a certain mark.

He looked for a white lined cross on the ground, aimed the ship, threw off his belt, sat tense and waited, controls held in neutral. The flaming ship righted—side-slipped. A wing struck and buckled. The nose hit with a splintering crash. He had the sensation of being sprung from a catapult.

He turned completely over in the air, landed on his feet, ran, then fell. Behind him he heard the gas tank when it exploded.

Neil North sat propped up on a cot. There was a tight bandage around his head. His left arm was bound tightly to his side so that he could not move his shoulder.

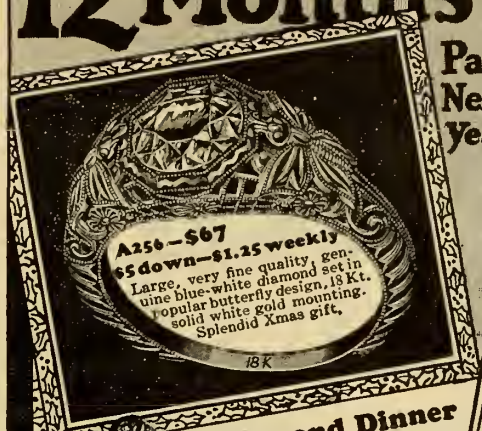
He had heard someone say that his collar-bone was broken. Perhaps other bones were broken.

But his right arm was whole and he could handle a fork. His jaws and teeth were intact and he could chew—all that

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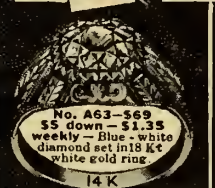
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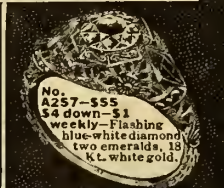
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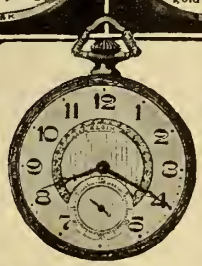


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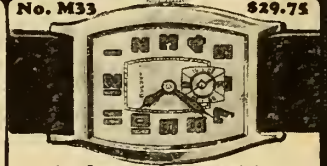
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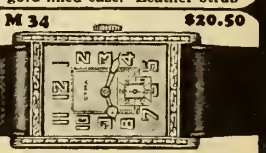
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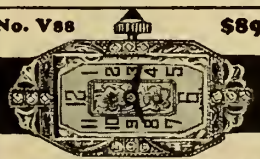
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was necessary to give proper battle to the enormous broiled steak and the mountain of fried potatoes that heaped the tray balanced over his lap. There were other things too—a box of cigars, for one, that stood open on a stand beside the cot.

THUS she found him when, timidly, she entered the tent. He looked at her, a portion of fried potato impaled upon his fork.

Tears were streaming down both sides of her nose.

"Oh, how could you take such a chance?" she sobbed. "You might have been killed. And it would all have been my fault—because I ran out there with the baby and begged Don not to go. He—"

North thrust the potato into his mouth.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded, chewing at the same time.

"What I did—ran out with the baby in my arms and begged Don not to take up that ship—"

"What ship?"

"The one you crashed. Don was supposed to do it. You doubled for him. They were afraid he'd be killed because he can't handle a ship as you can. They are going to pay you a thousand dollars. Mr. Edington's going to offer you a permanent job."

"Flying a ship? Are they going to make more war pictures?" He stabbed a piece of steak with the fork.

"I think so—"

"I'll take the job. Without a war, I'm like a man without a country. It's been a long time since we had a real war."

"I hope we *never* have another." She was horrified. "I hate wars. They're terrible! I hate war pictures. They mean such dangerous stunts—like the stunt you did this morning. You might have been killed. And it would have been my fault because I ran out there with the baby in my arms and begged Don not to do it."

"Did you run out with a baby in your arms?"

She stared at him while the tears ran down her nose.

"Didn't you see me?" she demanded, amazed.

HE stabbed another piece of steak, a portion of potato. "I didn't notice you," he said thickly, his mouth full. "If I did, I've forgotten. There's a number of things I seem to have forgotten. I must have been in a sort of daze."

"But—but what made you go up if you didn't see me with the baby?"

He jabbed a bit of steak and held it up on his fork.

"Hunger," he told her. "What is there, my dear, that will make a man more desperate than hunger?"

Palmere's head came in through the door.

"Oh, here you are, are you? I've been looking all over for you, Irene." He grinned at North. "How goes it, Captain?"

"All to the same place. My compliments to the cook. He's a genius. Suggest to him I am very fond of ham and eggs for breakfast."

"I'll do it," Palmere promised. He took Irene by an arm. "Come, Irene. I want a word with you."

She wiped the tears from her nose and went with him. Down the street from the tent they came to a stop.

"Listen, Irene," he said. "Don't worry your pretty little head trying to dope out what's more than hunger. You've got a good job with this outfit. I'd think about that. I'd think so much about it that I'd never mention the fact—certainly not in Captain North's hearing—that Don Colman has no wife or child that we know of. There need be no mention made of that fact."

Wanted, Dead or Alive—Edmund Hoyle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

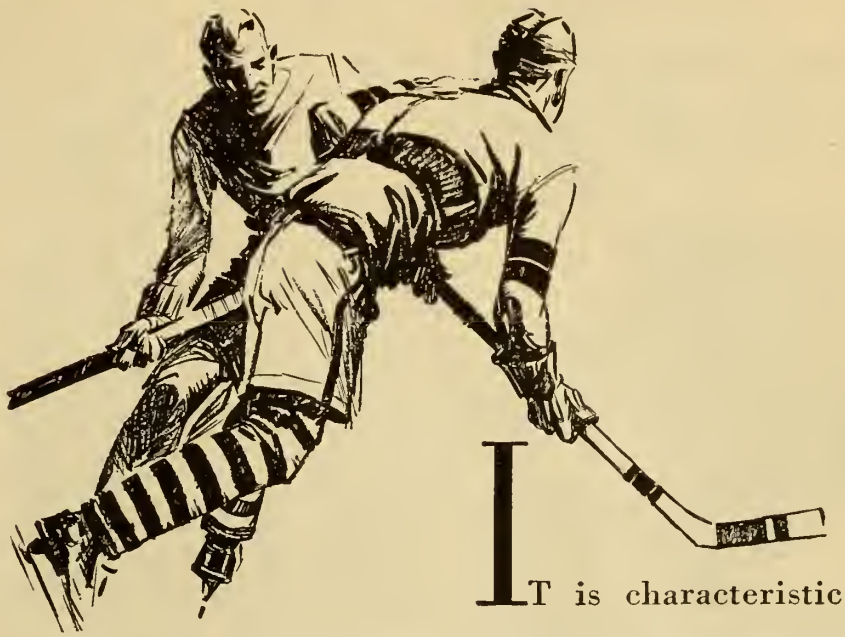
can stand a weepin' woman, an' well do they know it. The upshot of it is that to restore shattered nerves an' seekin' forgiveness for abuse that the husband, bein' a mere man, thought was indulgent extravagance, a trip to Europe or a new Rolls is promised. An', in passin', as some of the big political speakers say, I'd like to rise up an' add that a promise to a Hollywood wife don't mean mebbe—it means nothin' less than two things—an immediate delivery or an immediate law suit.

Women bridge players is funny—how it is that a woman naturally suspicious, can go on a playin' the game an' always quit loser without suspectin' somebody or suspectin' something, is beyond me.

If a man sets in a poker game an' he never win, he's a goin' to get out some day an' count the cards in the deck, or try in some way to figure out what's wrong. He may even go so far after while to suspect he's a poor poker player or that some other feller in the game is either a good cheater or a out-smartin' him. But no woman ever draws any such conclusion. She figures that if there's one clever woman in the game, it's her, an' that when it comes to out-smartin', she wouldn't be afraid of Cleopatra, Salome an' Madame Pompadour, all rolled into one.

I KNOW two or three women in Hollywood who don't talk much durin' bridge hands—they're smart, say nothin', saw wood an' play cards. An' when the time comes to kiss the hostess good afternoon an' tell what a fine time she had at the party, she goes home with a pocketful of checks an' a few I. O. U.'s, which she collects. If one of these girls' husbands is a treatin' her bad, she tells the husband an' not the bridge players. In each instance, these smart, money-winnin' bridge players are either single women or recently married an' haven't gone far enough to get into the grief. Through constant winnin', they're able to mingle into the Hollywood social activities as their regular incomes wouldn't otherwise permit of it. Yet, so far as I know, never

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has a single hostess suspected the truth. Once that struck in, these really good card players, who possess what gamblers know as "card sense" would be promptly sidewalked an' their names rubbed off the butler's guest list. Personally, I am always tickled when I hear of these girls a winnin', although occasionally, it costs me money.

I know a woman—a neighbor of ours—who has been a takin' a steady course of lessons in bridge from professional teachers since 1919. She knows more bridge rules than Victoria. who can quote somethin' like 314 without referrin' to the book. But this neighbor never wins—she always loses. The more lessons she takes, the more it costs her husband each week when the wife settles up her bridge debts. Yet she always refers to herself as an excellent bridge player an' I'd have to fight her husband an' both her brothers if I insulted this lady by a tellin' her that she's a rotten bridge player, as judged from my viewpoint an' me a knowin' but four card rules—hearts, clubs, spades and diamonds. This here neighbor would rather recite the right rule at the right time to show her bridge book learnin', than to beat a pat flush, king high and six low, in the last an' final jack pot of the evenin'.

ALL of which means, an' the point I'm a gettin' to, is that the Hollywood bridge parties has got to be busted up.

The only way out, so far as I can see, is for us men to organize.

One half witted picture director the other day suggested that we buy all the playin' card manufacturies an' burn 'em up, an' I told the poor sap that that wouldn't do any good as the women would then all start playin' with hand-painted decks, which would cost us more money.

I'M a callin' a meetin' of the wife-abusin' Hollywood husbands to propose two things; first, that we all start to do our abusin' by schedule—that is—let each man take one week in the year to do his abusin', an' which I may add confidential, consists mostly in payin' bills, an' lay off the rest of the time. That would result in only one woman at each bridge party bein' able to recite her mental agony an' bodily sufferin', an' that might help. The other plan—

Scatter the wives!

Let the men meet, say, and some one bring a good reliable map of Europe an' another of the United States. Then let each gent pick out one spot where he could send his wife for a reasonable vacation, either in this country or abroad. It could be so arranged that no two wives would be allowed to get into the same city at the same time or within a sleepin' car jump of any other member of the Hollywood bridge gang.

If Mrs. Jones, a visitin' in Washington, D. C., decided to run over to New York an' visit Mrs. Smith, then Mr. Smith, when asked for additional money, would promptly step in an' hurry Mrs. Smith to the White Mountains in New Hampshire by the time Mrs. Jones got out of Washington. Washington then bein' clear, John Doe could move Mrs. John Doe from Old Point Comfort, Va., to the national capital, an' at the same time Mrs. Richard Roe could be advanced from St. Augustine, Fla., to Old Point, replacin' Mrs. Doe, an' so on.



Perhaps you didn't know that Tom Mix is an authority on Arabian horses. Here he is with W. K. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan, famous breakfast food man, at the latter's beautiful Arabian horse ranch at Pomona, California, where some of the finest Arabians in the country are stabled, or rather palaced. Among other Arabian stallions now owned by Mr. Kellogg is *Jadaan*, the horse used by Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik"

The main idea would be to keep 'em all on the jump, but to never let any of 'em ever reach the king row. It might cost a little money, the services of a couple of good, single, dependable secretaries an' a reliable railway an' steamship man or two, but even at that, it would be less expensive than to keep 'em all at home a playin' bridge, an' certainly, a heap less annoyin'.

P. S. Since writin' the above, I thought I'd get out an' rustle up this here bridge inventin' Hoyle's address, so me or somebody could invite him out to Hollywood, an' then I run across this in one of them "Who's Who" books:

"HOYLE, EDMUND, an English writer on games; born in 1672. He lived for some time in London, writing on games and giving lessons on whist, which he invented. In 1742 he published his 'Short Treatise on Whist.' He died in London, England, August 19, 1769."

So that's that!

Ladies in Hades

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

"Praxiteles was no philosopher, I'll tell the world, but he couldn't seem to get into the big money. He did a statue of Aphrodite from me that should have been worth its weight in gold. I was—several times over. But all he got for it was five hundred oboli. They tell me the thing is on exhibition now, in a gallery in Rome."

"It is, my dear," Lucrezia Borgia said. "I've seen it. Delicious, I think, that the charms of a woman should continue to thrill the crowd after two thousand years, while the philosophers who damned you are forgotten."

"IT only goes to show that beauty is more than skin deep, as Praxiteles used to say. He always insisted that I was much more interesting than Aphrodite. Goddesses, he said, bored him. All right in their way, but apt to be rather cold and unresponsive. He preferred things that were more human.

"I was crazy about him, of course. Always trying to think of some way to help him. One day while he was working on a pot-boiling wall fountain for a fat headed oil merchant from Ceret, and complaining that the critics wouldn't recognize his genius, I had an idea.

" 'Look here, big boy,' I said, 'I want you and some of your literary friends to get up a one-act sketch for me. A snappy little thing showing the birth of Aphrodite. I'll play the lead, and show the lady coming up out of the ocean wearing a pearl necklace and a pleasant smile. We ought to do something to get your name on the front page.'

"Praxiteles said it was a great idea, and he would ask some of his theatrical friends to help him out.

" 'We could stage the thing on the beach, down near the boat landing,' he said. 'Where there's plenty of room for the crowd.'

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"Well, to make a long story short, we did. The whole town turned out to see the performance. Praxiteles had arranged for free wine for the crowd and our opening was a knockout. The ambulances were busy all afternoon, carrying away citizens who had been injured in the rush."

"IT'S a wonder," remarked Mrs. Potiphar, "that the authorities let you get away with it."

"Well," Phryne replied, with a grin, "they didn't. Which was precisely what I had counted on. We had the mayor and the chief of police with us, of course. They were good scouts. But the League of Neglected Wives and all the rest of the antis had a fit. They said the act was barefaced, which wasn't the half of it, my dears. So they got the Board of Public Morals after us and had me arrested.

"It almost started a riot. Some of my boy friends took the horses out of the police chariot and pulled the thing to the station house themselves, with me posed gracefully on the gilded clam-shell which was one of the props of the act. Believe me, girls, my parade up Main Street made Lady Godiva's performance almost respectable. You see, she didn't have bobbed hair.

"Praxiteles said my arrest was an outrage, and wanted to hang the censors to a lamp-post, but I persuaded him to give up the idea.

"'I believe in art for art's sake,' I told him. 'They can't jail a girl for that.'

"The magistrate, however, had a different idea. He was a sour-faced old crab, and after he had heard the charges he looked over his tablets and dug up some ancient and moth-eaten law about insulting the gods by impersonating one of them in a theatrical performance without a license. It was a very serious matter, he pointed out, and the penalty was banishment for life—just what the antis wanted.

"They had been trying to make me leave town for quite awhile.

"PRAXITELES decided I must have legal advice, so he sent around his friend Julius C. Hyperides, the well known police-court lawyer.

"'There is nothing to this case,' Julius said, giving me the once-over. 'As soon as I send out for a bathrobe, and fix up your bail, you can run along home. But you will have to appear in court in the morning.'

"'Couldn't you put it off for a few days,' I asked, 'so I can have a chance to see my dressmaker? I haven't a decent thing to wear.'

"'That is all right,' Julius said, 'and I am prepared to believe your story, but do not worry, for decent things to wear do not get a girl anything in court. When I come to appeal to the rugged intelligence of a jury I always use the sex appeal, and I don't mind saying, dearie, you have it to burn. It is one reason I am taking your case.'

"'Is that so?' I told him, with my very best smile. 'Well, don't forget it when you come to make out my bill.' But Julius only looked legal.

"'Bills,' he snapped, 'are something else yet. I do not mix pleasure with business. And since you have mentioned the matter I may as well tell you that I expect a retainer of ten thousand oboli, real money and not trading stamps, payable in advance.'

"'Why, Julius,' I said, smiling at him again, 'I shouldn't have thought a handsome young sheik like you could be so mercenary.'

"Julius put on a heavy professional manner—and his glasses.

"'Be yourself, kiddo,' he laughed. 'I never handle cases on a contingency. As for that smile you have been slipping me, it sure is some smile and I advise you to save it up for the judges in court tomorrow instead of wasting it on a hard-boiled egg like me.'"

"I ONCE had a lawyer," Salome remarked with a reminiscent look, "who charged me two thousand Babylonian shekels in a breach of promise case and never collected a cent. Naturally I refused to pay him. When he threatened to attach my jewelry I invited him out one night and got him so full of Cyprian wine he signed a receipt for his bill thinking it was the dinner check. A girl has to do something to protect herself against such sharks."

"I don't believe you could have done that with Julius," Phryne laughed. "He wouldn't sign anything—said he was afraid he might get writer's cramp.

"'One thing you want to remember, when you get in court,' he told me. 'No matter how many foolish questions they fire at you, keep cool. Don't show your temper. Anything else you got, understand, it's all right to show it, but temper is out—see?'

"'What sort of questions will they ask me?' I said. 'I've never been in court.'

"'Well, for instance, suppose they ask you, "what is your full name and when?—answer yes or no." That is a question you are pretty sure to be asked. All you got to do is come back with something nifty, like "So's your old man."

"'OR the prosecuting attorney may say, "Where were you at the Apollo Night Club on Saturday, June 16th, 362 B.C. at half past four in the morning drunk or sober?" That question is a sort of memory test and they always ask it. Just laugh—don't answer—while I object that it is irrelevant and immaterial, on the grounds nobody is ever sober in a night club at half past four in the morning—if they were they wouldn't be there. Anything else like what time you went to bed and did your friends if any go home with you, just say you don't remember. That is always the safest answer to most questions and I notice nowadays, what with the kind of liquor we are getting, all our best people are using it.'

"'That will be all right with me,' I said. 'I always did have a poor memory—especially about bills.'

"Julius looked kind of uneasy at that, and said there was one thing he hoped I wouldn't forget, which was his retainer.

"'If the reporters come around tonight,' he went on, 'looking for a story, have your photographs ready and tell them between sobs that you came to the great city and took up cloak modelling as a profession in order to help your poor



Lucile Irwin—champion Hula dancer of the American colony in Honolulu. She's getting a start in pictures. Recently Lucile played in a Western and went on location to the Hopi Indian Reservation. An old Hopi chief saw her and wanted to buy her. He offered her director a turquoise necklace two yards long, 1,000 head of sheep and a choice of his two best squaws. He's still wondering why he was turned down

old grandmother take a correspondence school course in aviation so she could fly to the South Pole. Something with a heart throb like that always gets the public.'

"THE next morning when I met Julius for final instructions he took me into his private office and locked the door.

" 'Have you got that retainer with you?' he asked.

" 'Here it is' I said, handing him the money, 'and I hope it chokes you. What next?'

" 'Next I would like you to take off that dress.'

" 'Be your age, Julius,' I said, grabbing a paper weight. 'I did not come here to do any disrobing act, and while you are a lawyer, and naturally have a cash register instead of a conscience, I think ten thousand oboli is enough for you to skin me out of, without trying to steal my clothes as well. What is the matter with this dress? My dressmaker sat up all night making it especially for this occasion.'

" 'Just the same,' Julius said, 'you have put your case in my hands and had better do what I tell you. Your dress may be all right for some purposes but I have something else I want you to wear.' Then he opened a package he had on his desk and took out a long blue cotton wrapper that would have been a disgrace to a dog fight.

" 'Nothing doing, old dear,' I laughed. 'It would ruin my reputation as the best dressed woman in Athens to appear before my public in a thing like that. I'd be convicted on the first ballot, for ob-



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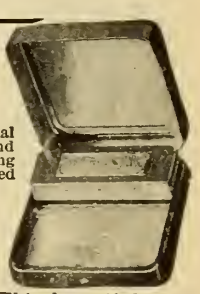
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taining money under false pretenses.' But Julius insisted, and at last, just to satisfy him, I put the thing on.

"NOBODY paid any attention to me, when I took my seat in the court. The judges—there were nine of them, all married men, Julius told me—were doing their best to keep awake while the prosecuting attorney, Lysias, made his opening address, telling the court I was a public nuisance and a lot more pleasant things like that.

" 'This defendant,' he concluded, giving me a dirty look, 'is a disgrace to our fair city of Athens! Her offense against public decency was flagrant. I could summon a hundred witnesses, if necessary, to prove it. She hasn't a leg to stand on!'

"He was right about that, so far as anybody could see. That wrapper Julius had insisted on my wearing came right down to my ankles. I was furious, but Julius only winked.

"The prosecutor put three witnesses on the stand—the policeman who had arrested me and a couple of snoopers from the Board of Public Morals. Julius didn't ask them a single question, or put anybody on the stand in my defense. I had just begun to figure out how I could get back my ten thousand oboli when he stood up.

" 'These charges, your honors,' he shouted, waving his arms in the air, 'are an insult to the intelligence of this court and I, for one, scorn to answer them! My client, in spite of the ungentlemanly remarks which the attorney for the prosecution has made against her, is a perfect lady, and just to let you all see how perfect a lady she is I am going to have her take the stand, so that the facts may speak for themselves! Madame,' he waved at me—'please rise and face the court!'

"I GOT up, without knowing what it was all about. But when Julius snatched off my wrapper, I began to see what he was driving at, because I hadn't a stitch on underneath it.

" 'Your honors,' he said, pointing his finger at me, 'here is our case. The defense rests.'

"I will say this for Julius—he certainly did know his judges. The old boys—there wasn't a one under sixty—looked like a bunch of kids in a candy shop. As for the crowd, it went wild. When Julius started to put my cloak on me again the head judge objected.

" 'Do not be in a hurry, counsellor,' he said. 'I feel that it is the duty of this court to examine the evidence you have presented more closely. Meanwhile let the courtroom be cleared!'

"I stood there while the bailiffs threw the crowd into the hall.

"The judges were consulting in whispers. Presently the head judge turned to Julius.

" 'We have come to the conclusion, counsellor,' he went on, 'that before we can arrive at a decision in this most interesting case it will be necessary for us to question your client privately in chambers.

" 'Meanwhile, the court suggests that you go and get your lunch.

" 'Take plenty of time, for it is a hot day.

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"'Mr. Clerk, please lock the doors and inform everyone that the court is in conference!'"

"Well?" asked Cleopatra, with a broad smile. "What happened then?"

"It is against the law," grinned Phryne "to tell what goes on in a jury room. All I need to say is, I was acquitted."

SALOME, who had been fidgeting in her chair, took off another veil.

"I don't know whether it is your story, my dear," she said to Phryne, "or the fact that Satan is working the grill-room overtime tonight on account of the holiday crowd, but this place is simply sizzling.

"Why couldn't we meet out of doors, some time?"

"An excellent idea," agreed Eve. "How about your house, Salome dear? I adore your garden. And you can tell us about the time you danced before Herod, and how John the Baptist lost his head over you.

"Shall I put you down for the next meeting?"

"Delighted. I've promised to meet Julius Caeser at Nero's tonight, so don't mind if I run along." She paused for a moment at the door. "Pardon the pun, but I might call my little talk, 'How to Get Ahead in the Show Business,' or something like that." She dashed out just in time to escape the ink-well that Sappho hurled after her.

Intimate Visits to the Homes of Famous Film Magnates

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

on his desk with the birthday offering in his partner's absence.

That was easier.

Some hours after, Zukor walked into Lasky's office to thank him.

It was a sentimental moment for Zukor too. Some way the words would not come. So they just shook hands in a sympathetic sort of silence and Zukor walked out again.

"I am sure we would both have broken into tears if either of us had said anything," Lasky admitted afterward. "And I do not know exactly why."

Lasky's life has been quite as intensely dramatic in coloration as any in all the romantic world of the motion picture, but it has been painted on a wider canvas with the wide reaches of the Pacific for a background instead of the Fourteenth street and lower East Side setting held in common by so many screen chieftains of the day.

His father was Isaac Lasky, a merchant in the town of San Jose, California, where Jesse Lasky was born. Young Jesse's first flair was for music and it was a great day when he acquired a silver cornet. It

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see page 129

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was probably quite a day for the neighbors, too.

That season John Philip Sousa came to San Jose to play a week of concert engagements.

Jesse Lasky sat on the front porch of the family home lustily playing his cornet most of that week.

He had a hope that Sousa might be passing, and, hearing the masterful young cornetist, be overwhelmed and send for him. Sousa did not send for Lasky.

One is left in doubt, now these years after, as to whether or not Sousa did hear him.

However, practically every one else in San Jose that week did.

LASKY treasured that cornet for many, many years. For long it was his Sunday morning diversion to pace up and down his study in march step as he played medleys and improvisations.

Then something mysterious happened and the cornet vanished without trace.

A careful investigation of the case reveals as an important set of circumstances the fact that William R. Lasky, otherwise known as "Bill-the-baby," was but newly uttered and peevishly inclined to wakefulness, also that Mrs. Bessie Lasky, Bill's mother, did not seem to fully appreciate the merit of her husband's solo renditions. It is just possible that the publication of these facts may bring the long missing cornet to light—possibly not. Jesse, Jr., now a lad in preparatory school, is a poet. And Mrs. Lasky is a painter of ability. The family does not really need a cornet player to maintain its art status now.

Just when Jesse Lasky was ready for college his father died and the responsibilities of making a living fell upon him. He played in theater orchestras in San Francisco for a time, then drifted to the Hawaiian Islands, which were newly coming to attention then.

He became the solo cornetist of the Royal Hawaiian Band. He was a startling blond contrast with the darksome native players, occasioning considerable comment in audience.

He tired of the distinction of being the "only white man" in the band and went back to San Jose.

He tried a fling at newspaper reporting and then went off pellmell into the Alaskan gold rush.

He had adventures and new contacts aplenty in the North.

At Nome City's memorable Fourth of July parade in honor of the birth of the first white child in the diggings he stood in the crowd with Jack London. There was a story and motion picture destiny ahead of both of them then, but they were seeking gold.

Lasky prospected and panned placer gold in the Alaskan creeks and went handsomely broke. At Dutch Harbor he rented a rowboat and took passengers ashore from the vessels which anchored in the roadstead. With a stake accumulated at the cost of many blisters, he bought a push cart for a hundred dollars and carted baggage at "Alaskan prices," twenty dollars a load. He accumulated fifteen hundred dollars, went mining again and went broke again.

Then he made a strike where he could wash out forty dollars worth of gold dust a day. He accumulated a new stake and bought a long green ticket back to the States.

BACK at home he and his sister, Blanche, chanced to appear at a musical benefit performance and were offered vaudeville engagements by an agent who happened in at the show. Vaudeville brought Lasky east. Here presently he became manager for Leon Herrmann, nephew of Herrmann the Great, magician. Lasky proved a successful manager. He caught step with the vaudeville boom and be-



Jesse Lasky and the pioneer forces of the Lasky studio. Standing, left to right: Oscar Apfel, Max Figman, Charles Richman, Wilfred Buckland, Theodore Roberts, Robert Edeson, Edward Abeles and Cecil B. De Mille. Seated, left to right: Lalita Robertson, Mr. Lasky, Bessie Barriscale

came a producer of acts, many of which became classically famous in vaudeville history. Lasky fell into association with Henry B. Harris and presently, with Harris' backing, he had made a sizeable fortune.

Then Lasky went abroad looking for a big idea.

He came back to introduce the cabaret to America.

They built the Folies Bergere and opened with a bang—admission $2.50, the highest in New York then, save the Metropolitan Opera House.

It was a hot summer. They closed with a smash.

Lasky had gone broke.

LASKY was discouraged and mightily sick of New York. He walked the streets trying to get a new, fresh idea. He had made up his mind to go home to San Jose again.

California was much on his mind.

Looking down Broadway one idle day his eye lighted on a sign advertising "Mission Coffee." The sign had California atmosphere. Suddenly Lasky was overtaken with an inspiration to produce an operetta dealing with the old mission days of California, the Padres and the Indians. He set about looking for a collaborator and decided on William de Mille.

He consulted Mrs. H. C. De Mille, mother of William and Cecil, then conducting a dramatic agency. Mrs. De Mille regretted that William was too busy, but she overcame Lasky's objections and put him in touch with Cecil. Lasky was most dubious and the fact was that he and Cecil De Mille did not think much of each other.

It was the unpromising beginning of a deep friendship.

The operetta was a success and Lasky and De Mille went on together, in business and at play.

Together Lasky and De Mille went camping in the North woods and Canada, mountain climbing and fishing, and doing a great deal of plain loafing and pondering together.

A GREAT deal of what preordained the making of De Mille's "King of Kings" came out in those camp fire wonderings and speculations.

"I remember as one of my most interesting recollections," observes Lasky, "about the time that De Mille told me how he came to get the idea for his 'The Return of Peter Grimm.' De Mille was sitting by a little brook looking into the water, when a hatching dragon fly broke forth from the ugly pupa state, and resting a moment there on a stick, spread its shimmering wings and flew gloriously away, alive and beautiful. 'And I have thought,' De Mille told me, 'that maybe the after life of Man might be something like that.'"

Lasky, quite as much as De Mille, perhaps, is given to much religious reflection. It is said that he has read Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows" some five times.

But lest it be suspected that Lasky is entirely too saintly for practical life, it may be recorded that there are two known occasions on which he has sworn high, wide and handsome-like, in a manner to



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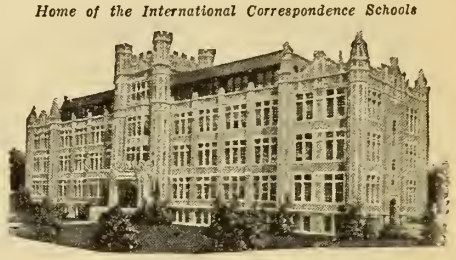
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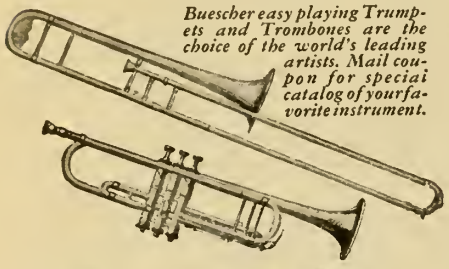
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do full and complete justice to the provocation and occasion.

Once was when he had labored for two days to climb an "unclimbed" mountain in the headwaters of the Penobscot river in Maine and there on the topmost rock found an empty tobacco tin, proving some one had been there ahead of him at least a year before.

The other occasion was when he was trout fishing on a brushy stream in the high Sierras.

On three successive casts he lost a fly, caught in the limbs of an overhanging tree, two Parmachene Belles and a Royal Coachman.

Lasky's remarks on that occasion are alleged to have been extremely adequate and marked with a vigor and taste of modulation that would have made a fiction cowboy envious.

Every fisherman will hold him entirely warranted.

LASKY is an earnest fisherman. Anyone can smoke his cigarettes, borrow and appropriate his favorite shirts and ties, or otherwise invade his possessions with utter impunity. But no person whatsoever can ever, at any time, so much as touch his fishing tackle. He is a versatile fisherman, ranging from the sport of the tarpon and tuna of the sea to the elusive brook trout. He leans toward the fastidious and expert use of the dry fly in trout fishing.

ABOUT 1913 the motion picture feature idea beckoned to Lasky and the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company was launched, including, of course, among others, Cecil De Mille. They made "The Squaw Man" with Dustin Farnum in the title rôle. Adolph Zukor was fighting his way into recognition as the pioneer of the feature drama with his Famous Players concern then. He saw "The Squaw Man" and sent Lasky a wire of congratulation.

Zukor wanted to encourage the idea which was giving him so many problems. Lasky called on the telephone to acknowledge the wire and they made an engagement to lunch together at Delmonico's.

That was the beginning of another major sequence in Lasky's career, and the beginning too of the vast concern now known as the Paramount-Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Lasky has been the guiding agency in bringing many famous names to the screen and the making of screen fame for many others.

PROBABLY the most outstanding of his more direct personal contributions is "The Covered Wagon," a saga of his own West.

The story was first destined for the making of a program drama starring Mary Miles Minter.

Lasky, returning from abroad, read the story and saw in it the larger opportunity which gave the screen the picture which has become a veritable classic of the motion picture art.

It is also likely that the time will come when certain Lasky influences and ideas which are now scarcely evaluated at all, will be found to have been of large importance on screen evolution, more particularly his appreciation of the natural drama leading to screen opportunity for Robert Flaherty's "Moana," and "Grass" and "Chang," produced by Merian Cooper. Here may in fact be found his most important contribution to the art.

WHILE it must be admitted that Lasky was quite a hand with the cornet, he is not a considerable blower of his own horn in the metaphorical sense. Working always with and through others, most often the credits go to the others. All too often the casual observer is inclined to the notion that Lasky is just "among those present," because his labors are not performed with the loud pedal.

When the dogwood blooms in the spring he will go fishing, or climb a new mountain.

He always wants to know what is on the other side.



Evanston, Wyoming.

1919—a year after the war and a lonely French girl in a strange, though kindly, land.

I couldn't understand English very well, couldn't speak it. My husband's work kept him away from me most of the time. I want to say that the first six months in the United States would have been unbearably lonesome for me without the help of the movies. I can truthfully say that they have helped me to understand the American people and make me love this country as much as I do my own. One couldn't be gloomy very long, witnessing the funny performances of Harold Lloyd or Reginald Denny. I have a weak spot in my heart for these two. They have made me come out of a theater more than once with a smile, when I had entered it with tears in my eyes.

And now I say, partly thanks to the movies, "Les Etats-Unis pour toujours." Mrs. W. E. S.

Scrap Drapes and Lamps

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

velvet dress—the one she stood six hours to have created upon her figure—in "The Merry Widow" furnished many strands. Three strings of pieced velvet are braided, then sewed together. Start with a tiny ring in the center and work outwards. They tell me it's easy! Any color and every color is used, and many pieces not more than an inch long can be found in the exquisite hall-floor or beside-the-bed covering.

In picture three, the English print material is new and cost sixty cents a yard, but the ruffles were from Pauline's kitchen frocks. They are pieced together in many places. Aren't they a "bright" idea to lighten the breakfast room window?

YOU know how quickly a coat lining goes back on you! Here is a suggestion for the "good" part—in the padded table runner on the left of picture four.

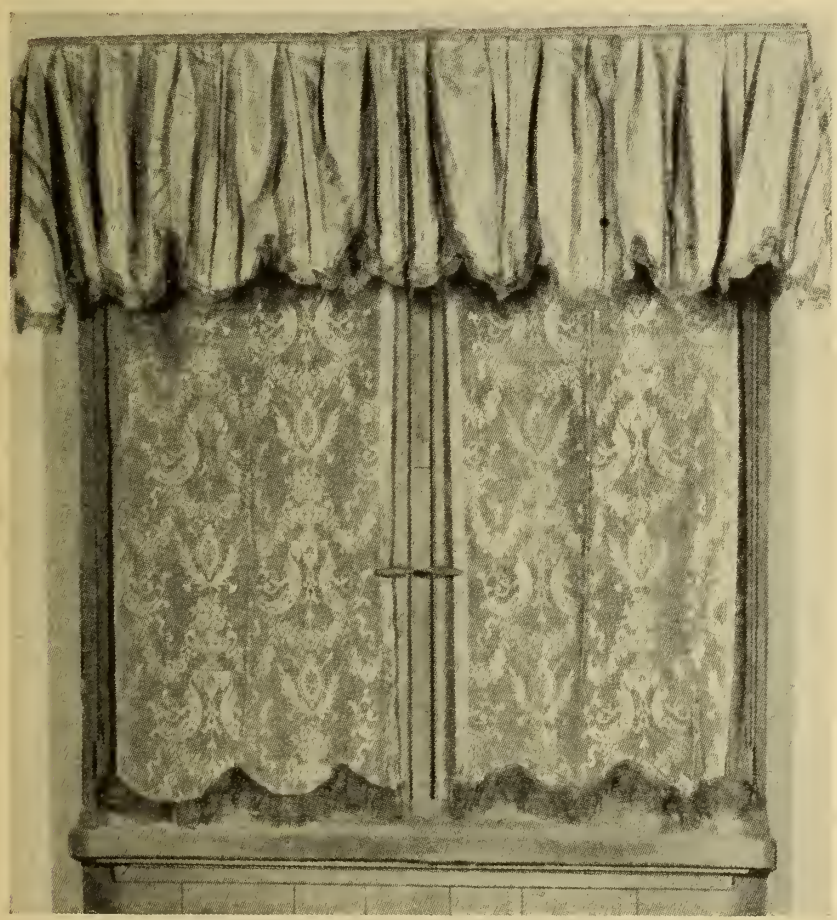
It is a remnant of the lining of a coat worn by Claire Windsor in "Dance Madness,"—cleaned and patched almost beyond even Claire's recognition. The flowered strips in the one on the right are from the "inside" of a coat Norma Shearer graced in "Slaves of Fashion." The scrap strips are bound together with bits of braid from some of Norma's other costumes in the production.

I wonder if you can guess what the books are for in picture five! To hide a neat darn in the cover. And the taffeta and lace ruffles are adroitly sewed on the georgette of the lamp to cover the breaks in the material. The taffeta and lace were both snipped from "whole places" in the gowns of Gertrude Olmsted in "Monte Carlo."

IN picture six we have Renee Adoree admiring a lamp in which lace worn by her friend Eleanor Boardman in "Bardelys the Magnificent" is utilized. The taffeta top and silk grapes are odds and ends from the same production. I wish you could see the clever piecing! Even the braid came from a coat worn in the picture.

The braid on the lamp in picture seven came from the luxurious trimmings of the costumes of May McAvoy in "Ben-Hur." The velvet in the table cover was cut from the skirt of Aileen Pringle's black velvet in "Three Weeks" and trimmed from "Ben-Hur." Note the scrap box. I picked this up from the table of one of the girls in the work room. She was making roses and tiny decorations from these diminutive odds and ends.

It seems almost impossible, but the



A practical use of a discarded rayon dress, a valance over straight lace curtains



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gingham in the drapes of picture eight came from a housedress worn by Pauline Starke in "Bright Lights." Note, in the upper left hand corner, the clever piecing.

The ruffles are from another dress worn by Pauline in the same production.

PERHAPS the most unusual result of this economy program is found in the drapery department. Even working in Movieland as I do, I had no idea that many of the lovely drapes utilized in the various sets were odds and ends worked over. In picture nine, in the back of the magazine, for example, the lace (of mercerized cotton threads) was the only new material purchased. There was just enough good cloth left from one of Renee Adoree's colorful gypsy dresses in "The Exquisite Sinner" for the valance. The lace edges were found in the drapery department "work box."

The combination is attractive and assuredly introduces a practical use for the discarded rayon dress!

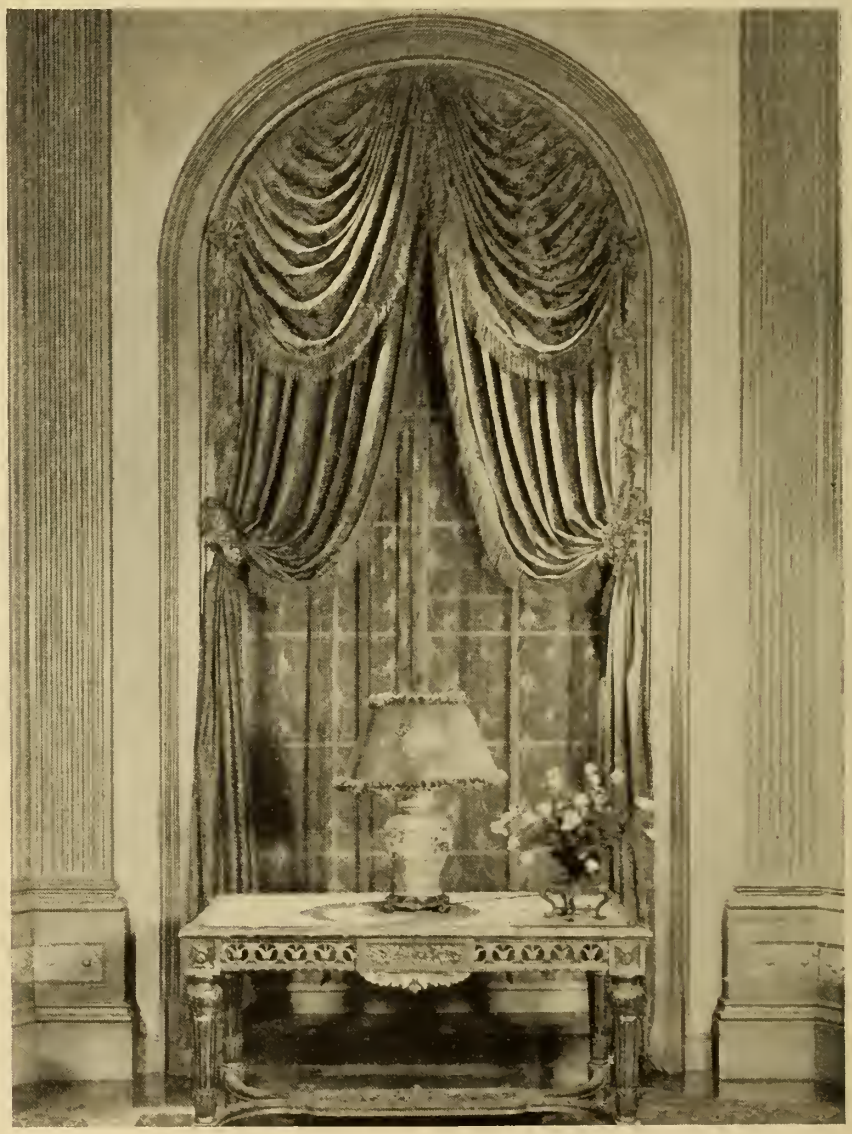
Now we come to a more luxurious draping. Picture ten is a set being used in Ramon Novarro's current picture, as yet untitled. The materials are new, but note the little ties, made from the tiniest scraps of silk and satin into exquisite little roses. And the lamp is an odd piece of georgette, with a break hidden by the rose, another "scrap" innovation.

In this day women can so easily learn to make their own lamp-shades. Practically any large department store will furnish free lessons. The purchase of new materials is so unnecessary—as this economy wave in the movies is proving.

Aren't we glad the movies are economizing? No use now for the second hand man, with all they are teaching. By getting together once in awhile and "scrapping our scraps" together, just see what we can do for each other and our club building! Even the stars and feature players in Hollywood are learning lessons from their money-saving producers.

INSTEAD of selling or giving away their lovely gowns they are making knick-knacks for their homes, more dear to them than any which could be purchased.

There are hundreds of other uses for scraps. We will tell you of some in a later issue.



The draperies are new, but the rosebudded little pullbacks were made from odds and ends of fabrics otherwise worthless

Help! Another Mexican Makes Good

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

attended private and public schools in Pasadena and later, Occidental College in Los Angeles.

When he was seventeen he played in a Red Cross benefit in Pasadena. This led to a part in support of Walter Hampden in "The Light of Asia," which enjoyed a six-months' run in an open air theater in Hollywood.

Once between sales of his lightning calculator system he served as an extra in a picture starring Priscilla Dean. It was then, perhaps with the smell of grease paint in his nostrils, that he bearded Julius Bernheim in his den.

If Reed fails to bridge the gap now intervening between his present position and stardom it will be because some son-of-a-gun moves the bridge.

In the meantime should the redoubtable Mr. Young finally talk St. Peter out of a ducat past the Pearly Gates, the suave Mr. Reed will be ready to assume the single-eyed one's laurels as the world's foremost exponent of gate crashing.

The Haunted Studio

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

Then there was that great young director, Allan Holubar, the man who made "Hearts of the World." I worked with Holubar, and I believe he had as great talent as any director in pictures. Metro was making big plans for his future. He was to have his own productions, to be their big featured director. A young man, tall, broad of shoulder, full of an energy that drove him to work twenty hours a day.

ABSOLUTELY wrapped up in pictures, and happily married to the lovely Dorothy Phillips.

He had just started what was to be the epic picture of his career, "The Human Mill," a terrific, heart-breaking story of the southern cotton mills.

He had been shooting about two weeks. One night he went home, leaving a call for work for nine o'clock the next morning.

He never came back. After a three-day fight against the disease that had so suddenly and unexplainably stricken him, he died in a Los Angeles hospital.

Young Omar Locklear—the first of the great motion picture stunt fliers. How often I used to bump into him, a nice, laughing boy, with dare-devil eyes, coming to and from Viola Dana's dressing room.

They were engaged in those days.

He went up in his plane one day and something went wrong and that was the end of young Locklear.

Harold Shaw was the other promising young director making pictures over there. A brother-in-law of Viola Dana's. Young, like the others. And tragically

21 JEWEL—EXTRA THIN

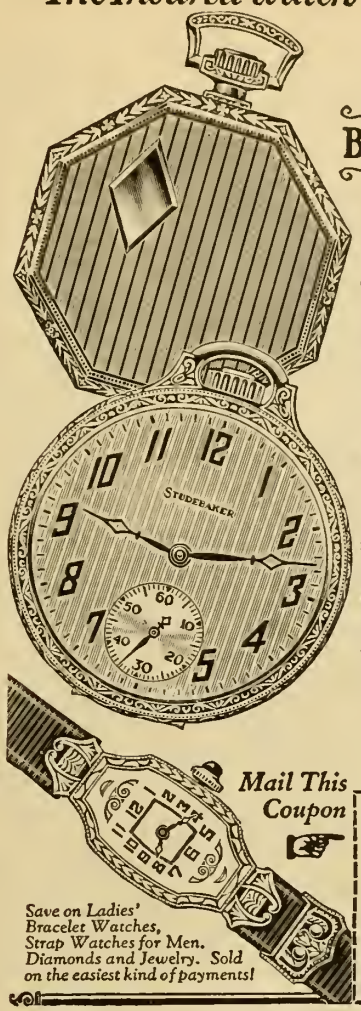
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killed in an automobile accident in a cold, Hollywood dawn.

But death is not the only hand that has wiped out that company.

Yet they have passed out of pictures almost as a whole, the great ones of those days.

MADAME NAZIMOVA was queen of the studio then. Courted, pampered, rising to the same heights on the screen that she had known on the stage. I remember her so well, arriving in her big car with her retinue, making "Camille" out on one of the old Metro stages.

Nazimova, looking younger, more fascinating than she has ever looked in her life, has retired from pictures.

Bad luck seemed to follow her, after she left Metro.

Poor Viola came to the Metro Studio as a widow. Her first husband, James Collins, had died in New York. Viola was young—scarcely more than a child—and her career was ahead of her. She wanted to find life good and gay and kind. At the Metro studio she became the screen's greatest ingenue and the biggest money-making star of the company. Viola is seldom seen nowadays.

With Viola came her sister, Shirley Mason. Shirley was starred by another company. But the sinister spirit of the old studio struck at the kid sister that Viola loved.

Shirley married Bernard Durning, a young director full of promise. Durning died suddenly in New York. And Shirley, still young and attractive, is seen on the screen as seldom as Viola.

Alice Lake, another promising dramatic star boomed to the skies in those days, has retired and is running a night club in New York.

Bert Lytell was the male star of that program, and he seems to be finished as far as pictures are concerned, though he is younger now than many men who are still at the top,

Rex Ingram, who made "The Four Horsemen" there and was hailed as the greatest director since Griffith, is living permanently in Europe. His health has been tragically bad for several years and he has made no outstanding pictures and several very bad ones. Today it is a question whether he will make any more pictures at all, or whether he will return to his former work of sculpturing. And his beautiful wife, Alice Terry—he found her as an extra girl on the old Metro lot, made her in "The Four Horsemen," married her and carried her to stardom—left Hollywood a short time ago to take up her residence in Europe. She has grown much too fat and doesn't care. Witty and amazing as ever, she doesn't expect to make any more pictures.

Richard A. Rowland, the man who made the old Metro and was its president, is now head of First National, but when his contract with that company is up, in August, he intends to retire from motion pictures.

He will be the last to go.

Only one of that crowd really survives today—Ramon Novarro. Ramon who had a piano in his dressing room on the Metro lot and practiced his music and dancing between shots. Slim, shy, quiet Ramon, who seemed almost the least of them.

And around him continually circles the story that at the end of his contract he will leave the screen—either for the concert stage or possibly for a quiet monastery.

The last, I happen to know, is his real desire.

NOTHING would surprise me less than to see him vanish into some cell never again to return to the world.

A strange history, isn't it?

Strange that the old studio still stands there, crumbling with time, deserted, silent.

Most old studios are torn down, as was the old Lasky studio on Vine street, or they are used by cheap companies to make pictures.

The old Metro studio just stands there.

And since it does, it isn't so strange if the three old ladies are right and the ghosts of those who loved and laughed and worked and succeeded there come back and walk with ghostly footsteps upon the dusty and deserted floors.

It's the Easiest Job in the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

ger. Her doubles only do little stunts that Olive feels sure won't hurt them. You should just hear about some of her accidents. Her stomach was knocked out of place, she's been dragged by a runaway horse, nearly burned—"

"Sh—Margie. This isn't your story—"

"I don't care, I'm going to tell her—"

"Just one minute," I interrupted. "Won't you tell me about them, yourself, Olive?"

Olive sighed, beckoned her maid, Tilly, wrapped a mandarin robe around her fragile pajamas, hesitated, then said,

"You know, I don't really like to talk about it. But the truth is, I really feel that if there's something that others consider too dangerous for me, I know it is too dangerous to let anyone else do for me. Supposing they should be killed or something? How do you think I'd feel about it?

"Of course, I've had a terrible time getting my own way about it. The director is always furious, and everyone else frightened. But why should they be more concerned for me than any other person?

"Then, besides, to be perfectly honest, I usually get a real thrill out of going through the danger. Of course, that time I went under for staying in ice water—there was no thrill there—it was awful."

And she closed those dark eyes, the largest in the motion-picture industry, at the memory of her suffering.

"Tell me about it, Olive."

"It doesn't sound as bad as some of the others. It was just that terrible feeling.

"We were taking the picture in the mountains. I stayed an hour and a

quarter in a pool of ice water. No one realized I was fainting except a carpenter, who waded in and carried me out right in the middle of a scene. They took me to a tiny town near-by. Couldn't get a doctor at first—then just a little country physician who didn't realize what was the matter because I had on brown make-up and didn't look white like a person who has fainted.

"BUT my heart wouldn't work right and I kept screaming for mother. They brought me home in an ambulance and I was deathly sick. There was no thrill in that kind of sickness, I can tell you."

Again she closed her eyes and shuddered.

"But the time the horse ran away was real fun. They had a race horse and a double. But I doubled." She sighed. "I guess I'm not a very good horsewoman. The old boy ran away. It was really funny. The whole company chased after me. It looked like a charging brigade on the desert. I couldn't hold out and tumbled. He dragged me, stepped on my hat and ruined it. But my guardian angel was on hand and my head wasn't injured.

"Dislocated my hip. Twisted it around in front of my stomach. We finished the picture and on the way home stopped at a hospital to have it put back in place again.

"Of course, that was really more serious than the other. They finally had to operate on my stomach.

"But I had fun on the horse, got a thrill out of the experience, while the other was just one long horror."

Olive has the innate courage of the Virginians. In "The Monkey Talks," they imported a special wire-walking double from Chicago. But Olive did the walking.

Several doubles were taken onto the desert location for the "Three Bad Men." But Olive doubled for them, caught the desert fever, but has no regrets for the experience.

A recent off-stage experience furnishes proof that danger and thrills dog her everyday life as well as her hours of working.

She was returning with her mother from New York City via the Panama Canal. The ship caught on fire. For four days the flames raged. Tilly's room was demolished, the dining hall burned to charred timbers. Olive couldn't help fight the fire.

They wouldn't let her. But she could entertain the fire-fighters.

For hours upon hours, without thought of sleeping, she would drag Tilly (a colored lassie from Alabam') and her ukulele to the crucial point of danger.

With fire flames playing about them, Olive played, while the maid danced old southern steps.

Even while the maid slept, Olive continued her playing. Can we wonder that the credit for the salvaging of the big vessel was given by unanimous acclaim to the movies?

"Olive, please fix this man's make-up. He is going to double for you in this tumble."

"HE *is* not. I know how to tumble." I watched with amusement the comparatively mild battle. Then the scene. Just a rug pulled out from beneath her.

"The reason they were worried today," she explained, "is because I pulled a vertebra out of place yesterday. But a little fall like this means nothing.

"There's one last reason why I think it better for me to do these little things personally," she added. "You see, these other people may not have what I have—a guardian angel watching o'er them."

Her eyes grew wistful.

"I'm Irish you know, as well as Virginian, and I have perfect faith in *my* guardian angel. That's the reason I am never really frightened."

As I left the set, I had made one certain decision.

If I were going to work with Olive Borden on a production, I would choose the rôle of Olive's double. It's the easiest job in the movies.



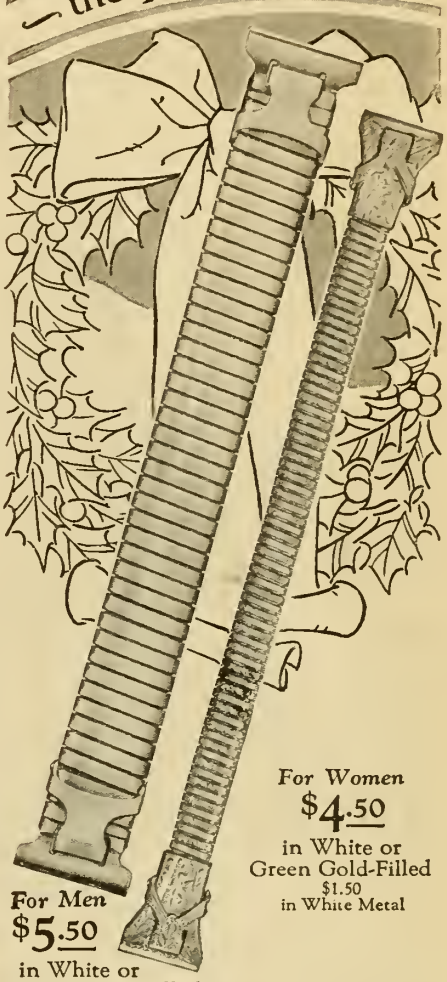
East Braintree, Mass.

A favorite slogan of Press and Pulpit seems to be "Blame it on the Movies." Among other things the movies are constantly being damned as giving a false conception of life, but I am bearing witness to at least one occasion on which that count was not true.

After nearly two years of married life we had come to the conclusion, my husband and I, that marriage did not live up to one's expectations. The financial outlook was poor. I was in a highly nervous condition. We had a delicate ten months old son and there was to be another baby in the summer. Briefly I was filled with self-pity. I went home for an indefinite visit and while I was home I saw the adorable Betty Bronson in the magical Peter Pan. Peter who didn't want to grow up. Then and there I diagnosed my trouble. Growing Pains. Like Peter I was fighting against growing up. Well, I cut my visit short and went back to take up the fight—and I have never really regretted it.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"CROWD, THE"—M.-G.-M.—Written by King Vidor. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Mary*, Eleanor Boardman; *John*, James Murray; *Bert*, Bert Roach; *Jane*, Estelle Clarke; *Junior*, Freddy Fredericks; *Mary's Mother*, Lucy Beaumont; *Mary's Brother*, Daniel Tomlinson; *Mary's Brother*, Del Henderson.

"JESSE JAMES"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frank M. Clifton. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. Photographed by Al Siegler. The cast: *Jesse James*, Fred Thomson; *Zerelda Mimms*, Nora Lane; *Frederick Mimms*, Montagu Love; *Mrs. Zerelda Samuels*, Mary Carr; *Frank James*, James Pierce; *Bob Ford*, Harry Woods; *Parson Bill*, William Courtwright.

"MY BEST GIRL"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Kathleen Norris. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Maggie*, Mary Pickford; *Joe*, Charles Rogers; *Millicent*, Avonne Taylor; *Mrs. Merrill*, Evelyn Hall; *Mr. Merrill*, Hobart Bosworth; *Pa Johnson*, Lucien Littlefield; *Ma Johnson*, Sunshine Hart; *Maggie's Sister*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Butler*, Frank Finch-Smiles; *Stock Clerk*, William Courtwright; *The Judge*, Mack Swain; *Nick Powell*, John Junior; *Floorwalker*, Harry Walker.

"SUNRISE"—FOX.—From the story by Hermann Sudermann. Scenario by Carl Mayer. Directed by F. W. Murnau. Photography by Charles Rosher and Karl Struss. The cast: *The Man*, George O'Brien; *The Wife*, Janet Gaynor; *The Maid*, Bodil Rosing; *The Woman from the City*, Margaret Livingston; *The Photographer*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *The Barber*, Ralph Sipperly; *The Manicure Girl*, Jane Winton; *The Obtrusive Gentleman*, Arthur Housman; *The Obliging Gentleman*, Eddie Boland.

"BUTTONS"—M.-G.-M.—Story by George Hill. Adapted by Hayden Talbot. Continuity by Marion Constance Blackton. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Buttons*, Jackie Coogan; *Captain Sir John Carlton*, Lars Hanson; *Ruth Stratton*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Captain Tiger*, Coy Watson, Jr.; *Hatchet Face*, Jack McDonald; *Hank Brown*, Roy D'Arcy; *Slugger Smith*, Paul Hurst.

"DRESS PARADE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—Story by Major Robert Glassburn. Scenario by Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Vic Donovan*, William Boyd; *Janet Cleghorne*, Bessie Love; *Stuart Haldane*, Hugh Allan; *Dusty Dawson*, Walter Tennyson; *Mealy Snodgrass*, Maurice Ryan; *Patsy Dugan*, Louis Natheaux; *Commandant*, Clarence Geldert.

"AMERICAN BEAUTY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Written by Carey Wilson. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Millicent Howard*, Billie Dove; *Jerry Booth*, Lloyd Hughes; *Claverhouse*, Walter McGrail; *Mrs. Gillespie*, Margaret Livingston; *Gillespie*, Lucien Prival; *Waiter*, Al. St. John; *Madame O'Riley*, Edythe Chapman; *Claire O'Riley*, Alice White; *Telephone Girl*, Yola D'Avril.

"NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR"—PARAMOUNT.—Scenario by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Wally*, Wallace Beery; *Ray*, Raymond Hatton; *Griselle Chelaine*, Louise Brooks; *Grisette Chelaine*, Louise Brooks; *Lord Abercrombie McTavish*, Russell Simpson; *Monsieur Chelaine*, Emile Chautard; *Professor Saenger*, Malcolm Waite; *Top Sergeant*, Duke Martin.

"ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE"—M.-G.-M.—Based on novel by Joseph Conrad. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Don Juan Riego*, Ramon Novarro; *Seraphina*, Marceline Day; *Popolo*, Marc Macdermott; *Judge Patricio O'Brien*, Roy D'Arcy; *Castro*, Cesare Gravina; *Drunkard*, Bobby Mack; *Don Carlos*, Otto Matieson.

"THE SECRET HOUR"—PARAMOUNT.—Written by Ben Markson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Amy*, Pola Negri; *Tony*, Jean Hersholt; *Joe*, Kenneth Thomson; *Sam*, Christina J. Frank; *Ah Gee*, George Kuwa; *Doctor*, George Periolat.

"THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Byron Morgan. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Jenny*, Laura La Plante; *Joe*, Glenn Tryon; *Mr. McBride*, Richard Tucker; *Joe's Friend*, Lee Moran; *Harold McBride*, Dave Rollins; *Landlady*, Kate Price; *Dancing Master*, Jack Raymond.

"OUT ALL NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gladys Lehman. Adapted by Marcel Perez and John Diltz. Directed by William A. Seiter. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *John Graham*, Reginald Denny; *Molly O'Day*, Marion Nixon; *M. S. Kerrigan*, Wheeler Oakman; *Rose Lunde*, Dorothy Earle; *Uncle McDermott*, Dan Mason; *Captain*, Alfred Allen; *Dr. Allen*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Purser*, Bob Seiter; *Taxi Driver*, Bill Francey; *Valet*, Harry Tracy; *Officer*, Lionel Brahams.

"FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—From the story by Elmer Harris. Adapted by Clara Beranger. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Zita*, Jetta Goudal; *The Sheik*, Ivan Lebedeff; *The Sultan*, L. Snegoff; *Zita's Maid*, Josephine Norman; *Col. Gautier*, Victor Varconi; *Jean Lacoste*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Nurse*, Katherine Dale Owen.

"BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Fred de Gresac. Adapted by Gladys Unger. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Madeline*, Constance Talmadge; *Loulou*, Alice White; *Marquis*, Bryant Washburn; *Georgiana*, Paulette Duval; *Queen*, Marie Dressler; *Champignol*, Albert Gran; *General*, Burr McIntosh; *Prince*, David Mir; *Lussan*, Don Alvaredo; *Madeline's Maid*, Nellie Bly Baker.

"LAST WALTZ, THE"—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—Scenario by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Arthur Robinson. The cast: *The Queen*, Sophie Pagay; *The Crown Prince*, Hans Adelbert Von Schlettow; *His Aide*, Willy Fritsch; *The Princess*, Liane Haid; *The Countess*, Suzy Vernon; *Her Maid*, Elsie Vanya; *A Minister of State*, Fritz Rasp; *A Lady in Waiting*, Ida Wust.

"DOG OF THE REGIMENT"—WARNERS.—Scenario by Charles R. Condon. Directed by Ross Lederman. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Richard Harrison*, Tom Gallery; *Marie Hoffman*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Eric Haggerman*, John Peters.

"GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE"—WARNERS.—Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Ray Enright. Photographed by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Handsome Joe*, Conrad Nagel; *Mary Carlton*, Myrna Loy; *Big Steve Drummond*, William Russell; *Bob Carlton*, Carroll Nye; *Dopey*, Paul Panzer; *Col. Carlton*, Erville Alderson.

"FAIR CO-ED, THE" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by George Ade. Adaptation and continuity by Byron Morgan. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Marion*, Marion Davies; *Bob*, John Mack Brown; *Betty*, Jane Winton; *Rose*, Thelma Hill; *Housekeeper*, Lillian Leighton; *Herbert*, Gene Stone.

"ON TO RENO"—PATHE-DE MILLE.—Story by Joseph Jackson. Scenario by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Vera*, Marie Prevost; *Bud*, Cullen Landis; *Mrs. Holmes*, Ethel Wales; *Robert Holmes*, Ned Sparks; *Housekeeper*, Jane Keckley.

"FLYING LUCK"—PATHE.—Story by Charles Horan and Monte Banks. Directed by Herman Raymaker. Photographed by James Diamond. The cast: *The Boy*, Monte Banks; *The Girl*, Jean Arthur; *The Colonel*, John W. Johnstone; *The Sergeant*, Kewpie Morgan; *The Corporal*, Eddy Chandler; *The Orderly*, Silver Harr.

"JAZZ SINGER, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Samson Raphaelson. Scenario by Alfred A. Cohn. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Jakie Rabinowitz*, Al Jolson; *Mary Daly*, May McAvoy; *The Cantor*, Warner Oland; *Sara Rabinowitz*, Eugenie Besserer; *Moisha Yudelson*, Otto Lederer; *Jakie Rabinowitz (aged 13)*, Bobby Gordon; *Harry Lee*, Richard Tucker; *Levi*, Nat Carr; *Dillings*, Anders Randolf; *Buster Billings*, William Demarest; *Doctor*, Will Walling.

"NEST, THE"—EXCELLENT.—From the play by Paul Geraldy. Scenario by Charles E. Whittaker. Directed by Will Nigh. The cast: *Richard Elliott*, Holmes Herbert; *Archer Hamilton*, Thomas Holding; *Mrs. Hamilton*, Pauline Frederick; *Susan Hamilton*, Ruth Dwyer; *Martin Hamilton*, Reginald Sheffield; *Monroe*, Jean Acker; *Belle Madison*, Wilfred Lucas.

"LADIES AT EASE"—CHADWICK.—Directed by Jerome Storm. Written by Leon Lee. Cameraman, Ernest Miller. The cast: *Polly*, Pauline Garon; *Gert*, Gertrude Short; *Bill Brewster*, Gardner James; *Buck Bevin*, Raymond Glenn; *Mae Dotty*, Lillian Hackett; *June Dotty*, Jean Van Vliet; *Abe Ginsburg*, William H. Strauss; *John McKay*, Charles Meekan; *A Producer*, Henry Roquemore.

"SILVER VALLEY"—FOX.—Story by Harry Sinclair Drago. Scenario by Harold Lipsitz. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The cast: *Tom Tracy*, Tom Mix; *Sheila Blaine*, Dorothy Dwan; *Black Jack Lundy*, Philo McCullough; *Silent Kid*, Jocky Hoefli; *Hayfever Hawkins*, Tom Kennedy; *Slim Snitzer*, Lon Poff; *Mike McCool*, Harry Dunkinson; *Wash Taylor*, Clarke Comstock.

"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART"—WARNERS.—Story by George Godfrey. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Cynthia Botts*, Louise Fazenda; *Sandy MacTavish*, Clyde Cook; *Claudette Ralston*, Myrna Loy; *Detective*, William Demarest; *Mark Krissell*, John Miljan; *Prof. Meekham*, Tom Ricketts.

"HOOK AND LADDER NO. 9"—FBO.—Story by John Morosco. Adapted by Peter Milne. Directed by F. Harmon Weight. Cameraman, H. Lyman Broening. The cast: *Johnny Graham*, Cornelius Keefe; *Dan Duffy*, Edward Hearn; *Mother Smith*, Lucy Beaumont; *Mary Smith*, Dione Ellis; *Chief Finnerby*, Thomas L. Brower; *Joker*, Johnny Gough.

"COMBAT" — PATHE - DE MILLE. — Written by William B. Laub. Directed by Albert Hiatt. Photographed by Marcel Le Picard. The cast: *Jack Hammond*, George Walsh; *Captain Samuel Yearkes*, Bradley Barker; *Wanda, his ward*, Claire Adams; *Risa Bartlett*, Gladys Hulette; *Craig Gordon*, Dex Reynolds.

"ONE ROUND HOGAN" — WARNERS. —Story by F. L. Giffin. Scenario by Charles R. Condon. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Helen Davis*, Leila Hyams; *Tim Hogan*, Monte Blue; *Big Joe Morgan*, James J. Jeffries; *Ed. Davis*, Frank Hagney; *Texas*, Tom Gallery; *Sniffy*, Texas Kid; Abdul, the Turk.

"JAWSOFSTEEL"—WARNERS.—Story by Gregory Rogers. Scenario by Charles R. Condon. Directed by Ray Enright. Photographed by Barney McGill. The cast: *Rinty*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *John Warren*, Jason Robards; *Mary Warren*, Helen Ferguson; *Baby Warren*, Mary Louise Miller; *Thomas Grant Taylor*, Jack Curtis; *The Sheriff*, Robert Perry; *Alkali Joe*, George Connors.

"WOMEN'S WARES"—TIFFANY.—Directed by Arthur Gregor. The cast: *Dolly Morton*, Evelyn Brent; *Robert Cain*, Bert Lytell; *Jimmy Hayes*, Larry Kent; *Maizie Duncan*, Gertrude Short; *Frank Stanton*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Cain*, Myrtle Steadman; *Mrs. Stanton*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Customer in Dept. Store*, Sylvia Ashton; *Owner of Modiste Shop*, Gina Corrado; *Tipsy Lodger*, Robert Bolder; *Floor Walker*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *Customer*, James Mack.

"CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE" —RAYART.—Story and continuity by George W. Pyper. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: *Jack Harlan*, Donald Keith; *John Harlan*, Charles K. French; *Diana Drake*, Edna Murphy; *Captain Judd Drake*, Sheldon Lewis; *Kilroy*, Tom Santschi; *Reid*, Sailor Sharkey; *Peg-Leg*, Francis Ford.

"WANTED A COWARD"—STERLING. —Story by Vincent Starrett. Directed by Roy Clements. The cast: *Isabell Purviance*, Lillian Rich; *Rupert Garland*, Robert Frazer; *Adrian Purviance*, Frank Brownlee; *Bull Harper*, James Gordon; *Bates*, Frank Cooley; *Ortegas*, Harry S. Northrup; *Stamboff*, Fred Obeck; *Slim Ellis*, William Bertram.

"NO PLACE TO GO"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Richard Connell. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: *Sally Montgomery*, Mary Astor; *Hayden Eaton*, Lloyd Hughes; *Ambrose Munn*, Hallam Cooley; *Mrs. Montgomery*, Myrtle Steadman; *Virginia Dare*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Uncle Edgar*, Jed Prouty; *Cannibal Chief*, Russ Powell.

"FOURFLUSHER, THE"—UNIVERSAL. —From the play by Cesar Dunn. Scenario by Earl Snell. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cameraman, Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Andy Wittaker*, George Lewis; *June Allon*, Marion Nixon; *Robert Riggs*, Eddie Phillips; *Jerry*, Churchill Ross; *Tom*, Jimmie Ayre; *Ira Wittaker*, Burr McIntosh; *Mr. Riggs*, Otto Hoffman; *Mr. Stone*, Wilfred North; *Jeweler*, Knute Erickson; *Cashier*, Patricia Carron.

"LONE EAGLE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Lieut. Ralph Blanchard. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Lieut. William Holmes*, Raymond Keane; *Mimi*, Barbara Kent; *Capt. Richardson*, Nigel Barrie; *Sven*, Jack Pennick; *Red McGibbons*, Donald Stuart; *Lebrun*, Cuyler Supplee; *Trixie, the Dog*, Trixie; *Lieutenant at Desk*, Frank Camphill; *Ninnette*, Marcella Daly; *Inn Keeper*, Eugene Pouyet; *Truck Driver*, Wilson Benge; *Aviator*, Brent Overstreet; *Aviator*, Lieut. Egbert Cook.



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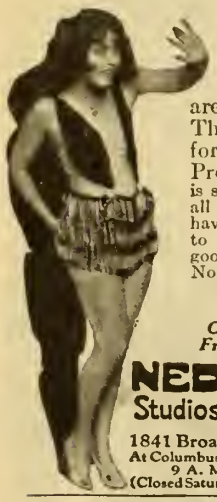
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"HOME MADE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Charlie Hines. The cast: *Johnny White*, Johnny Hines; *Dorothy Fenton*, Marjorie Daw; *Auntie Maud*, Maud Turner Gordon; *Mrs. White*, Margaret Seddon; *Mr. White*, De Witt Jennings; *Mr. Tilford*, Edmund Breese; *Mr. Van Zorn*, Charles Gerard.

"DEATH VALLEY" — CHADWICK. — Written and adapted by Raymond Wells. Directed by Paul Powell. Cameraman, Jos. Walker. The cast: *The Boy*, Carroll Nye; *The Girl*, Rada Rae; *Her Father*, Sam Allen; *The Man*, Raymond Wells; *The Woman*, Grace Lord; *The Dog*, Rex.

"PRICE OF HONOR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Carolyn McLane*, Dorothy Revier; *Anthony Fielding*, Malcolm McGregor; *Daniel B. Hoyt*, William V. Mong; *Peter Fielding*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Ogden Bennett*, Erville Alderson; *Roberts*, Dan Mason.

"GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH"—FOX.—Story by Arthur Greenlaw and Sam White. Scenario by Arthur Greenlaw and Sam White. Directed by Jules White. Photographed by George Meehan. The cast: *Boy*, Nick Stuart; *Girl*, Sally Phipps; *Heavy*, Neil Meilly; *Father*, Arthur West.

"STRANDED"—STERLING.—Story by Anita Loos. The cast: *Sally Simpson*, Shirley Mason; *Johnny Nash*, William Collier, Jr.; *Grant Payne*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Simpson*, Florence Turner; *Lucille Lareaux*, Gale Henry; *Betty*, Shannon Day; *Grandmother*, Lucy Beaumont; *Landlady*, Rose Gore.

"BLONDES BY CHOICE"—GOTHAM.—Story and continuity by Josephine Quirk. Directed by Hampton Del Ruth. The cast: *Bonnie Clington*, Claire Windsor; *Clifford Morgan*, Allan Simpson; *Horace Rush*, Walter Hiers; *Mrs. Morgan*, Bodil Rosing; *The Three Graces*, Louise Carver, Mae Wells, Alice Belcher; *The Secretary*, Joe Belmont; *Olga*, Bess Flowers; *The Valet*, Jack Gardner; *Benjamin Flint*, Leigh Willard.

"BIRDS OF PREY" — COLUMBIA. — From the story by George Bronson Howard. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Helen Wayne*, Priscilla Dean; *J. Hamilton Smith, Jr.*, Hugh Allan; *Foxy*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Gaston*, Sidney Bracey; *Archie Crossley*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *J. Hamilton Smith*, William Tooker; *The Runt*, Fritz Becker.

"SHIELD OF HONOR" — UNIVERSAL. —Story by Emilie Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Don Mac Dowell*, Ralph Lewis; *Jerry Mac Dowell*, William Bakewell; *Jack Mac Dowell*, Neil Hamilton; *Rose*, Thelma Todd; *Howard O'Day*, Fred Esmelton; *A. E. Blair*, Harry Northrup; *Ch. of Police*, Joseph Girard; *Robert Chandler*, Nigel Barrie; *Gwen O'Day*, Dorothy Gulliver; *Mrs. Mac Dowell*, Clair McDowell.

"TUMBLING RIVER"—FOX.—From the story by J. E. Grimstead. Directed by Lou Seiler. Scenario by J. G. Jungmeyer. Photography by Dan Clark. The cast: *Tom Greer*, Tom Mix; *Edna Barton*, Dorothy Dwan; *Jim Barton*, William Conklin; *Eileen Barton*, Stella Essex; *Kit Mason*, Elmo Billings; *Roan Tibbets*, Edward Peil, Sr.; *Keechie*, Wallace MacDonald; *Cory*, Buster Gardner; *Titus*, Harry Gripp.

"BODY AND SOUL"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Katharine Newlin Burt. Scenario by Elliott Clawson. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Hilda*, Aileen Pringle; *Ruffo*, Norman Kerry; *Dr. Leyden*, Lionel Barrymore; *The Postman*, T. Roy Barnes.

"BROADWAY MADNESS" — EXCELLENT PICTURES.—The cast: *Maida Vincent*, Marguerite De La Motte; *David Ross*, Donald Keith; *Josie Dare*, Betty Hilburn; *Mary Vaughn*, Margaret Cloud; *Henry Ableton*, George Cowl; *Jared Ableton*, Louis Payne; *Thomas*, Robert Dudley; *Larry Doyle*, Orral Humphreys; *Lawrence Compton*, Thomas Ricketts; *Ev*, Alfred Fisher; *Radio Announcer*, Jack Haley.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

One of the Many Tributes

Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Quirk's paragraph about William Farnum tugged at my heart-strings. Ever since little-girl days, I have reserved the highest place in my fan-heart for him. I was shocked to hear that he has been ill—and for so long. Thank you, Mr. Quirk, for that paragraph. I agree emphatically with you about the blindness of those who fuss around looking for foreign names and talents.

Why are the magazines so reticent about actors who are not for the moment before the camera's eye? There are innumerable fans who would be only too glad to see a bit of news or a picture of their oldest favorites.

VIRGINIA RIEBLING.

Too Many "New Faces"?

Bend, Ore.

"New Faces" is a cry that is going to put the brakes on much of the progress that has been lately lauded by editorial comment from *The Nation* on down. The entire "fan" world does demand youth and a fair amount of new material in casts, but not in the proportion that is being ground through productions today. No sooner does a good player work up a "fan" following and is starred, than it seems that by some mysterious workings of the Powers That Be, said player is literally killed off by poor pictures.

ROMAINE NICHOLSON.

For Miss Vidor

New York, N. Y.

I think that too few people really appreciate the charming Florence Vidor. To one who is utterly fed up with the vamps and the baby faces of the screen, she is like a breath of fresh air.

MARION M. DUNHAM.

A Subtle Idea

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The other night I had the horror of witnessing, at a local theater with advanced ideas, "Streets of Sorrow," a foreign outrage with Greta Garbo. Just how it got past whatever board imported pictures are submitted to, is a mystery. We are led to believe that Messrs. Laemmle, Fox, De Mille, Goldwyn, Lasky, et al., conspired to import it, to restore the public faith in American productions.

HAROLD DONITZ.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

*MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—Universal.—Reginald Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the picture. (*November.*)

MILLION BID, A—Warner Bros.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (*August.*)

MISSING LINK, THE—Warner Bros.—Syd Chaplin plays a timid Englishman who goes to Africa on a hunting expedition. It's a riot and if you don't see it, blame yourself. (*July.*)

*MOCKERY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (*October.*)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (*October.*)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (*September.*)

MR. WU — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (*August.*)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (*September.*)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (*October.*)

NIGHT BRIDE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Marie Prevost in a nearly naughty farce. Frothy entertainment. (*June.*)

NO MAN'S LAW—Pathe.—Rex, the Wild Horse, is the whole show. The human element is weak. (*June.*)

NOTORIOUS LADY, THE—First National.—Lewis Stone goes to Africa to forget his poor busted illusions and what Mr. Stone and the audience suffer is nobody's business. (*June.*)

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner Bros.—The earthquake comes along just in time to save Dolores Costello from the Fate that is Worse Than Death. Lots of good acting—but not by Dolores. (*September.*)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and Theodor von Eltz. (*November.*)

ORCHIDS AND ERMINE — First National. — Colleen Moore again cheers the heart of the working girl by traveling the road from rags to riches. It's an amusing film. (*June.*)

OUTLAWS OF RED RIVER—Fox.—A corking Tom Mix film. What more is there to say? (*June.*)

PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A sprightly, charmingly directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the mythical kingdom, romance. (*October.*)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breath-taking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (*October.*)

PAINTING THE TOWN — Universal.—Glenn Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. A story of a small town—nutty but refreshing. (*September.*)

*PATENT LEATHER KID, THE—First National. Richard Barthelmess gives a truly great performance of a prize-fighter who, drafted into the War, turns out a hero. A picture we are proud to recommend. (*September.*)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathe.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (*November.*)

PIRATES OF THE SKY—Pathe.—It seems that now they are robbing mail planes, at least in the movies. Harmless excitement for the children. (*July.*)

POOR NUT, THE—First National.—A stage play that misses fire on the screen because of overdrawu characterizations. Not so much. (*September.*)

PRINCE OF HEAD WAITERS, THE—Paramount.—Wherein a noble head waiter saves his son from the clutches of a vamp. Well told and well acted by Lewis Stone. Eminently satisfactory. (*September.*)

*QUALITY STREET—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. (*October.*)

RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken Maynard does *his* version of the Irish-Jewish story. Thanks to the star, it isn't so bad. (*October.*)

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE—Pathe-DeMille.—May Robson plays the screen version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. (*October.*)

RENO DIVORCE—Warner Bros.—Ralph Graves wrote the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was too much for him. A fair film with May McAvoy as its ornamental heroine. (*November.*)

RICH BUT HONEST—Fox.—Another opera about the poor working girl. The only touch of originality is that the rich fellow turns out to be the hero. (*July.*)

RIDING ROWDY, THE—Pathe.—A Western with horses, horses, horses! (*June.*)

RITZY—Paramount.—The story of a little snob, concocted by Elinor Glyn for Betty Bronson. Not Betty's stuff but amusing, nevertheless. (*September.*)

ROLLED STOCKINGS — Paramount.— The younger set cut loose in a peppy college story. James Hall, Richard Arlen and Louise Brooks run away with the honors. (*September.*)

ROOKIES—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a comedy of a Citizens' Training Camp. Just solid laughs. (*July.*)

*ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Flappers will be more interested in the romantic love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor than they will be in the story. It's a beautiful picture. (*November.*)

ROUGH HOUSE ROSIE—Paramount.—A Tenth Avenue gal discovers that ritzy society is just a lot of cracked ice. A nice picture, thanks to Clara Bow. (*August.*)

RUBBER HEELS—Paramount.—One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (*September.*)

RUNNING WILD—Paramount.—You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the hen-pecked husband made suddenly brave by a hypnotist. Great stuff. (*September.*)

SAILOR IZZY MURPHY—Warner Bros.—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrills and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (*November.*)

SATIN WOMAN, THE—Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preachments—if you care for them. (*October.*)

SEA TIGER, THE—First National.—It sizzles with fights and phoney action. But, basically, just a lot of nonsense. (*June.*)

SECRET STUDIO, THE—Fox.—Olive Borden is the only attraction in a trite and cheap story of a poor girl's troubles in a big city. (*September.*)

SEE YOU IN JAIL—First National.—A light but bright comedy with Jack Mulhall. (*June.*)

SENORITA—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels does a Fairbanks-Barrymore-Gilbert acrobatic stunt. This is her best picture in years. Highly recommended. (*July.*)

SERVICE FOR LADIES—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou again toys with the caviar as a head waiter. Light but amusing. (*August.*)

*SEVENTH HEAVEN—Fox.—A beautiful and touching love story of two Parisian waifs and the Great War. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell give two of the finest performances of the year. Watch these kids! (*July.*)

*SHANGHAI BOUND — Paramount. —Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambuctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (*October.*)

SHANGHAIED—FBO.—Eat-em-up love story about a sailor and a dance-hall girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (*November.*)

SHOOTIN' IRONS—Paramount.—Jack Luden and Sally Blane in a jitney story of the great hokum places. (*November.*)

SILENT HERO, THE—Rayart.—A new dog—one Napoleon Bonaparte—in the same old story. But you'll like Nap. (*October.*)

SILK STOCKINGS—Universal.—Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Laura La Plante's best comedy. But not for the little darlings. (*September.*)

SILVER COMES THRU—FBO.—A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver King. (*August.*)

SIMPLE SIS—Warner Bros.—In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a better break. (*August.*)



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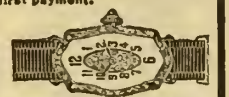
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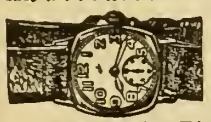
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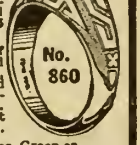
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SINEWS OF STEEL—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (*November.*)

SINGED—Fox.—Blanche Sweet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fair stuff, Mortimer! (*September.*)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox.—This one has a beauty shop background that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (*August.*)

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First National.—Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (*October.*)

SOFT CUSHIONS—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway gags in a Bagdad harem. A lot of wise-cracking and a real hit by a newcomer—Sue Carol. (*November.*)

SPECIAL DELIVERY—Paramount.—Eddie Cantor and a lot of gags, some new and some not so new. But a snappy evening. (*July.*)

SPRING FEVER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines and Joan Crawford in a mildly funny comedy built about the golf mania. (*October.*)

SPUDS—Pathe.—Larry Semon tries starring in a travesty on war pictures. No wonder Larry has decided to be a director. (*June.*)

STOLEN BRIDE, THE — First National. — A young countess, a stern parent, a marriageable officer —there you have it. It's a light farce with Billie Dove as its star. (*August.*)

*STUDENT PRINCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of the best love stories ever written. Unfortunately Norma Shearer is mis-cast and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (*November.*)

SUNSET DERBY, THE — First National. — A jockey, a girl, a horse and a race. Not very original nor very exciting. With Buster Collier and Mary Astor. (*August.*)

SURRENDER—Universal.—An interesting and sincere portrayal of racial conflict in Russia between Christians and Jews. Mary Philbin does some fine acting. (*August.*)

*SWIM, GIRL, SWIM—Paramount.—Credit Bebe Daniels with another personal hit in a story of college life. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (*October.*)

TARTUFFE, THE HYPOCRITE—UFA.— Proving that when the Germans make a bad one, they can equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings cannot save it. (*October.*)

TEA FOR THREE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second of the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, neatly and subtlely acted. (*November.*)

*TELEPHONE GIRL, THE — Paramount.—An engrossing drama, directed with fine intelligence by Herbert Brenon. May Allison gives one of her best performances and Madge Bellamy, Holbrook Blynn and Warner Baxter are also excellent. See it. (*June.*)

TELL IT TO SWEENEY—Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Baneroft in a comedy that is just plain nickelodeon. (*November.*)

TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS — Paramount.—A back-stage story of chorus girls and suchlike, made better than it really is by the presence of Esther Ralston. (*September.*)

TENDER HOUR, THE—First National.—Gorgeous scenery, that means nothing, and a plot that means less. One of those "you must marry the Duke" stories. With Billie Dove. (*August.*)

THIRTEENTH JUROR, THE—Universal. — A satisfying and well-made picture, with Francis X. Bushman and Anna Q. Nilsson doing fine work. See it. (*October.*)

THREE'S A CROWD—First National.—Harry Langdon attempts too much in this one. The boy's good, but he's not Chaplin yet. Better luck next time. (*October.*)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies plays the typewriting gold digger in an amusing film adapted from the popular comic strip. (*August.*)

TIME TO LOVE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith trying to prove how silly he can be—and proving it, too. Of course, if you have a lot of time to waste—(*September.*)

TIP TOES—British National.—Dorothy Gish in another English picture that is just a filler-in. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (*October.*)

TOO MANY CROOKS—Paramount.—Mildred Davis tries a comeback in a silly story. It is not a success. Sorry. (*June.*)

TOPSY AND EVA—United Artists.—Broad burlesque of the old story with Rosetta Duncan snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (*September.*)

TRACKED BY THE POLICE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin deserves an extra helping of dog biscuits for making this picture good entertainment. (*July.*)

TUMBLING RIVER—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (*October.*)

TWELVE MILES OUT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (*September.*)

*TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS—United Artists.—Proving that there *can* be something new in war comedies. Bright! Original! Entertaining! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (*November.*)

UNDERSTANDING HEART, THE—Metro Goldwyn-Mayer.—If it weren't for a thrilling forest fire, this would be one of the dullest pictures of the year, in spite of the work of Joan Crawford and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. (*July.*)

*UNDERWORLD — Paramount. — Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, red drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are credited with hits. Not for the children. (*September.*)

*UNKNOWN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine sinister plot, a lot of macabre thrills and great acting by Lon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (*August.*)

VANITY—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into war work and forthwith renounces the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (*September.*)

*WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount.—Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story has its powerful moments, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (*August.*)

WEDDING BILLS—Paramount.—A deft comedy with Raymond Griffith making the most of every chance for comedy. You'll like it. (*August.*)

WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (*October.*)

WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER—Warner Bros.—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (*September.*)

WHIRLWIND OF YOUTH, THE—Paramount.—A war story told, not from the spectacular angle, but as an intimate study of a young couple affected by the conflict. Lois Moran gives a good performance. (*August.*)

WHISPERING SAGE—Fox.—A Western, of course, but above average. The likable Buck Jones is in it. (*June.*)

WHITE FLANNELS — Warner Bros. — The struggle of a poor mother to give her boy a college education. A human story, well acted by Louise Dresser and Warner Richmond. (*June.*)

WHITE PANTS WILLIE—First National.—Some snappy celluloid dedicated to the Art of Johnny Hines. (*October.*)

*WIND, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (*November.*)

*WINGS—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (*September.*)

*WOMAN ON TRIAL, THE—Paramount.—An unusually fine story and one that offers Pola Negri a chance for penetrating character study. Not for children. (*August.*)

*WORLD AT HER FEET, THE—Paramount.—The battle of the sexes, cleverly directed by Luther Reed. Florence Vidor is good as a woman lawyer who always loses her husband in her quest for independence. (*August.*)

YANKEE CLIPPER, THE—Producers Dist. Corp—Six reels of boat race and nautical atmosphere is a little too much. William Boyd is the hero. Just so-so. (*June.*)

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE JAZZ SINGER—Warners

AL JOLSON with Vitaphone noises. Jolson is no movie actor. Without his Broadway reputation, he wouldn't rate as a minor player. The only interest in the picture is his six songs. The story is a fairly good tear-jerker about a Jewish boy who

prefers jazz to the songs of his race. In the end, he returns to the fold and sings *Kol Nidre* on the Day of Atonement. It's the best scene in the film.

THE NEST—Excellent

PAUL GERALDY'S famous stage play has been conscientiously transferred to the screen and results in a superior and truthful picture of mother love. A sincere but excessively devoted mother, upon the death of her husband, tries to manage her grown-up children. The children insist upon living their own jazz lives, with mother finding happiness when she gets sense enough to do the same. Pauline Frederick has a rôle worthy of her great talents. Adult entertainment.

LADIES AT EASE—Chadwick

PARAMOUNT and Anita Loos started something when they decided to transfer "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" to the screen. The deluge has now started—every company will endeavor to have a "Blonde" on their yearly program. This is the first and we can safely predict this to be the worst of all that are to follow.

SILVER VALLEY—Fox

THERE'S always a kick in a Mix vehicle. Here Tom's a sheriff who is out to clean up a bad town. The heroine, a novelist in search of material for a story, is kidnapped by the bad-mans and Tom shows what a swell sheriff he is by doing the rescuing act. The climax is a wow. As for the kiddies—it's okay.

A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART—Warners

ANOTHER of those inexcusable comedies that is as flat as stale near-beer. The co-starring team of Louise Fazenda does not register—at least with us. All we can guarantee is a boring evening.

HOOK AND LADDER NO. 9—FBO

SOMEONE came into possession of some good newsreel shots of a fire and around this they built a story. The result—a stilted production in story, directorial and acting values.

COMBAT—Pathe

A PRODUCTION that makes one realize what's wrong with the movies. Here is a fairly good story, but through stupid and careless direction and some terrible mugging by the cast it can be safely classed as one of the worst pictures of the year. George Walsh is the hero, which explains matters.

ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warners

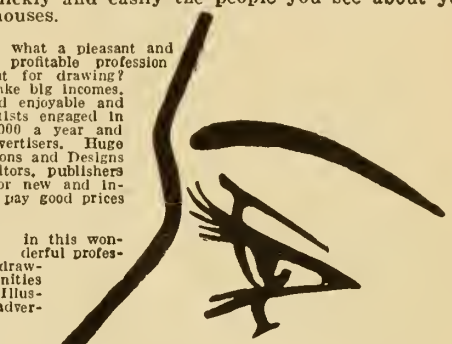
MONTE BLUE is one of the few actors perfectly credible in a fistic film. In this opus Monte is a champion who, falsely believing he had killed a boy in the square circle, becomes afraid to fight. But then a girl comes into the story and love does its work. Leila Hyams is the girl, a real fighter, James J. Jeffries, Monte's movie father.

BROADWAY MADNESS—Excellent

YOU know about Broadway and its spotted loves and how bucolic devotion always whitewashes them back to purity? Well, children, that's the story here and they stick to it, but because it has been neatly directed and nicely played by Marguerite de la Motte and Donald Keith this version of the mossy plot is pleasantly adapted to one of those evenings when you want to be amused and are not too fussy about it.

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JAWS OF STEEL—Warners

NOTHING to offer except Rin-Tin-Tin. Rinty is another star suffering for want of better stories. This is a cemetery of old plots. The setting is Western. There's a little child who leads them. There's a murder, a crooked land shark and gold in them hills. Except for Rinty, all is very, very dull.

WOMEN'S WARES—Tiffany

A VERY much pursued model, as the heroine, is Evelyn Brent. Seems as though the men just can't leave her alone. But the story has an unusual twist at the end and on the whole it is pretty fair entertainment. There are two men with the honors about even; they are Bert Lytell and Larry Kent. Gertrude Short contributes a worth while comedy performance.

DOG OF THE REGIMENT—Warners

THIS is one of the best Rin-Tin-Tin starring pictures done in the last year. It is a war tale, which has its opening in Germany prior to hostilities. Here the American hero and the German heroine meet; the war parts them, later they are reunited when his plane is shot down behind the lines and she is a nurse in a German hospital camp. Of course the dog belongs to her. He likes the American and aids him to escape. Tom Gallery is the hero, Dorothy Gulliver an appealing fraulein. John Peters did a Von Stroheim heavy.

THE GIRL FROM CHICAGO—Warners

CONRAD NAGEL again proves his versatility, in the part of *Handsome Joe*, habitue of underworld haunts. Myrna Loy, a combination of Southern old-age refinement and modern sophistication, goes out to find the man who has framed her brother. She uses her beauty and brains to lure the underworld boss, William Russell, into her toil, and he boastingly admits his guilt, thereby saving her brother from the electric chair. Supporting cast includes Carroll Nye and Randolf Anders. A melodrama you will surely enjoy.

PARIS OR BUST—Universal

THIS picture records the antics of Glenn Tryon, who took a correspondence course in flying. With an unctuous personality, he breezes through every scene, a smile on his face and a peanut between his fingers. He knows he is "a born flyer, for his mother gave his father the air." The most impossible of all the ludicrous situations is when Glenn takes Patsy Ruth Miller and her father for a trip around the world in his home-made aeroplane. A farce that will give you many a laugh.

THE CRUISE OF THE HELLION—Rayart

THE independent producers have a habit of turning out pictures pretty fast, but occasionally they make a good one like "The Cruise of the Hellion." A wealthy shipper decides to have his son shanghaied on his own boat, to reform the boy. Donald Keith, the boy, takes many a good beating in the making, but is compensated by winning pretty Edna Murphy at last. Tom Santchi, Francis Ford, and others add to the interest of the picture.

WANTED A COWARD—Sterling

SHHH! This is a mystery play—the mystery being why it was ever made. It is without doubt the worst example of a motion picture production that has come to the notice of the reviewer in years. Robert Fraser and Lillian Rich are the principal players. The chances are that it will never get into a theater, but if it does be sure and stay away.

NO PLACE TO GO—First National

A LIGHT comedy, based on the efforts of a blasé set of rich young people to find a new thrill. The opening cabaret scene is decidedly novel. Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes, the featured players, deliberately plan to desert their friends for a remote South Sea Island. She desired "high adventure" and he desired only her. They provide trouble enough for themselves and laughter for the audience. The picture launches the directorial career of Mervyn Le Roy and indicates that he will not disappoint those who thought he could direct.

THE FOURFLUSHER—Universal

THIS comedy is certain to be liked. It is enacted by the "Collegian" group of Universal between series. Wesley Ruggles directed it and turned out a real laugh provoking comedy in which the action moves speedily. George Lewis plays the title role, a young shoe-clerk who bluffs his way into "big business" and incidentally the affections of a charming heiress, in the person of Marion Nixon. She is charming and decidedly worth while in this production. The best performance of the picture goes to Churchill Downs.

HOME MADE—First National

JOHNNY HINES, who probably knows more old gags than were ever published in any almanac, has turned out a production that has some real new ones that will win laughs. It is "gaggy" from beginning to end, and, while many of the scenes are farfetched, the picture will amuse. There is one sequence in a victrola shop which while dragged in by the heels will give "wise" audiences a great kick, however there may be some localities where the introduction of the effeminate male clerk will prove objectionable. The star is as usual. Marjorie Daw is his leading woman. Edmund Breese, De Witt Jennings, Margaret Seddon and Maud Turner Gordon all contribute worth while performances.

DEATH VALLEY—Chadwick

ONE horror after another. As slow—and as ugly—as the huge desert snake which kills the villain to save the hero the trouble. A gold prospecting story with theft, murder, and shooting—yet not a thrill in the picture. It would be unfair to name the players and brand them with this kind of a production. They call it a "simple story of simple people"—it is, *very* simple and very rotten.

THE PRICE OF HONOR—Columbia

A HEART-STIRRING drama you will remember. A powerful exposé of jury decisions based upon circumstantial evidence—of district attorneys who place the glory of a favorable decision above justice. After long years in a penitentiary for a murder he did not commit, an old man is paroled that he may return to his home and his daughter to die. He finds the son of the man who put him behind the bars engaged to his daughter. The story ensnares this young hero in a mesh of circumstantial evidence which carries him to the gallows in a dramatic scene seldom equalled. William V. Mong as the old man, Malcolm McGregor as the youthful hero and Dorothy Revier as the daughter, do excellent bits of dramatic interpretations.

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox

THIS is a delightful short comedy. It is called to your attention particularly because this is the first picture in which Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps (of "High School Hero" fame) appeared. It is full of laughs.

STRANDED—Sterling

ANOTHER story of the poor little girl, who comes to Hollywood to make her fame in the "movies." You would hardly guess that this story is a brain child of Anita Loos. Just proves that you can't write a top-notcher every time.

Shirley Mason and William Collier, Jr., have the featured rôles. But they neither make you laugh nor cry—and we do like to do one or the other.

Florence Turner did her little bit perfectly and Gale Henry's comedy added much to the picture.

BLONDES BY CHOICE—Gotham

CLAIRE WINDSOR surprises us appearing with black hair, but her beauty is all the more alluring when the transition comes. Story of a clever girl with a beauty parlor de luxe. The small town is filled with spinsters who have "plenty of sex but no appeal." You can imagine the animosity. With the aid of her enterprising suitor, Allen Simpson, Claire manages to outwit them all. Walter Hiers and Bodil Rosing fit into the scheme of things. Good, light entertainment.

THE LONE EAGLE—Universal

JUST another picture dedicated to the flyers of America. Naturally, it invites comparison with the big pictures on this subject already shown. In this it suffers. Most of the interest centers around Raymond Keane, U. S. A., who joins the Royal Flying Corps. He may have been "yellow" in the beginning, but he finishes with courage and bravery. Barbara Kent, as his godmother, and later his sweetheart, does nicely. Keane looks good and plays with poise and intelligence. Some fairly exciting aerial scenes.

BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia

WHILE Priscilla Dean always makes a splendid "lady thief," the band she was connected with in this instance had little to recommend it. A masquerade ball for first opportunity and an earthquake to cover up a second haul were the production high lights. Hugh Allen rendered fairly good support as the male lead, and Gustave von Seyffertitz gave a good performance.

SHIELD OF HONOR—Universal

"INSIDE" crooks steal the diamonds, lock the heroine in a vault, burn the jewelry store and lose to the hero in a daring aviation race to recapture their loot. Chuck full of action. Offers a unique situation in the saving of the girl. Dorothy Gulliver, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Lewis and Nigel Barrie are featured. Lively entertainment, if you like crook stories.

TUMBLING RIVER—FOX

TOM and Tony again share the honors. A typical Mix-adventure story. A gang of horsethieves, headed by Tom's rival for the delectable Dorothy Dwan, capture Buster—Tony's pal. Tony refuses to be stolen. Does some splendid swimming to aid in the re-capture. Freckled faced Elmo Billings warms the hearts of boy-lovers as Tom's little ranch pal.

BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

EVEN with a tri-star combination of names—Aileen Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry—there is little about this picture to recommend. In the three stars in the order named you have the wife, husband and lover. The husband, a drink crazed surgeon, holds in his hands the power of life or death over the lover in an operation. The scientist triumphs over the man and in the end the wife and lover are left to each other. Not particularly worth while.

HEBIE GEBIES—Hal Roach

AN improbable story, but funny. A hypnotist turns "Our Gang," now called "His Rascals," into animals. Farina makes up as a black cat that licks up the real kitten's milk and ruffles his back in comic indignation. The monkey takes some daring swings on the chandeliers, while the little fat doggy bites all of the society ladies on the hands and other unmentionable locations. A clean, clever farce which will intrigue the children.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1st, 1927

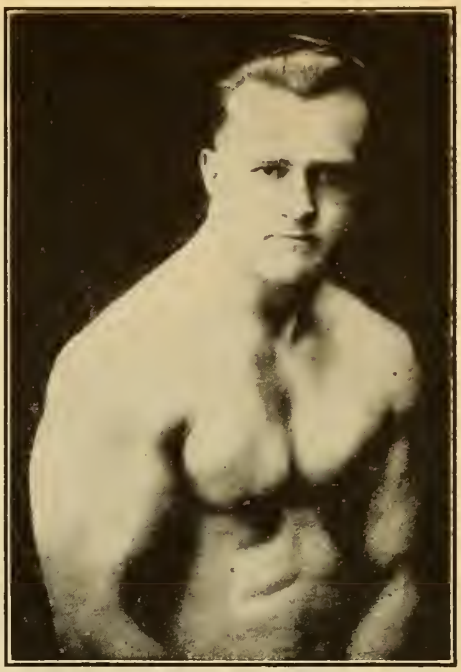
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County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathyrn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, emhodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, F. J. Smith, 221 W. 57th street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Kathyrn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathyrn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHYRN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1927.
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY.
(My commission expires January 15, 1931



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In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked for them.

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